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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVI DECEMBER, 1918 NO. 1

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v. 66

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In this issue are Four Serials—Four Stories—Seven Special Features

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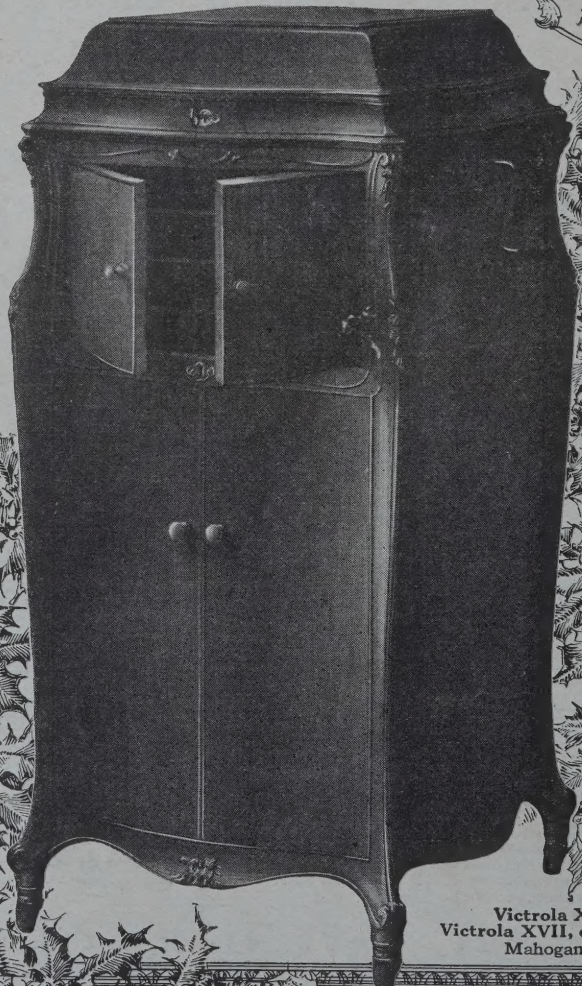
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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVI DECEMBER, 1918 NO. 1

No Peace without Penitence

By Herbert Kaufman

GERMANY is not yet assured that force is a closed path to expansion. Her chiefs have simply concluded that the present war can no longer be profitably continued.

Reverses have shrunk the Hun's conquests, not his conceit.

Ability to hold Belgium, stay in France, retain Serbia, nullify Rumania, paralyze Russia, terrorize the seas, and protect the Fatherland from invasion support the Teuton obsession that no one race on the face of this earth is so potent, so shrewd, so fit to inherit To-morrow.

Any settlement which permits the Central Empires to signalize these facts must convince their subjects that they may still hope for world-dominion.

Future safety demands respect for international law along the Danube and the Rhine. The enemy must disarm, repent, and make reparation. He must learn mercy through suffering. He must value faith by paying a staggering price for unfaithfulness, and in discredit and dishonor find the worth of "scraps of paper." Prussia shall not have peace before she is penitent.

Wilhelm is prepared to trade but not ready to truckle. That supreme outlaw lists his plunder and brazenly asks Democracy what it will barter in exchange: a cornered thief agrees to sell the loot he must abandon in retreat.

We call upon him to surrender, and he impudently appoints a bargaining tryst.

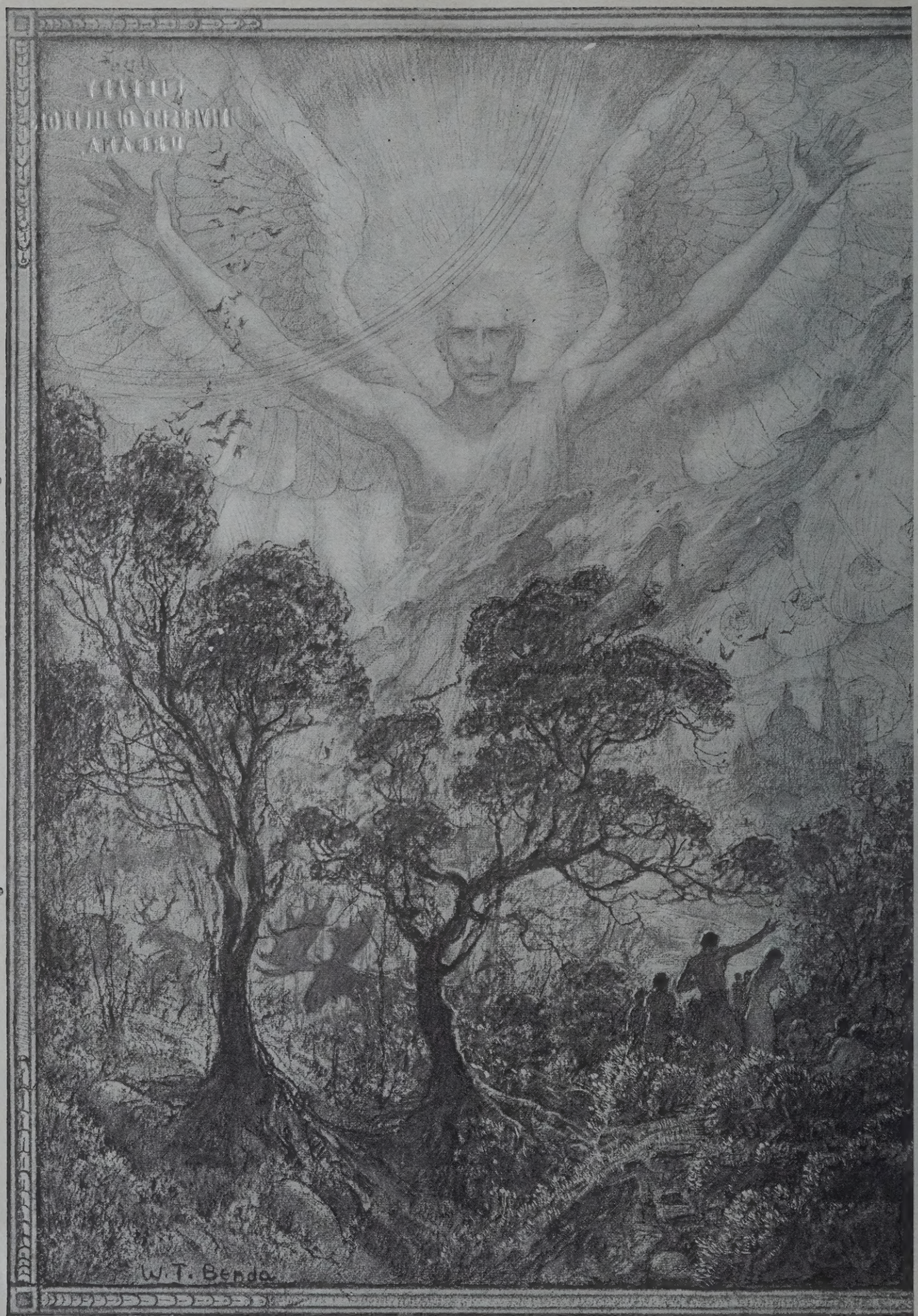
Outgeneraled on every front, bereft of Bulgaria, threatened with Turkey's desertion, and menaced by Austrian revolts, he dares claim the expired right of might to meet inevitable victors as a proud, invincible equal—to bring his proscribed blades and reeking slave-whip to an armistice and match them against the sword of Justice.

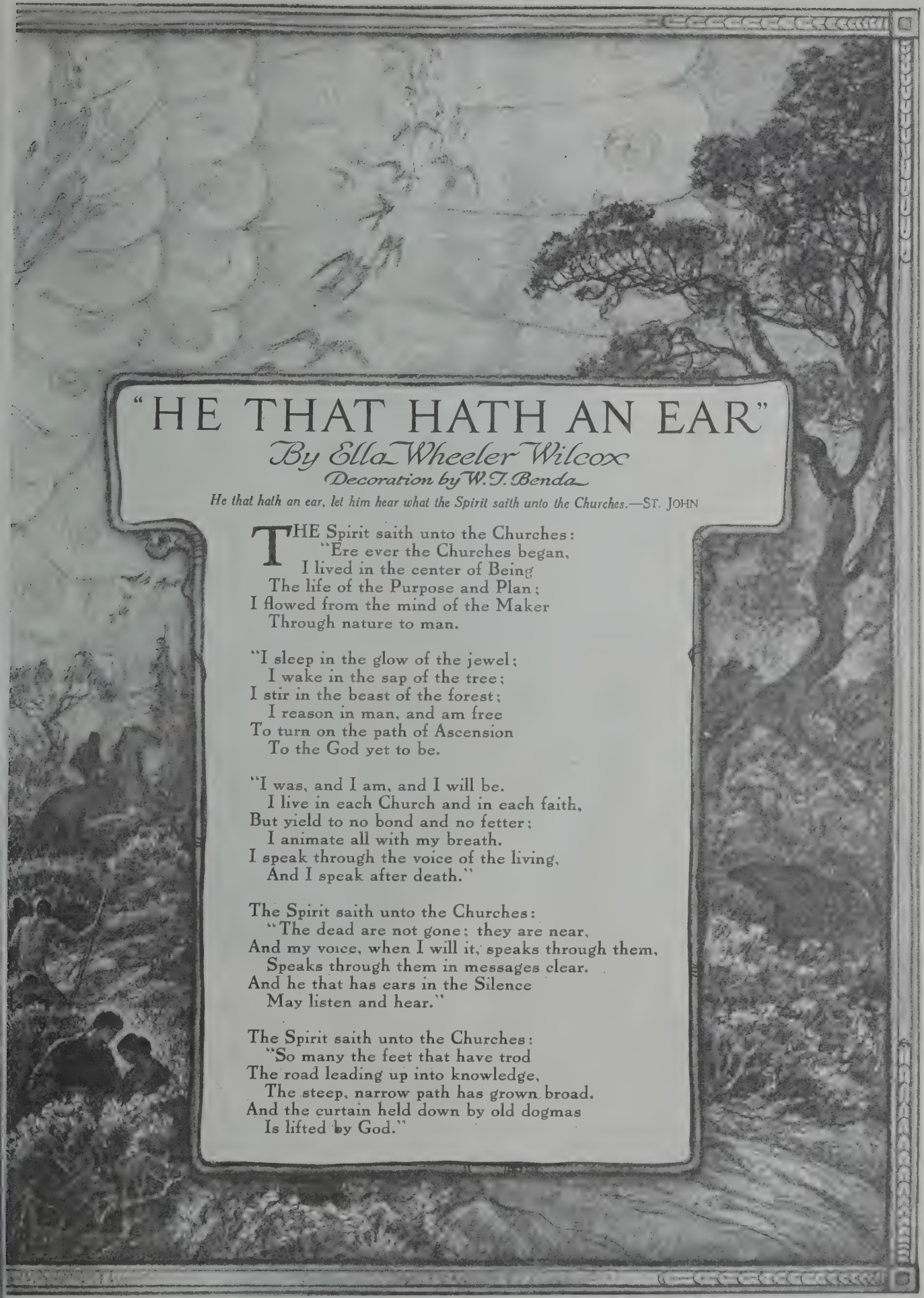
He thinks that ruthlessness will finally cow Europe, that selfishness and treason will draw us from the fight. He derides America's capacity for sacrifice. He believes that "Yankee greed" and women's votes and hyphen influence will support his intrigues for a peace without indemnity or humiliation.

Encouragement of compromise means that we distrust our leaders, doubt our armies, and question our obligations.

A stern, grueling, wary, all-demanding year lies ahead, but if we strike day and night with the full man- and money-power of these United States, Berlin and universal liberty are at the end.

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W. T. Benda



"HE THAT HATH AN EAR"

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. T. Benda

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.—ST. JOHN

THE Spirit saith unto the Churches:
"Ere ever the Churches began,
I lived in the center of Being
The life of the Purpose and Plan;
I flowed from the mind of the Maker
Through nature to man.

"I sleep in the glow of the jewel;
I wake in the sap of the tree;
I stir in the beast of the forest;
I reason in man, and am free
To turn on the path of Ascension
To the God yet to be.

"I was, and I am, and I will be.
I live in each Church and in each faith,
But yield to no bond and no fetter;
I animate all with my breath.
I speak through the voice of the living,
And I speak after death."

The Spirit saith unto the Churches:
"The dead are not gone; they are near,
And my voice, when I will it, speaks through them,
Speaks through them in messages clear.
And he that has ears in the Silence
May listen and hear."

The Spirit saith unto the Churches:
"So many the feet that have trod
The road leading up into knowledge,
The steep, narrow path has grown broad.
And the curtain held down by old dogmas
Is lifted by God."

The Maximum

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

THERE is nothing more difficult than to borrow for the first time, and nothing easier than to repeat endlessly the operation. The man who borrows for the first time feels as though he were about to commit a crime. His audacity astounds him. He can conceive of no sane reason why his request should be granted. He is certain of failure, and goes through the lip-formality of making the demand simply as a matter of dire necessity. But the man who has borrowed often does so with confidence. The more he borrows, the more he conceives his right to borrow. Destiny, to him, in order to equalize its gifts, has laid upon certain men fortunate enough to have abundantly of the world's goods the obligation to lend constantly to others of equal deserving. After a man has borrowed three times successfully, the practise becomes one of those inalienable rights which the Constitution has neglected to specify.

Robert Erickson was not of that great shiftless army which ekes out mysterious existences by a process of petty and continuous sponging. On the contrary, he was a fairly successful man (in his own mind he would have said one on the threshold of success), and if he sought a loan, it was always in the impatience of arriving the quicker. He knew that he was industrious, honest, irreproachable in public and private life, and when he determined to ask his host and boyhood friend, John Garret, for another ten thousand dollars, it was in the confidence of other sums easily accorded and in the knowledge that ten thousand dollars meant no more to that financier than ten dollars to himself.

It was at Palm Beach in the full of the season. From the veranda of the vast hotel he could see, through the brilliant tables on the lawn under the swinging lights, the swirling colors of the dancers. He hesitated, and then, caught by the swing of a favorite tune, moved easily through the dim crowds, seeking his wife. In college he had been a leader, one of those occasional athletes about whom a dramatic moment throws a glamour of romance which persists in the after-years. He walked now as he walked in the campus-days, head up, shoulders square.

"I'll take the encore. Departing husband's right," he said, cutting in. "Thanks, Dev."

"Are you really going, Bob?" she said, resting with a little more freedom in his arms as they moved into the dance.

"Must. I've got a big thing waiting up North," he said joyfully, and his voice softened as he bent over and whispered: "Pretty wives, Kitty, must have pretty things. When you carry off Helen of Troy, there are certain responsibilities."

"Foolish boy!" she said, with a little pressure on his arm and a sudden smiling, upward glance. "You think entirely too much of me as it is. So you are pleased?"

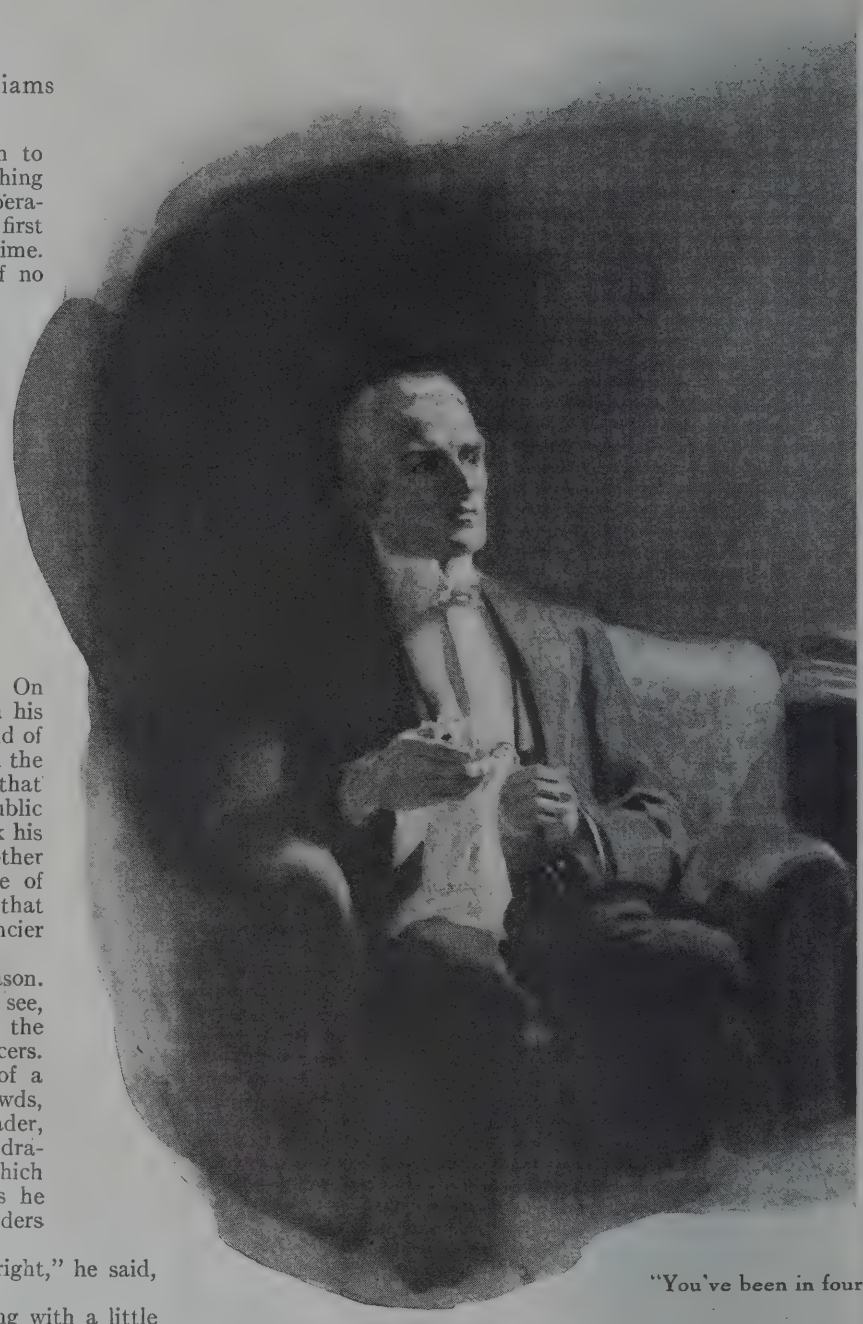
"Rather! If it goes through—and it will go through—I'll double what I'm making now."

"No?"

"Fact."

"Oh, Bob, how wonderful!"

Of his struggle against debt, his disillusionments and defeats, she knew nothing. It was only the radiance of future prospects which he confided to her in his need of creating in her imagination the progress of the successful man he believed himself to be. And, then, it was a question of pride. He had carried off the favorite under the noses of a dozen men who could sell him a hundred times over. She was the beautiful Mrs. Erickson, and he had to prove his right to her possession.



"You've been in four

"If the deal goes through, I know a certain little car I've had my eyes on for months."

"You're the best husband in the world!"

She said it without that touch of remorse which usually accompanies the tribute, but whole-heartedly, with a happiness as placid as a summer lake unvexed by a disturbing ripple. She had determined to return with him, for, even though they moved through society as welcome guests, there were certain unavoidable expenses. But the sudden prospect reassured her.

"Are you sure you wish me to stay?" she asked.

"Of course. I may be able to run down again."

The dance ended, he returned, surrendered her to the next claimant, and, nodding at every step, picked his way through the idling crowd.

"Now for Jack," he thought, pulling out his watch and noting with satisfaction that the hour of his appointment had arrived.

John Garret had first come to him in the days when he was the big man of prep school. An accident had made them roommates and association fast chums. Erickson had been the leader always, brilliant, easy of access, straightforward, and obvious, upholding the sacredness of tradition. Garret had moved upward



ventures, sunk money in each, and what have you got?"

in his reflected light, neither liked nor disliked, studious, introspective, caustic at times, and periodically gruff and unsociable—in a word, the friend of the great man. It had been so at college. Without illustrious protection, Johnny Garret would have gone unnoticed; with Erickson's support, he mounted the social ladder, one of the elect. Erickson himself was under no illusion as to the reason. Fifteen years out of college had done nothing to disturb the balance in his mind at least. He moved confidently down interminable corridors and found the door, thinking, "I'm not sure but what I should ask twenty thousand."

II

JOHN GARRET was ending an interview as Erickson entered. He nodded, saying in his cheerful bass,

"Come right in, Bob—with you in a moment."

Erickson moved to the cigars with a feeling of contentment. The habitual borrower possesses a certain feminine intuition and learns to interpret the slightest detail. The preceding interview had been cordial—perhaps even profitable. There was no question of the warmth of the greeting he had received, and, of course, Garret must have divined the object of his coming.

He lit a cigar, flung down in an easy chair with that sense of physical comfort which comes with the ending of a mental suspense, and studied his friend. Garret had succeeded in business because he had the essential quality, in a period of distractions, of doing one thing at a time. He had succeeded in society because he had waited until he could enter it at the top, until he could invite it to him instead of seeking its invitations.

The door closed, and Garret returned briskly, and then, as an afterthought, rang for his man.

"William, not in to anyone."

"Well, old money-bags," said Erickson, smiling, "you look as though you had been cutting off another million."

"Not quite that—but good prospects." He sank into his chair with a touch of fatigue, a thin-faced, prematurely gray, quick-eyed, low-voiced man of the modern type of industrial leaders.

"John, I'll come to the point," said Erickson at once. "I've got the opening I've been waiting for—the chance of my life—and I want ten thousand to put into the firm." He did not add, "Will you lend it to me?" That was too obvious to need detailing. Morover, yielding to instinct at the last moment, he had suddenly decided to remain at his original figure.

"How do we stand?" asked Garret slowly.

Erickson was so astounded that, for a moment, he could not reply. Then, recovering himself, he said,

"Why, to date I owe you twenty-two thousand."

Garret nodded in assent, and then, drawing out his reading-glasses, began to polish them laboriously. When he spoke, it was with a certain diffidence.

"Bob, I've wanted to talk to you—man to man—for a long time. Suppose we get to it now."

"Why, yes—certainly—of course."

"Now, right off, let me say that it's not a question of ten thousand dollars—if, after we've talked things out, you still want it, it's yours."

Erickson breathed a sigh of relief. The future was secure. His mind at rest, he prepared himself to listen.

"But, first, Jack, you ought to know what the proposition is."

"I can guess. You're asked to put on the market some new invention that'll make a fortune in five years—a new horn or brake or——"

"It's a storage-battery."

"Exactly. And, of course, you are to put ten thousand into the initial financing. Well and good! With a little variation, that's what the last three ventures have been, haven't they?"

"Yes; but——"

"I'm making no comments, but I'm coming to this, Bob: When a youngster's in his twenties, he isn't worth standing up on two legs if he isn't convinced that he is Napoleon, Rockefeller, and Cecil Rhodes all rolled into one. But, when he gets to our age——"

"Well?"

"There's just one thing he's got to face, one solemn fact—that is, he's got to recognize his own limitations."

Erickson ground his cigar, disturbed, not yet seeing where the other was tending.

"Don't quite get that."

"What makes the wrecks in American business life? And

God knows they are legion! Men between thirty-five and fifty, making good incomes, comfortably successful, but blind to their own limitations—men who think they are generals when they are only captains or majors. I can count twenty men who could have gone on comfortably in life—home, children, and all—if they had been satisfied to live according to their limitations——"

"Yes; I know what you mean."

"But you do not see the application. Put it this way: In business, we have a standard of rating men. We say he's a three-thousand-a-year man, this fellow's worth five. Then we begin to simmer down. The first classification was easy—mere question of honesty and industry. From five thousand to ten thousand a year, it's a question of power to organize and discipline. The ten-thousand-a-year man is a valuable man in the general scheme. But it's curious that they can be found—the sort of lieutenant who carries out orders exactly as you give them to him. You put him in charge; you assign him definite objects; you know he will achieve them. When you go above ten thousand, you get into something different. You're not taking orders; you're originating them—do you get the difference?"

"Yes; I think I see."

"It's not a question of business routine or honesty or willingness to work. The man who is above ten thousand dollars a year has got to have imagination to originate a hundred expedients and the common sense to reject ninety-five of them. That's why I say the road from thirty-five to fifty is littered with wrecks."

"Well, come to the point," said Erickson, feeling the moisture start between his fingers. "What am I?"

"You—you are exactly a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man," said Garret, looking at him for the first time. "At that, a first-rate, valuable man."

"I don't admit it," said Erickson, rising suddenly.

"Bob—Bob—do you want to go over this history of the last years? When did you first come to me? When you tried to launch out for yourself. You've been in four ventures, sunk money in each, and what have you got? Not even experience, for you're ready to plunge once more."

"Why do you say all this to me?" said Erickson abruptly.

"I'll tell you. Because you're the most honest fellow in the world—straight as they make 'em. You honestly believe that you've got in you the qualities of a—a Harriman, and that it's only the right opportunity that is needed. I tell you this because you're not a sponger or a gambler or a profligate, but as square as I know. I tell you because you're thirty-eight years of age, with a wife and child whom you adore and whom you must protect now and in the future. Bob, you've got to readjust, reorganize, come down out of the clouds. If you don't, you're riding straight to bankruptcy You're a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man now, but if you get the reputation of a few more failures—" He stopped, rose, and lit a cigar. "Rather tough saying this to you. If I didn't know you for what you were, I wouldn't."

Erickson got up heavily. He knew some crashing catastrophe had fallen on him and that he must meet it, as he once had to stand up in the old football days and face defeat.

"Jack, honestly—do you believe I am—only that?"

"Why, you believe it yourself!" said Garret. He put out his hand and slapped him affectionately on the back. "Bob, get things stable. Accept life and make the most of it. You'll feel a darn sight happier. As for what you owe me——"

Erickson lifted his head suddenly, with a warning face.

"Here—none of that!"

Garret hesitated.

"All right—but take your time."

"Thanks," said Erickson, smiling; "and for a good sound shaking. It was coming to me."

He knew he was beaten, but, sportsman that he was, he intended to go out smiling. Garret had not expected this easy acquiescence. He had expected, even desired a controversy. He did the impulsive, illogical thing.

"And now try it once more—but with your eyes open," he said lamely. "I'll send you——"

Erickson laughed a laugh that relieved the tension in his soul.

"Why, you old coward!" he said, with a rough laugh. "Do you think I can't be game?"

III

Nevertheless, the bravado which had held him up in the presence of his friend left him the moment he had closed the door behind him. There are some truths which we recognize the moment we are told them—truths that, unconsciously or subconsciously, we have been putting from us day by day, as though delay itself were a sort of victory.

"It's true—every word he said is true," he said to himself.

He went aimlessly down the corridors, heavy of movement, and stood with his hands thrust into his side pockets, staring out at the court where the dancers were still holding revel. Somewhere in the careless, favored throng was his wife, the beautiful Mrs. Erickson. He had not thought of her attitude—that complicated matters.

"Ten thousand a year," he found himself repeating. He turned, walked down the long veranda, and stepped out into the night. "How am I going to do it?"

Well, in the first place, it meant giving up all this—the friends, the life, and pleasure which was hers by right—for another existence which rose about him bleak and blank as an ugly wall. And then there was the question of his debt to Garret. Never for a second did he seek to avoid that. That must be paid back, too. For now he felt the weight of the obligation. There's no debt like a debt that can't be paid.

He had stepped into the road in the sudden glare of an arc-light, and the next moment Fate, ironical, grotesque, and mirthful, bore down on him with a warning screech, a grinding of brakes, and a familiar halloo.

"What the deuce—Bob Erickson?"

He approached and shook hands with the two occupants, Rex Carteret and Ted Stevenson.

"You fellows look pretty gay!"

"And the evening is young," said Stevenson jovially. "Jump in, my old college chum! Hurry up; we've got a lot of gambling to do to-night."

To escape from himself, to do anything rather than face the full weight of reality, he swung up into the back seat. Just why he should have yielded puzzled him—perhaps for the subtle flattery at a moment when flattery was precious, in having men of great wealth seek his company. To Ted Stevenson, he was still the big man of the campus.

But in ten minutes this feeling passed. He felt a sudden anger. Here was a crisis to be faced—a whole world to be made over, and he was wasting the precious moments with these triflers. The worst would be to make Kitty understand—to see him as he was, stripped of the glamour. At this, he felt a sudden revolt, a weakening of moral resolves. They were in the staggering brilliance of Fisher's Casino, the gambling-tables in the electric distance, Fisher himself in unctuous attendance.

"I say, Fisher, we want some sport! Game here's too slow. Fix us up. You understand?"

The sleek look of the ingrained valet swept the neighborhood uneasily and came to rest on Erickson.

"All right—personal friend," said Stevenson impatiently. "Fix up the corner room, second floor."

"I'll see what can be done, gentlemen."

He withdrew and went noiselessly through the rooms.

"I say, Bob; don't you want a fling?" said Stevenson, leaning over confidentially and then immediately answering himself. "Oh, no; I forgot—of course you don't. Whew! I remember yet the lecture you gave me back in sophomore year."

Erickson watched them with a growing antagonism. Here were two precious transgressors who had gone their indolent way, done everything they shouldn't do, squandering what they had never earned, forgiven and accepted by the sacred might of fortune wherever they choose to knock, and to-night they would lose or win fifty thousand without even a thrill. Fifty thousand! And in the bitterness of his heart he was trying to plan out how in a lifetime he could pay back half that sum.

"Why so glum, Bob?" said Carteret, catching the expression on his face. "If I didn't know your hard-shell principles, I should say you'd been caught in the market."

"No; not that," he said roughly. He had been thinking of the injustice of the world that he who had kept the narrow path, who had worked for ten men, should be sitting there in bitterness, acknowledging defeat, while they who had never done a day's work or a worthy action— Fisher returned and spoke casually.

"Corner room, second floor, Mr. Stevenson—go out and come back by the side entrance."

"I say, Bob, you do look shot up!" said Stevenson sympathetically, as they lingered purposely. "If you're in a hole——"

"No; no!" he said abruptly. Up to this moment, he had no thought of evasion, though he knew that for Stevenson to replace Garret would be the easiest rearrangement in the world.

The three rose and passed ostentatiously out of the front door.

"Look here, old fellow; perhaps this bores you——"

Erickson hesitated.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"Are you really going, Bob?" she said, resting with a little more freedom in his arms as they moved into the dance

"No; on the contrary, it'll amuse me," he said, with a laugh, and followed them up the narrow stairs.

The room was dark; the windows were carefully screened, a narrow circle of brilliance over the green table where a drop-light picked out the neat array of chips and glanced from the polished pate of the croupier, who sat impassive as an Egyptian statue guarding a tomb.

"How are you, Daniels?" said Carteret.

The old young man smiled with the hope of big tips.

"Roulette to-night, gentlemen?"

"The only game to play," said Stevenson, slipping into place. "Fifty thousand to start with, Daniels."

"Half that amount here."

At this moment, Fisher, "Honest" John Fisher (what master gambler hasn't the title?) emerged from some doorway lost in the obscurity of the room. Daniels, relinquishing his place, went to the wheel. Around the electric green that rose up and smote their eyes, the four men grouped themselves, four brilliant splashes of linen rising in the darkness like tombstones in the night.

"Taking how much?"

"Fifty here."

"Twenty-five."

"And you, sir?"

"I'm not playing," said Erickson, staring at the unbelievable pile which, before him on the table, represented seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Give us a good limit, John," said Stevenson joyfully.

"Same as before, gentlemen; two hundred in a number, seven thousand on the band—can't do better."

"Three hundred on the number?"

Fisher shook his head.

"You can't? Why, you old pirate—you've got a hundred thousand of mine already!"

"Come on, Ted," said Carteret, spreading his chips with care; "it's good enough to start with."

They began to play, Carteret methodically, along the lines of some definite plan, Stevenson scattering his bits haphazard.

Erickson watched them, fascinated, slowly comprehending the different combinations of hazards worked out on the checkered cloth. He had gone through life without even the slightest acquaintance with the hidden fates of chance. Even in the set in which he had moved, he had abstained from the card-tables—first, because he had been too busy to spare the time, and, second, because the stakes were beyond him. True, he had often watched in curiosity a game of bridge or poker, and noticed, with some surprise, the sudden tightening tension, the nervous eyes, and the settled attitude of dejection or exhilaration. But the spectacle had been milk and water to this. Here, before him in the hushed room, in six feet square of green, the whole world was thrown in miniscule. Ten years' labor moved back and forth on a single turn of the little ivory ball which whirled over the hungry holes with the tiny, stirring noise of a mouse in the night.

Life in all its mysteries lay before him, compressed, raised to a sudden apotheosis of tragic intensity. Failure or success—what man plods endlessly toward, a prisoner in the iron harness of circumstances, was here resolved in the agony of an instant.

"I can't win or lose," said Stevenson moodily. "One of these pesky, monotonous nights."

"I'll take twenty-five more," said Carteret. "Too bad about you!"

"Darn it, Bob," said Stevenson, turning; "if luck won't run one way or the other, I'm going to make you play for me, despite your old Puritan convictions."

He flung a chip, which settled on a number, stacked a pile on the side, and played all combinations, winning a hundred dollars with a scornful laugh.

"I say, Fisher, look here—some excitement; what do you say—fifty thousand on the color, one turn and no comeback?"

Fisher calculated briefly, and then shook his head, and his even voice, schooled against impulse, repeated in singsong,

"Can't do it, Mr. Stevenson; I really can't do it."

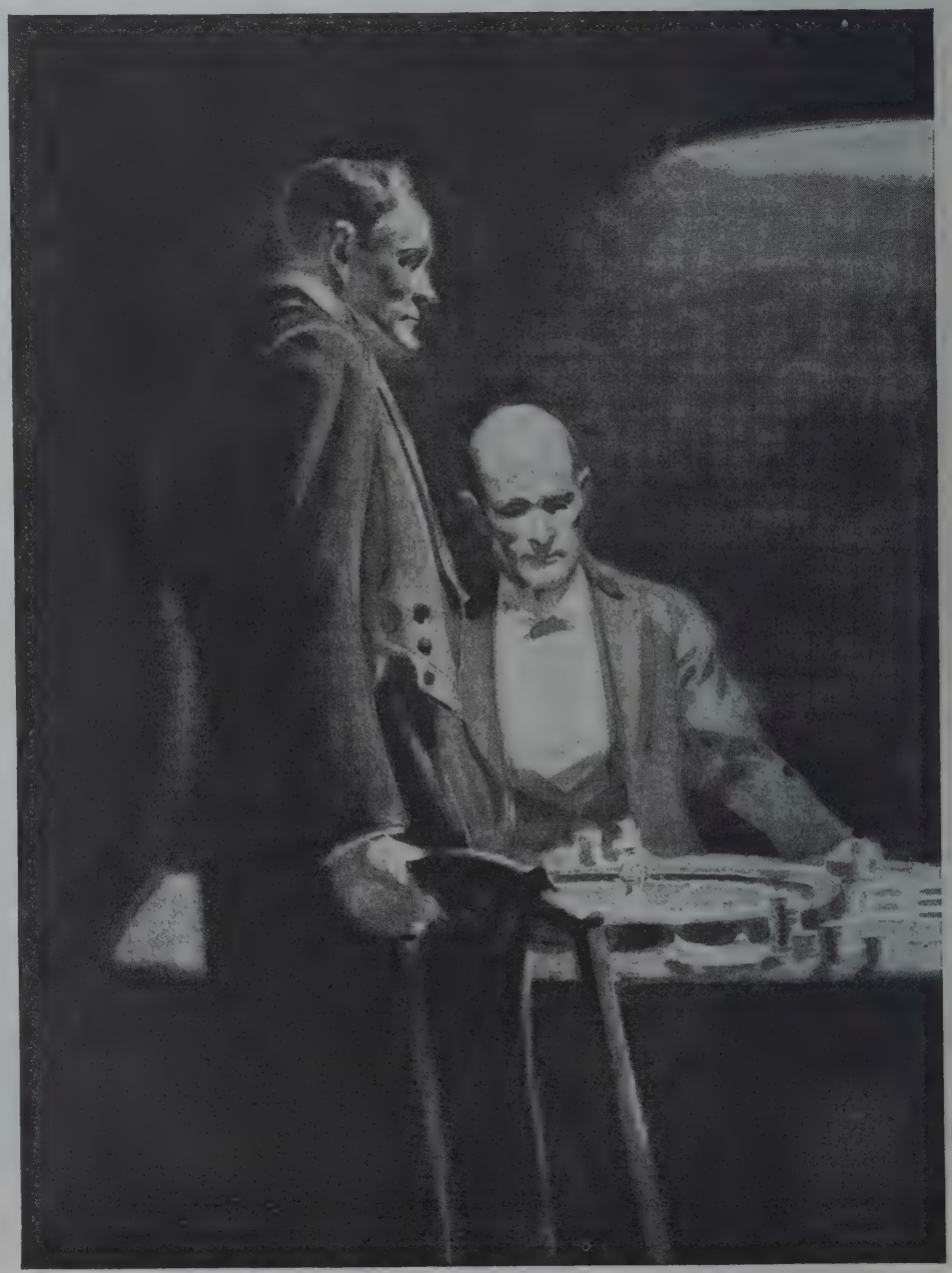
"Ted!" The three men started at the sound of Erickson's voice. He had risen in his excitement, and the hand which rested on the table was shaking. "You want excitement—a gamble—a real gamble—I'll give it to you!"

Erickson transformed, Erickson with the wild light of the gambler in his eyes was so incomprehensible that Stevenson stared, at loss for a word.

"Look here: What's all this to you whether you lose or win—what does it mean to you? Nothing—it can't give you a single thrill. My God, man, you're sitting there like a child fingering a broken toy, and you're holding in your hands the making of a dozen lives. You want a thrill? All right. Play for me, for my existence. You wanted to know what was wrong to-night—I lied to you. Everything's wrong. I'm up against a wall."

"Shut up, Bob!" said Stevenson, seizing his arm. "You don't know what you're saying. If you need a loan——"

"No, no; not that way!" cried Erickson, with so much vehe-



All at once, before he had realized it, the forty-four blue chips—the forty-four whir of the ivory ball

mence that, for the moment, his companions thought that he had been drinking heavily. "Look here, Ted: Here's my proposition. I need twenty-two thousand dollars to square me with the world, twenty-two to make me a free man instead of a slave to the end of my days. It's life to me—my honor, my self-respect—you understand? Play twenty-two thousand and even for me—play my life, you understand—one throw on the color! If it comes right"—he stopped and repeated, hoarsely in a whisper, as though it were too incredible to be spoken aloud— "if it comes right, Ted, I play it once more and I pay you back, or—look here—you chaps think I'm mad——"

"Fisher, you heard the bet," said Stevenson, counting out twenty-two blue chips. "It goes. I want it done."

Fisher glanced at the hole in Carteret's second pile, at Stevenson's imperious luck, and finally at Erickson swaying against the table. Once in a thousand times just such a destined gambler enters a den and in his experience returns again and again.

"To oblige you, Mr. Stevenson."

"I say, Ted; let me explain. There's nothing queer about it—you know me—it's just debts piling up—loans——"

"What do I care about your explanation? I'm playing for your life. Red or black, Bob?"

"You mean?" said Erickson, extending his hand as though to assure himself by touch that such a person could exist.

"Red or black?"

Below, on the table, twenty-two thousand dollars in a little pile. Red or black? He steadied himself, passed his hand over his forehead, pinching his temples. Red, the color of hope. He leaned down suddenly, seized the blue pile, and placed them on that band.

"Let her go!"

He closed his eyes. The whir of the rolling fate in the hushed room sounded like the roar of a torrent. Carteret and Stevenson, stirred from their casual attitude by the sudden dream of a human existence, rose up and craned forward in their excitement.

"Red!" cried three voices.

"What is it?" said Erickson.

"You win, sir."

Erickson opened his eyes. One by one, the hand of the croupier flung out twenty-two blue chips and shoved the doubled pile in his direction.

"On the red again!"

"Don't be an ass!" said Stevenson furiously. "I've got my money back. You owe me nothing."

"On the red again!" said Erickson, in the voice of command.

This time, he had no fear; a strange sense of certainty, of triumph stole through his being. He would win—nothing could prevent his winning. He did not close his eyes. He stood there, smiling down at the two men.

"Don't worry; it'll be red," he said quietly.

The ball ran its course and settled in the red.

"Beginner's luck," said Fisher, not quite so calmly.

Erickson, as though he had been playing with dollars, carefully divided the winnings and pushed twenty-two chips to Stevenson.

"Quixotic!"

"Perhaps—but that's as I laid down the proposition."

Carteret was shaking his hand.

"Cash in; stuff it in your pocket—and bolt."

"Of course."

Then he felt a sudden limpness; his legs bent beneath him. He sat down and rested his head in his hands, and his eyes fell on the scattering blue chips which meant liberation.

"Yes; Carteret's right—time to get out," he said to himself.

He felt his heart pumping. He gathered up the chips in his hands with every intention of withdrawing, looking Fisher in the eyes, and said,

"Once more?"

The two friends flung themselves on him and bore him from the table, expostulating.

"Bob, you're out of your senses, man!"

"You'll lose—you're bound to lose!"

Over their shoulders he saw the fingers of Fisher waiting, arms stretched out, fingers drumming, drawing in his upper lip. He took their hands from his arms and came back.

"Let me alone," he said roughly. "I tell you, I *know*. I have the feeling I'm going to win."

"Then, for God's sake, Bob, play like a sane man; don't risk all—take five thousand at a time."

He hesitated, looked at Stevenson, and agreed inwardly with the counsel of reason.

"Of course I'm not a fool. I'll play cautiously," he said, fastening his glance on Fisher. The look was a challenge to a duel. Despite himself, the master gambler felt a growing resentment. This man was an intruder, a rank outsider. He made a rapid calculation. He had lost forty-four thousand dollars on two turns, but two-thirds of that had been replaced from Carteret's pile. He



thousand dollars which had been his—were there on the table, and the was sounding in his ears

looked at Erickson, saw the volcano behind his eyes, the fever in his hands, and smiled to himself.

"Once more? Certainly, sir."

Erickson counted slowly five chips, hesitated, added five more, and then, with a sharp intake of breath, swept up the pile and, leaning over, placed it a third time on the red.

"How about it, Fisher?"

"Just as you wish, sir."

"All or nothing, then," he said, squaring his shoulders obstinately, against the shouted protests of his friends. His mind said one thing, his tongue another. All at once a terrible doubt possessed him. A voice seemed to cry out: "No, no! You've lost!"

He leaned over swiftly and tranferred the chips to the black column. But the moment of indecision left him in an agony of doubt, What had possessed him to risk all again? On two throws he had won fabulously, and—and now—no, no—now it was impossible, not three times running! He should have listened, followed their advice, and staked a third. All his winnings would dissipate like leaves in the wind, and he, the mad man, would go out as he had entered.

"Good God—what have I done? What a crime toward her!"

At one moment, he felt like flinging himself on the table and snatching up the precious chips before it was too late; at the next, he was seized with a blinding vertigo. He dropped into his chair, breathing heavily.

"By the Lord Harry—black!"

A shout of joy, a curse—some one shouting in his ear!

He heard all indistinctly. He came out of the vertigo incredulously, with the feeling of staggering under enormous weights. The eyes, the gray-blue eyes of Fisher, were set on him.

"Very fortunate, Mr. Erickson; I congratulate you."

"Good God, I thought I had lost!" he said, covering his eyes.

The next moment, some one had handed him a glass, and he drank, he knew not what. When he came back to his self-control, he saw the eyes of Fisher, with a point of yellow fire in each.

"Enough?"

The tone was a challenge, and the thin smile was a provocation.

"Good Lord—yes!"

He drew in the chips and mechanically counted them one by one—forty-one, -two, -three, forty-four. His debts paid, and twenty thousand dollars of his own, all in a moment, in one hour, into which had been compressed the fierce pleasures, the despair, the anguish of a lifetime! He looked in wonder at Stevenson and Carteret, who were laughing hysterically, beads of perspiration on their foreheads. So that was the way it affected them! He had only one thought—to drag himself away, to be freed from this insidious, gripping fascination, this unseen force which had held him against his will, which had transformed the words while yet they were on his tongue. And again he saw the eyes of Fisher, the gray-blue cat's eyes, with sudden internal points of yellow fire in them, fixed upon him.

"Well, sir; you'll admit I've been accommodating to you, sir," said the voice that all at once broke into a tremolo. "What do you say—give me a chance?"

"What do you mean?" he said hoarsely, fascinated.

"Doubles or quits, on the red or black?"

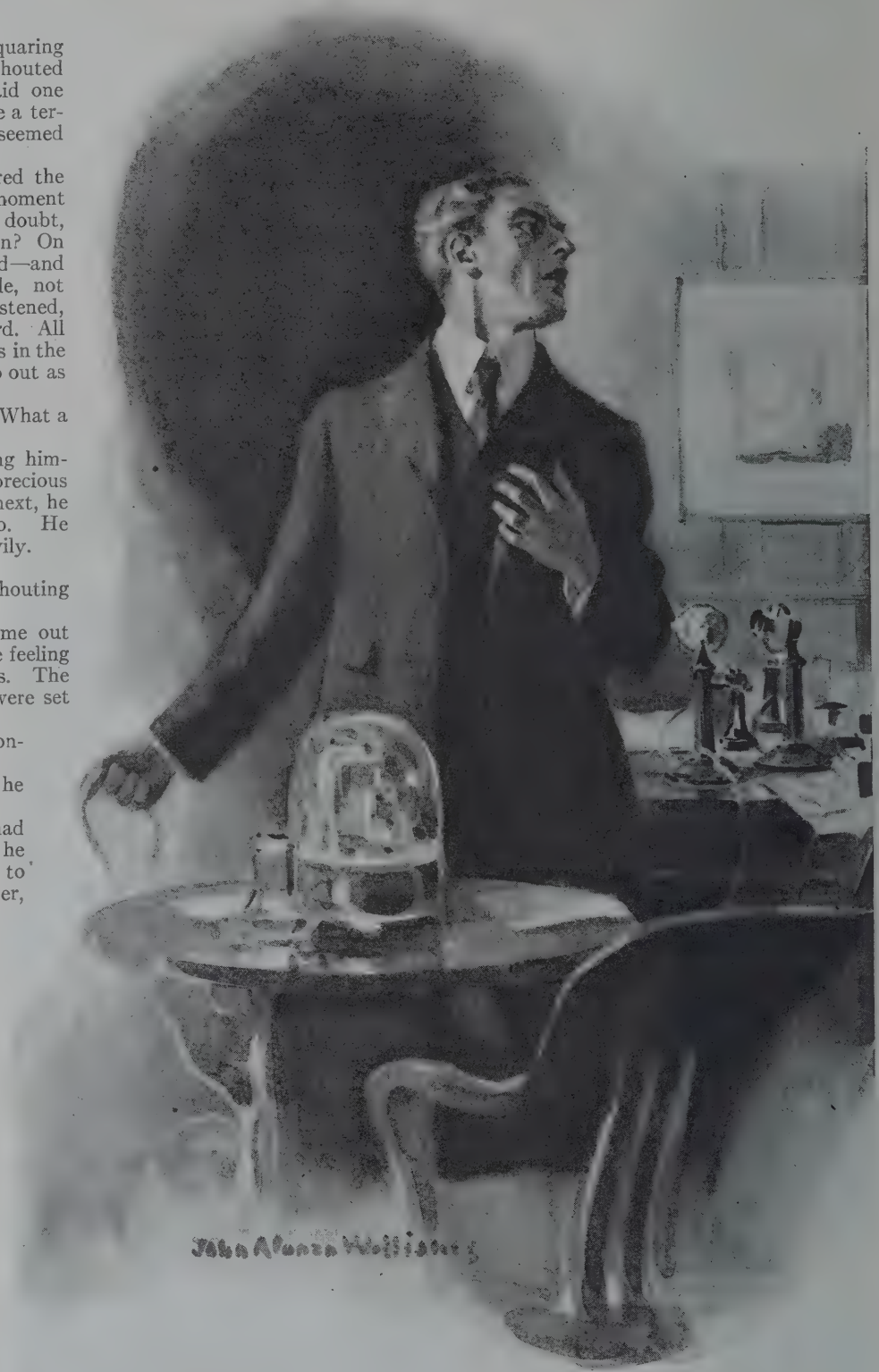
"Never!" Stevenson's voice it was that cried out. "Bob, you get out of here—right now—you're in no condition— —"

"Pardon me, Mr. Stevenson," said Fisher politely, but with a growing ugliness; "this is between Mr. Erickson and me. Turn about's fair play, I should say. Well, sir; what do you say? Win once more, and you go out here a rich man—eighty-eight thousand dollars! That is a sum."

Carteret and Stevenson were pleading with Erickson, explaining, commanding, threatening. All to no avail. Eighty-eight thousand dollars! From the moment he had heard it, the room was filled with echoes. He wanted to go; he dreaded the test; he was absolutely certain of failure this time. And yet, despite his will, he came back; he leaned across the table both hands on it, like a sprawling bear, and said:

"Agreed. And this time I play the red."

All at once, before he had realized it, the forty-four blue chips —the forty-four thousand dollars which had been his--were



Suddenly he jerked straight, stared at the wall as though he saw something

there on the table, and the whir of the ivory ball was sounding in his ears. His eyes met Fisher's, the gray-blue cat's eyes, smiling eyes, confident, gloating eyes, internal eyes. If he lost, he would spring across the table and choke him, and tear out those demoniacal eyes which had lured him on! And still the whir of the rolling ivory, the little insignificant thing that was either life or death.

"I have lost—lost all—it was fate," he said aloud.

The moments dragged endlessly. The anguish of centuries filled his soul. Hell opened and closed over him. Two demons shrieked in his ears—Poverty in filth, and Riches



fleeing from him with a mocking laugh! And, even at this moment he turned to prayer, illogically, fatuously, incoherently, toward some unknown divinity, offering to dedicate himself if only the incredible might happen. Then he saw the smile go out of the eyes of Fisher, and all at once he knew.

When he had come to his senses again, he was under the stars, the ocean at his feet and the sand beneath.

"Good heavens! I remember," he said.

Carteret and Stevenson were standing beside him, watching him anxiously, their clothing in disorder, panting.

"What happened?" he asked faintly.

"'Happened?' What didn't happen?" said Stevenson. "You went clean, plumb nutty, I should say; wanted to throw the whole eighty-eight thousand on the table again. We had to tear you away, carry you off, you son of a lunatic!"

"I don't remember—except—ah, yes."

Suddenly the anguish of that soul-inferno swept over him. He put his head down, and his body began to shake.

Stevenson signaled to Carteret, who withdrew discreetly.

"Bob, look here: Pull yourself together—you've got to! Be a man!"

He struck him sharply on the shoulder, and, at that stinging rebuke, Erickson drew up angrily, caught himself, and, locking his hands, leaned against the balustrade.

"Well?"

"I've got the right to say to you what I'm going to say."

"You have the right to say anything."

"And you're going to give me a promise."

"Never to play again? Good Lord, of course!"

"You feel that way now; but it's got to be on something that is more sacred to you than your own life and honor, do you understand? Oh, I know I'm no man to be preaching, but it's not a question of that—no; it's a question of common sense. Now, look here: I've seen a bit of the seamy side of life, and I tell you I've never seen anything uglier than—well, what I saw you go through back there. There are some men who can gamble and there are some who can't—and, Bob, *you* can't! I've had two friends who got it the way you did—a man and a woman—and they're dead to-day. Bob, as sure as I'm talking to you, if you ever go back to a gambling-hell, you'll die a pauper in a year. That's solemn."

"Don't I know!" said Erickson weakly.

"You'll cave in with heart-disease or a stroke. Hold out your hand." The hand between them shook like a tortured leaf. "You see that?"

"Good God—yes!"

Stevenson grasped him by the lapels of his coat and held him before him—the man who ordinarily could have tossed him about like a kitten—until their faces almost touched.

"You're going to make me that promise now, Bob Erickson!"

"Say it."

"Never to my dying day——"

"'Never to my dying day——'"

"Will I enter a gambling-den——"

"'Will I enter a gambling-den——'"

"Of any description——"

"'Of any description——'"

"Or touch a card——"

"'Or touch a card——'"

"And I swear this—swear, Bob, by the holiest thing in your life!"

There was a moment's silence, and then Erickson spoke solemnly.

"'By the holiest thing in my life!'" He had thoughts of the one being, his wife, who was all in the world to him, about whom every ambition centered, and, in the knowledge of his peril, he spoke inwardly. "And if I break this, may she die that day!"

IV

Erickson kept his word, but it was the letter of his promise. He never touched a card, entered a game of chance, or visited a gambling-parlor. Yet, from that day, he became a confirmed gambler, gambling with his life, subjecting (*Continued on page 99*)

"Taxi!"

An Adventure-Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated by

Lejaren A. Hiller and Edward L. Chase

PART I

MORAL EMBLEMS

PLEASE don't skip this description of Robert Hervey Randolph—six feet straight up and down, broad of shoulder and narrow of hip, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, nose slightly up-ended and wearing a saddle of faint freckles, clean shaven, well groomed, very correctly dressed, and twenty-six years old. Let it be added that his eyes were placed just far enough apart to stamp him forever honest; he had an open and most prepossessing countenance.

At the moment of the start of this rapid yarn, he was standing in the Van Tellier's library, looking down in pained and flushed surprise at Miss Madge Van T., who was sitting in a huge leathern chair half facing the fire in the open grate, one leg very much under her, the other waving a satin-and-silk combination of foot and ankle in distracting accompaniment to her disturbing speech.

"Bobby," said Miss Van T., "you are darned good-looking; you're strong, straight, and a gentleman; there are times when you are wholly adorable, but, nevertheless, I'm not going to the show with you to-night, or to the opera to-morrow, or anywhere any more. There, there, dear boy; you don't have to say anything. You have one of those faces that is absolutely beyond the aid of a vocal organ. It says everything that is in your heart of gold before your brain has time to tinkle a bell."

"Look here, Madge," said the pained Mr. Randolph: "Are you making fun of my face or of my brain or of both?"

"My dear," said Miss Van T. quite gravely, "I'm not making fun of you in any way whatsoever. I'm merely telling you how lovable you are, so that you will understand how serious it is when I say that I've decided not to love you any more."

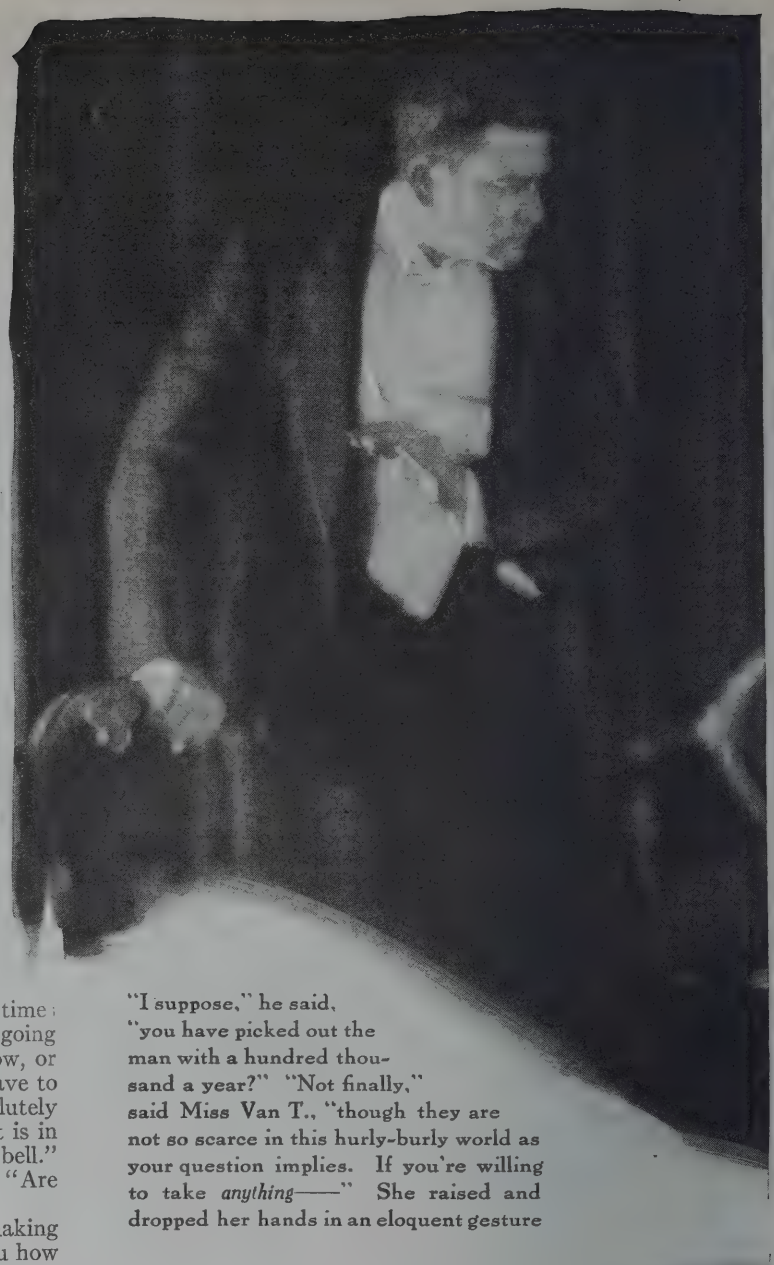
"B-but how can you help it?" stammered Mr. Randolph, his tongue for once saying the same thing as his face at the same time.

Miss Van T.'s breast fluttered as though rising against its mistress to the defense of this disingenuous young man, and she was obliged to swerve her eyes from his and draw a long breath before she answered.

"I can, because I will," she said, her face paling. "Oh, Bobby, can't you wake up? Look round you and come to earth! You are born and bred on Manhattan, yet you've never seen New York. You walk round and poke in wherever your fancy leads you, just like a kid in his own back yard, but everything is apparently so familiar that you just don't see it."

"I guess you're right," said Bobby thoughtfully. "It never occurred to me to look at New York any more than to pick over my own ash-barrel. I've often been tempted by the ash-barrel next door, but—your own— Look here, Madge: Why should I try to see New York, and why should we be talking ash-cans when I've got you to look at in one of the most bewitching and abbreviated bits of dress-goods that ever revealed a completely adorable person? Tell me that."

"Well," said Madge, her face hardening, "I will. It's a long story, not in words but in generations. The Van Telliers have lived in East Ninth Street since the year one of the island. That is, they used to live here; now they hardly exist. They are merely an assorted lot of animated corpses that crawl out of their tomb periodically to take a strange air, leaning on a rotten stave called the 'Old Order.'" She flashed at him a look considerably older than her twenty-four years. "The Old Order bores me to distraction," she went on. "I'm not blind, and



"I suppose," he said, "you have picked out the man with a hundred thousand a year?" "Not finally," said Miss Van T., "though they are not so scarce in this hurly-burly world as your question implies. If you're willing to take *anything*——" She raised and dropped her hands in an eloquent gesture

I'm too young to play the rôle of *revenant* and smack my lips over it. Listen to this, Bobby: The new New York is a fever, and I've caught it. I want a rainy-day car, a calling-car, and a touring car; I want dresses that will stab with envy the heart of every woman that looks at them; I want my jewels to run to size *and* quality, and I want a yacht just for the papers to talk about, because I hate to ride in the smelly things."

Bobby's eyes had grown rounder and wider as the list progressed.

"Do you think you could get along on a hundred thousand a year?" he asked very softly. It was quite a new tone with him in Miss Van T.'s experience, but her thoughts were too busy elsewhere to take note of it.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I've been going into the subject rather thoroughly, and a hundred thousand would be running it on a pretty close margin. By the way, just what is your allowance under that crazy will?"

"Ten thousand," said Bobby.

"Well," said Miss Van T., "there you are! Just enough to keep you comfortably in debt, and you want to marry me on it! It wouldn't be quite so out of the question if you knew you were going to have it forever, but you don't. It may be cut off——"

"Any day," said Bobby promptly. "It isn't likely, after all these years, but it may."

"Well, there you are!" Miss Van T. repeated herself. "I'm not altogether a pig, Bobby. Ten thousand with you thrown in is enough to make any woman think three times, but the truth is you have been killed by too little and too much kindness. If you had never gone on as super for a disappearing heiress, you



might have amounted to something by now. Instead of making you, that money has buried you."

"You don't know me altogether, Madge," said Bobby. "Do you think I've never thought things out? When I need to make money, I'll do it. The great thing nowadays, it seems to me, is not to have too much."

"'Not to have too much!'" exclaimed Miss Van T., a puzzled frown on her forehead. "Bobby, do you know that you've said something original? No; I won't put it quite as strong as that, but I will say that you've given birth to an exotic idea."

"Have I?" said Mr. Randolph, assuming a vacant stare.

"But it doesn't alter things as far as I am concerned," she continued, almost without a pause. "In fact, it only simplifies matters. You've signed the warrant. I want loads of money; you're afraid of having too much. So we'd better turn our backs on each other and march."

Mr. Randolph looked at her through narrowed eyes.

"I suppose," he said, "you have picked out the man with a hundred thousand a year?"

"Not finally," said Miss Van T., "though they are not so scarce in this hurly-burly world as your question implies. If you're willing to take *anything*——" She raised and dropped her hands in an eloquent gesture. "After all," she added, "it isn't the cash I'm keen on, but what it will bring. If necessary, I'll earn my own living."

"Earn your own living!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Will you please tell me how you could earn anything?"

"Oh, I could," said Madge, hedging.

"How?" insisted Mr. Randolph.

"Well," said Miss Van T., "I've had a couple of offers without even asking. When I tried to jew Simon Simon down on this very frock on the grounds that I was hard up, he said, in the nicest way, that he would take me on at sixty a week any day during the next five years."

"And the other?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"The other," said Miss Van T., dropping her eyes, "was Beacher Tremont. He wasn't quite so nice, but he offered more. He said that he was looking for a private secretary, who could name her own price."

"During the next five years—at your own price," repeated Bobby, his mind dazed but nevertheless going straight to the kernel of each proposition. "Madge, do you know what you're saying? Do you know the horrible things you infer?"

She moved one hand impatiently.

"Bobby," she said, "don't get theatrical. I tell you New York is a fever. I've caught it, and I'm not a bit sorry. The choice between being a Van Tellier corpse and a fastish woman is easy. The *semi-declassées* of New York, if they play for high-enough stakes, have a world of their own that is worth moving in. Money is merely an adjunct to it—nothing but the bridge across which clever men come to show themselves off at their untrammeled best."

"Madge," said Bobby, at once frightened and earnest, "you only half know what you're talking about. There is such a world as you speak of—it's the world of insatiably hungry women. It's brilliant and fascinating for a while, but it breathes a poisoned air, and all its roads lead down. Every woman that goes into it with her eyes open has an idea that, with her beauty and her brains, she can buck the tiger and get away with it. She won't look over her shoulder and read the record of an endless losing run on the black."

Miss Van T. smiled.

"I'm already beginning on my reward," she said. "You've never talked so well before in your life."

"It's more than talk," said Bobby, flushing angrily. "And the ways of access that you have imagined!" he continued. "You read happy stories to the public taste of *midinettes*, showroom girls, and dress-models, and perhaps you think they mirror the life. Why, Madge, the taunts that those girls fling indifferently at virtue and at vice are so vile that they couldn't be repeated even among half-decent men."

Madge raised her eyebrows.

"Yet you know them," she commented coolly.

Mr. Randolph shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," he said; "I know them. I've bumped into them, just as one bumps into everything in this town sooner or later. I've even stopped a girl's mouth with my hand and been bitten for my pains."

"Really?" said Madge, quite interested. "That was nice of you. But, Bobby, this is my frank night. Let me tell you that vile words don't affect a woman half as much as you men imagine. If she likes the speaker, the words are nothing; and if she hates, why, she just welcomes them as a little more fuel. In themselves, they don't matter; they just pass over."

"I can almost believe you," said Bobby, a cold wonder dawning in his eyes. "And the other way," he continued, "the private door for the private secretary. That's a road of burned bridges. Every man, decent or indecent, feels a queer sinking of the heart when he hears of a woman taking it." He looked at her shrewdly. "And yet you may do it," he said, half to himself. "If you are one of the hungry women, God help you, for they all walk blindfolded."

"They don't *walk*," said Madge, flushing, and her eyes gleaming strangely. "That's just the point: they rush, whirl, and——"

"And crash," finished Bobby.

"That's the very word," said Madge. "If you'll only keep on the way you've started, I'd love to talk to you all night."

"No chance of that," said Bobby, straight-lipped. "I'm through, and I'm going." He turned toward the door.

"Not without kissing me good-by, Bobby!" cried Madge.

He looked over his shoulder with a polite but impersonal smile.

"I'm not much on kissing strange women," he said lightly. "It would take me years to learn to kiss you again."

He left the room and the house. The night was chill but not actually cold—one of those nights of late November that brace the blood of New Yorkers for the plunge into the endurance race of the season and still leave a touch of languor in the air to appeal to the softer senses. It was a night for adventure, for challenging glances, and daring advances. Fever was in it, but could not reach the immune Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph.

With his top-hat pushed back on his head, the ends of his muffler flying loose, his overcoat half unbuttoned, he swung up the deserted lower reaches of the Avenue, punctuating his thoughts with the solid rap of his stick on the pavement. It might be supposed that he was thinking and mourning over the sudden demise of the Miss Van Tellier he had thought he had known for many years, but such was not the case.

Mr. Randolph was not built on mourning-lines; at the moment under review, he was thinking about himself and the strange fate that had made him a foster-child of fortune. He proceeded to look back ten years. Just a decade ago he had had his one meeting with the young lady whose disappearance had brought him an unstable affluence. It had taken place on this very avenue and less than forty short blocks away. He had reason to remember the encounter, for it had brought into sudden conjunction a lovely Persian cat, a lovely wire-haired terrier, a lovely child, and himself. The cat had dashed from a proud front door to cross Forty-something Street under the nose of a taxi-cab; the dog had flown in yapping pursuit and, in the act, yanked his young mistress off her pins. He, Mr. Randolph, had seized one of her flying feet, hauled her and the terrier back to safety, and no sooner placed her upright and smoothed down her absurdly short skirts than he, she, and especially it, the dog, became the center and circumference of an animated pinwheel.

Her unshaken determination to hold to the leash, whatever happened, brought disaster. The said leash wound three times round her ankles and those of Mr. Randolph, bringing them both down kerplunk and facing each other. "My, what a bump!" she had cried, in startled tones, and then thrown back her curly head and laughed.

It was so that he remembered her—a child of ten or eleven summers and no winters, merry as a sunny day, dark-haired, dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, pampered but unspoiled. She had risen and taken his hand, told him her name, thanked him, ordered a flurried nurse to thank him, shaken her finger at the terrier, and said, "Good-by" and "Come on, Maggie," all while he was still rubbing the seat of his first long trousers.

On that day she had been Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, petted darling of the gods and Mr. Brewster Thornton, banker and widower; two months later had come Thornton's financial smash and, immediately afterward, his spiritual, moral, and bodily collapse. Everything that had made for life in him having been swept away, he died as a matter of course, and was buried. For sole inheritance, little Genie Thornton found herself possessor and possessed of one Maggie O'Rourke, a nurse of long standing, of earnest and faithful face, and a monster heart imprisoned in a pitifully thin chest.

It had taken Genie's great-uncle, Asa Thornton, six more months to forget a quarrel of sixteen years' standing with his nephew, and by that time child and nurse had been seeped into that lower world which can't afford morning and afternoon editions and is too busy praying for daily bread to look for a rain of manna in the daily press.

In short, Maggie and her charge, traced down the ladder of reputable, disreputable, and impossible lodgings, had slipped ultimately from sight and the ken of people with addresses, and, as a result, Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, whose relationship to Mr. Asa Thornton is of no import whatever to this tale of cause and effect, came into ten thousand a year and a string,—the string being the possible reappearance of Miss Imogene Pamela.

"Bob," had said old Asa, on the verge of a tardy demise, "I'm not introducing you to a war between conscience and self-interest. There's no silly story-book test about my money; you are under no obligation to look for Imogene or to shout if you step on her



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

"My, what a bump!" spoke a keen young voice over

by any twist of chance. My lawyers have all the instructions necessary along those lines; they are to make every reasonable effort, and if they succeed, why, you're man enough to look out for yourself. It—it isn't going to make a devil of a lot of difference to me where the cash goes so long as I die with—die with the credit."



Mr. Randolph's shoulder, but he was too occupied to take note of it at the time

With that last sentence, his mind had stumbled and wandered off to memories of his nephew Brewster. Looking back from the vantage of twenty-six years, Randolph caught, for the first time, the full import of Asa Thornton's farewell words to him and to life: "Die with the credit." They held the kernel of the old man's carefully measured amend.

"Great old top!" murmured Mr. Randolph aloud, and half unconsciously turned to the left at Forty-second Street. Five minutes later he was caught in the maelstrom of the Thanksgiving crowd milling round Times Square.

Presently he found himself on the edge of a human sea, banked up to give passage to a honking empty taxi-cab. Here was another question for a suddenly inquiring mind. Where did taxi-cabs, empty ones, go to in such a hurry? The door of this one was swinging open, and the proof of how intent the crowd was on its myriad individual goals is evidenced by the fact that a dozen voices did not inform the driver that the season was off for fans on wheels.

The cab was moving more slowly than Mr. Randolph's subconscious mind, which led him to step into it and quietly close the inviting door. Upon seating himself, he tried to analyze the impulse that had lifted him from the curb. He decided that it was not so much the curiosity as to the destination of empty cabs as a natural and ancient dislike for being pushed and elbowed by people.

It was not long before the cab, unwittingly loaded for bear, drew up with a final honk at the stage-door of the Crocodile. Immediately came a rasping voice that was vaguely familiar to Mr. Randolph.

"Well," it said, "you sure took your own time getting here." The driver, expert in aggravating repartee without words, pressed the bulb of his atrocious horn three times. "Cut it out!" said the rasping voice. "There isn't any hurry *now*."

It was incredible, reasoned Mr. Randolph with himself, that anyone should forget that voice once heard, and he was right. He remembered it. It was the voice of Mr. Duke Beamer, whom he had the distinct pleasure of blackballing for one club in college and three in town. Mr. Beamer, to his honest mind, was the best living example of animated slime in tailor-made clothes.

Mr. B. was not alone; Mr. Randolph could just see his companion through the slant of the half-raised window-glass, and even that distorted glimpse was very close to a vision. The girl was young, beautiful, and troubled. Her dark-brown hair ran riot round the edges of her little velvet toque; her eyebrows arched beyond the art of penciling, and the eyes beneath them wavered this way and that, as though in search of a merry look that had left them forever. Her cheeks were thin and pale, her parted lips aquiver; her chin was atremble. Of course she was very cheaply but neatly clothed.

"Make up your mind," said the rasping voice. "Ride with me or walk the streets by yourself, and don't forget that there's no job behind you. You've said good-by to that door for good."

The girl's wan face went through that contortion which says, "I *won't* cry," and doesn't, thereby achieving a pity beyond the meed of tears. The quivering of her lips, the trembling of her chin grew more pronounced—only to steady down as she swept up stricken and imploring eyes to the face of the unseen man.

"Oh, Duke," she begged, "promise—promise you'll be always good to me."

"Of course, little one," said the rasping voice, promptly and much relieved, promising lightly to pay on demand in full for a soul delivered in advance. "You'll never regret it, believe me."

The girl tore her doubting eyes from his face and stepped toward the cab. Mr. Randolph made himself exceeding small in the corner nearest the curb. An unseen agent opened the door;

the girl slipped in and turned to seat herself; her escort made to follow. Then did Mr. Randolph suddenly lean forward and proceed to push in the face of Mr. Beamer with his open hand and the full weight of his shoulder. That astonished scion of a once gentlemanly house reeled backward and sat down on the pavement kerplunk.

"My, what a bump!" spoke a keen young voice over Mr. Randolph's shoulder, but he was too occupied to take note of it at the time. He leaned far out so that the driver could get the full effect of his modish top-hat and spoke cryptic words.

"Ten dollars' worth of the park," is what he said.

The driver welcomed the sudden apparition with a friendly grin, honked defiantly three times, and threw in the clutch. They were off, and trailing after them came such a string of blasphemous utterances as made Mr. Randolph wince. Instantly was brought to his recollection the assurance of Miss Van Tellier that the mind of woman is impervious to mere words as words. He turned his eyes to the face beside him and found prompt confirmation.

The girl was laughing. No longer did her eyes search for a gleam they thought they had lost forever. It was there within them, come back to rollick in her pupils and spill itself in reckless spending.

"Oh! Oh! What a bump!" she gasped.

"Funny, wasn't it?" said Mr. Randolph weakly.

"Awfully," said the girl.

Thereupon fell a long silence. The cab cut across the traffic, reached the Avenue, and eventually the dark park before Mr. Randolph found anything further to say.

"Funny, wasn't it?" he remarked.

The girl cast him a startled look.

"Why," she gurgled, "that's what you said before."

"So I did," said Mr. Randolph, frowning thoughtfully. "So I did. By the way, what's your name?"

The girl caught her breath and swallowed her laughter.

"Vivienne Vivierre," she said, after a pause.

"God, how awful!" commented Mr. Randolph. "One of those deliberate alliterations that go with the back row of the chorus."

"Front row," Vivienne defended promptly but unsmiling. Her lips twitched down at the corners. "At least, it was front row."

"I know," said Mr. Randolph. "You've been fired. I heard what Beamer said to you."

She nodded her head despondently, but said nothing.

"How long have you known that snake?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Not very long," she answered. "He got me on, and I suppose he got me off." She drew a long breath and turned appealing eyes to Randolph. "Please," she said, "don't let's talk about him. I want so to be happy for a few minutes. I love the park at night with its border of lights. Let's play a game."

"'A game?'" said Mr. Randolph doubtfully.

"Yes. We'll guess which is Central Park West and which is One Hundred and Tenth Street and which is the Avenue. It is not as easy as you think after you've been going round a while. I'm feeling d-dizzy a-already."

"You are!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Well, let me tell you it isn't from buzzing round a two-mile circuit. What did you have for dinner?"

Miss Vivienne shut her lips tight.

"Won't you please play my game?" she asked faintly.

Mr. Randolph frowned as though considering the subject very seriously, but the matter that held his attention was not the proposed guessing-match. That would not have been fair or amusing, as the deadlights of his own very comfortable apartment blinked at him every time they came to Fifty-ninth Street. He was justifying to himself a very questionable move. He wished to feed this stray damsel and, at the same time, talk to her with a purpose. He could not see himself doing it in a cabaret, and every hotel supper-room had already become one of those things. He came to a decision and spoke.

"I'll take a hand in your game, all right, but not just as you think. Do you—would you trust me?"

Immediately the girl was on her guard. She looked into his face and read it.

"I would never have thought of not trusting you if you hadn't asked that old, old trap question," she said gravely.

"Forget that I asked it," said Mr. Randolph promptly, and leaned out to give the driver his address. A thin-lipped and weary scorn was still on that individual's face when he drew up before Mr. Randolph's abode and honked three times derisively to the world in general as seen from the front of a taxi.

"Wait," said Mr. Randolph to the je'hu, as he handed out the girl. She paused with one foot half-way to the curb, but that single word directing anything as expensive as a taxi to stand by reassured her. Even so, she did not refrain from casting one look over her shoulder at the cabman as though, drowning, she took comfort in the nearness of a straw.

Randolph proceeded her to show the way and turn on lights. He never looked back to see if she followed, and this implied trust in herself seemed to drag her after him up the single flight of stairs that led to his rooms.

"Old-fashioned but cozy," he said, as he applied a latch-key and opened a door that gave directly on a large, square sitting-room. "I hate elevators in a place you call home."

In an open grate was a dying wood fire. He proceeded to poke and feed it at once, saying over his shoulder,

"Sit down anywhere, will you?"

Facing the fire was a deep and much worn leathern couch, with a pedestal at each end carrying shaded lamps. They were the only ones he had lighted, and their glow was so subdued that it blended with that of the fire without fighting it. The girl chose to seat herself stiffly in a corner of this couch.

Mr. Randolph looked at her rigid pose with marked disapproval, but said nothing. Having rejuvenated the fire till it leaped merrily to an attack on the fresh backlog, he left the room and was absent for a considerable time. When he returned, it was to place a small table before his guest, and then he fetched a tray well loaded with those things which grace in perpetuity a healthy bachelor's larder.

He drew up a chair for himself and, with an inviting nod, started to eat a great deal and very rapidly.

"Get in on the lunch while there's time," he admonished. "I warn you there's nothing more in the house."

The girl gave him a grateful look and proceeded to fill herself with the most sustaining food within reach. She did not fail to note that there was nothing to drink but water. When they could eat no more, Mr. Randolph removed the table, and then seated himself in the opposite corner of the couch.

"You don't seem to be at ease here," he said presently. "If you think you'll be more comfortable, we can go down and sit in the cab. I want to talk to you."

The girl considered gravely for a moment; then her face broke into a rippling smile that swept up and settled in her eyes. She reached for a cushion, put it at her back, tucked one foot under herself, and waved the other in the same fashion as had Miss Van Tellier earlier in the evening.

"Now talk," she said.

They made a very domestic picture as they sat half facing each other in the dimly lit room, except that there was lacking the element of accustomed stodginess, banished by the presence of a third party—Youth, by name. They were more like two children, playing breathlessly at keeping house, than like a settled couple backed by memories of crude intimacies and quarrels.

"Do you like me?" asked Mr. Randolph presently, much to his own surprise.

She nodded her head.

"You're not afraid to be here?"

She shook denial.

"Have you ever been in a man's room before?"

She looked him straight in the eyes and made no other sign.

It was Mr. Randolph's turn to flush.

"Then," he said, "if you like me and if you're not afraid, please begin at the start and tell me all about it."

The girl's eyes fell and sought the fire. Her face slowly paled to the shade of her somber thoughts. She was no longer pretty; she was beautiful, with a revealing transparency that made her seem unfleshed, a disembodied spirit of sincerity and truth, indubitably pure.

"I had a nurse once," she said, in a low voice, "and a wire-haired terrier, a show-dog and a darling. His name was Sport." She raised solemn eyes to Randolph's face as though measuring his powers of understanding. "My nurse died and then, one day, I had to sell Sport; I wasn't old enough to sell myself."

She stopped speaking with an unmistakable finality. Randolph was overwhelmed by the flood of information that this slip of a girl had packed into two-score words. A life-story in four lines and a revelation of the heart thrown in for good measure! Over and above that, he had to reckon with the confirmation of a suspicion which had been slowly establishing itself in his mind that he had met her before, that not for the first time this night had those soft lips, curved for merry words, cried, "My, what a bump!" within his hearing.



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY LEJAREN A. HILLER

In one lithe motion she was out of his arms, on her feet, back to the fire, head upthrown. "How dare you—how dare you call me by that name?" She was transformed; her eyes flashed with such a light as made the blaze in his own a paltry thing



So many considerations pressed to his immediate attention that he awoke to the actual present too late to stem the tide of tears that suddenly rose to the girl's eyes.

"Oh," she sobbed, "what is to become of me? I was so happy here, if you hadn't made me think!"

If anything has been said in the course of these pages to give the impression that Mr. Randolph was modeled after Joseph or hewn out of ice or packed with probity to the exclusion of red blood, forget it. At the sight of those tears, he slid the length of the couch to first base, fielded the girl in his arms, switched her round so that she lay across his knees, drew her face against his shoulder, and rocked her gently.

"You poor kiddie," he said softly, "what a devil of a time you've had! But believe me when I tell you it's all over. This is the night that starts your old happy sun into the blue sky again. Don't worry."

She stopped crying and looked up into the honest face so close to her own, puzzling as to how just those words could have come from it; but the world had taught her a hard lesson in varying standards. She drew a long, quivering sigh.

"If you could only wait until I love you, body and soul," she breathed.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Why, then it wouldn't be so bad—so ugly."

"I don't get you," remarked Robert Hervey.

"A man told me just a little while ago that he was making a catalogue of reasons why women give themselves," she continued. "He had eleven already, and yet he was one of the nicest men I've met. He talked to me as though he were showing me a way that I must travel alone."

"Really?" said Mr. Randolph, stiffening.

"The lowest reason of all was for cold cash," she went on, as though he had not spoken. "Then came the glitter of precious stones, and, after that, silk underwear"

"'Silk underwear!'" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, mystified and interested in spite of himself.

"Of course you couldn't understand that," she said, "not unless you had seen some poor girl bury her face in crêpe de chine and lace, tremble to try them on, and then sob because she had to wear clothes over them."

"Look here," said Mr. Randolph, shuddering at the pity of it: "We'll pass on to the next, if you don't mind."

"Curiosity comes next," resumed the girl obediently. "A woman is weak until she knows everything. Then comes a funny one that you won't understand at all. It's called, 'Because.' 'Because he had on a coat that reminded her of an old coat that a man she had loved used to wear.'"

"Ghastly!" commented Mr. Randolph.

"Then come two uninteresting ones—cancer of the senses and the swing of the pendulum."

"My dear girl——" protested Mr. Randolph.

"I said they weren't interesting," she reminded him dispassionately. Her eyes widened. "And now," she continued, "we go up and up—spite that stabs its own heart; the lonely soul; consuming fire, and, last and greatest reason of all, just love." Her eyes glowed to some distant focus. "If all myself, my honor, my past, and my future dissolve to the single drop of a present moment in the crystal cup of love, then let me give myself to a lover's lips for, once drained, nothing will be left upon which to hang the badge of shame—nothing remain in all the world but the spirit and—and the sacrifice."

"Girl," said Mr. Randolph, crushing her to him as though he snatched her back from just beyond his clasp, "where is your mind wandering? What have you been thinking? That I was asking you to—to give yourself to me?"

Her eyes came suddenly to his face.

"Yes," she said; "I thought that." He stared at her for a long, silent moment, his lips wavering nervously between pity and severity. A flush swept over her face, and into her eyes crept a look of fear. "You don't want me?" she whispered; then, as he still did not speak, her face paled and she said quickly: "Kiss me. I wish you to kiss me."

There was something in her insistence that clutched at his heart and bent him forward. He drew her head up slowly to meet his lips and kissed her as lightly, as impersonally as brother ever saluted sister, but far more fearfully. Immediately her body went limp in his arms, turned to a dead weight of uninspired flesh.

"It is true," she murmured, desperately. "You don't really want me and I can never love you now."

Randolph awoke to that still cry. He shook her, seized her head in both his hands, and forced her eyes to meet the blaze in his.

"You generous, careless, adorable little fool!" he growled. "Why, you're the most desirable and precious bundle of lovable charm that robber man ever trembled to hold in sacrilegious arms!"

She stared at him, amazed.

"Why don't you kiss the way you talk?" she demanded.

"Because there's no reason for your desperate barter, my dear Imogene Pamela Thornton."

In one lithe motion she was out of his arms, on her feet, back to the fire, head upthrown.

"How dare you—how dare you call me by that name?" She was transformed; her eyes flashed with such a light as made the blaze in his own a paltry thing. "Do you think *she* would lie in your arms?" she asked, gulping out the words. "Vivienne Vivierre"—her lips curled in distaste at the name—"ah, yes; poor despairing thing! But I—Pamela Thornton! Oh, who are you? Why did you?" She dropped her face in her hands and sobbed as though her heart had broken.

Randolph did not leap to comfort her this time; he did not even watch her. With his eyes on the edges of fire that peeped from between and round her ankles, he began to talk.

"I knew you; I knew Sport; I knew Maggie. Just once I met you all, and I've never forgotten. I couldn't." He smiled crookedly. "You and I sat down so hard together and you cried out, 'My, what a bump!' and laughed and laughed—just like to-night, back there at the stage-door of the Crocodile."

Pamela, in spite of her sobbing, heard every word he said as weeping women invariably do when it is anything of personal importance. She stopped crying.

"So you were that awfully nice boy," she said, disclosing tear-stained cheeks and looking him over as though she were inventorying a long list of points of deterioration.

Robert Hervey Randolph, six feet tall, freckled-nosed, open-faced, blue-eyed, and broad-shouldered, looked up at her almost appealingly as if his whole sum and substance were crying out to be appraised at face value but no less.

"That's me," he said vapidly. "My name is Robert Hervey Randolph. Some people call me 'Bob,' some 'Herv,' and the sidey ones say 'Randy.'"

"And I shall call you 'Mr. Randolph,'" said Miss Thornton.



Mr. Randolph leaped to his feet, reached her in a single stride, and caught her by both wrists

›ravely, and then broke into: "After—after I've h—thanked you again and—and again from my ıeart. I'm going now."

"That's a wrong guess," said Robert, smiling happily—he lidn't know exactly why. "I'm the one that's going, after you ›romise me that you'll stay here until ten o'clock to-morrow. 3ut before we come to that, please don't thank me ever. It's elfish, but I'd simply love to have you remember me as Bob ›r Herv or, at the very worst, Randy. Won't you?"

She looked this way and that before she let her face ripple o its wondrous smile.

"I'll go as far as Randy," she conceded mischievously; then he smile went and the shadow came. "But I really can't stay ıere, you know."

Mr. Randolph leaped to his feet, reached her in a single tride, and caught her by both wrists. "Look at me!" he said. 'If you won't promise to stay here without a break till ten ·'clock to-morrow and thereafter at your pleasure, I'll stay myelf and hold you. Now, do you or don't you? One—two——"

"I do."

"Do what?" insisted Robert.

"I promise."

"Make yourself absolutely at home, then," he said, as he ropped her hands and turned toward the door.

"I feel like Christmas eve," said Miss Thornton meekly. Won't you please tell me what's going to happen?"

"You've guessed it—Christmas," he answered enigmatically, ›ssed the latch- ey on the table, and left her.

She can be excused for spying upon him from the curtained window. She saw him awake the cabman, and then watched the pantomime of a long colloquy.

"Oh!" she moaned. "No wonder! The awful, awful price of those horrid clock things! Why did I let him tell it to wait?"

Presently she was amazed to see both the driver and Mr. Randolph disappear into the dark recesses of the cab and close after them its door. For twenty breathless minutes she watched, tormented by the thought that they had retired to have it out where they wouldn't be disturbed by the police. At long last they issued—both of them. Mr. Randolph proceeded to crank the car and then, walking rather strangely, went off, headed west; the driver mounted his box, threw in the clutch, and scurried to the east as though he were off to meet the morning.

"Strange doings!" thought Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, as she turned to start on a privately conducted voyage of discovery.

Strange doings, indeed, and stranger still could Imogene Pamela have heard as well as seen. This is what really happened: Mr. Randolph awoke the cabman gently but thoroughly; then he said,

"Look here: I want to buy your wagon."

"Gowan, boss; wot d'yer take me for? Here I been freezin' most to det' fer two mortal hours an' a gent like you starts right in kickin' on the clock widout even readin' it."

"Shucks!" said Mr. Randolph. "What's biting you? Never mind the meter-reading; here's twenty for you to forget that. Now tell me: Who owns your buzz-wagon? You?"

"Naw; the Village Cab Company," replied the saturnine cabman as he stuffed the twenty-dollar bill into his trousers pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "you and I are about the same build and I've got a proposition for you. Change clothes, hand me over your cab, and take two hundred dollars to see yourself to another job."

The driver showed no surprise; he contemplated the offer with half-closed eyes and dubiously working lips.

"More than that," went on Randolph: "I'm not taking your job just for to-night; I'm going to hold it. The only thing I want you to promise is that you'll keep your trap closed if you see any ads in the personal columns looking for me."

"How do I know you won't lift the car and whoop it up fer New Haven?"

Randolph fixed him in the eye.

"You know I won't, because I say I won't."

"Sure—that's all right, boss," said the driver conciliatingly. "No bones broke. Now, there's just one thing more: Have you figgered that it's five hours to the opening of second-hand Sixth Avenue or the Bowery, an' I'd have to wear those clothes of yourn all that time?"

"What's the matter with these clothes?" *(Concluded on page 94)*

The Eyes of



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Inspection of

Mr. Beach tells of the revolutionary changes worked in military strategy through the use of the camera and the air-plane. While preparing this article he obtained his first experience in flying, which is the subject of this most graphic narrative.



Rex Beach

THERE has been mention lately of what appears to be an undue number of casualties at our flying-fields, and there exists, in some quarters, a fear that these accidents may be the result of faulty training or unfit machines.

I went to Washington to learn the truth about this and a good many other questions which I thought needed answering. What I learned will, I hope, carry a message of cheer to you, as it did to me.

To begin with, it is cheering merely to be in Washington long enough to mark the change that a year has brought about. Twelve months ago, the city was a madhouse; to-day, it is a mighty, smooth-running power-plant, throbbing and rocking, humming and drumming with an imprisoned energy too vast to calculate.

Before leaving to do this story, it was suggested that I take a flight in an American-made machine with a Liberty motor, but I hurriedly changed the subject, for the truth is, I have never fancied flying. I don't mind confessing that my tastes are low, and that ever since Mr. Pégoud invented the "loop," the whole modern theory of flight in a heavier-than-air machine is contrary to my ideas of longevity. It offends something within me. Among the list of things I can dispense with during the war, flying is right near the top. Why are writing people endowed with an imagination, if not to save wear and tear on their systems? Why endure harrowing emotions when one can learn all about them by the mere asking? No; that page was out. I could see no sense in the suggestion that I take a flight.

But no sooner had I arrived at my destination and made known my mission than everybody in the Department of Military Aeronautics quit work, allowed the war to run itself, and got busy arranging a chance for me to fly. How could I undertake to write intelligently on a subject, the first principles of which I knew nothing about, they inquired. I argued that better writers than I have described the "going-up" sensation, and hence anything I might have to record would be a mere reduplication, an extravagance doubly reprehensible with the cost of print-paper where it is. Then, too, there was the air-plane to consider. Why subject it to unnecessary strain? Or, for that matter, why risk breaking an expensive pilot on an obscure author of no military value whatever? I put up a game struggle, and managed to throw the hook and flop out of the landing-net. Having thus blackballed the proposition a second time, I went to lunch with two flying colonels, one an attaché of the British Aviation Mission, the other an American just back from overseas, it being my intention to discuss with them flying matters in general and training-accidents in particular.

During the luncheon, the visiting colonel—I had learned that he is one of the most brilliant English fliers—amused me by declaring that it is easy to learn to fly.

"It is absurdly simple, really," he said. "You ride a horse, don't you?"

I was still suspicious about answering random questions, but I could see no harm in admitting that I was probably one of the best riders in or out of moving pictures.

"Well, it takes a year of practise to become a good horseman; I could teach you to fly in a few days."

I have long suspected that my countenance is too expressive for its own good. Now I know it. Evidently my incredulity was too patent, for he exclaimed earnestly:

"I tell you, I could! Jove—I will! I'll *prove* it!" He turned to our host and inquired: "May I borrow a machine to-morrow? I'm keen to take Mr. Beach up and let him fly the thing himself. He'll get a much better idea of the entire proposition."

the Army

By Rex Beach



air-planes at Mineola, New York

Here was that detestable subject once more; I bumped into it wherever I went. Now, if I had lived past the draft-age with no faintest yearning to ballast an air-ship with my cringing carcass, certainly I had never lain awake nights longing to operate one.

I tried to step on my host's foot, but evidently I missed it, for before I could get out of the tail-spin into which I had fallen, he had enthusiastically agreed to the English officer's proposition and was engaged with him in deciding upon the type of machine best suited to our requirements.

I had imagined that it was a matter of some difficulty for a civilian to obtain a flight in these times, that to do so required influence and meant the unwinding of considerable red tape. But, no; it seemed impossible to gum-shoe in and out of Washington without being hog-tied and abducted in an army air-plane.

My impulse was to excuse myself from the table and telephone the secretary of War explaining that, as a patriotic citizen and a taxpayer, I objected to lending our new and shiny air-planes to foreign fliers, and especially to itinerant magazine writers who did not appreciate them; and requesting that my host be court-martialed or sent back to the front or something, for seriously considering such an outrageous proposition. I would have been willing to pay the check and let the whole flying business drop right there in the restaurant, but, before I could act, my ears were frozen into an erect posture by what I heard going back and forth across the plates.

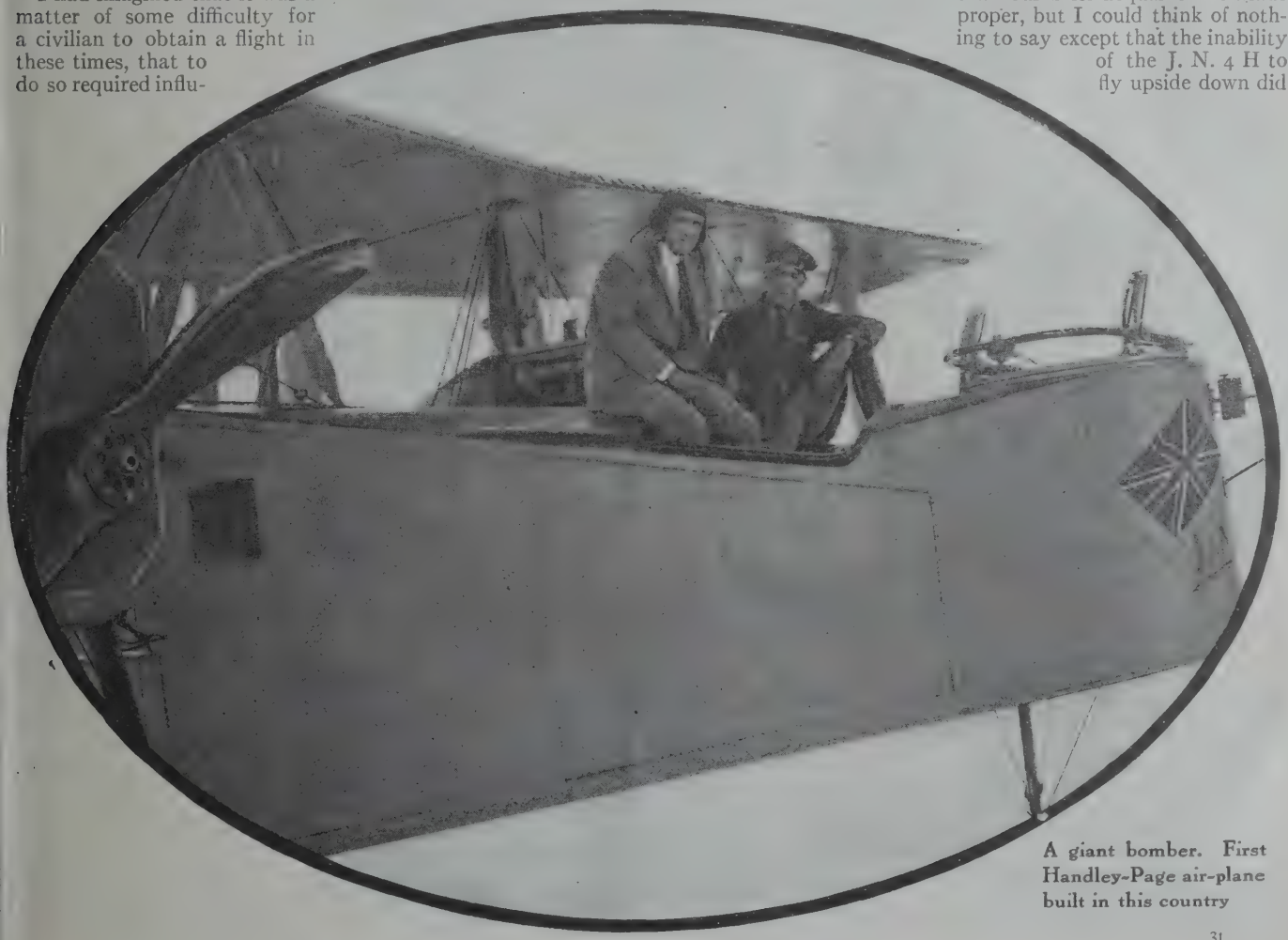
"I'd prefer to take him up in one of our Avros," the Britisher was saying, "but I believe they've been sent away."

"Right. You can have one of our J. N. 4 H's. They're good ships. You can do almost anything with them except fly upside down. They won't stay on their backs very well."

That last remark brought me down completely out of control. I crashed, away back of the lines. Somehow, the vinegar in the salad-dressing got into my lungs, and that, together with the concussion, set me to coughing violently. It was a bad salad, anyhow; I ate no more of it.

"I hear they're slow, heavy 'buses," Colonel Number One was saying. "I should so much prefer him to operate an Avro and get the feel of the real thing." Then, to me, more brightly: "Cheer-o! We'll do the best we can. We'll take along a speaking-tube and I can talk freely to you."

It occurred to me that he was talking more freely, even now, than our brief acquaintance made proper, but I could think of nothing to say except that the inability of the J. N. 4 H to fly upside down did



A giant bomber. First Handley-Page air-plane built in this country



Vertical photograph of German trenches, showing shell-holes made by three barrages. The dim streaks in the upper left-hand corner are barbed-wire entanglements



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The eyes of the army—aviator operating a camera

not utterly condemn it in my eyes. Upon reflection, I rather considered it a boost for the machine, and as for speed, perhaps we could get enough out of the old hack to do me. The truth is, I treated the matter lightly. I waved it aside as a jest. This war is not all a serious business, I reflected, and English colonels must have some fun.

But the subject wouldn't dismiss. When the distinguished visitor insisted upon sticking to it, I inquired, darkly suspicious,

"Look here: Did you ever fly a J. N. 4 H.?" Frankly I didn't like the name of the ship; those initials suggested something hidden or disgraceful in its past.

But he merely shrugged indifferently, saying,

"All ships are more or less alike."

"There's a peculiar sensation about flying upside down," Colonel Number Two broke in. "When you're hanging by your belt with everything loose in the fuselage falling into your face and with your goggles so oily you can't see, it makes you feel—well, utterly unnecessary."

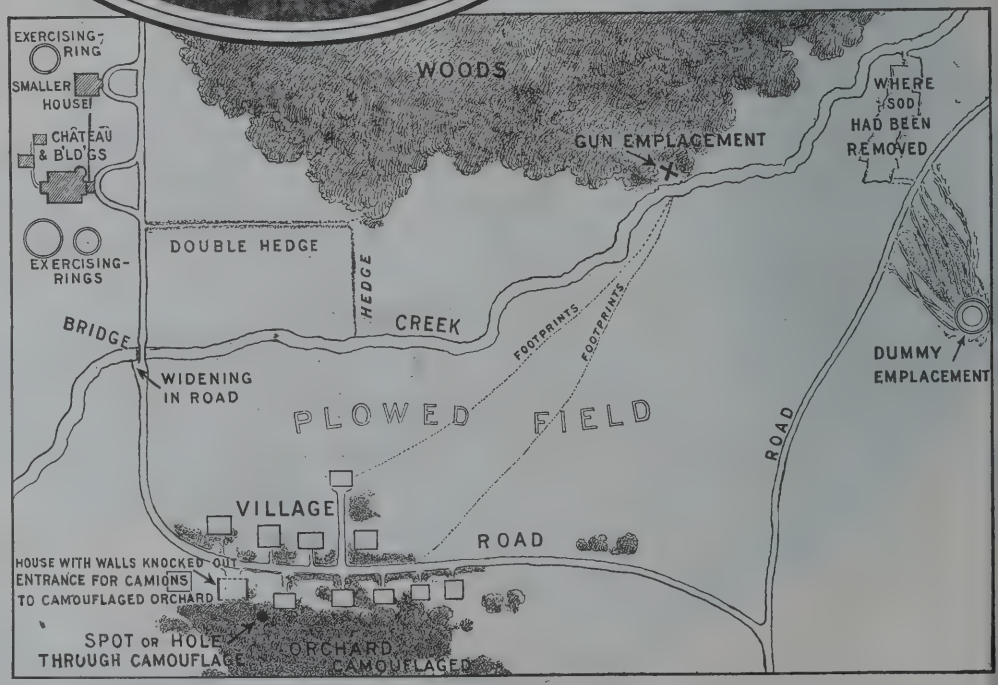
Here was a statement so obvious as to warrant no comment, and so, after a moment of silence, we reverted to the topic originally under discussion, viz., the method and progress of training young fliers.

Earlier, I had asked if we were not losing an unusually large number of our students, and now that I had recovered from the brief but nauseating diversion above mentioned, I repeated my question.

"There is a feeling in some quarters that our accidents in training are too large," the last speaker acknowledged, "and it is something that should be corrected for the good of the service. Otherwise, it is bound to have a bad effect on our program and on our personnel. As a matter of fact, we have fewer accidents than our allies, for the simple reason that we devote more time and care and patience to the preliminary training of our fliers than do they. But you must understand, and make the people understand, if possible, that, as a certain Frenchman said, 'The air is at all times a field of battle.' In other words, that a certain amount of accidents are inevitable.

"It is possible to make flying almost one hundred per cent. safe, to teach pupils to go up, to do straight flying, and to alight with practically no risk, but if we did so, our losses, when these boys went up at the front under actual battle-conditions, would be ten times what they are now. That is self-evident, isn't it?

"Now then, accidents during training are of three kinds: those due to unavoidable causes, those due to the airplane, and those due to the pilot himself. Under the first class are mishaps due, for example, to fog, to collision, or to other causes impossible to guard against. There



Map to illustrate Mr. Beach's example of the camera's vital rôle in the war

will be a certain number of them so long as men fly, but they are negligible. Under the second head are accidents due to bad design of the plane, poor workmanship, faulty material, improper inspection, and the like. Such accidents were not uncommon in the beginning, but nowadays the average well-constructed machine is practically immune from breakage in the air, unless the pilot subjects it to some extraordinary strain. You can throw a well-trained horse by unskilful handling. As for accidents due to tampering with ships, we have our own way of guarding against that. Sabotage at our flying-fields is an unhealthy line of work. Germans don't get fat at it.

"Practically all accidents, then, come under the third heading, and our means of minimizing them is primarily by selecting only the type of men who, in all emergencies, will keep their heads. We exercise extreme care in selecting fliers, and, moreover, at every field there is a 'flight-surgeon,' who keeps them under observation to see that they don't develop dangerous tendencies while they are learning. We are careful also not to overwork the boys—subject them to the results of brain-fatigue.

"Assuming that a pilot is of the right type and temperament and that he keeps himself fit, such accidents as overtake him will be due either to faulty instruction or to carelessness. We are materially reducing those of the first sort by adopting the Gosport, or 'all-through,' system, which our visitor here"—he nodded at the English colonel—"devised and developed. Under it, each instructor is assigned only four or five students, and he takes them through their entire course, flying with them, observing them, developing their capabilities, and correcting their faults. The system is working out splendidly.

"Accidents from carelessness will always occur, no matter how thorough the course of training, but remember this: The more rigidly we adhere to 'safety-first' methods in training, the more we increase the risks our boys will run later. To develop the proper initiative, self-reliance, judgment, and technique for battle-work, the student must take certain risks while learning, but impress, if you can, upon the mothers and fathers at home, what I quoted just now, that 'the air is at all times a field of battle,' and that every man killed in accident loses his life for his country just as does the man who is shot down in France."

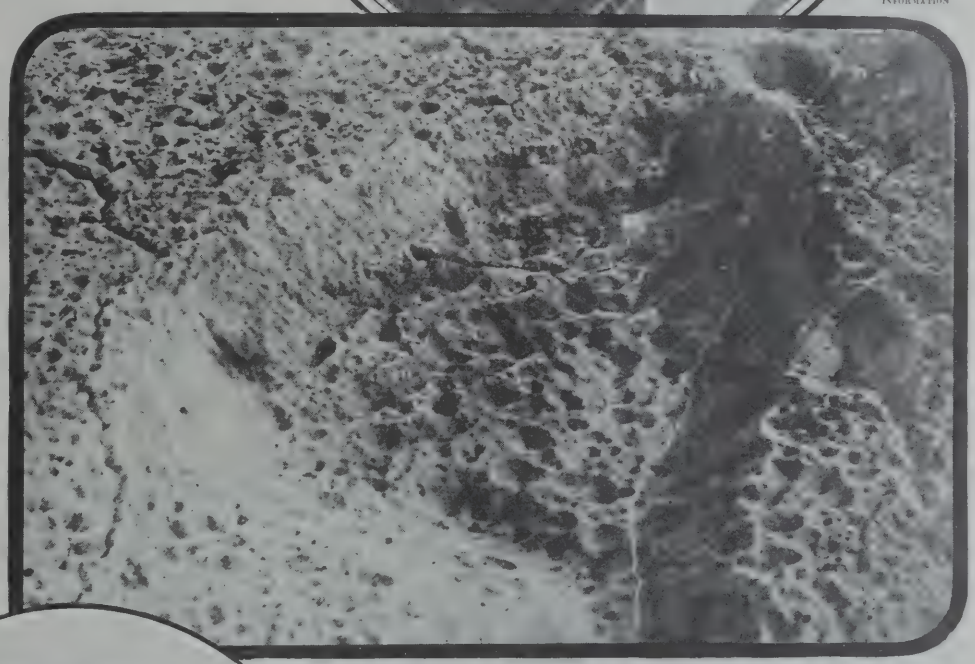
We covered this matter pretty fully during lunch, and I hoped that the English flier had forgotten that distasteful subject he had earlier injected into the discussion, but—never have I seen a person with such an abominably good memory.

"I'll arrange for a ship and meet you at the field at five o'clock tomorrow," said he, as we shook hands. "We'll borrow some sort of a boat, and I'll teach you to fly. You'll be keen about it."

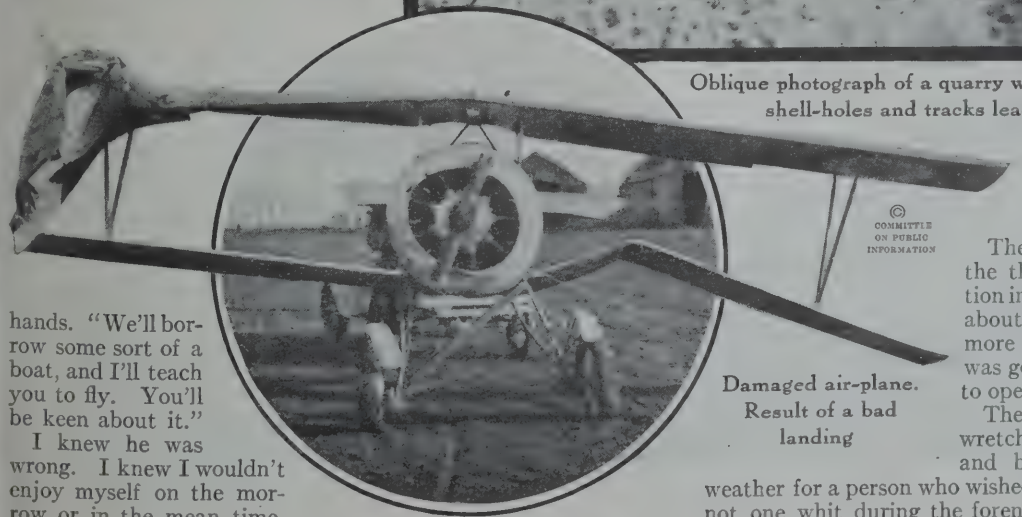
I knew he was wrong. I knew I wouldn't enjoy myself on the morrow or in the mean time, but you can't argue with some people. I went home and prayed for rain.



Gun type of camera



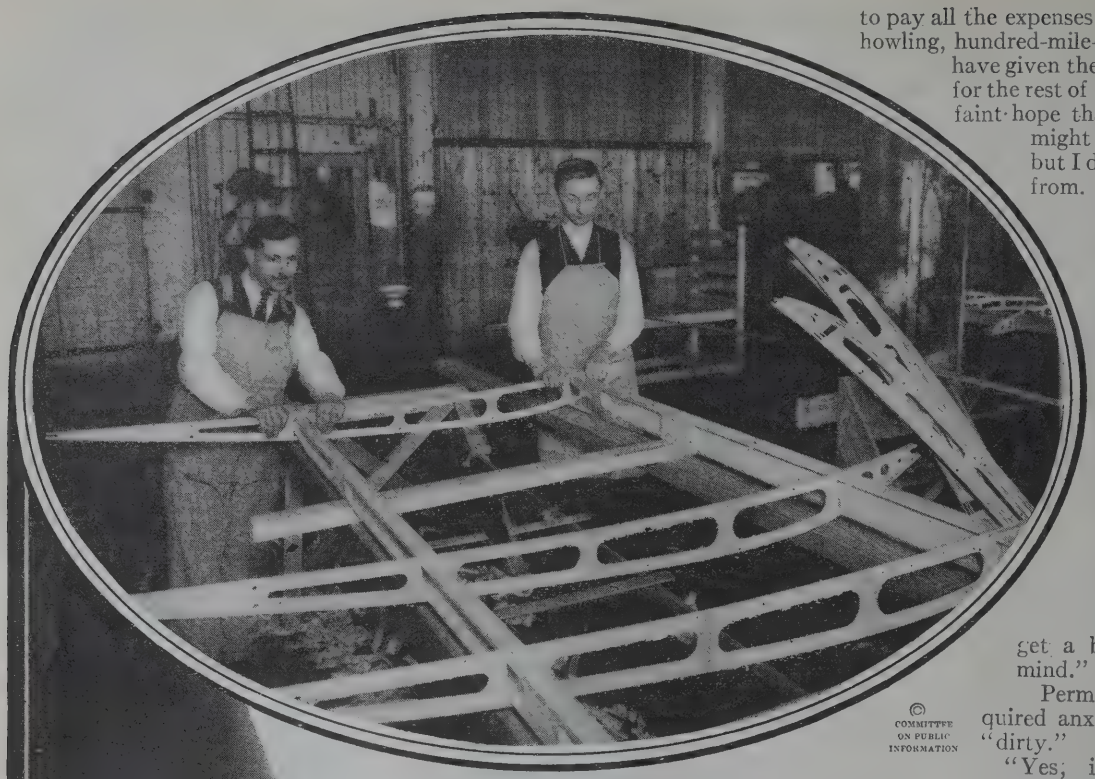
Oblique photograph of a quarry within the German lines, showing shell-holes and tracks leading to subterranean quarters



Damaged air-plane. Result of a bad landing

There was a hideous fascination about the thing, nevertheless. The proposition interested me. The more I thought about it, the more I disliked it, and the more firmly convinced I became that I was going to fly and that I was going to operate the plane.

The next morning, the weather was wretched, awful. It was clear and still and bright—just the worst possible weather for a person who wished to avoid flying, and it improved not one whit during the forenoon. I would have been willing



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Building the wings of an air-plane

to pay all the expenses of a blizzard; for a robust, howling, hundred-mile-an-hour hurricane I would have given the weather-man a good home for the rest of his life. I still clung to the faint hope that my would-be instructor might forget our arrangement, but I derived little comfort therefrom. Something told me that brilliant aviators are not absent-minded. Nor was there much chance of a general epidemic before five o'clock.

Both he and I were at Bolling Field ahead of time, and, while waiting for our ship to come in, the colonel asked permission of the officer in charge to go up alone in one of the small Thomas-Morse scouts.

"It's a type I've never flown," said he. "I'm very hot, too, and I should like to flip about a bit and get a breath of air, if you don't mind."

Permission being given, he inquired anxiously if the machine was "dirty."

"Yes, it throws some oil," the American captain acknowledged—information which deeply distressed the visitor—then, as we walked over toward the scout, the former speaker went on, "It's a very good little ship, but—it caught fire this morning."

I was prepared to hear my intended pilot suggest postponing his breath of fresh air, for a joy ride in an inflammable air-plane struck me as the last word in no sort of amusement. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when he exclaimed, with a shrug of indifference:

"Oh, I don't mind that in the least! We've been all through it in England. But I should hate to get my trousers oily."

He clambered into the Morse, listened while the arrangement of the controls was explained to him, then nodded. He signaled to the mechanicians to spin the propeller, and a moment later was off with a roar, "zooming" skyward with an impetuosity that caused my unaccustomed eyes to bulge.

It was a pretty flight to watch, or so it seemed to me. The scout was fast; it tore about like mad, now high, now low, swooping, banking, diving, looping, leaving a stream of smoke behind it like the tail of a rocket. I had seen but little stunt-flying, and I was deeply thrilled. It began to dawn upon me that a finished aviator is master of any type of air-plane—that he can drive any kind of craft that will fly, just as confidently as a good chauffeur can drive a strange car.

When the colonel had returned, he said to me:

"If you don't mind, I'll send you up with one of my men. He's a much better flier than I, and he can show you a lot more than I can. He's bringing the head-set with him so he can talk to you. It's only a speaking-tube, so I'm afraid you can't talk back to him."

I felt sure that I would have no inclination to talk back to anybody in the midst of gyrations such as I had just witnessed, and muttered something to that effect, meanwhile striving to maintain an appearance of keen appreciation of all that was being done for me. I felt that the effort was a failure—but not so. With an enthusiasm that dried up what springs of protest I still retained, the colonel ran on:

"He'll give you any sort of flight you want. All I'm going to do is make sure that he lets you run the ship after you get up."



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Type of air-plane used in night bombing



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Sixteen air-planes in battle formation

I cannot convey to you how repulsive to me was the constant harping upon that subject of running an air-plane. Gently I objected, firmly I asserted that the mere sensation of flying, however tame, would be about all I could assimilate with benefit. I endeavored in various ways to convey the thought that I was all but indifferent to the art of maneuvering a J. N. 4 H., whatever of interest those initials concealed; but that English officer was gentler, firmer than I. There was a blind spot in his mind at that point. To operate a ship was his conception of a jubilee, and he liked me. I could see it. He wanted me to vote the afternoon a complete success.

It would have required no little courage to tell him just how I felt, and, being a timid person, I threw up my hands and sank for the third time. I determined to run the darned thing ragged, and rest in peace thereafter, whatever the outcome.

But I was not happy. Time dragged while we waited for the absent pilot, and the interest I displayed in other flights going on was assumed. Probably this story will not come to the attention of that English colonel, so I don't mind confessing that I had a perfectly rotten half-hour, and that, as a promoter of festivities, I consider him a dismal failure.

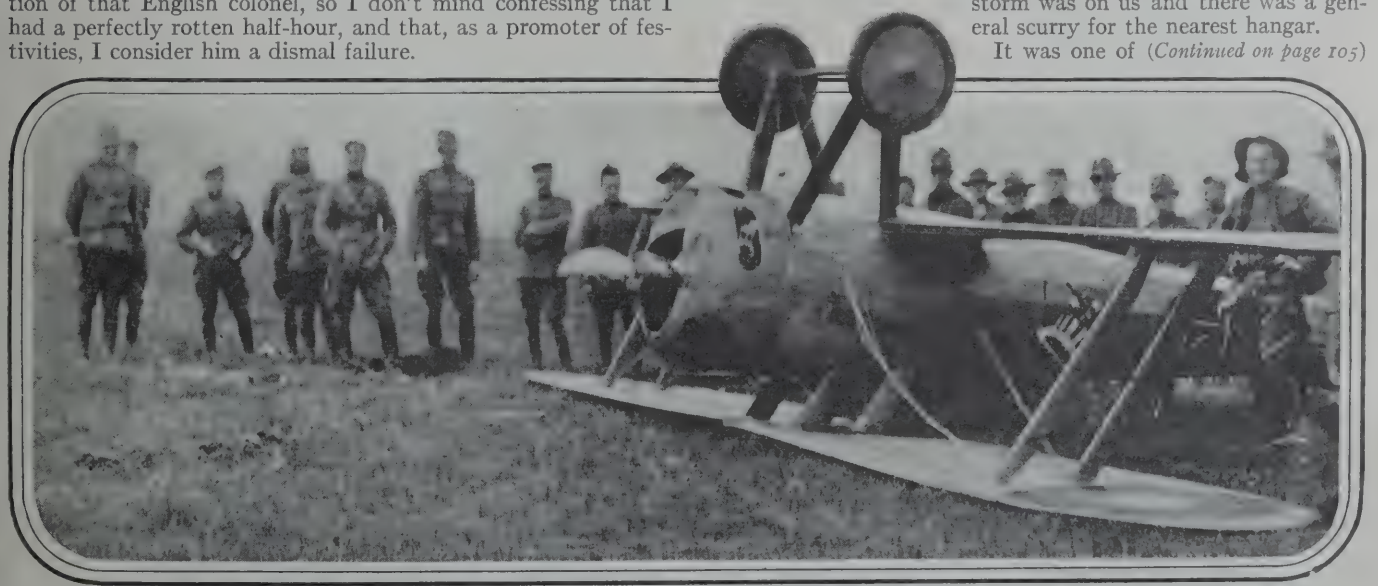
Captain Scott, the officer delegated to go up with me, arrived finally, and I hastily undertook to make a good impression upon him. I tried to look important, distinguished. I hoped some one would tell him that I was a valuable asset to the community, but nobody did.

"Better hurry and get up," the officer in charge of the field urged us. "There's a storm coming, and you'll have a thrill if you can manage to get into it." True enough, the sky was black and threatening, and shot with streaks of lightning. "Don't mind the electricity. It's liable to make you duck at first—balls of fire on the wires and all that—but it won't hurt you."

"Do you fancy getting wet?" Captain Scott inquired of me.

I told him that I did not; then I coughed as loudly as possible and explained that I was just getting over the grippe or bronchitis. I wasn't sure but what it had been pneumonia. Anyhow, I was the mere shell of a man. I talked long and rapidly about diseases of the lungs, and before I had finished with my various reasons for suspecting that I had had pneumonia, the storm was on us and there was a general scurry for the nearest hangar.

It was one of (*Continued on page 105*)



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Air-plane capsized in making a bad landing

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one he married Cicely Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress, who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cicely, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight, the trial was resumed, but Cicely died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted, and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years, but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soon finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cicely's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouses the interest particularly of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and Margie Daw, a special writer, a woman who has already had two husbands. By searching among Henry's effects, she penetrates the "Stafford" disguise and resolves to get the story from his own lips. He appears to be ill one day, and she takes him to her apartment and insists that he rest there. She then leaves him, saying that she will be back at seven-thirty to see if he will be able to cover a theater-assignment; otherwise she will do it for him.



It was the plan to weave a web about him—a web of girls

V

EMOTIONS IN ALPACA

FOR a time—half or three-quarters of an hour—Calverly sat, rather uncomfortably, on the edge of the sofa, staring at the wall. His mental self was afloat, adrift, on a wide sea of emotion. He was only vaguely aware of the stuffy little apartment, of his own old alpaca office coat and his collar and tie lying across the books on the table. Once or twice he emerged from his reverie, saw again the feminine things about him, glanced down at the strange old bath-robe in which he was wrapped, and flushed. Then, almost at once, he was back on that confused and boundless sea of feeling.

He caught himself muttering aloud. About going to the theater. This seemed to be what he was really thinking about. He wondered if he was just an ordinary coward.

"What's the difference," he was muttering again, "if they do recognize me? What can they do? Why, nothing! How can they stop me doing the job I'm sent there to do? They can't. Of course! I've got a right to live, haven't I? Suppose I was a soldier and got sent— Though that would be easy."

He sprang up, his nerves suddenly alert, quivering, tore off the bath-robe. Whom did it belong to, anyway? Why was it here in Miss Daw's rooms? It was a man's garment. Why was he himself here?

Hurriedly, breathless again, really in an odd, shamefaced panic, a revulsion, he got collar and tie on, then coat and overcoat. He rushed out, headlong.

He waited on a corner among a crowd of gum-chewing, giggling shop-girls. He moved away from them.

He hung from a strap in a crowded car, waited again at a transfer-station, rode out Peck Avenue clinging to the rear step in a tightly packed group of laboring men.

It was supper-time at the boarding-house. He felt people staring at him as he walked through the dim, dingy dining-room. It seemed to him that they must know his secret and all he was going through. Else why should they stare so?

As he stepped out into the hall after supper, he realized that the piano was going. And pleasant young voices were singing. He moved slowly, wistfully, past the parlor door.

They saw him. There must have been six or seven girls there altogether. Two or three turned. There was a pause in the song, and some whispering. Mary Maloney, at the piano, called,

"Won't you come in, Mr. Stafford?'

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He stood a moment, bit his lip. He told himself that it was absurd to take it so hard. It wouldn't hurt anybody for him to go in there and sing a little. He used to love singing. It had been one of his curious group of gifts. But it had been, more recently, the one gift he had most fiercely suppressed. It seemed now, for a moment, that in merely crossing that threshold he would be releasing all the desperately chained forces of life within him. If he were to let himself enjoy one thing, why not another? And how could he make friends as Hugh Stafford? What would the end be? He had taken it for granted that he didn't want friends. He went in.

He felt them looking at him in some surprise. Mary Maloney hurriedly rummaged among the heaps of songs on the piano-top, selected one, quietly asked Henry if he knew it, and struck into the accompaniment.

The girls at once began to sing. Henry tried his voice, softly at first, even timidly. It came as a surprise that he could still sing. After the years. He was in a tremor of self-consciousness about it. Once or twice he caught himself letting out a little, and instantly brought his voice down to a whisper. He knew that the moment he let it go he would become the most conspicuous person in the boarding-house. For it was a good voice. And in it was something of the individual quality, the stirring, even thrilling power that was inherent in the man. But finally, after three or four songs, he did let it go.

Shortly after this, the little gathering broke up. The girls went their several ways of the evening.

Mary Maloney waited, sorting out the music, and then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, left the room at his side. Out in the dim hall, she looked confidently up at him.

"That was splendid!" she said. "I love your voice."

He made a deprecatory gesture; but the flush of success was on him—the first small success in four years.

"I have to go to a show to-night," he found himself saying, in an eager tumble of words, "for the paper. At the Cantey Square. Would you care to go? There's two tickets."

Her eyes opened wide.

"Oh," she murmured; "oh—why, yes; I'd love to! That is, I think—Oh, yes; it'll be all right. I did have a sort of half-engagement, but if you don't mind stopping at the drug store, I can telephone."

"We'd better start pretty soon," said he.

She was looking him over thoughtfully.

"You're absent-minded, aren't you?" said she.

"I—why—oh—" He saw now the old alpaca coat.

She took the flapping pocket between her fingers and pulled him round to the parlor light.

"I could sew this up, all right, but I don't know what we could do about all those ink-stains. And I could never fix the elbows. You'd better put on another coat."

"It's at the office," he said, after a brief hesitation. "If you don't mind, I'll run up there and change."

Mary didn't mind. She was ready in a few moments, and they set out. Henry, walking once again of an evening with an attractive girl at his side, felt, with a touch of dread, that he was letting go indeed.

"We'll go to the Rivoli afterward and have a bite," he said.

"That'd be awfully nice," replied Mary Maloney.

VI

OF A STRANGE IMPULSE THAT CALVERLY CALLS "THE POWER"

The editorial- and composing-rooms of the *News* were in an "annex" back of the business office, reached through an alley. Half-way down this alley, Henry paused. Up there, on the eighth floor, was his coat. He had to go for it. He could hardly admit that he was afraid to. But, likely as not, Miss Daw would be there, perhaps alone in the room. What on earth could he say to her? Why, he wasn't even ill now!

Miss Daw was out. With a deep sigh of relief, he changed coats and hurried back.

It was pleasant to have Mary at his side again. He wasn't afraid of her—only, in lucid moments, of the weakness, or softness, or whatever it was in himself that her warm little nature appealed to.

Archie Trent was in the lobby of the theater, talking with two men of a type unfamiliar to Henry. One was old and fat, the other young and fat. The older proved to be manager; the other, press-agent for the show, which bore the rather alluring title, "The Isle of Delight." Archie brought another man,

thin, Jewish, from the narrow door beside the ticket-window and introduced him as the "house-manager." He also made occasion to whisper in Henry's ear:

"These are good people. They treat the paper white. You can figure on anything up to a column."

Archie rushed away then. The house-manager, after a keen, insolent study of the new young man from the *News*, went back through his narrow door. The fat old company-manager nodded curtly and moved off to the entrance. The press-agent said cordially:

"Be around here in the intermission, won't you, Mr. Stafford? I'd like to take you back and introduce you to some of the girls."

Henry accepted the invitation at its face value. Apparently it was a part of what was expected of him.

He said, clumsily enough, to Mary, when they were settled in their seats and the orchestra had struck up the medley of cheap song-hits that served for overture:

"I've done a rather dreadful thing. When I asked you, I forgot I had to write a review to-night. I—I haven't done much of this work."

"You mean after?" said she quickly, glancing up at him. He knew that she was surprised and impressed by his connections and his work, and, in this curious hour, he was not above enjoying it. She added: "That's all right. I'll go along home. I'm used to knocking around alone."

"You'll do no such thing!" he replied, with a vigor that surprised himself. "I'll manage it. We'll go to the Rivoli just the same."

She accepted this announcement, as she had accepted the idea of returning alone, naturally, sensibly.

"But it was nice of you to take it that way," said he, behind his program. "I *was* stupid. I often am. I do outrageous things."

He was chuckling. She chuckled, too.

"You're absent-minded, that's all. It's because you write, and things. But I really am that way. You see, I've had some knocks. And you learn, working around places, to take things as you find 'em. Makes it easier."

"Aren't you pretty young to have worked out that philosophy?"

"I'm nearly twenty-four. That isn't young. Not when you work."

"I can see that you're a very comfortable person to have around."

She chuckled again.

"My friend said once that I'm like an old glove."

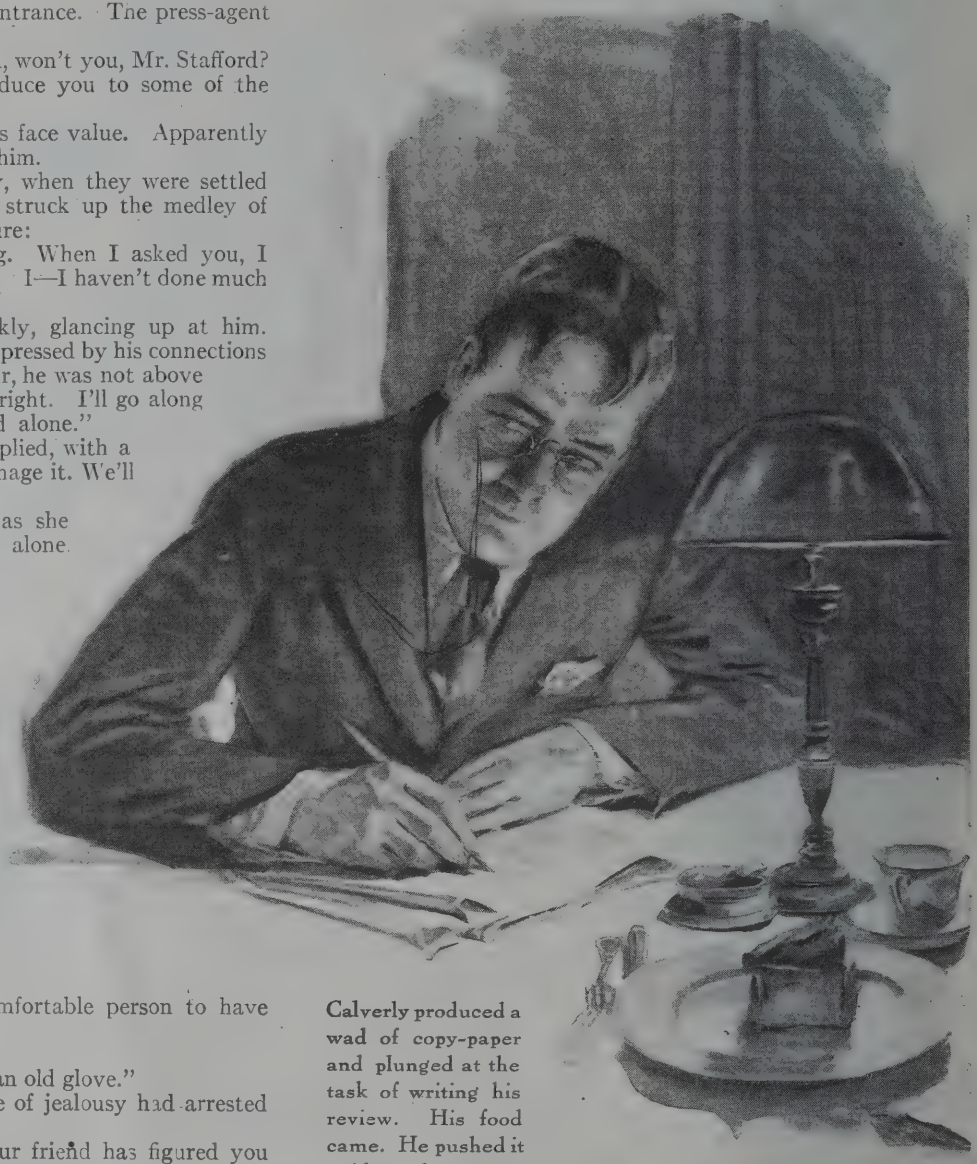
He considered this. A faint twinge of jealousy had arrested his expansive thoughts.

"Well," he remarked gravely, "your friend has figured you out about right, I imagine."

The curtain rose then, and for a few moments they watched the prancing-about of a lot of half-dressed chorus-girls. Then two young men in naval uniforms came in and outlined the plot in sketchy dialogue. A soubrette sang one of the cheap songs and danced the inevitable steps. The principal comedian appeared, in eccentric make-up, and climbed out over the footlights to the top of a piano in the orchestra pit, from which point of vantage he began a brief comic speech that soon ran off into personal banter with friends in the audience.

The audience clearly thought it an excellent show. The crowded house rocked with laughter and applause. But Henry was out of touch with the mental attitude in which the entertainment was conceived by the producers and performers and received by the audience. The jokes dealt with subjects which were current in the minds of all; the songs were arrangements of bits of tune and rhythm that was the popular musical language of the day. To Henry, it was an alien tongue. He looked about from the stage to the people in the darkened auditorium with a sinking of the heart. He wondered what he could possibly say about the performance that these people would accept. His thoughts wandered off again into the vague, dreamlike region in which much of his mental life had been spent. The old depression, from moment to moment, was coming back over his momentarily revived spirit. It was, therefore, a relief to feel Mary leaning against his shoulder and speaking softly at his ear. He had thought her deep in the performance; certainly she had been humming a little with the singers. He didn't know that he had been sitting for a long time in moody silence, and that she had glanced up at him more than once.

"I *am* like that," she was saying. "Like an old glove, I mean. You'd be surprised at the things I really like—oh, cooking—things like that. And sewing, too. Funny! Most of the girls aren't like that. They're crazy over these shows and parties and all that. I like 'em well enough, but I like the other things better. Lots of evenings, when I just stay home and mend things and maybe read a little, I'm happiest."



Calverly produced a wad of copy-paper and plunged at the task of writing his review. His food came. He pushed it aside and wrote on

A dreamy smile came to Henry's face. Her hand lay on the arm of the seat. He dropped his over it. Once again her fingers twisted about his in the simple responsiveness that so disarmed him. And once again the warmth of all womankind, of all human relationship, seemed to find a way through her to his heart. His eyes filled. He was glad of the darkness. Though it didn't matter. She would have taken tears as she took everything, without question, simply.

Indeed, so fortified was he by her friendship that he went through the ordeal of moving about the stage and the dingy dressing-rooms during the intermission without open discourtesy to anyone, least of all to the effusive press-agent who showed him round. He was cold within, as he perceived in a moment of illumination the craft of this man. It was the plan to weave a web about him—a web of girls.

An existing fact stood out. He had braved the theater management, the audience, and the people of the stage now, and had not been recognized. The years had not passed in vain. Life had closed over his head and gone busily on without him.

He was in almost a gay mood as he and Mary walked to the Rivoli. His mind, so long deadened, was quickening to the little task before him.

They found a table in the rear of the vast room, half hidden behind the platform on which the small orchestra played and a young woman sang sentimental ballads. Here, during one tense moment, he felt painfully in his pocket for money. It was all right; he had enough. He ordered lavishly. Mary, though she protested, was flattered.



The crowd settled all about them at the dim little tables, each with its candle under a red shade. The music crashed in their ears. The waiters and 'bus-boys moved silently about through the aisles. And the invisibly joined mirrors that lined the walls and incased the square columns multiplied the picture and intensified the color and movement.

And then, his color high, a kindling glow in his pleasant gray-blue eyes (they were abnormally dark now, the pupils much enlarged) Calverly produced a wad of copy-paper and plunged at the task of writing his review.

His food came. He pushed it aside and wrote on. Mary nibbled hers and watched without a word. He didn't know that any woman of feeling, simple or sophisticated, would have found him all but irresistibly attractive in this hour. Occasionally he gave Mary a smile. Once he said:

"Go on and eat. Don't mind me."

People at near-by tables glanced over at him. There was a developing force in him that seemed to reach out and compel attention from every side.

At length he finished. He leaned over then and read it to Mary, in a low, eager voice. He looked happy. She heard only a phrase here and there. She was thinking that he ought to have his suit pressed. And the top button of his coat was loose. Somebody ought to look after him. A woman.

From the little she did hear, Mary realized that she was sharing, in a way, a brilliant performance. He hadn't liked "The Isle of Delight." That was plain. Though during the performance there had been no indication that he outright loathed it. But, for that matter, this piece about it that he had just written so intently didn't sound like him. It was a rush of bright, crackling words. She thought it wonderful. Under the spell of his voice and his biting, witty phrases, her own simple enjoyment of the jingling tunes faded out. He lifted her with him. She now felt with him, saw it through his eyes.

The difficulty was, she felt, that she couldn't hold herself at that high mental level without help. And the moisture that came to her eyes was drawn there partly by this thought (it was partly, of course, sheer excitement) that he was too high above her, that he would soon be mounting where he belonged, with the bright, rich people on the hill, or in New York. He'd never be staying long in a cheap little boarding-house out Peck Avenue way. She knew that unerringly. For some reason, he was very poor. And he was in trouble. She had sensed that, of course, at the start. It would be a woman doubtless.

He called for a messenger-boy. Magnificently, she thought. And she couldn't help seeing that he tipped the boy a quarter for a fifteen-cent errand.

He ate his cold food ravenously. He was exuberant, talked a good deal. They sat with their elbows on the table, sipping coffee, until the orchestra men packed their instruments and the crowd thinned down to a few couples and the waiters began piling the chairs on the tables and switching off the lights.

She had never known such a man. He said strange, thrilling things.

"There've been some wonderful times in my life. Not of late years—but when I was younger. A sort of power that comes over me. Makes you feel that you can do anything. Play with ideas and people and life. Like a god sitting up there and looking down on all of us. It's wonderful! You don't know. I didn't think I'd ever feel it again. But I've got it—oh, I've got it! And now I know that it's still there, that it'll keep on coming, even if only once in a while. And, whatever happens, give me that and they can't lick me. Not quite. Not for good."

She was watching him, wide-eyed, her cheeks on her two little hands. She knew that she hardly mattered to him. She didn't mind this much.

"They wont lick you," she said, unable to take her eyes from his face, over which a shadow was crossing now. That would be his trouble again. She wondered what manner of woman it could be that could be cruel to such a man.

All the way home in the street-car, she sat close to him. At the transfer-station, she slipped her hand through his arm without a thought.

They lingered a little while on the front steps and looked again at the waning moon. Their voices were hushed with a sort of happiness. He put an arm about her shoulders, and she cuddled against him. Once she glanced up timidly, but he didn't stoop to meet her. Instead, he gazed out at the moon behind the poplar tree. And, a moment later, he said,

"It's pretty late, Mary."

They went in then, and ascended the two flights together, very quietly. Before his door they paused. Hers was the second door beyond. Rather breathlessly, she whispered:

"How still it is! They're all asleep."

Then they stood, silent. Her physical nearness brought a

thrill that frightened him. He felt himself swaying toward her. He tried to get his clouded brain clear, moved half a step, irresolute, toward his door, stopped.

Then she whispered, "Wait!" and tiptoed away.

He heard her moving about in her room looking for matches, saw the yellow glow when she lit the gas, faintly saw her coming back with something in her hand. It proved to be a spool of thread. He had to wait while she threaded a needle. Then she sewed on tightly the top button of his coat.

He smiled in the dark, all nerves. But, with a whispered good-night, she leaned forward, bit off the thread, and slipped away.

Henry softly opened and closed the door of his own room and lit the gas. There was a strange suitcase on a chair.

He whirled about. Humphrey Weaver lay on the sofa, half dressed and covered with his overcoat and Henry's threadbare quilt.

Good old Hump! It was fine of him to come back. But Henry couldn't talk now. He stood, irresolute, trying to think, and ended by turning out the gas, undressing in the dark, and slipping into bed.

VII

OF FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND THE JOB OF LIVING

THEY had breakfast at the Rivoli.

"Finished up in Cincinnati yesterday noon," said Humphrey. He had had to make talk all the way in on the street-car. "It gave me a little extra time; so I ran up here."

Henry gloomily sipped his coffee.

"Fact is"—Humphrey clipped an imported cigar—"that little chat of ours the other night struck me as pretty unsatisfactory." Henry bowed over his cup. "Of course, Hen—we've seen so little of each other these recent years, and we've been going on in our separate roads—there would be a little adjusting to do. We'd have to find each other out, as we're doing now. Friends have to allow for that, of course, as time goes along."

It wasn't a good beginning. Humphrey took refuge in the business of lighting his cigar. Then he held it up and watched the smoke curl away from it. His brows were knit, as they always were when his mind was intent on a problem; his long, swarthy face had broken into a hundred wrinkles.

"Been thinking you over, Hen. You mustn't mind. But first—look here: Tell me a little about yourself ——"

"There's darn little to tell."

"I'm going to talk right out. I want to help you, Hen. And it's—well, difficult. You are the most gifted man I've ever known. You're young. How old? Twenty-eight—nine?"

"Twenty-seven," Henry mumbled.

"Good Lord! That's only the beginning of things. And you've got as much health as a man needs. I doubt if you've been eating just right; but that isn't serious at your age. I don't think you've ever done much of any drinking, have you?"

Henry's head moved in the negative.

"Well, there we are! But you look—I'm talking now—all in, seedy! Now, tell me—how far have you gone with this false name, this 'Stafford' thing?"

Henry's hand moved in an uncomfortable little gesture.

"It's my name here," he replied. "It's all they know about me."

"Well—I don't know as that matters much. It hasn't gone far. I've come over here, Hen, with the idea of suggesting that you let me in on it."

"How—how do you mean?"

"Oh, do the sensible thing—let you have a little money, put you somewhere out in the country, where you can work outdoors and write if you——"

Henry's hand waved again, listlessly.

"I've done all that, Hump. It's no good. Just means debts—and too much thinking."

"But, anyway, just as a start, I want to get you away from this town. It looks like a false start to me."

"They've all been false starts, Hump." Then the memory of something he had felt so strongly years ago, and again, unexpectedly, rather wonderfully, only a few hours ago, in this very restaurant, gathered strength among his thoughts, gathered strength enough, indeed, to override momentarily the depression Humphrey's appearance had caused—a sensation that had been intensified by the steady, intent look of prosperity in the man's strong face, by the cut of his imported clothes, his silk-and-gold watch-fob, his heavy silk tie, the Havana cigar he was smoking.

"Last night a big thing happened, Hump. I did a real piece of writing. The first since those days in Sunbury. I—I got pretty excited over it. Oh, it didn't amount to much—just a play-review they sent me out to do. But it was good. The real stuff. You can always tell, you know; it gets to coming with a rush, so you just can't write fast enough to keep up with it, and then you feel empty and happy afterward. That's the sure sign, I think—when it leaves you feeling that way."

There was a glow in his eyes now, behind the glasses. And his color was rising. He lowered his eyes and fingered his cup.

Humphrey studied him. His intent frown deepened. He smoked and thought. Henry was telling him what he most feared to hear. At any moment, the boy's genius might break out; and then the crazy little house of cards in which he thought he was hiding himself from the world would come tumbling in a breath about his ears.

And it was more difficult, each moment, to think out a course. None of the plans Humphrey had laid out on the train seemed to apply now. He had counted on talking sense to Henry, "from the shoulder." But that would only hurt him, intensify his solitude. The problem began to look again as it had looked for years—it was, after all, one of those cases from which you must stand aside, hiding your concern, and hoping some day there might come a chance to help.

Yes, Humphrey saw the whole thing now. The gulf between them—that was real. Nothing could be done about it. Humphrey's own success, the definite outlook on life that comes with money in pocket and bank, the surface-hardening that comes with years of bargaining and planning and driving toward tangible results, the opportunity to rise above small personal worries and let the mind range, keep it ranging—all this showed, of course, in his eyes, his carriage, the tone of his voice. It couldn't be hidden; it was fact. While Henry's moody lassitude of spirit, his poverty, his pitiful detachment from life, his shabbiness—these were all fact, too.

A curious complication was Henry's strength. For he was strong in his yielding, dreamy, elusive way. He had never for a moment in his life surrendered his judgment to another. It had never been conscious resistance; it was simply that he couldn't. Humphrey recalled, with a faint, twisted smile, certain occasions, away back in the old Sunbury days, when Henry had tried to work for other men.

But he was speaking, talking out at last.

"Do you think, Hump—do you think a man can love more than one woman in his life?"

Humphrey pursed his lips.

"Well, Hen, it's never happened to me but the one time. But it's possible. At least, it seems to happen. I'm not sure that I know just what that word 'love' means. It may be a combination of emotions and needs that takes different forms at times. Perhaps a man can love two women for wholly differing reasons, or with different sides of his nature. I don't know. Or perhaps he is really a different being at different times."

"I think that's what I was wondering."

"Is there some one now, Hen?"

"No, there isn't. But I've been puzzled. I started to make love to a girl last night. It seems to have had something to do with that piece of writing. Or it really began the night before. She's a very nice little girl—a working girl—but I don't love her. She's hardly even a definite person to me. She's just gentle, unobtrusive, very kind and comfortable." He hesitated. There was a drawn look about his eyes now, and his color had gone down. "You see, Hump, it's—it's the first time anything like that has happened. I've been—well, I've felt that I just wanted to live alone with Cicely's memory. I—I couldn't bear to think of anything like this."

"It's not unnatural, Hen."

"I know. It's what people do. But I thought——"

His voice faltered. Humphrey leaned forward on the table.

"Hen," he said, abruptly, "you're making it possible for me to say part of what I really came over here to say to you. I didn't know before how to get to it. I've had no such terrible experience as yours, but I was torn all to pieces—for years—you know—with love for a woman. I'm only just getting over it. I can see now—and I'm applying this now only to myself, not to you—that I was coddling my grief, indulging myself. That may sound hard, but it's my present judgment. I can see now that I may marry some day. Perhaps it will be another deep love; perhaps it will be just loneliness and the desire to share my life and have children and to give myself up, as a service, to making them all happy. Has it ever occurred to you, Hen, that in the case of a man who has married and stayed married,



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

His door swung slowly open. Mary Maloney appeared, blushing, smiling a little, slipped in, moved the door nearly to behind her

and reared and educated a family, and made a good clean job of it for thirty or forty years to a respectable death, you can't possibly know to what extent he may have been inspired by the emotion we call 'love?' Why, you can't even say, if it wasn't love but an instinct for service and deepening affection and the sense for a good job, that the man would have been anywhere near as happy if he had indulged some flaming passion for a particular woman."

"I don't know's I ever thought of that," mused Henry. And, after a moment, he added, gloomily, "Of course, I haven't made a good job of it."

"There are circumstances, Hen, in which any sort of a job is impossible. That's what you've had to go through. You couldn't help it."

"No—I don't see how I could have."

"Absolutely you couldn't."

"But I can't tell you—it sort of bewilders me—how I feel about all this. I mean, finding I can even look at a woman, and feeling a little, just a touch, of the Power again, and—well, it's got me upset, I suppose. It makes me realize how far I've been from life, and what a tangle it is when you get drawn into it, and—" His voice trailed off.

"Yes, Hen; it's a tangle for all of us. But we're all in it, keeping our heads up the best we can. I suppose that the little girl is just one of the tentacles of life reaching for you."

"I'm afraid so. I wish I could see— It's very puzzling. These years have been bitter, Hump, but they've been wonderful, too. I've been alone, but I've been exalted—sort of." His voice was unsteady now. "I used to think I could stay like that."

Humphrey slowly, almost grimly, shook his head. But his voice and manner when he spoke were very gentle.

"I'm afraid you can't stay up on that plane, Hen. You've got, sooner or later, to pitch into the big row with the rest of us. One way or another. It's—it's a better way to build a monument, Hen. You may even love a woman. Yes, you may. And it would be better. For you, particularly. I can, if it comes to that, go it alone. But I'm harder stuff than you. You've got too much feeling in you. Sooner or later, as you get your feet back on the ground, you've got to give that feeling to somebody. Don't waste it on little girls that you can't take along with you."

Henry threw out his hands.

"Oh, I couldn't do that, Hump! I—I've been thinking—perhaps I'd leave that boarding-house."

"It might be well. And Hen"—they were starting now for Humphrey's train—"if it does work out in your mind that you'd like to quit this town and begin to work the thing out under your own name, why—well, remember I'd be proud to have you let me help. Any old way—money, time—anything."

"But I've really got something started here," said Henry, eagerly now. "You don't know how it stirred me to feel the old thing working again. And it's bound to make a difference at the paper. Don't you suppose I know that they don't get a piece of writing like that very often? They'll have to give me a real chance now."

This was the hopelessly impractical Henry. He didn't realize the fix he was in. And there was no way to point it out without, perhaps, crushing him again. At least, Humphrey couldn't think of any. The prospect, to Humphrey's keen and orderly vision, was black, black. Better, perhaps, after all, to leave him with his moment of enthusiasm.

They stood again in the sooty, noisy train-shed.

"Just one other thing, Hen: I don't know just how you feel about it now, but things are rather bad out there in Illinois."

"You—you mean—oh, that?"

"Yes; Madame Watt. She's been getting out of hand. They thought two or three times she was dying. Then she fired the doctors and took up some new mental treatment, a fad of some sort. The lawyers have been after me to know where you are."

"Hump, you haven't——"

"Not a word. But I must tell you the situation."

"Oh, I can't! You don't know——"

"Please try to listen, Hen. It's not pleasant, but I promised that lawyer I'd at least tell you. He's come clear to New York twice after me. You see, I want to give him some word, or he'll have to run you down himself and make trouble for you." Henry steeled himself to listen. "They can't do a thing with her. She's doing queer things with her money now—getting it away from them, and then it disappears."

"Hump, you know I don't——"

"Wait, please! She has you on her mind. She asks for you. This lawyer—what's his name, Parker—H. C. or H. B. Parker—has a notion that she's already hired a detective agency to find you." The last faint color left Henry's face. "If that's true, of course they will find you. They won't care how much of her money they spend. It may be necessary for you to run out there and see this man Parker. I wouldn't let him find you here—with things as they are——"

"Oh, no; of course not!"

"Then there's another thing: She hasn't a person in the world to cling to. It's a question, even considering



everything, whether you can leave the woman to die like an animal." Henry stood silent, downcast. "I hate to bother you with this, Hen, but there's a possibility that you may have to take some action. If it comes to choosing between humoring her a little or standing some pretty mean publicity——"

"You think I ought to—to try to see her?"

He spoke huskily, pausing to moisten his lips.

"I'll tell you what, Hen: I'll keep in touch with Parker and wire you if it really seems necessary for you to go."

Henry said,

"Thank you."

"Tell me this, Hen: Have you any cash at all? Enough for a trip, and—well, clothes?"

Henry nodded quickly. There was no telling what was in his mind now. Humphrey had to run for his train.

VIII

IN WHICH CALVERLY SLEEPS AT THE UNION STATION

When Mr. Hitt got to his desk at noon of the following day, he found a manuscript—a review of "The Isle of Delight"—written legibly in pencil on rough copy-paper, lying there. Clipped to it was a scrawl from Mr. Listerly:

H. B. H.
Please read the attached.
R. B. L.

Late that night, toward one o'clock, Mr. Listerly closed his desk, put on his hat, threw his overcoat over his arm, and then, before leaving the building, drifted up to the library, where Mr. Hitt, like himself and his down-stairs employees, exhibited signs of closing up for the night.

Mr. Listerly lay on his elbow across Mr. Hitt's desk. He was a man of fifty-odd, with a cropped, grayish mustache, tired eyes, and a rather firm mouth.



"I knew you'd come," she was saying. "They lied to me. Everybody lies to me. But I knew you'd come. The numbers told me that"

"They're going to unveil the Cantey Memorial Fountain," he remarked casually. "Are you up on the Cantey stuff?"

Mr. Hitt stepped to the "CAM—CAP" drawer in the first above of the filing-cabinets, and returned with several folders. The publisher glanced through the top folder, said absently, "That's good," sat up, clasped his knee, talked around his cigar.

"This man Stafford's a curious case. Know anything about him?"

Mr. Hitt was glad, for a moment, that he could busy himself with the cigar his chief had given him. Evasion never came easily to him.

"Very little. I reviewed his book."

"How was it?"

"Oh—fair. An honest-enough job. The man has gifts."

"Hm." Mr. Listerly smoked for a little while. "Wish I knew what to do with him. You see, Guard sent him to me."

Guard was head of the book-publishing business of Hannah & Guard, in New York. He had been a college classmate of Mr. Listerly's.

"He published that book and took an interest in Stafford. Seemed to think a little knockabout newspaper experience would make a man of him. Hm. Did you read that review he wrote?"

Mr. Hitt nodded.

"What did you think of it?"

"The best piece of writing I've ever seen here."

"Hm. Yes; it was well written. But can you use good writing in a newspaper, I wonder?" Mr. Hitt smiled dryly. Mr. Listerly smiled slightly himself, then went on: "I don't know what on earth to do with him. I've had to take him off Trent's hands, of course. The thing made a bit of a row last night. Trent wasn't here—seems to have been having a nice little supper with this Madeleine Meyne person. He'd sent in his own review of the Meyne play. But they stopped this thing of Stafford's at the copy-desk. Then it came up to me. I sent out and brought Trent in. He had to sit down and write a review that we could print. He was quite excited about it."

"I wonder, Mr. Listerly—really—why couldn't we have a little real criticism, like that? Don't you think that the sparkle and snap in it might——"

"Absolutely not! Our readers aren't interested in the drama as art, but as entertainment. Entertaining is a legitimate business. Hazardous, difficult, but legitimate. We have no more right to attack this show at the Cantey Square than we have to attack the Rumpelheims because we don't like their taste in striped shirtings."

Mr. Hitt knew that it was never worth while opposing Mr. Listerly's views. He suppressed a sigh.

"The theater people would raise Ned, of course."

"They"—Mr. Listerly smoked reflectively—"would raise hell. Morton would have to go to them on his knees to get their advertising back. But about this Stafford person. I had an odd little session with him. Extraordinarily naive. Inclined to make a scene. Doesn't seem to hear all you say to him. Trent evidently gave him a good dressing-down. So then he came to me. Tried to make me admit the thing was good writing. As if it mattered. Then he seemed to tire out—got meek, almost abject. I was afraid he'd be telling me his troubles, so I sent him along to Winterbeck for a little try-out on the city staff. But I'm afraid he's a genius, in which case we certainly sha'n't be able to use him."

The door burst open just then, and the man himself came running in, carrying a battered old traveling-bag.

"Oh, Mr. Listerly!" he cried, somewhat out of breath. "They said you might be up here. I just wanted to say that I can't report to Mr. Winterbeck to-morrow. I thought you'd want to know. A very important personal matter has come up—a telegram—and I've got to go to Chicago right away. But I expect to be back in a few days, and I'll report to him then—the first thing."

It came out in a tumble of words. He had no thought of asking leave to go; what thought he had seemed to amount to a confused notion that he might be saving Mr. Listerly some inconvenience by telling him. And then (*Continued on page 114*)

CÉCILE TRIESTE! Such is the name which expresses in itself something of the romance of our great vortex of life. In the seethe of America, men and women rise to the top of the bubbling surface as coffee grains tossed up from the bottom of the pot. Miracles explode like grains of corn in the popper; romances come shimmering down on the surface of our waters like the spray flipped from the tail of a jumping trout.

Twelve years ago, a young man dressed in evening clothes concealed by a long, heavy ulster came down the steps of a pretentious residence in Chicago and walked into the storm.

He had been making a call upon a young and gorgeous beauty. She was an heiress, and, looking back now, the young man would say that she was about as soulless as a window-dummy, that the beauty immovable on her countenance was as expressive as if it had been done by a skilled worker in wax.

The young man had expected that he could pick up a public conveyance half a block away, because one or two always stood in front of the glare from the office of a certain apartment-hotel.

He liked to ride. He was the kind of young man who had got his toes and fingers into the hillside of success. He had come from the country in Indiana and developed some genius in the selling department of a large business, and because he was handsome and devil-may-care and held a champagne-glass gracefully, he had been pampered by a society which gives and takes away as calmly as the Goddess of Luck herself. To ride rather than walk seemed to him a symbol of his prosperity.

No cab, however, now stood in the blur of light. The evening hours had brought on a world-smothering fall of snow in great, moist flakes. It was the kind of night when nobody wants to be out and when cabmen and cab-horses think only of the cup of hot coffee and the sound of oats sliding into the feed-box in the old stable. The young man shrugged his shoulders and made up his mind to walk.

He turned into a deserted cross-street where the snow seemed to be settling even thicker, and where the occasional sounds of the city, in contrast to the stealthy silence of the storm, made the muffling stillness like the stillness of a big pine grove or of a vaulted cathedral. The man had not gone half a block in a street which looked deserted before he saw a black mass—a crouching human figure on the sidewalk.

In his overcoat pocket the young man carried a gun. He always did when he went out late, because on one occasion he had been shaken down by a regular Chicago stick-up man. He grasped his gun within his coat pocket and held it ready until he came near enough to see that it was not a man but a woman there, crouching in the snow, and, as he stepped round her, she looked up. In the dark, her face was just a patch of white like the snow itself, and after that one swift glance she turned it away and covered her face with the broad brim of her hat, her coat collar, and her arms.

She did not seem to understand anything. He got the impression that, under her covering, she was an old woman at about the end of her rope. She would not answer any questions. She was weak and only whimpered—like an outcast, starved dog.

To have left her there would have been murder. The young man wondered whether he would carry her back to the hotel, a block and a half away, and telephone the Mercy Hospital, or pick her up and ring the nearest door-bell, or go running off to find a policeman. And then suddenly the idea came to him that, whoever she was, the storm had brought him to her. Fate had said to him and to him alone:

"I'm done with her. It's your job now—exclusively yours. Turn her over to the machinery of society if you want to, but if you like adventure and hazard, take this opportunity and squeeze for yourself all the juice of life there is in it."

He did not think of taking her to his own bachelor quarters. Perhaps it was too far, and perhaps his dread of taking any chances with his own conventional setting of life prevented his consideration of it. He had listened to the voice of Fate, who was willing to turn this storm-blown woman over to him and to him alone; he felt inclined to take her to some comfortable place where he could warm her, feed her, and see whether she was like some old, dilapidated butterfly, whose drying wings would show some of the bright colors of the worn-out past. This led him to remember that in the next cross-street was an apartment to which a wheezy wheat-gambler—a member of the club who played a marvelous game of bridge, and now had gone to Florida for several months—had given him the key and said: "Sublet it if you can. The heat is turned on. An unopened box of cigars goes with it. It's ready to step into."

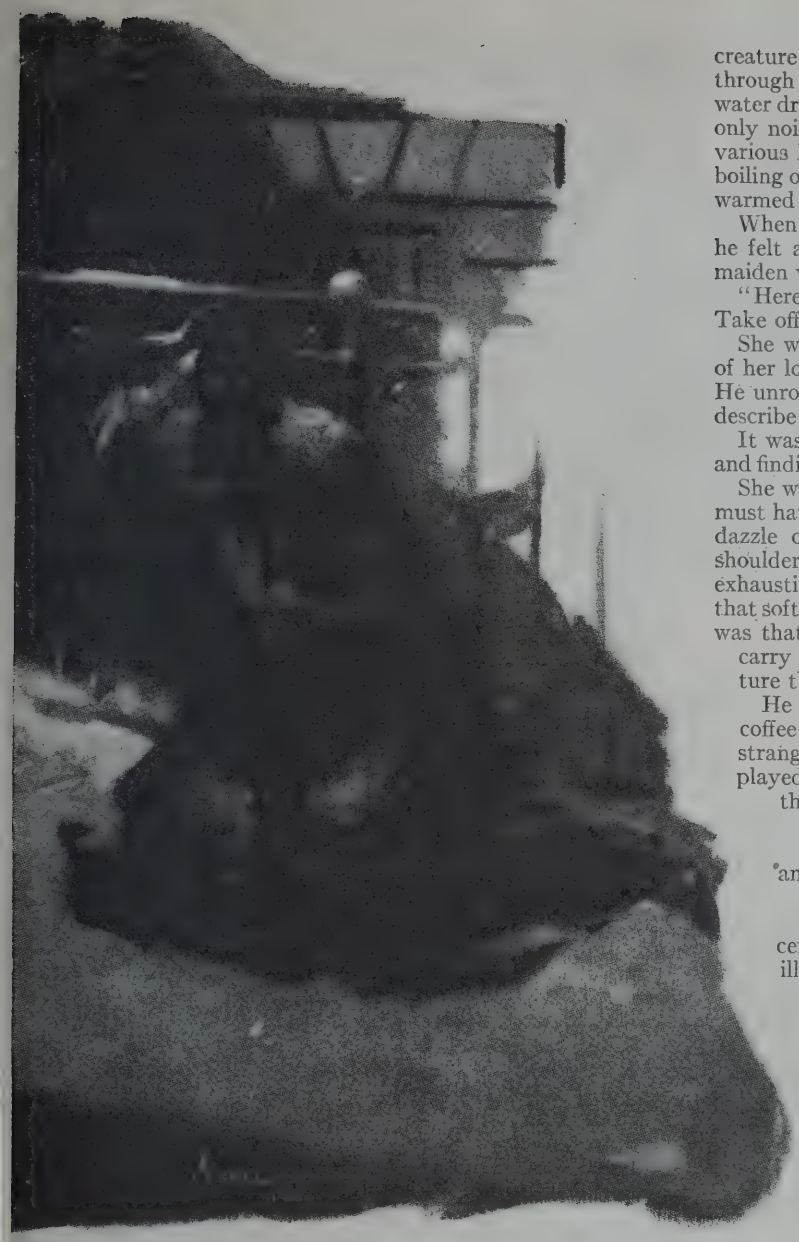


He grasped his gun within his coat pocket and see that it was not

Written

By Richard

Illustrated by



held it ready until he came near enough to
a man but a woman

on the Sky

Washburn Child

Gerald Leake

The young man thought fast as he stood above the human derelict.

"Can you walk?" he said.

She only whimpered. It was a noise which made him resentful, but he picked up her light body in his arms and trudged on toward the corner, first hoping that he would meet a patrolman, and then hoping that he would not. He met nobody.

No night-man was sleeping at the telephone switchboard in the marble hall of the apartment-house.

Number Three was on the ground floor; he unlocked the door and felt round for the lights. The room was stifling with dry radiator heat. Heavy dark-blue-velvet curtains hung at the windows, and the massive furniture and art-glass shades on the lamps all made a contrast to the wet and cold outside and the half-ragged, limp, wet, chilled, exhausted package of humanity that he dropped on the sofa.

His idea was to get something hot inside the strange, dripping creature whom he had retrieved. So he left her and, going through the bedroom, found a small kitchen in the rear with the water dripping from a faucet into the sink—tap-tap, tap-tap—the only noise in the deserted, closed-in place. There were cans of various kinds on the shelf, and he found coffee and soon had it boiling on the gas-stove. He thought of the fable of the man who warmed a viper in his bosom, and he laughed.

When he went back to her, she was still whimpering softly, and he felt an impatience with her as a man might with some old maiden who was a little doddering and silly.

"Here," he said sharply; "let's unroll all this bedraggled stuff. Take off these wet things."

She was as limp as if nothing human was inside all the dark of her long coat and the flimsy, starchless, broad-brimmed hat. He unrolled her like a bundle. That is how you would have to describe his action, and it brought about a surprising result.

It was just like unrolling a piece of wet, dirty, old newspaper and finding an opal inside!

She was dressed in a soft, green, flowing silk gown, which once must have been elegant enough before it had all worn out, and a dazzle of red-and-gold hair came undone and fell about her shoulders. The closed lids of her eyes were a delicate blue from exhaustion and from the cold, but her skin, white as it was, had that soft-surfaced velvet-white of marble, and the curve of her lips was that unequaled curve of childhood which some rare women carry on with them throughout life—the most dangerous feature that ever can be found in a woman's face.

He was so astonished that he almost forgot the steaming coffee and the toasted crackers. Slim, beautiful, and with that strange quality of shifting color as the lights and shadows played upon her, she was like an opal—just like an opal, he thought. She could not have been more than eighteen.

"Wake up!" he said to her.

She did not open her eyes but only whimpered again, and then said, as if dreaming,

"They can't say nothin' against me."

Her accent was a little foreign, but it was a pretty accent, and hers was a thrilling voice—a strange, small voice, illiterate in its intonation.

He had believed that the storm had blown him an old blackbird, but now he could see it was a battered bird of paradise. He was frightened. He felt afraid of himself alone with this little, ignorant, opalescent thing—this nymph from nowhere—this Diana who was nobody. He propped her up on the sofa and made her drink. Her soft hand felt round after a moment for the cup-handle, and she took it and lifted it to her lips, but her eyelids, growing less pale and blue with every movement, did not open. Perhaps she was afraid to take another glance at the world.

He could not look at her without feeling that, somehow, she was some vital part of his life—something decisive and fateful—thrown down suddenly in his path.

His nerves tightened under the stroking of this idea. He got up and wound up the tall clock until the weights were at the top of their pulleys and the machinery began that kind of solemn ticking which one hears in old clocks that stop and clear their throats before they strike an hour. When he looked round again, he saw that the girl had fallen over on the sofa, had curled up her legs, and was sleeping. She had pulled off her worn and wet shoes, and there they sat, side by side on the rug—two old comic companions of no particular dimensions!

He sat down in the pompous stuffed brocade chair beside the table-lamp and tried to read, but all the time his eyes wandered to the little pair of wet shoes, and his thoughts to wondering whence had come this precious outcast—this young girl with the shimmer of an opal, with the hint of firm character showing in her chin and forehead, with the unforgetable curve of her childlike lips, and with her half-conscious words flavored by a foreign pronunciation, saying defiantly, "They can't say nothin' against me."

He thought of the reckless impulse which had led him to bring her there; he thought of the strange feeling that something significant had happened to him or was about to happen to him—and then, at last, after the clock had struck two, he felt that eyes were looking at him, and he put down the book again and saw that she had wakened and was sitting up, staring.

Just as he had expected, her eyes, which he had not seen before, were the dominating things about her. They were so large and deep in meaning, so young and yet so old—old as the centuries. They looked like the ripened, final part of her, and as if the rest of her had never grown up to them. They were not blue, as he had expected; they were the color of a dark topaz.

"Well?" said he, trying to draw a full breath. She kept right on staring at him—interested, affectionate, grateful, all-wise, voiceless. "Why don't you say something?"

"There ain't nothin' to say," she answered him, and her gaze never moved as she leaned forward with her two slender arms on either side of her knees and her two hands grasping the edge of the upholstery. After a moment, she said again: "Thank you—if that's what you mean. I would have died. I'm grateful; you needn't worry."

He made a motion of impatience, and suddenly there rose up in him a feeling that he had never had before—a feeling that in her he had found all at once the best parts of himself—things that rose up and up, lifting him from within, making him despise the self in him which had expressed itself all his life in selfish, sordid business and avarice, and selfish, sordid pleasures and vanities. He felt that a new man had entered into him—something strong and unsmirched and brave. Perhaps all men have this feeling in their lives—some many times; all at least once.

This inspiration, for which he was a toy, took him up from his chair; he went over and sat down beside her. She did not say anything. She just turned her head so that her eyes, filled with the same look, combining the innocence of a child and all the sorrows and hopes of mankind through all time, could keep right on looking into his. He felt almost that these eyes were the universe and that he and all his life and its realities would slip into them and be melted away and lost.

"Why do you look at me so?" he asked.

She would not answer; she did not move. He insisted, but she was quite dumb.

"I'm going to talk to you," he said at last. "Will you listen?"

She nodded solemnly.

He told her that he knew, not only because he could observe but because he could feel within himself, that whatever hardships had come to her, none of them had touched her spirit or her soul. He felt that what he said might be absurd or glorious. He could not tell which, and so he went on. He told her that she must heed everything he said, because, although he knew that she was ignorant and uneducated and still young and untried and dazed by misfortune, he was not going to inquire into any of these things and was going to talk about what she must make of her life. The future was all that counted, he said, and he was going to talk to her about life in the language that everyone could understand.

And he went on while she looked at him, telling her about what the will can do to overcome all obstacles, and the duty of every living person to save all energy and affection for creation—the creation of fine and lasting things, which is the real reason which makes all wickedness horrible, because it interferes with everlasting growth. He told her of the pitfalls. The clock struck four, and he was still talking to her. Whatever anybody might think of this outpouring of himself at the feet of this opalescent little waif, he was putting his best into it.

She listened to him and nodded solemnly all the time. Her lips were parted and her eyes were filled with wonder. She drew her soft, grimy little hands behind her, as if they were unfit for him to see. When he paused he could hear her breath; he could feel it on his face. It was sweet and warm. Finally, he said,

"And will you do these things—these things which will make you a fine and wonderful woman?"

She did not answer.

"Why don't you speak?"

"I think it's beautiful."

"What's beautiful?"

"What you said. I never heard anything like it."

"Will you do what I've told you to do?"

"Yes; of course I will."

"Always? When to-morrow comes and you say good-by——"

"Say good-by!'" she cried out, and buried her face in her palms.

He was knocked silent by that. He knew at once that she thought he had been talking not only on her account but on his own, that she had never conceived the idea that a new life had not begun for her. He did not know what to say. He saw the tears trickle down one of her cheeks and then one of her wrists and disappear in the worn green silk of her dress. At last, he said,

"Now, look here: Can't you understand?"

"Just the same, we were intended for each other," she whispered. "That's why I couldn't speak—because something told me. I knew. I ain't ever wrong. It must be so."

He shook his head.

She thought about it during a long silence, and then she got up, and, for the first time, he saw that she was not short, that her figure was lean and tall and straight.

"I ain't mad or nothin'," she said. "It hurts some, I guess. I know the difference between me and you. I ain't nothin' but the daughter of a Swiss watchmaker who went blind. That's all there is to me. You got people and swell things round you. I got nobody and nothin' now. You got education, and I haven't got any to brag about. I haven't even got a home now. All I got is a good name, and you saw that when you looked at me, didn't you?" He nodded. "Listen: Do you believe there's people mated in the world—meant to be mates?" she said. "I do. I know it. I knew you the minute I opened my eyes. I thought to myself, 'Lord, I ain't any good, and he's a society man!' But when you was talkin' to me, I knew that whatever had to be would come about. Fate had written it. You'll see. I listened to you and I was thinkin', 'He wants me to be this and do that,' and I will. I ain't nobody, but I will be. The day will come——"

"What's that you're saying?"

"I said the day will come when I'll be ready for you. I don't know who you are. I love you, and some day you're goin' to love me. There ain't any use knowin' more'n that. Fate will bring us together again—you'll see!"

There was something strange and positive and new in her voice, just as if the voice of Fate herself were using those childish lips.

He said, in a low tone:

"You mustn't say things like that. It's absurd. How do you know them?"

"Simple enough," she answered. "I'm ignorant—I know I am. But I know some things. I know. It's you and me—we belong to each other. You won't forget if I tell you?"

"No."

"Well then—" she pointed upward—"it's written on the sky."

He stared at her and was afraid.

And then, suddenly, her tiredness seemed to overcome her. All the fire with its opal lights died out of her. She saw the glare in the bedroom and the white coverlet and, as if half asleep already, she almost staggered to the bed and threw herself upon it.

He looked at her a minute and went out and closed the door. He, too, was exhausted, and he sat down in the big stuffed chair, and when he woke, the light—the bright, blinding light that comes on a morning after a storm—was pouring in the back windows. There was no one on the bed, and under the lamp beside him was a piece of paper. On it was scrawled in an awkward hand, "Written on the sky."

She had gone.

She had gone, and he tried to laugh, but he still felt afraid—just as a man might who had heard some message from the Unknown. He did not believe he loved her. He tried to laugh at the idea. But he knew, in any case, he never could forget her—not in all his life—not forget—never! That was twelve years ago.

He went on with life a good deal as he did before. He had shown his burst of speed early, and he did not climb any higher. The business house did not take him into the firm; so he left them, and the panic came, and the next job he got was at thirty-five hundred a year. He was humiliated. He smoked as many cigars, but they were cheaper. Once, before he lost his hold in the social set, he asked a girl whose father was a rich contractor to marry him. She wouldn't. He spent his evenings at less dances and more cafés. He gambled a little in the wheat-market on tips from his friend, the broker, but he never came out better than even. He learned to take a cocktail before lunch every day, and he had a bachelor apartment which was cleaned up twice a week by an old negro woman. He grew fat and got into the habit of shaving at night instead of in the morning. There were pictures of his brother's two children who lived in Terre Haute sticking in the mirror over the fireplace, and a piece of paper with a childish scrawl, saying, "Written on the sky."

He learned to look from it to his own coarsened face and laugh outright. He was forty-two, and made a living dealing in mill-end stocks of goods from Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio factories, and his cheeks had begun to pouch and droop. That was all. But, sometimes, when he thought of her—well, he would grab the chair-arms and sit staring into space.

And then, one day, he got a telegram from a big house in New York that wanted a good many tons of mixed cardboard scraps to use in making some specialty. He got on the Wolverine Special and started East.

The warehouse of this New York firm was nearly on the river-front, and it was hot, and George Colten, of Colten & Snodd, said, "Let's go over on the ferry and up the river from the other side again."

So he said, "Yes," and as they were going up the river, standing



DRAWN BY GERALD LEAKE

"Well then"—she pointed upward—"it's written on the sky."

out getting cool on the bow in front of the tired heads of the truck-horses, this fellow from the West looked up and saw an electric sign with letters about ten feet tall. It was on top of a factory across the river in the industrial district and it said,

"Gossamer Knitting Company—Gossamer Brand Stockings." And underneath it said, "Written on the sky."

And there were quotation-marks round it—quotation-marks!

It took his breath away. Was this a message coming from across the years? He could feel that girl's breath on his cheek again, and he could hear her say, "It's you and me—we belong to each other."

He thought, for a minute, that those letters in light against the dark-purple sky were a call to him—to the nameless, lonely man—the *one* who might come and might see, so that Fate should be satisfied. And then he laughed. The thing was impossible!

But it haunted him. He lay awake, thinking about it. The next day, he went over to the other side of the river and walked along the street, with the little brick tenements on one side and the gas-house and the mill-yard fences on the other, until he had come to the offices of the Gossamer Knitting Company, and he went in and a girl behind the gate asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to know who were the officers of the business. The girl had a fishy blue eye and she said:

"'Officers?' I guess you want to see the superintendent—Mr. Niles."

"No, I don't," said the man. "Who is the man who is the head of the business?"

"The owner? It ain't a man. It's Miss Cécile Trieste."

He felt a trembling all through him, but he said:

"Yes; I wanted to know about her. I might want to write her up."

"Umph," said the girl. "She's been written up already. Look it!"

She held out a clipping from a newspaper.

"Can I take this?" he said, reaching out as if he wanted to snatch it from her hands.

The girl seemed doubtful, but she said:

"Yes; I guess so—we got several for the office scrap-book. It'll tell you all about her."

"Not all," he said, under his breath.

"Uh?"

"What's the sign mean—that electric sign—'Written on the sky'?"

"Why, I guess it means the reputation of our brand, mister. It's advertising."

"Is it on your paper?"

"No, sir."

He went out and he read the story that some Sunday-special writer had put together about Miss Cécile Trieste. Who was she? Was Cécile the name of that opal-girl who had sat on the couch that night after he had picked her from the gutter, as one might say, and unrolled her from her wrappings? If she were Cécile Trieste—if that were her name!

He felt resentment that this cheap writer, with his flippant terms, had written about this young girl who had made herself and her success, of how she had sold stockings in a big emporium, how she had gone into retailing on her own account and then bought a factory in Pennsylvania, how she had borrowed money from the banks on her word and their faith in her determination to win, and how, at last, success had come so that she was paying the government a staggering load of income tax.

"She has only two interests," the article said. "They are business—and books."

"No; this is another woman," said he, as he read on. And then he unfolded the clipping where the other two columns had been folded in. And there was her picture—a somewhat blurred newspaper cut. She had changed. But she was the same. She had grown up—round the wonderful eyes—the eyes with the innocence and laughter of childhood and the look of centuries of experience and sorrow. The eyes had not changed. It was she! His! She had written the message—in fire—on the sky—to him!

He looked up. He did not know where he was. He had wandered down a side street. This lonely, tired man knew now that he had loved her always. She, with her ignorant youth, her unreasoning instinct, had felt and sensed the great truth. And now he could go to her and find himself at the end of the path of destiny. It was written on the sky!

All that day he walked or boarded street-conveyances, going far up-town, trudging along and bumping into people on the sidewalks, like a man in a daze—thinking, (*Continued on page 95*)



She had glanced quickly toward the picture again. He understood



VIOLET HEMING, in "Three Faces East," a secret-service play which is one of the present season's big successes in New York, has a rôle that brings out her great beauty and histrionic skill more effectively than ever. It is that of a German spy, active in a thrilling intrigue to undermine the British government.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



A Lovely Heroine

MARION DAVIES continues to achieve bigger things in her career of a motion-picture star. Her latest play "The Burden of Proof," produced for the Select Pictures Corporation by Julius Steger. This is an up-to-d version of Sardou's famous drama, "Diplomacy," which certainly never had so beautiful an interpreter of its hero

PHOTOGRAPHS

A Versatile Artiste



EE PALMER, *from Chicago, and of Swedish descent, adds a new note to the performance at New York's "Mid-night Frolic." She sings ballads to her own accompaniment on the piano, and then does the "shimee" dance, uted by herself, which is so novel in movement that many professionals have gone to its originator for lessons.*

TH AVE., NEW YORK



Charming Hazel Dawn

HAZEL DAWN, who has the leading rôle in "Dolly of 'The Follies,'" made her stage début in a Lo music-hall as a violinist at the age of nine. She comes from Utah. Her American career began "The Pink Lady," and her charming personality has since been revealed in many musical comedies and picture-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



"Do you know," I asked Candia, "where Mr. Belton's shoes were made?"

The Missing Shoe

An I Ade Story

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

THERE is nothing, I think, so exasperating as being unable to find the apparel that one had intended to wear. But the dancing-shoes that I was quite positive were hanging in the little pockets behind my closet door were not there. They had been delivered from the shop of Conti, my Italian bootmaker, this morning. They *must* be here! And I distinctly remembered having taken them from the box, put them in the shoe-pockets, and— I shrugged helplessly. For the shoes were beneath a chair in my living-room!

I kept no maid. Maids see too much, hear too much. Once a week an elderly woman came in and "redded up" my little apartment. But this was not her day to come. Of course, she might— I am fussily exact about little matters. It is quite necessary that I should be so. I went to the telephone and called up my charwoman.

"No, indeed, Miss Ade," she told me; "I haven't been over to your place to-day. Not since last Wednesday, ma'am."

I hung up, mystified. And then I laughed at myself. What difference did it make? I must have placed the shoes in the living-room myself. One as preoccupied with business matters as I was could not be expected to remember correctly every little domestic detail. I hurried my dressing, in order not to delay the person with whom I was dining —and dancing.

A most agreeable person he was, too, and Broadway—I myself, craving excitement, had suggested a Broadway restaurant—was no closed book to him. A newspaper man, he seemed to know everyone on the dancing-floor of the Regal. I, who knew so many business men, so many detectives, was quite thrilled at having pointed out to me the celebrities of the stage.

"And that man there, Mr. Banning?" I pointed to a gross, eyebrowless person, almost piglike of countenance. "Don't," I begged, "tell me that such a thoroughly harsh-looking man is a great comedian."

Banning grinned. He was a likable young chap, was Banning, whom I had met at various times in the course of business, and who was, so he said, repaying me to-night for a news tip that I had given him a week before.

"No; I don't believe that he is. I don't seem to recognize him." His voice was hesitant, uncertain. He stared hard at the man, who sat alone, sipping greedily a white wine. Then

Banning spoke again, his voice quietly triumphant. "Knew I'd place him after a moment," he said. "His name is Kammer, J. Kammer. Broker down-town. Mixed up in the trial of Michael Gerrity. Kammer swore that Gerrity couldn't have been bombing Hoboken docks on a certain night, because they two had been together in Brooklyn. Remember?"

"Vaguely," I said. I eyed Kammer more interestedly. And I noticed another peculiarity about him. His shoes were not mates! His left shoe was a patent leather, but his right was a dull calf.

And then Banning smiled across the table and we rose and joined the dancers. When we returned, Kammer had left his table, and it was already occupied by a noisy party, too large for the table. A waiter brought them extra chairs, and begged us to permit him to move our table a bit to one side, in order that there might be more room.

We rose, to enable him to do so, and, as we did so, I happened to glance toward the orchestra, seated on a raised platform a few yards from us and adjacent to the table formerly occupied by Kammer. And I noticed that the leader of the orchestra wore shoes that were not mates! I smiled to myself. I seemed to have shoes on the brain this evening.

Miss Candia Wilson—such was the name that she had sent in by my office-boy—reached into her pocketbook and drew forth half a dozen clippings. Carefully I read them all. And the meat in them amounted to this: One Francis Belton, twenty-nine, had been found dead in his bed, eight days before, by the landlady of his lodging-house in West Forty-fifth Street.

A coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of suicide, which seemed to be justified by the evidence. For the revolver which had evidently been the weapon of self-destruction was found in the bed with Belton. The wound in the forehead could have been self-inflicted. Scorched blankets indicated how Belton had muffled the weapon so that, although the house had been filled at the time the suicide occurred, no one had heard the shot. No visitors, so far as was known, had been in Belton's room that night.

A motive for self-destruction was supplied by the landlady, who stated that Belton had informed her that he had been drawn in the draft and was leaving for Camp Upton in a few days. She stated that the young man had seemed quite despondent. All in all, it seemed as clear a case of suicide as I had ever heard of, and I said as much to the young woman with the haggard face.

"That is why I have come to you, Miss Ade," she told me. "Because of your reputation for finding out the truth."

I hated to be cruel; she wore mourning, and her eyes were tragic. But—I tapped the clippings in my hand.

"They aren't true!" she cried. "Frank—why, Miss Ade, he *wanted* to go to war! He'd tried several times to get into an officers' training-camp, but he was rejected because of weak eyes. He could have claimed exemption, because of his eyes, from the draft, but he refused to do so. Of course, Frank wanted a commission, but he'd volunteered, before the draft law was passed, as a private and been turned down. The rules now are not so strict, and—he *wanted* to go. And he couldn't have killed himself! Why, Miss Ade, we were to have been married next week!"

Her head bent forward and her shoulders shook. I rose and walked round to her. I put my arms about her.

"Don't," I begged her gently. "If you want me to help you, you must help me—by keeping control of yourself, by telling me everything that might help."

"And you will take the case, Miss Ade? I will pay you——"

She opened her purse; in it, undoubtedly, were the savings that were to have gone into home-making, into the hasty war-wedding trousseau. I put the money back in her hands.

"Later," I told her. "But now—tell me what you can."

There was little for her to tell. She had known Francis Belton five years. He was a clerk in a wholesale house; she was a stenographer in another office. They had met in a business way and, a year before, had become engaged. She admitted to me that it was she who had proposed the early wedding, because the youth had felt too grievously his duty, and had been averse to a marriage that might render her soon a widow. But, upon the draft-examiners accepting him for duty, he and Candia had set their wedding-date. This was practically all that she could tell me. Neither of them had any near relations, neither any intimate friends. Nor had Belton, so far as she knew, any enemies.

I felt more helpless than at any time since I had entered upon this profession of mine. The girl rang true as steel. She could not have given her love to a coward, a morbid person such as the newspaper accounts made out young Belton to be.

And yet I did not know how to aid her. And I wanted to help. She had won my sympathy. Hundreds, aye, thousands of women would lose their lovers, their husbands, in this great war, but they would, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that their loved ones died bravely, fighting for the good cause. But this little girl—this poor Candia Wilson—she would not have even a memory unless the cloud were lifted from Belton's name.

But it was only because I wished to comfort her, not because I dreamed that it would prove the suicide to have been a murder, that I accompanied her to Belton's rooms to help her pack up his effects, willed to her.

A neat young chap Belton had evidently been. He had few things, but what he had was in good taste and well made. I particularly admired a fitted boot-tree that he had affected. And then I thought that I recognized the workmanship of the shoe which I had picked up.

"Do you know," I asked Candia, "where Mr. Belton's shoes were made?"

Her eyes were almost shocked as she stared at me. To her, of course, the question must have sounded most frivolous.

"I think," she told me, "a little shop on lower Sixth Avenue."

"Conti? Is that the name?" I asked.

She nodded indifferently, and held out her hand for the shoe. I gave it to her. She placed it in an opened trunk.

"I can't," she said, "find the mate to this shoe."

I helped her look, but nowhere in the room could we find the missing shoe.

"And I happen to know that Frank got these shoes only a week ago—the very day that he——"

She bit her lip, and tears were in her eyes again.

"It doesn't matter," I told her. "It may turn up later."

But when, at last, all of Belton's effects had been packed, the right shoe of the new pair was missing. Candia drew my attention to the matter once again.

"You see," she explained. "I want to give Frank's things to people who need them. If we could find that shoe——"

A final search availed nothing.

"I'll tell you, Miss Wilson," I promised, "I'll be in to see Conti about some shoes of my own in a few days. Quite probably there was some mistake in wrapping Mr. Belton's shoes; Conti may have sent only one. In that case, I'll get the missing one from him."

"And you'll work on the case?" she pleaded.

"I will," I promised her.

Yet, that night, as I went to bed, I regretted my promise that had so cheered her up. For an interview with the landlady had gained me no information save that possibly she had been too certain of Belton's despondency at being called in the draft. But, so far as she knew, Belton had had no visitors the night of the murder.

"A quiet, keep-to-himself sort of young man," said his landlady. "Paid his rent proper, never carried on. It was a terrible shock to me when I come into his room and——"

To her, the shocking affair was something to talk about; but to Candia Wilson it meant the end of living.

Yet it was hopeless for me to think that I could assauge the ache in her heart. And it was only because I wished to aid her in what little ways I might that I went to Conti's shop on Sixth Avenue next day.

"You sent," I said to him, "some shoes to Mr. Francis Belton on West Forty-fifth Street, Conti. It was a week ago Wednesday, I believe."

To my amazement, Conti's olive face turned white.

"What's wrong, Conti?" I asked in alarm.

With an effort he spoke.

"The *signorina*—I—it is nothing—to mention the dead—it is bad luck——"

"Nonsense," I said sternly.

"The *signorina* does not understand. People who have been kill—it is of them that it is unlucky to speak. Murder should not be mention——"

"You read about it, then, of course?" I asked.

He nodded. He had recovered his self-control now.

"The poor young man!" he said. "It was so sad. Why should he kill himself? But why"—and his voice grew suddenly surly—"does the *signorina* speak to me of the matter?"

"Why shouldn't I? Or anyone else?" I demanded. "Mr. Belton's *fiancée*—the girl he was to marry—is giving away his things to the poor. She finds only one of the new pair of shoes you sent Mr. Belton. I wondered if you made any mistake."



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

Hardly were we seated when Banning lifted his brows and nodded significantly to one side. I followed his glance. J. Kammer was once more seated in lonely state near the orchestra

"'Mistake?'" Conti shook his head. "Impossible! See, *signorina.*" He ran across the room and drew a ledger from a desk. He brought it to me. "Look!"

I looked. In scrawling but fairly legible script, I read, under the date of June twelfth, several names. Opposite all of them were crosses.

"The crosses show the shoes were delivered and receipts taken," said Conti. "I have those receipts, too, *signorina.*"

"They wouldn't prove anything, Conti," I told him. "A person could receipt for a package without opening it. Are you quite certain that you put both shoes in the package for Mr. Belton?"

Conti was certain. He was volubly certain.

"You make mistakes, you know, Conti. Look!" I pointed to the name of J. Kammer. "I saw him that very evening, the twelfth, and he wore two shoes that were not mates."

Once again Conti went ghastly white.

"The *signorina* jokes," he said feebly.

"Certainly I don't joke," I assured him. "I remember the date perfectly. My own shoes—see, my name is there—were sent to me that day. And your customer, Mr Kammer, was pointed out to me in a restaurant. I particularly noticed that his shoes were not mates." Then I laughed. "But that was not your mistake, Conti; it was doubtless his."

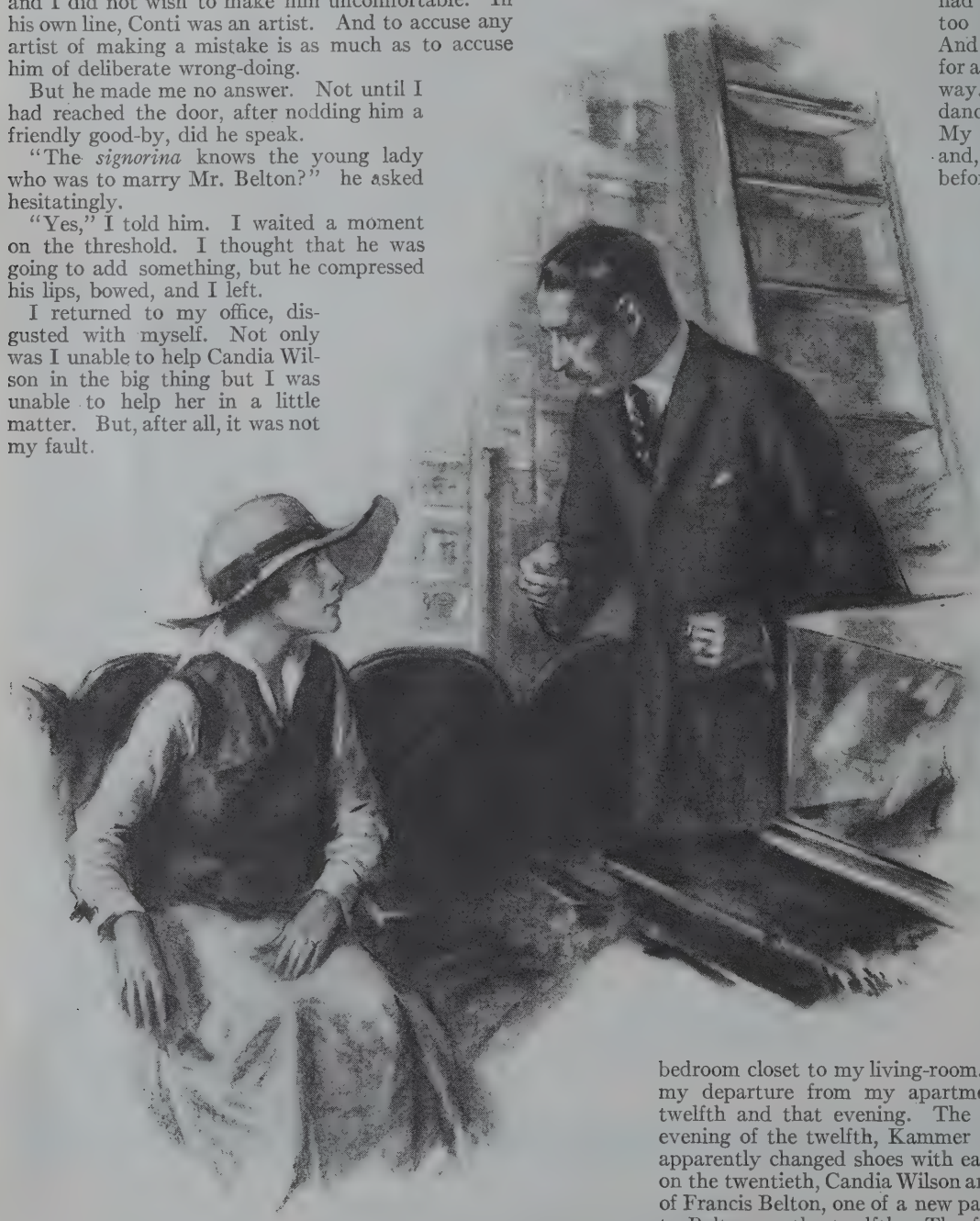
For it seemed to me that Conti was terribly upset, and I did not wish to make him uncomfortable. In his own line, Conti was an artist. And to accuse any artist of making a mistake is as much as to accuse him of deliberate wrong-doing.

But he made me no answer. Not until I had reached the door, after nodding him a friendly good-by, did he speak.

"The *signorina* knows the young lady who was to marry Mr. Belton?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes," I told him. I waited a moment on the threshold. I thought that he was going to add something, but he compressed his lips, bowed, and I left.

I returned to my office, disgusted with myself. Not only was I unable to help Candia Wilson in the big thing but I was unable to help her in a little matter. But, after all, it was not my fault.



To my amazement, Conte's olive face turned white

It was just because I found myself becoming morbid that, finding an invitation from young Banning to dine with him, I promptly telephoned my acceptance. Merely because I was I. Ade, a professional investigator, was no reason why I should lead the life of a recluse. Entertainment would infuse me with new spirits, would sharpen my wits.

We went to the Regal again, and hardly were we seated when Banning lifted his brows and nodded significantly to one side. I followed his glance. J. Kammer was once more seated in lonely state near the orchestra.

"Likes the place, I guess," grinned Banning.

I shrugged.

"So do we," I laughed.

And then, almost unconsciously, I glanced at Kammer's feet. They were extremely well shod—those who patronized Conti were wont to have good shoes—and both feet were clad in patent leather. I glanced at the orchestra leader; his feet were clad in dull calf.

Mentally I berated myself for a silly fool. Because a coincidence had occurred almost a fortnight ago, would it happen again?

Resolutely I kept my eyes away from Kammer's repulsive face. What did it matter that he was a patron of Conti, that he had had shoes delivered to him on the very day that I had had mine sent, that Belton had had his delivered? I was working too hard and needed relaxation. And so I set out to have it. Not for a full hour did I look Kammer's way. Then, breathless from a dance, I dropped into my chair. My handkerchief fell to the floor, and, as I leaned over to pick it up before Banning could aid me, my eyes rested upon a spot beneath Kammer's table. And what I saw kept me bent over until Banning's offer to assist roused me.

For one of Kammer's feet was clad only in a black-silk stocking. Even as I looked, his toes reached for the shoe near by and began wiggling into it. And the shoe was a dull calf! And before I raised my head, I glanced at the orchestra leader's feet. He wore now one patent-leather shoe and one dull calf!

I wanted to think; and to think it is necessary for me to be alone. It was not playing quite fair with Banning, but I pleaded sudden headache and let him take me home. There, staring at a blank piece of paper, I gripped a pencil tightly. For often, in order to clear my brain, I put things down on paper. And shortly I began to write. At the end of half an hour, I had jotted down several facts.

The first was that it had seemed to me that my dancing-shoes had been removed from my bedroom closet to my living-room. This was sometime between my departure from my apartment on the morning of June twelfth and that evening. The second fact was that, on the evening of the twelfth, Kammer and the orchestra leader had apparently changed shoes with each other. The third was that, on the twentieth, Candia Wilson and I could not find, in the room of Francis Belton, one of a new pair of shoes that had been sent to Belton on the twelfth. The fourth fact was that Conti had been extremely excited at mention of Belton's name and had



With a nod to the driver, Letenheim stepped into the car

attributed it to a superstition. The next fact was that to-night Kammer and the orchestra leader in the Regal restaurant had again changed shoes.

I read the notes over carefully. What did they mean? And then I added to them the further fact: Kammer had been a witness at a trial which had resulted in the acquittal of a man accused of being a traitor. But the additional fact did not clear the mystery, if, indeed, there were any mystery. So I wrote down another fact: A good girl, an honest girl, a sane girl declared to me that Francis Pelton did not feel despondent at being summoned to serve his country, that he could not have been led thereby to commit suicide.

But what had this to do with the previous facts that I had set down? And then, suddenly, I jumped to my feet. Kammer, Belton, and myself—all had had shoes delivered by Conti on the twelfth of June. Also, under that date on Conti's ledger, I had noted other names. John Farwell, of the Laurel Apartment Hotel, and Mrs. Vance Connel, of Merton Road, Bronx, had had shoes from Conti on the twelfth.

I rushed to the telephone. Nervously I fumbled the pages of the directory until I had found the number of the Laurel Apartment Hotel.

"Mr. Farwell's apartment," I told the telephone-clerk. And, in a moment, "Mr. Farwell?" I asked.

A good-humored bass voice replied in the affirmative.

"I wish to ask you an odd question, Mr. Farwell," I said. 'You received some shoes from Cesare Conti on the twelfth, did ou not?"

"Oh, are you from the Hotel Protective people? They sent a nan to see me. The shoes were stolen from my room soon after hey were delivered. I told the hotel people, and—but you now all that. What do you——"

But I heard no more. I was in too much of a hurry now. Mr. Farwell had told me enough. In a few days, perhaps in a ew hours, I would telephone again, explain, and apologize.

Banning was by way of being an admirer of mine. Cavalierly s I had treated him to-night, I nevertheless believed that he ould still be willing to aid me. Gentlemen do not begrudge adies convenient headaches.

"I want you," I told him, as soon as I had been connected ith his telephone, "to go at once to the house of Mrs. Vance onnel, Merton Road, Bronx, and ask her if any attempt was ade to steal a pair of shoes from her on the twelfth of this month? Or on any date since. Will you please do it at once? I have no one else——"

"And your headache?" he asked reproachfully.

"Is gone," I laughed. "It was to think of this errand for you that I left you."

"We might have thought of it together," he grumbled. "But I'll go. Only—city editors are less peremptory than you, Miss Ade."

"But I am much nicer," I told him.

"Infinitely," he said enthusiastically. "And when do I report to you?"

"As soon as you get the information I want. The lady is not in the telephone-book," I said.

"In half an hour," he promised. And I hung up.

It was rather pleasant having a friend on whom one could rely, who asked no questions. I put a mental mark in my good book for Tommy Banning. Of course, there were members of my office staff whom I could have sent to the Bronx, but Tommy Banning had given me a rather important hint, and it was only fair that he should play a part in the affair. Also, I promised in my heart that Banning's paper should have a "beat" if what I suspected proved to be true. I would have gone myself to the Bronx, but that I had more important things to attend to.

And the first of these important things was a trip to the Regal restaurant.

A woman, late at night, unattended, is frowned upon at such a place as the Regal, but the presentation of one of my business cards was enough to procure me an audience with the manager in a private room. The name "I. Ade—Assistant," is well-enough known in New York.

I got down to business at once.

"The leader of your orchestra—what do you know of him?" I asked.

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

"What does any hotel man know of his help these days, Miss Ade?" he retorted. "He is Austrian, I believe; but I suppose that he is a naturalized citizen——"

"You *suppose*," I said scathingly. "Some day, you and men in your position are going to wake up, Mr. Brownell. Waiters, musicians—the very men who can overhear conversations, careless words dropped by people not thinking of espionage——"

"You mean that Letenheim is a spy?" he gasped.

I shrugged.

"I do not know. I merely want—now—his address, Mr. Brownell. And—silence."

"I will say nothing," he promised. And he gave me the address. And I knew that he was impressed and would keep his mouth tightly closed. It is true that I had—and have—no especial authority, but, as I have said, I am not unknown. Brownell had the good sense to aid me.

Outside, I waved away the attentions of the doorman. But half a block down the street, I stopped a taxi-man. I told him to draw up opposite the Regal and to follow, as cautiously as might be, the man whom I should indicate. Then I entered the cab. I suppose the man thought me a jealous wife; there was a suspicion of a leer on his face, (*Continued on page 98*)



When *All Women*

FIVE million superfluous women after the war! The word, be it known, is used in the old-fashioned sense of superiority in numbers over the male sex. Events may prove that it will be this large army of women, balked of their natural destiny, that will lead their sex to a victory as great as that of the civilized world over the Teutonic empires.

But what will be the more immediate result? Polygamy? In Germany, that is already not only legalized but officially commanded. But, then, Germany has not advanced ethically in fifteen hundred years, and expediency rules. In Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States, progress has been steady, overcoming all obstacles. There are few rotten spots in the great civilizations of to-day. To turn back the wheels of progress in any of these humane, enlightened countries is as unthinkable as to imagine that, even in an access of fury, they would sink a hospital-ship or treat prisoners of war and conquered provinces with barbarous severity. All of them, with the exception of our own young country, have dark pages in their old histories, but this is the point: they have progressed while Germany has stood still. So polygamy—official polygamy, at least—may be dismissed as a solution.

No doubt, society will become broad-minded enough to permit women with a longing for children to have them without disgrace. But these instances will be isolated. Society for a long time has been making a heroic attempt to admit that there are, to be conservative, tens of thousands of women in the world who should never have married, borne children, and lived the self-obliterating domestic life against every instinct of their nature. While, in the physiological sense, these women are not a third sex, mentally, psychologically they are as unfitted for the life of the average woman, completely outfitted by nature to live and die for the race, as they are, on the other hand, unfitted for the coarse life of camp and trench.

These women, instead of waiting for another generation to recognize and emancipate them, are already finding their opportunity in the vacancies in every walk of life left by men called to make the great fight for civilization.

Work, compulsory and eagerly embraced, will be the solution of the five million superfluous women. Moreover, through the power achieved, there will be a tremendous rise in the average level of female intelligence, no doubt such a contribution to the depleted artistic ranks as will forever break the power of the silent, persistent, masculine resistance that has heretofore handicapped and discouraged so many women whose will-power has been weaker than their gifts.

The article on the position of Woman after
mopolitan aroused wide-spread interest and
ment. Most of it expressed decided dissent
of course, many points from which we can
Atherton, in dealing with the same subject,
ican standpoint and with perhaps the more

II

In speculating upon the status of American women after the war, it must not be forgotten that they had advanced very far indeed before April, 1917—before August, 1914, for that matter. They had already obtained the full or almost full vote in twelve states, and all signs pointed to ultimate victory in New York. Regarding the last, I held, with many others, that the women of New York made a mistake in pushing suffrage when only one question that counted faced the world at the moment. They would have gained a distinct moral advantage if they had followed the example of the militant British women and thrown all their energies into the winning of the war, instead of diverting them, and placing American women in general in a narrow and selfish light. It would have been a magnificent example to women all over the United States, and they would have stood out as the national leaders instead of being forced to content themselves with a sectional triumph, and antagonizing many thousands of men.

However, it is never worth while to waste ammunition over any attempt which has been carried to a successful issue. No doubt, the women of New York now will concentrate their very excellent brains and their undepleted energies upon helping the government to win the war. Moreover, the many astute minds among them will manage to counteract by active propaganda whatever advantage the socialists may think they are likely to



Are *Workers*

By Gertrude Atherton

Decoration by W. T. Benda

the war by Elinor Glyn in September Cosbrought forth a great deal of intelligent comfrom the Englishwoman's views. There are, observe the signs of the times, and Mrs. has interpreted them from a more Amerspecial vision of her own countrywomen.

get from the power to vote of the women of the East Side of New York city and the women of German sympathies.

The desire to vote, however, was by no means as wide-spread in this country as the more advanced women would have wished. Not by any means. It was this apathy that the leaders found more difficult to combat than the opposition of the men. The Anti-suffrage Party was also very large, bad as most of its arguments were. One result of this war will be an almost universal determination among our women to gain the franchise, if only because it would mortify them to witness the triumph of the British women after their long and fearful struggle—a concession by the British government animated by gratitude for the magnificent services of British women and by a direct sense of justice.

Nor could anything but this war so well have prepared our women not only to desire the vote but to exercise it with discretion. Before the war, the women determined upon the franchise may roughly be divided into two classes: those that knew the value of equal rights in the amelioration of the lot of women workers, and those either ambitious for a political career or an outlet for their restless energies. Underlying both was the subconsciousness that life would be more satisfactory generally if their political status were equal to that of men. Anyone who has watched little boys and girls at play will readily understand this instinct. The boys either endure the girls in their games with good-natured masculine contempt or "boss" them mercilessly. This is by no means owing to superiority in physique, for often the girls are quite able to trounce them, and do so when not too deeply imbued with tradition. It is this same tradition—that the female is his inferior politically, inherited with his brain-cells—that makes it quite natural for the boy to assume the position of dictator by right of sex. As many American women are quite as independent by nature as men, and prove it as they grow older, it is not remarkable that the whole suffrage movement started in the United States many years ago. The wonder is that they should not have been the ones to make the first militant fight for the vote instead of leaving it to their British sisters. The secret is, of course, that almost any American woman could get a husband, whereas in England alone there were several hundred thousand more women than men—enough to animate them with the desire to "start something," at whatever cost to the individual.

But if the great mass of our women were indifferent to politics, there is no question that a fine percentage of them had struck out for themselves in various lines of economic independence. Long gone was the day when old maids were content to be poor relations or merely school-teachers. Something like ten million women in the United States were self-supporting, and were running men close in every field—professions, shops, trades, business. The day of the male nurse was over, and women reporters swarmed in every newspaper office. The whole country seethed with female energy, and even women of maturer years whose husbands, absorbed in business and suffering from acute brain-fag every night, gave them no companionship were seeking mental diversion and companionship in clubs. They soon graduated from the old Browning séances, which furnished the male humorist with copy for so many years, and traveled by rapid stages to study of parliamentary law as well as other subjects supposed to be food for the male mind alone. It was only a step from abstract interest to a vital one in the great questions of the day, and before the war thousands of American women in the United States educated by club life were reading the newspapers and longing to vote on great questions.

This was a magnificent preparation for the new opportunities and interests offered by the war. Never in our time has there been such a stimulant to the mind as this great and terrible upheaval. At first, only the women whose minds were already awake reacted to it, and, compared with our enormous population, no doubt they were few in number. We heard the constant cry: "People (not only women, by any means) in this country do not know there is a war." Then, after we "went in," another wail ascended to heaven: "Will the women (*Continued on page 88*)

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters —Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie) an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen, who reminds her father of his cousin Leila (Mrs. Lynch), who has made a sad mess of her life, and when last heard from was singing in South Africa. Pierson and Noel spend a July holiday at the home of Robert Pierson (Edward's brother) in Monmouthshire, close to Tintern Abbey. Here Noel meets Cyril Morland, a young officer about to go to the front, and the young people fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Noel's father objects on the grounds of youth and short acquaintance. He is suddenly summoned to London by the serious illness of Doctor Laird. He arrives just before the crisis is passed, and is shocked to find that Gratian has become converted to the views of her husband, who is an agnostic and denies revealed religion. He is still worried over Noel's love-affair, knowing her impulsive nature, and when he receives a letter from Mrs. Robert Pierson (Thirza) advising his consent, as otherwise she fears a runaway marriage, he answers that he cannot agree to the match and wishes Noel to come home at once. Meanwhile, Morland receives orders to join his regiment, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever, in spite of anything that would be done, gives herself to him.

She is anxious to become a nurse, and just then Pierson hears from Mrs. Lynch. She is in London, and in charge of two wards in a hospital. He goes to see her and arranges for Noel to be trained there.

Leila has another friend in London, Jimmy Fort, an army captain incapacitated for active service and employed at the War Office. She knew him in South Africa, and now he has become her lover. Fort meets Noel and takes a great liking to her.

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until the news comes that Cyril has been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds.



"Your boy would have told you to stick it. These are your

Saint's

By John

Author of

Illustrated by

V

I

NOEL went on with her work for a month, and then, one morning, fainted over a pile of dishes. The noise attracted attention, and Mrs. Lynch was summoned. The sight of her lying there so deadly white taxed Leila's nerves severely. But the girl revived quickly, and a cab was sent for. Leila went with her, and told the driver to stop at Camelot Mansions. Why take her home in this state? Why not save the jolting, and let her recover properly? They went up-stairs, arm in arm. Leila made her lie down on the divan, and put a hot-water bottle to her feet. Noel was still so passive and pale that even to speak to her seemed a cruelty. And, going to her little sideboard, Leila stealthily extracted a pint bottle of some champagne which Jimmy Fort had sent in, and took it, with two glasses and a corkscrew, into her bedroom. She drank a little herself, and came out bearing a glass to the girl. Noel shook her head, and her eyes seemed to say, "Do you really think I'm so easily mended?" But Leila had been through too much in her time to despise earthly remedies, and she held it to the girl's lips until she drank. It was excellent champagne, and, since Noel had never yet touched alcohol, had an instantaneous effect. Her eyes brightened; little red spots came up in her cheeks. And suddenly she rolled over and buried her face deep in a cushion. With her short hair, she looked so like a child lying there that Leila knelt down, stroking her head and saying: "There, there; my love! There, there!"

At last the girl raised herself; now that the pallid, mask-like despair of the last month was broken, she seemed on fire, and her face had a wild look. She withdrew herself from Leila's touch, and, crossing her arms tightly across her breast, said:

"I can't bear it; I can't sleep. I want him back; I hate life—I hate the world! We hadn't done anything—only just loved each other. God *likes* punishing—just because we loved each other; we had only one day to love each other—only one day—only one!" Lelia could see the long white throat above those

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'trenches,' and you're not going to be downed, are you?"

Progress

Galsworthy

'Beyond,' etc.

Fanny Munsell

rigid arms straining and swallowing; it gave her a choky feeling to watch it. The voice, uncannily dainty for all the wildness of the words and face, went on: "I won't — I don't want to live. If there's another life, I shall go to him. And if there isn't—it's just sleep."

Leila put out her hand to ward off these wild wanderings. Like most women who live simply the life of their senses and emotions, she was orthodox, or, rather, never speculated on such things.

"Tell me about yourself and him," she said.

Noel fastened her great eyes on her cousin.

"We loved each other; and children are born—aren't they?—after you've loved. But mine won't be!" From the look of her face rather than from her words, the full reality of her meaning came to Leila, vanished, came again. Nonsense! But —what an awful thing, if true! That which had always seemed to her such an exaggerated occurrence in the common walks of life—why, now it was a tragedy! Instinctively she raised herself and put her arms round the girl.

"My poor dear," she said, "you're fancying things."

The color had faded out of Noel's face, and, with her head thrown back and her eyelids half closed, she looked like a scornful young ghost.

"If it is—I sha'n't live. I don't mean to—it's easy to die. I don't mean daddy to know."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" was all Leila could stammer.

"Was it wrong, Leila?"

" 'Wrong?' I don't know—wrong? If it really is so—it was—unfortunate. But surely, surely—you're mistaken."

Noel shook her head.

"I did it so that we should belong to each other. Nothing could have taken him from me."

Leila caught at the girl's words.

"Then, my dear, he hasn't quite gone from you—you see?"

Noel's lips formed a "No" that was inaudible.

"But daddy!" she whispered.

Edward's face came before Leila so vividly that she could hardly see the girl for the tortured shape of it. Then the hedonist in her revolted against that ascetic vision. Her worldly judgment condemned and deplored this calamity; her instinct could not help applauding that hour of life and love snatched out of the jaws of death.

"Need he ever know?" she said.

"I could never lie to daddy. But it doesn't matter. Why should one go on living—when life is rotten?"

Outside, the sun was shining brightly, though it was late October. Leila got up from her knees. She stood at the window, thinking hard.

"My dear," she said at last, "you mustn't get morbid. Look at me! I've had two husbands, and—and—well, a pretty stormy up-and-down time of it, and I dare say I've got lots of trouble before me. But I'm not going to cave in. Nor must you. The Piersons have plenty of pluck; you mustn't be a traitor to your blood. That's the last thing. Your boy would have told you to stick it. These are your 'trenches,' and you're not going to be downed, are you?"

After she had spoken, there was a long silence before Noel said,

"Give me a cigarette, Leila."

Leila produced the little flat case she carried.

"That's brave," she said. "Nothing's incurable at your age. Only one thing's incurable—getting old."

Noel laughed.

"That's curable, too—isn't it?"

"Not without surrender."

Again there was a silence, while the blue fume from two cigarettes fast-smoked, rose toward the low ceiling. Then Noel got up from the divan and went over to the piano. She was still in her hospital dress of lilac-colored linen, and while she stood there touching the keys, playing a chord now and then, Leila's heart felt hollow from compassion; she was so happy herself just now, and this child so very wretched!

"Play to me," she said, "no—don't; I'll play to you." And, sitting down, she began to play and sing a little French song whose first line ran,

Si on est jolie, jolie comme vous——

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It was soft, gay, charming. If the girl cried, so much the better. But Noel did not cry. She seemed suddenly to have recovered all her self-possession. She spoke calmly, answered Leila's questions without emotion, and said she would go home. Leila went out with her and walked some way in the direction of her home—distressed, but frankly at a loss. When, at the top of Portland Place, Noel stopped and said: "I'm quite all right now, Leila; thank you awfully. I shall just go home and lie down. And I shall come to-morrow, the same as usual. Good-by," she could only grasp the girl's hand, and say: "My dear, that's splendid! There's many a slip—besides, it's war-time."

With that saying, enigmatic even to herself, she watched the girl moving slowly away and turned back herself toward her hospital with a disturbed and compassionate heart.

2



But Noel did not go East; she walked down Regent Street. She had received a certain measure of comfort, been steadied by her experienced cousin's vitality, and the new thoughts suggested by those words: "He hasn't quite gone from you." "Besides, it's war-time." Leila had spoken freely, too, and the physical ignorance in which the girl had been groping these last weeks was now removed. Like most proud natures, she did not naturally think much about the opinion of other people. Besides, she knew nothing of the world, its feelings and judgments. Her nightmare was the thought of her father's horror and grief. She tried to lessen that nightmare by remembering his opposition to her marriage and the resentment she felt. He had never realized, never understood, how she and Cyril loved. Now, if she were really going to have a child, it would be Cyril's—Cyril's son—Cyril over again! The instinct stronger than reason, refinement, tradition, upbringing, which had pushed her on in such haste to make sure of union—the irrepressible pulse of life faced with annihilation—seemed to revive within her and make her terrible secret almost precious.

She had read about "war-babies" in the papers — read with a dull curiosity; but now the atmosphere, as it were, of those writings was illumined for her. These babies were wrong, were a "problem," and yet, behind all that, she seemed now to know that people were glad of them. They made up; they filled the gaps. Perhaps, when she had one, she would be proud, secretly proud, in spite of her father. They had tried to kill Cyril—God and everyone—but they hadn't been able; he was alive within her! A glow came into her face, walking among the busy, shopping crowd, and people turned to look at her; she had that appearance of seeing no one, nothing, which is strange and attractive to those who have a moment to spare from contemplation of their own affairs. Fully two hours she wandered thus before going in, and only lost that exalted feeling when, in her own little room, she had taken up his photograph and was sitting on her bed gazing at it. She had a bad breakdown then. Locked in there, she lay on her bed, crying, dreadfully lonely, till she fell asleep exhausted, with the little tear-stained photo clutched in her twitching fingers.

She woke with a start. It was dark, and some one was knocking on her door.

"Miss Noel?"

Childish perversity kept her silent. Why couldn't they leave her alone? They would leave her alone if they knew. Then she heard another kind of knocking, and her father's voice.

"Nollie! Nollie!"

She scrambled up and opened. He looked scared, and her heart smote her.

"It's all right, daddy; I was asleep."

"My dear, I'm sorry; but dinner's ready."

"I don't want any dinner; I think I'll go to bed."

The frown between his brows deepened.

"You shouldn't lock your door, Nollie. I was quite frightened. I went round to the hospital to bring you home, and they told me about your fainting. I want you to see a doctor."

Noel shook her head vigorously.

"Oh, no—it's nothing."

" 'Nothing!' To faint like that? Come, my child—to please me."

He took her face in his hands. Noel shrank away.

"No, daddy; I won't see a doctor. Extravagance in war-time! I won't! It's no good trying to make me. I'll come down if you like; I shall be all right to-morrow."

With this, Pierson had to be content; but, often that evening, she saw him looking at her anxiously. And when she went up, he came out of his study, followed to her room, and insisted on lighting her fire. Kissing her at the door, he said very quietly,

"I wish I could be a mother to you, my child."

For a moment it flashed through Noel: "He knows!" Then, by the puzzled look on his face, she knew that he did not. If only he did—what a weight it would be off her mind! But she

answered, quietly, too, "Good-night, daddy dear," kissed him, and shut the door.

She sat down before the little new fire and spread her hands out to it—all was so cold and wintry in her heart. And the firelight flickered on her face, where shadows lay thick under her eyes, for all the roundness of her cheeks, and on her slim, pale hands and the supple grace of her young body. And, out in the night, clouds raced over the moon, which had come full once more.

VI

1

PIERSON went back to his study, and wrote to Gratian:

If you can get leave for a few days, my dear, I want you at home. I am troubled about Nollie. Ever since that disaster happened to her, she has been getting paler and thinner; and to-day she fainted. She won't see a doctor, but perhaps you could get her to see George. If you come up, he will surely be able to run up to us for a day or two. If not, you must take her down to him at Dover. I have just seen the news of your second cousin Charlie Pierson's death; he was killed in the colder weather has come, I am feeling much fresher. Try your best to come. I am seriously concerned for our beloved child.

Your affectionate father,
EDWARD PIERSON.

Gratian answered that she could get week-end leave and would come on Friday. He met her at the station, and they drove thence straight to the hospital, to pick up Noel. Leila came to them in the waiting-room, and Pierson, thinking they would talk more freely about Noel's health if he left them alone, went into the recreation-room and stood watching a game of bagatelle between two convalescents. When he returned to the little sitting-room, they were still standing by the hearth, talking in low voices. Gratian must surely have been stooping over the fire—her face was red, almost swollen, and her eyes looked as if she had scorched them. Leila said lightly:

"Well, Edward, aren't the men delightful? When are we going to another concert together?"

She, too, was flushed, and looking almost young.

"Ah! If we could do the things we want to!"

"That's very pretty, Edward; but you should, you know—for a tonic."

He shook his head, and smiled.

"Leila, you're a temptress. Will you let Nollie know, please, that we can take her back with us? Can you let her off to-morrow?"

"For as long as you like; she wants a rest. I've been talking to Gratian. We oughtn't to have let her go on after a shock like that—my fault, I'm afraid. I thought that work might be best."

Pierson was conscious of Gratian walking past him out of the room. He held out his hand to Leila and followed. A small noise occurred behind him such as a woman makes when she has put a foot through her own skirt or has other powerful cause for dismay. Noel was in the hall already, and he was vaguely aware of being the center of a triangle of women whose eyes were playing catch-glance. Then he saw his daughters kiss—and became seated between them in the taxi. The most unobservant of men, he parted from them in the hall without having perceived anything except that they were rather silent, and, going to his study, he took up a "Life" of Sir Thomas More. There was a passage therein which he itched to show George Laird, who was coming up that evening.

Gratian and Noel had mounted the stairs with lips tight-set and eyes averted; they were both very pale. When they reached the door of Gratian's room—the room which had been their mother's—Noel was for passing on, but Gratian caught her by the arm and said, "Come in." The fire was burning brightly in there, and the two sisters stood in front of it, one on each side, their hands clutching the mantel-shelf, staring at the flames. At last, Noel put one hand in front of her eyes and said,

"I asked her to tell you."

Gratian made the movement of one who is gripped by two strong emotions and longs to surrender to one or to the other.

"It's too horrible!" was all she said. Noel turned toward the door. "Stop, Nollie!"

Noel stopped with her hand on the door-knob.

"I don't want to be forgiven and sympathized with. I just want to be let alone."

"How can you be let alone?"

The tide of misery surged up in Noel, and she cried out passionately:

"I hate sympathy from people who can't understand! I don't want anyone's. I can always go away and lose myself."

The words: "Can't understand" gave Gratian a shock.

"I *can* understand," she said.

"You can't; you never saw him. You never saw——" Her lips



He followed to her room, and insisted on lighting her fire

ne of the last attacks on the Somme. He was nephew of my cousin eila, whom, as you know, Noel sees every day at her hospital. Ber-am has the D. S. O. I have been less hard pressed lately; Lauder as been home on leave and has taken some services for me. And, now

quivered so that she had to stop and bite them to keep back a rush of tears. "And you would never have done it yourself."

Gratian went toward her, but stopped and sat down on the bed. It was true. She would never have done it herself; it was just that which, for all her longing to help her sister, iced her love and sympathy. What a terrible, wretched, humiliating thing! Her own sister, her only sister, in the position of all those poor, badly brought-up girls who forgot themselves! And her father—their father! Till that moment, she had hardly thought of him, too preoccupied by the shock to her own pride. The word "Dad!" was forced from her.

Noel shuddered.

"That boy!" said Gratian suddenly. "I can't forgive *him*. If you didn't know—*he* did. It was—it was—" She stopped at the sight of Noel's face.

"I *did* know," she said. "It was I. He was my husband, as much as yours is. If you say a word against him, I'll never speak to you again. I'm glad—you would be, if you were going to have one. What's the difference, except that you've had luck and I—haven't." Her lips quivered again, and she was silent.

Gratian stared up at her. She had a longing for George—to know what he thought and felt.

"Do you mind if I tell George?" she said.

Noel shook her head.

"No; not now. Tell anybody."

And suddenly the misery behind the mask of her face went straight to Gratian's heart. She got up and put her arms round her sister.

"Nollie dear, don't look like that!"

Noel suffered the embrace without response, but when it was over, went to her own room.

Gratian stayed, sorry, sore and vexed, uncertain, anxious. Her pride was deeply wounded, and her heart torn; she was angry with herself. Why couldn't she have been more sympathetic? And yet, now that Noel was no longer there, she again condemned the dead. What he had done was unpardonable. Nollie was such a child—he had committed sacrilege. If only George would come and she could talk it all out with him! She, who had married for love and known passion, had insight enough to feel that Noel's love had been deep—so far as anything, of course, could be deep in such a child. Gratian was at the mature age of twenty. But to have forgotten herself like that! And this boy! If she had known him, that feeling might have been mitigated by the personal element, so important to all human judgment; but never having seen him, she thought of his conduct as "caddish." And she knew that this was, and would be, the trouble between her and her sister. However she might disguise it, Noel would feel that judgment underneath.

She stripped off her nurse's garb, put on an evening frock, and fidgeted about the room. Anything rather than go down and see her father again before she must. This, which had happened, was beyond words terrible for him; she dreaded the talk with him about Noel's health which would have to come. She could say nothing, of course, until Noel wished; and, very truthful by nature, the idea of having to act a lie distressed her.

She went down at last, and found them both in the drawing-room already—Noel in a frilly evening frock, sitting by the fire with her chin on her hand, while her father was reading out the war-news from the evening paper. At sight of that cool, dainty, girlish figure brooding over the fire, and of her father's worn face, the tragedy of this business thrust itself on her with redoubled force. Poor daddy! Poor Nollie! Awful! Then Noel turned and gave a little shake of her head, and her eyes said, almost as plainly as lips could have said it, "Silence." Gratian nodded and came forward to the fire. And so began one of those calm, domestic evenings which cover, sometimes, such depths of heart-ache.

2

Noel stayed up until her father went to bed, then went upstairs at once. She had evidently determined that they should not talk about her. Gratian sat on alone, waiting for her husband. It was nearly midnight when he came, and she did not tell him the family news till next morning. He received it with a curious little grunt. Gratian saw his eyes contract, as they might have, perhaps, looking at some bad and complicated wound, and then stare steadily at the ceiling. Though they had been married over a year, she did not yet know what he thought about many things, and she waited with a queer sinking at her heart. This skeleton in the family cupboard was a test of his affection for herself, a test of the quality of the man she had married. He did not speak for a little, and her anxiety grew. Then his hand sought hers and gave it a hard squeeze.

"Poor little Nollie! This is a case for Tapleyism. Cheer up, Gracie! We'll get her through somehow."

"But father! It's impossible to keep it from him, and impossible to tell him! Oh, George, I never knew what family pride was till now! It's incredible. That wretched boy!"

"'*De mortuis*.' Come, Gracie; in the midst of death we are in life. What does it matter, in these days? Your father must get used to it; it's a nasty jar, but a rare chance for his Christianity."

"You know dad will be as sweet as anything—that's what makes it so horrible."

George Laird redoubled his squeeze.

"Quite right! The old-fashioned father could let himself go. But need he know? We can get her away from London, and, later on, we can manage somehow. If he does hear, we must make him feel that Nollie was 'doing her bit.'"

Gratian withdrew her hand.

"Don't !" she said, in a muffled voice.

George Laird turned and looked at her. He was upset himself, and quite capable of feeling how deeply she was stirred and hurt; but, a born pragmatist, confronting life always in the experimental spirit, he was impatient of the "How awful!" attitude. And this streak of her father's ascetic traditionalism in his young wife always roused in him a wish to break it up. If she had not been his wife, he would have admitted at once that he might just as well try and alter the bone-formation of her head as break down such a fundamental trait of character, but, being his wife, he naturally considered alteration as possible as putting a new staircase in a house or throwing two rooms into one. And, taking her in his arms, he said:

"I know; but it'll all come right if we put a good face on it. Shall I talk to Nollie?"

Gratian assented, from the desire to be able to say to her father, "George is seeing her," and so stay the need for a discussion. But the whole thing seemed to her more and more a calamity which nothing could lessen or smooth away.

George Laird had plenty of cool courage, invaluable in men who have to inflict as well as to alleviate pain; but he did not like his mission "a little bit," as he would have said, and he proposed a walk because he did not want a scene. Noel accepted for the same reason. She liked George, and, with the disinterested detachment of a sister-in-law and the shrewdness of youth, knew him perhaps better than did his wife. She was sure, at all events, of being neither condemned nor sympathized with.

They might have gone, of course, in any direction, but chose to make for the City. Such deep decisions are subconscious. They sought, no doubt, a dry, unemotional region, or perhaps one where George, who was in uniform, might rest his arm from the automatic-toy game which the military play. They had reached Cheapside before he was conscious to the full of the bizarre nature of this walk with his pretty young sister-in-law among all the bustling, black-coated mob of money-makers. "I wish the devil we hadn't come out! " he thought. "It would have been easier indoors." He cleared his throat, however, and, squeezing her arm gently, began:

"Gratian's told me, Nollie. The great thing is to keep your spirit up and not worry."

"I suppose you couldn't cure me."

The words, in that delicate, spurning voice, absolutely staggered him; but he said quickly:

"Out of the question, Nollie—impossible! What are you thinking of?"

"Daddy."

The words: "D——n daddy!" rose to his teeth; he bit them off and said:

"Bless him! We shall have to see to all that. Do you really want to keep it from him? It must be one way or the other—clean; no use concealing it, if it's to come out later."

"No."

He stole a look at her. She was gazing straight before her. How damnably young she was—how pretty! A lump came up in his throat,

"I shouldn't do anything yet," he said; "too early. Later on, if you'd like me to tell him— But that's entirely up to you, my dear; he need never know."

"No."

He could not follow her thought. Then she said:

"Gratian condemns Cyril. Don't let her. I won't have him



DRAWN BY FANNY MUNSELL

The tragedy of this business thrust itself on her with redoubled force

badly thought of. It was my doing. I wanted to make sure of him."

George answered stoutly:

"Gracie's upset, of course, but she'll soon be all right. You mustn't let it come between you. The thing you've got to keep steadily before you is that life's a huge, wide, adaptable thing. Look at all these people! There's hardly one of them who hasn't got now, or hasn't had, some personal difficulty or trouble before them as big as yours almost—bigger, perhaps. And here they are, as lively as fleas. That's what makes the fascination of life—the jolly irony of it all. It would do you good to have a turn in France and see yourself in proportion to the whole."

He felt her fingers suddenly slip under his arm, and went on with greater confidence:

"*Life's* going to be the important thing in the future, Nollie; not comfort and cloistered virtue and security, but *living*, and pressure to the square inch. Do you twig? All the old hard-and-fast traditions and drags on life are in the melting-pot. Death's boiling their bones, and they'll make excellent stock for the new soup. When you prune and dock things, the sap flows quicker. Regrets and repinings and repressions are going out of fashion; we shall have no time or use for them in the future. You're going to make life — well, that's something to be thankful for, anyway. You've kept Cyril Morland alive. And — well, you know, we've all been born—some of us properly and some improperly, and there isn't a ha'p'orth of difference in the value of the article or the trouble of bringing it into the world. The cheerier you are, the better your child will be, and that's all you've got to think about. You needn't begin to trouble at all for another couple of months at least. After that, just let us know where you'd like to go, and I'll arrange it somehow."

She looked round at him, and, under that young, clear, brooding gaze, he had the sudden uncomfortable feeling of having spoken like a charlatan. Had he really touched the heart of the matter? What good were his generalities to this young, fastidiously nurtured girl, brought up to tell the truth by a father so old-fashioned and devoted, whom she loved? It was George's nature, too, to despise words, and the conditions of his life these last two years had given him a sort of horror of those who act by talking. He felt inclined to say: "Don't pay the slightest attention to me; it's all humbug. What will be will be, and there's an end of it."

Then she said quietly,

"Shall I tell daddy or not?"

He wanted to say, "No," but, somehow, couldn't. After all, the straightforward course was probably the best. For this would have to be a lifelong concealment. It was impossible to conceal a thing forever; sooner or later he would find out. But the doctor rose up in him, and he said:

"Don't go to meet trouble, Nollie; it'll be time enough in two months. Then tell him, or let me.'

She shook her head.

"No; I will, if it is to be done." He put his hand on hers within his arm, and gave it a squeeze. "What shall I do till then?" she asked.

"Take a week's complete rest, and then go on where you are."

Noel was silent a minute, then said,

"Yes; I will."

They spoke no more on the subject, and George exerted himself to talk about hospital experiences and that phenomenon, the British soldier. But just before they reached home, he said:

"Look here, Nollie: If you're not ashamed of your-



"Mademoiselle, youth is so mysterious. Your eyes are

self, no one will be ashamed of you. If you put ashes on your own head, your fellow beings will assist you; for of such is their charity."

And, receiving another of those clear, brooding looks, he left her with the thought: "A lonely child!"

VII

Noel went back to her hospital after a week's rest. George had done more for her than he suspected, for his saying: "Life's a huge, wide, adaptable thing," had stuck in her mind. Did it matter what happened to her? And she used to look into the faces of the people she met, and wonder what was absorbing them. What secret griefs and joys were they carrying about with them? The loneliness of her own life now forced her to this speculation concerning others, for she was extraordinarily lonely. Gratian and George were back at work; her father must be kept at bay; with Leila, she felt ill at ease, for the confession

had hurt her pride, and family friends and acquaintances of all sorts she shunned like the plague.

The only person she did not succeed in avoiding was Jimmy Fort, who came in one evening after dinner, bringing her a large bunch of hothouse violets. But, then, he did not seem to matter—too new an acquaintance, too detached. Something he said made her aware that he had heard of her loss, and that the violets were a token of sympathy. He seemed awfully kind that evening, telling her "tales of Araby," and saying nothing which would shock her father. It was wonderful to be a man and roll about the world as he had, and see all life and queer places and people—Chinamen and Gauchos and Boers and Mexicans. It gave her a kind of thirst. And she liked to watch his brown, humorous face, which seemed made of dried leather. It gave her the feeling that life and experience were all that mattered—doing and seeing things; it made her trouble seem smaller, less important. She squeezed his hand hard when she said good-night.

"Thank you for my violets and for coming; it was awfully kind of you. I wish I could have adventures."



eeing things that have not happened"

And he answered, "You will, my dear fairy princess!" He aid it queerly, and very kindly. "Fairy princess!" What a nny thing to call her! If he had only known! There were not nany adventures to be had in those regions where she washed up. Not much "wide and adaptable life" to take her thoughts off erself. But on her journeys to and from the hospital she had nore than one odd little experience. One morning, she noticed poorly dressed woman with a red and swollen face, flapping ong Regent Street like a wounded bird, and biting strangely her hand. Hearing her groan, Noel asked her what the matr was. The woman held out the hand.

"Oh!" she moaned. "I was scrubbin' the floor and I got is great needle stuck through my 'and, and it's broke off, and can't get it out. Oh! Oh!"

She bit at the needle-end, not quite visible, but almost within ach of teeth, and suddenly went very white. In dismay, Noel it an arm round her, and turned her into a fine chemist's shop. veral ladies were in there, buying powder and scent, and they looked with acerbity at this disordered, dirty female entering among them. Noel went up to a man behind the counter.

"Please give me something quick for this poor woman; I think she's going to faint. She's run a needle through her hand and can't get it out."

The man gave her "something quick," and Noel pushed past two of the dames back to where the woman was sitting. She was still obstinately biting at her hand, and suddenly her chin flew up, and there, between her teeth, was the needle. She took it from them with her other hand, stuck it proudly in the front of her dress, and out tumbled the words:

"Oh! There! I've got it!"

When she had swallowed the draft, she looked round her, bewildered, said, "Thank you kindly, miss," and shuffled out. Noel paid for the draft and followed, and, behind her, the shining shop seemed to exhale a perfumed breath of relief.

"You can't go back to work," she said to the woman. "Where do you live?"

"'Ornsey, miss."

"You must take a 'bus and go straight home, and put your hand at once into weak Condy's fluid and water. It's swelling. Here's five shillings."

"Yes, miss; thank you, miss, I'm sure. It's very kind of you. It does ache cruel."

"If it's not better this afternoon, you must go to a doctor. Promise?"

"Oh dear, yes! 'Ere's my 'bus. Thank you kindly, miss."

Noel saw her borne away, still sucking at her dirty, swollen hand. She walked on in a glow of love for the poor woman, and hate for the ladies who were buying powder, and forgot her own trouble till she had almost reached the hospital.

Another November day, a Saturday, leaving early, she walked to Hyde Park. The plane trees were just at the height of their spotted beauty. Few—very few—yellow leaves still hung; and the slender, pretty trees seemed rejoicing in their freedom from summer foliage. All their delicate boughs and twigs were shaking and dancing in the wind; and their rain-washed, leopardlike bodies had a lithe un-English gaiety. Noel passed down their line and seated herself on a bench. Close by, an artist was painting. His easel was only some three yards away from her, and she could see the picture—a vista of the houses in Park Lane through the gay plane-tree screen. He was a tall man, about forty, evidently foreign, with a thin, long, oval, beardless face, high brow, large gray eyes, which looked as if he suffered from headaches and lived much within himself. He cast many glances at her, and, pursuant of her new interest in "life," she watched him discreetly, a little startled, however, when, taking off his broad-brimmed squash-hat, he said, in a broken accent:

"Forgive me the liberty I take, *mademoiselle*, but would you so very kindly allow me to make a sketch of you sitting there? I work very quick. I beg you will let me. I am Belgian, and I have no manners, you see." And he smiled.

"If you like," said Noel.

"I thank you very much."

He shifted his easel and began to draw. She felt flattered, and a little fluttered. He was so pale, and had a curious, half-fed look, which moved her.

"Have you been long in England?" she said presently.

"Ever since the first months of the war."

"Do you like it?"

"I was very homesick at first. But I live in my pictures; there are wonderful things in London."

"Why did you want to sketch me?"

The painter smiled again.

"*Mademoiselle*, youth is so mysterious. Those young trees I have been painting mean so much more than the old, big trees. Your eyes are seeing things that have not happened. There is fate in them, and a look of defending us others from seeing it. We have not such faces in my country. We are simpler; we do not defend our expressions. The English are very mysterious. We are like children to them. Yet, in some ways, you are like children to us. You are not people of the world at all. You English have been good to us, but you do not like us."

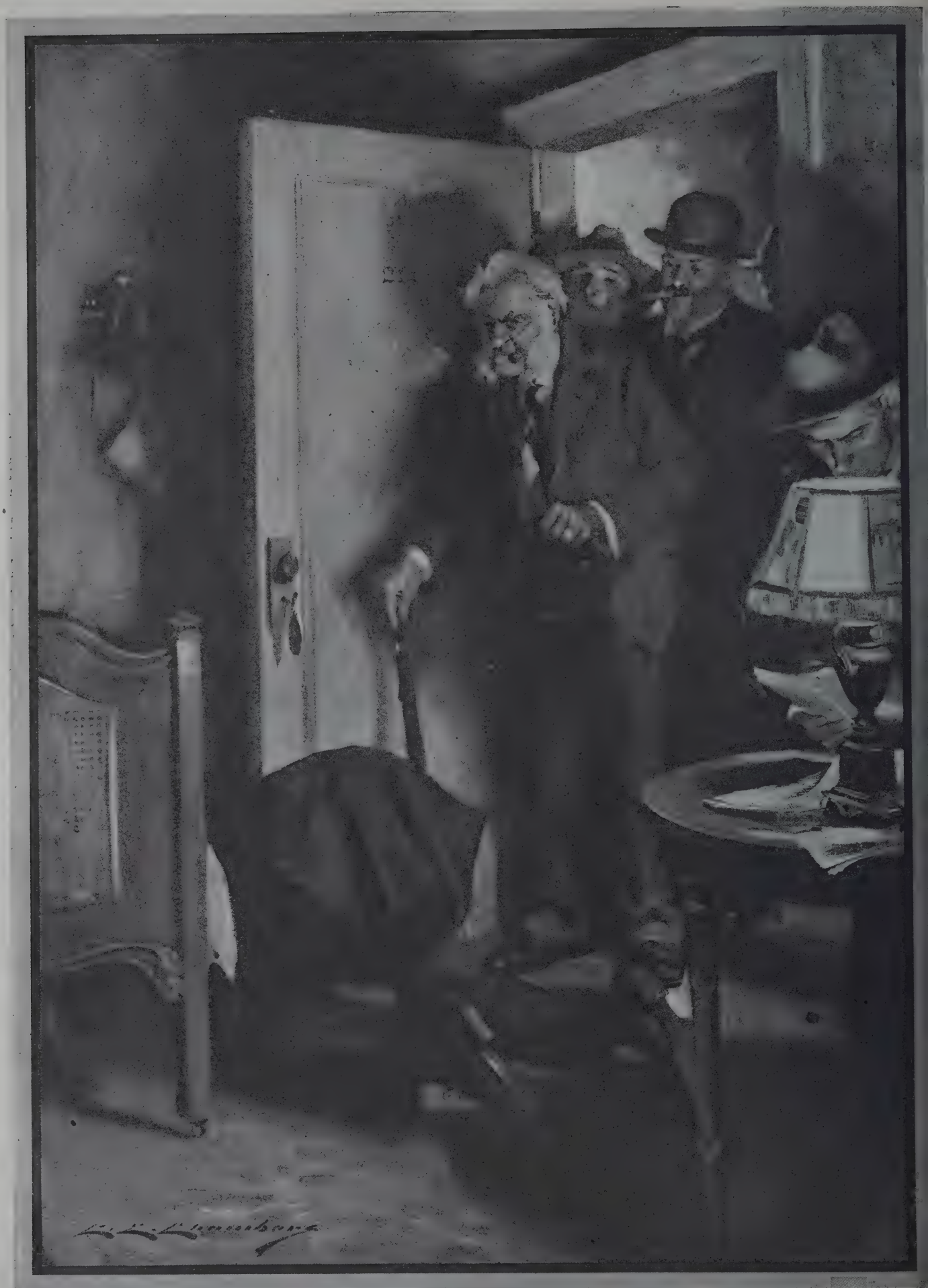
"And I suppose you do not like us, either?"

He smiled again, and she noticed how white his teeth were.

"Well—not very much. The English do things from duty, but their hearts they keep to themselves. And their art—well, that is really amusing!"

"I don't know much about art," Noel murmured.

"It is the world to me," said the (*Concluded on page 92*)



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Alas for their hopeful plans! When they called on Mr. Daw, that highly efficient bird had flown. The cage was empty

Efficiency

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By

George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



"Cheese, you fat orang-utang!" hissed the sufferer. "I hope you break a leg sometime, and have to saw off the other to match"

"OH, leave it!" counseled heartless Jim Wallingford, laying down his absorbing detective journal to enjoy the anguish of Blackie Daw. A cigarette, a flaring candle, and a sudden draft had been the instruments of fate to crisp away one of the sharply pointed mustaches which had ever been Blackie's pet and pride. Now a pair of manicure-scissors threatened the other. "Oh, leave it, and be individual," taunted J. Rufus. "Nobody has ever looked just like that. And it's appropriate! It shows your double nature. This side of your face reveals all your low cunning, all your cold-blooded brutality, all your coarse——"

An inarticulate savage growl as the bereaved Mr. Daw stretched his sole remaining mustache for the slaughter, and the big man in the chair shook like a bowl of jelly.

"Don't spoil it!" he begged. "Think how handy, Blackie! Suppose you want to pick a pocket. You keep the right side of your face toward your victim. I can see him now—a skinny little runt with a mole on his nose. 'Help! Help!' he cries. 'A dip with a short mustache pinched my poke!' Do you run, Blackie, thus causing suspicion? No. You simply whirl on your heel. The bull lamps you, as you stand there, a classy gent, gracefully smoothing a long, not a short, mustache. Not the man! The bull passes by, running heavily."

"Cheese, you fat orang-utang!" hissed the sufferer. "I hope you break a leg sometime, and have to saw off the other to match." Saying which with venomous earnestness, he snipped the deadly snip, and laid his pet tenderly on the dresser.

"As I live, 'tis Handsome Harry!" Wallingford laughed until the tears stood in his eyes, as, with a sudden remembrance, he grabbed up his paper, hunted a portrait, and compared it with the ferociously scowling Blackie. "Oh, this is rich! Look, you cheap crook! Look at your mug in the *Bull's-Eye Bulletin!*"

Blackie looked, but instead of the outburst of rage on which Wallingford had fondly counted, there was a moment of silence, and then a grin. Handsome Harry, embezzler de luxe, now at large and subject of police warning, bore a startling resemblance to the lean and lank Horace G. Daw, now that the latter was decorated with but short little patches of black mustache.

"Great sport!" he exulted. "I'm liable to be sleuthed as Handsome Harry, possibly pinched. Some joke on the Johnny Tin-plates! Come on, Jim; let's go out and slink through alleys."

J. Rufus, however, did not move. He had suddenly ceased to chuckle, and, with concentrated brows, was staring at Blackie.

"Wait a minute," he said; "we should be able to cash this."

II

ASHTON B. WENTON, president of the Pepville National Bank, chairman of the Pepville Commercial Committee, dean of the Pepville Chamber of Commerce, and live leader of every substantial local enterprise, was just closing his business for the day when a card was brought in to him:

EFFICIENCY DAW

Across the bottom of the card was the neatly engraved statement:

SPECIALTY, COMMUNITY OVERHEAD AND BY-PRODUCTS

Mr. Wenton was rather young to be dean of anything, a clean, crisp fellow, with a firm-fleshed golfing face, a few silverings of gray in his black hair, and the energetic manner of one who is determined to be a hot wire at all times, whether necessary or not. To such a man, the line on the bottom of Efficiency Daw's card naturally had an irresistible appeal. He looked blankly at it for a moment; then he turned with jerky briskness to his office-boy.

"Show Mr. Daw in immediately."

Efficiency Daw, long and lean and lank in his glove-fitting Prince Albert, came in with a dynamic display which made Ashton B. Wenton feel like a one-cylinder motor. He stopped abruptly at the end of Mr. Wenton's desk, then, all with one and the same motion, smiled, said, "Delighted to meet you," shook hands with his right, and set down his silk hat with his left.

"It's twenty-three and a half minutes to six, Mr. Wenton," he snapped. "I must take the train for Rushtown at six-seventeen, if I cannot, in that time, see at least an eleven-per-cent. prospect of reorganizing Pepville."

Mr. Wenton blinked as he responded to the speed.

"You have one per cent. to start with. I'm interested."

"Five per cent.," corrected Efficiency Daw. "I counted four when you let me in. I shall explain myself in exactly sixty-four words. I regard every community as a manufacturing proposition. Independent, in place of cooperative, action, results in a fifty-five-per-cent. average waste of aggregate commercial overhead—items of illustration: haulage, light, and advertising. The average loss of community profit through neglect of local by-product and undeveloped resources is seventeen and thirty-three

hundredths per cent.; items of illustration for Pepville: earth-deposits, corn-stalks, and wind-power."

Mr. Wenton's mouth was slightly open now as he gazed at Efficiency Daw. Mr. Wenton had thought that he himself knew something of organization, commercial economy, and cooperative utility, but this stranger had turned on the light of possibilities, so blinding at first as to result in bewildering vagueness.

"I see," he hesitated. He, Ashton B. Wenton, hesitated! "I am afraid I do not quite grasp all you contemplate, but I don't mind confessing that you have set me to thinking."

"Eight and a half per cent.," estimated Efficiency Daw, with brisk gratification; "and fourteen minutes to six. Now I shall be concrete in forty-four words. I propose a corporation of virile business men only, under my direction and advice, to: *a*, Tabulate the statistics of commercial waste; *b*, Stop that waste; *c*, Tabulate undeveloped local resources and unutilized by-products; *d*, Develop these resources and utilize those by-products where profitable."

Efficiency Daw sat back triumphantly and smoothed and smoothed his little remnants of black mustache. They seemed to worry him as he tried to pull them into points. Mr. Wenton seemed lost in brow-knitting thought.

"Wonderful thing, figures! resumed the caller. "I reduce everything to figures. Efficiency is a matter of arithmetic. Now, for instance, the moment I see a committee, I form a fairly correct estimate of the number of men in each of three groups: *a*, Those who will be with me from the start, because they are already thinking along the lines of my thought; *b*, Those who can be brought to think along the lines of my thought; *c*, Those we hammer."

"Accurately put," approved Mr. Wenton, for the first time laughing like a human. "By George, Mr. Daw, you've given me a great impetus! Why, our Commercial Committee has been pounding away at the very idea you suggest, but I'm bound to admit that we haven't your enormous outlook."

"I'm an expert," was the immediate claim. "I go at it scientifically. For instance, if I stay here, inside a week I'll have a large staff of gatherers of overhead and by-product statistics. I'll know how many half-empty wagons and trucks, full ones, and empty ones go down Main Street at every hour of the day; I'll know how many tons of tomato vines and autumn leaves are burned every fall; I'll know— Ah! Six o'clock." Immediately Efficiency Daw dropped his watch in his pocket, crossed one long, lean leg over the other, produced a cigarette, lighted it with careless leisure, and spoke with the drawl of a thoroughly idle man. "Pleasant little city, Pepville! Are you interested in music, Mr. Wenton? I play the saxophone."

Once more Mr. Wenton blinked as he regarded Efficiency Daw.

"You don't say," he abstractedly mumbled; then, "Mr. Daw, what would be your first step in organization?"

"Couldn't state, I'm sure. I never discuss business or think of it after six o'clock. It is part of my efficiency. I am dining alone to-night. Will you join me?"

Mr. Wenton threw back his head and laughed.

"You're a wonder!" he said, with large admiration dawning in him. "It just happens that my family's out of town. Perhaps you knew that however—you're so efficient. Suppose you dine with me at my club." And he smiled as he added, "You can at least afford to meet socially the men with whom you will discuss efficiency to-morrow."

"Eleven per cent., I should say, if it were not after six," grinned Mr. Daw. When they passed out of the bank, chatting together as two men will who have taken mutual measure and have formed a mutual acceptance, a large, broad-chested gentleman with a round pink face, who had been inspecting the goods in a show-window, turned and followed them down the street, keeping a noticeably sharp eye on Efficiency Daw.

III

By the end of a week, Pepville was efficiency-mad, and obsessed with statistics. The papers were so full of the vital figures about every little thing that women feverishly counted the hairpins with which they did up their hair, and men concentratedly counted the number of steps they took in going from room to room of their offices or wherever they worked, and children earnestly counted the number of bites it took to devour an apple.

Only one cloud in the sky of him who was the pivot of all this swirling activity, of him who was a living multiplication table by day and a bubble of gaiety by night, of him who was Efficiency Daw from eight to six, and Blackie Daw from six to eight,



A large, broad-chested street, keeping a

and that cloud was a large, broad-chested man with a round pink face, who, heavily silent and darkly threatening of manner, was certain to bob up in any public place where either Daw might happen to be. On the night of the very day in which the Pepville Utility Corporation completed its hundred-thousand-dollar organization, and contracted with Efficiency Daw to be its manager, this same huge stranger passed by the long celebration-table in the Café de Pepville, and, stooping over the happy *bon vivant*, Blackie, husked, in a voice which was distinctly audible to the entire company,

"Hello, Handsome Harry!"

A startled look in the rolling eyes of Mr. Daw, as all could see, then a stony stare and a defiant:

"I beg your pardon, sir. There is some mistake."

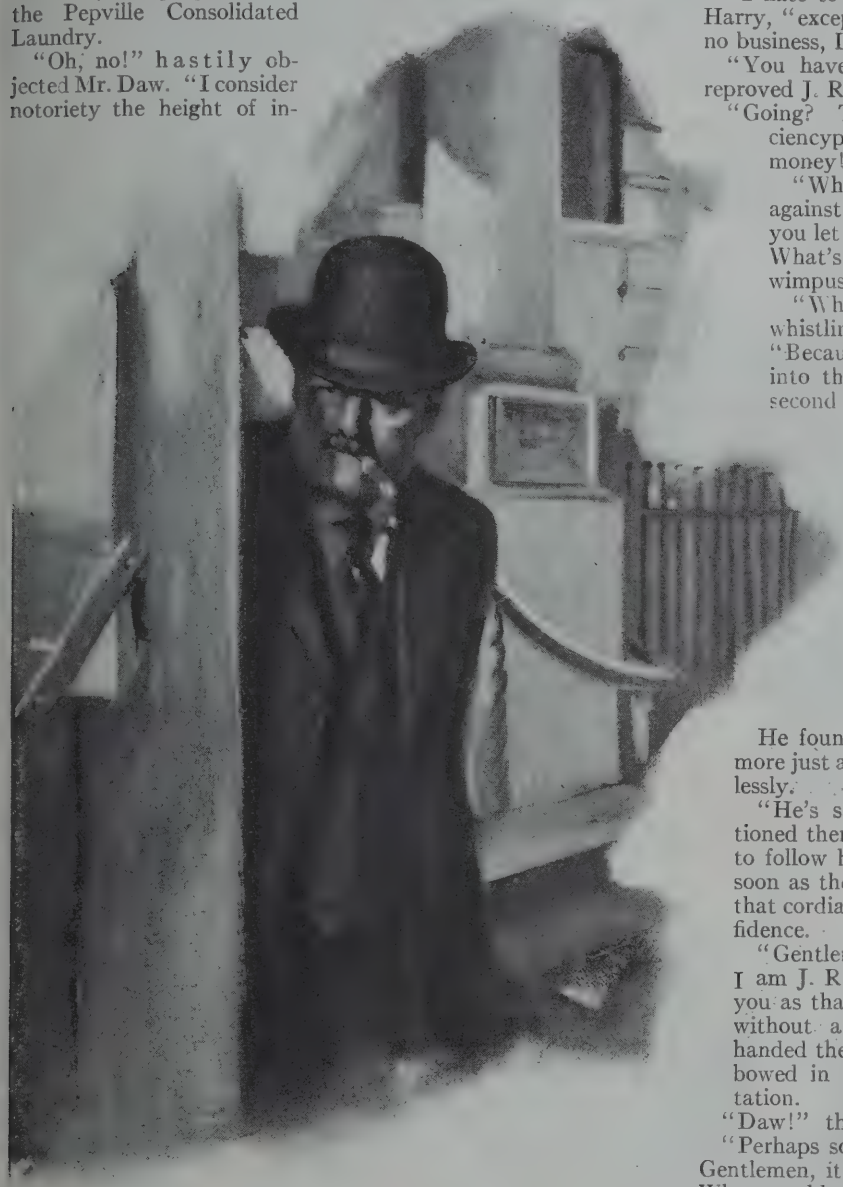
But the huge stranger, his round pink face turning pinker, his eyes half closing and his broad shoulders heaving, merely chuckled and passed on to the corner table, where he sat facing the discomfited specialist in overhead and by-products. Eye

sought eye round the festal board; then, eye by eye, they turned wonderingly on the guest of honor. All had noted the conspicuous big man divers and often during the past week, and all remembered now to have seen him following the great efficiencist.

"The most extraordinary thing!" declared Mr. Daw, extremely flustered. "I pledge you my word I never saw the fellow before. I haven't the slightest idea what he means by it."

"Why didn't you punch him?" advised one of Blackie's staunch admirers, the proprietor of the Pepville Consolidated Laundry.

"Oh, no!" hastily objected Mr. Daw. "I consider notoriety the height of in-



gentleman turned and followed them down the noticeably sharp eye on Efficiency Daw

efficiency. On with the dance, boys!" He brought up a semblance of his usual gay self, though he showed that he was fully aware of the unblinking eyes of the big man in the corner. "Here's to you, Wenton, and to you, Bill and John and Squibsy and Honeton and Dicky, old pal, and the rest of you! Gentlemen, here's to the Pepville Utility Corporation! Long may she wave!"

"'Long may she wave,'" echoed the company, but there was a distinct dampener on the party. They all felt the presence of the mysterious big man in the corner.

He sat until they went away. He followed them when they left. He was in the lobby of the hotel when Blackie bade goodnight to the three earnest utilitarians who had accompanied him home; and, as Blackie stepped into the elevator, the mysterious big man halted the three departing friends of Mr. Daw with the thrilling whisper:

"Wait! It's important!" Thereupon, the big man stepped into the adjoining elevator, shot up-stairs, went to the door of Mr. Daw's room, opened it without knocking, and slipped inside.

"Hello, Handsome Harry!"

"Hello, Jim the Bull!" was the cordial return. "Did they eat it?"

"You could knock their eyes off with a club," chuckled J. Rufus, looking at his watch. "I want to wait about three minutes; then I'll go down and blast your reputation, you cheap fugitive!"

"I hate to have you do it," somberly speculated Handsome Harry, "except that my mustache is growing, and, business or no business, I won't keep it trimmed back."

"You have too much sentiment for a professional man," reproved J. Rufus. "Time's up. Good-by."

"Going? Then I'll hand you the rough news. These efficiencyphobiacs have spent fifty thousand dollars of our money!"

"What!" J. Rufus slammed the door shut and leaned against it. "How did they get away with it? Why did you let them do it? Why didn't you rush me the word? What's the matter with you, anyhow, you weak-minded wimpus?"

"Why didn't Efficiency Daw do all of that, you whistling porpoise?" demanded Blackie indignantly. "Because you insisted on my injecting this efficiency hop into them till they naturally had to do something the second they organized; so the merchants and manufacturers bought a cooperative coal mine, and I had to chew a piece of soap and throw a fit to keep them from spending the other fifty thousand on your fancy windmill scheme. Oh, there's always a high wind in this valley, isn't there? And it's distinctly noticeable since you blew in! Well, there's fifty thousand left. Get busy!"

"In a minute!" promised J. Rufus, thus brought to a realization of his duty. "Now you'll have to beat it to-night in place of to-morrow. Jump out quick!" And Jim hurried down-stairs, changing his program as he went.

He found Mr. Wenton and Mr. Clincott and Mr. Masmore just as he had left them, and awaiting his return breathlessly.

"He's safe for the night," J. Rufus whispered, and motioned them, with a mysterious jerk of his ponderous head, to follow him into the sample-room. He closed the door as soon as they were all inside, and stood before them, smiling that cordial, genial smile which so begat instantaneous confidence.

"Gentlemen," said he, "permit me to introduce myself. I am J. Rufus Wallingford. The name may be known to you as that of an independent detective who is not, I trust, without a certain amount of national reputation." He handed them his neatly engraved cards to prove it, and they bowed in courteous acknowledgment of his national reputation.

"Daw!" they exclaimed, in almost perfect unison.

"Perhaps so," smiled Detective Wallingford. "Perhaps not. Gentlemen, it will be to our mutual interest to work together. What would you say about this?" He thrust before them his copy of the *Bull's-Eye Bulletin*, with the picture of Handsome Harry folded outside, then stepped back to watch the effect.

The mouths of all three men opened as they realized the startling resemblance of Mr. Daw to Handsome Harry. All three men looked up quickly at Mr. Wallingford. All three immediately huddled together to read the description, the tale of misdeeds, and the agitated warning, and all three glanced at the others as they read. But there the unison stopped, for Mr. Wenton's face grew pale, and Mr. Clincott's red, and Mr. Masmore's hard.

"Stung!" ejaculated Clincott. "Haven't I always said it was against my principles to do business with strangers?"

"We'll send him over for a million years!" declared Masmore, his muscles swelling under the shoulders of his coat.

"On what charge?" demanded Wenton. He sat on the corner of the table. "I don't see how we can lose anything through Mr. Daw. He has received no authority to sign contracts and asked for none, no authority to sign checks and asked for none, no authority to handle funds except the petty cash, which wouldn't be worth his while, and asked for none."

"Clever stuff, gentlemen!" admired J. Rufus. "Take it from me, this Handsome Harry is one of the smoothest workers in the business."

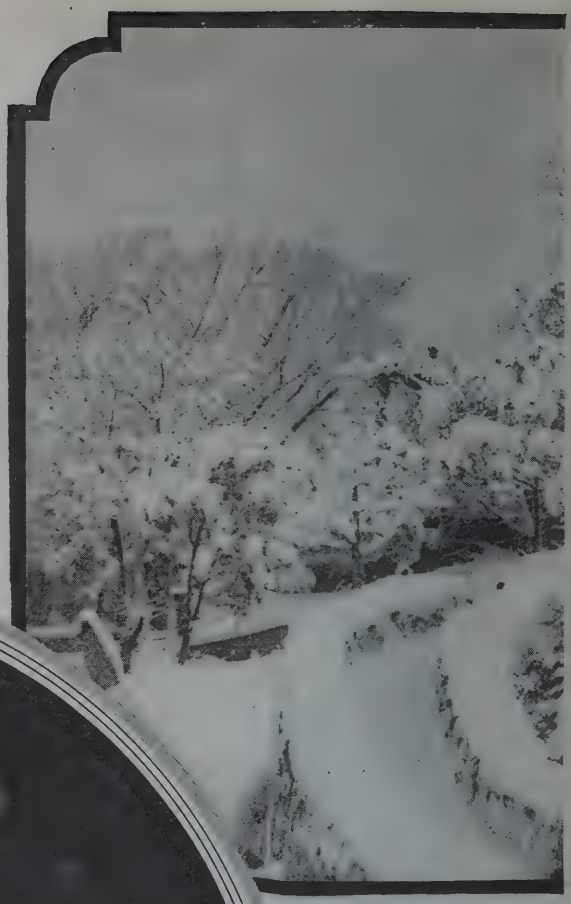
(*Continued on page 122*)

A Voice *from the* Beyond

A Chapter of an Autobiography

The World *and* I

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



The Bungalow



Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 1915

This, the final instalment document of extraordi- With perfect faith in the there had been an agree- between husband and away first would seek a with the other. In May, The stricken widow never that he would now make some message. But no she set out to consult ability to reach the living her experiences and the from them form the material with the astonishing results those conclusions. We are not chologist may have another the phenomena described, but what- can doubt the sincerity and con- ate searcher for contact with the

WHEN we returned from our wanderings in the early summer of 1913, I said to my husband: "I do not want to travel any more for some years. Let us stay here and assimilate the mental food which we have received during ten years of roaming. Let us improve our home and make every spot within and without a pleasure to the beauty-loving eye. To help create beauty in the world is to help God's ideals. We have an earthly Eden, and we must try to grow worthy of it by developing all its charms."

This wish of mine found a response in my husband's heart; for he, too, felt he wanted the repose found only at home.

We added a long-talked-of flower-room to our Barracks, and made many improvements, which gave comfort to our employees as well as to ourselves. We laid out a flower garden, in the form of eight triangles, in the back yard of the three little cottages which we rented each summer to the same tenants year after year, and in this garden I worked a few hours daily, trying to carry out effective color-schemes in sequences.

When the outdoor hours ended, I went indoors to pursue my study of the harp. In two years time I had made sufficient progress to be able to assist my teacher at a recital. I had composed, also, a little air for the harp called "The Dance of the Elves," and my teacher and I played it as a duet, while four tiny human elves gave a wildwood nymph-dance, which proved so effective that they were three times recalled.

The winter following our return in 1913 was the first that was spent in our shore home, and we remained there the two following ones also. We loved best the storm-bound days when we were shut from the outside world with just ourselves, our books, our harp, and Prince and Kim, the household pets. And how we loved our beautiful Granite Bay in its winter dress! We wondered how we could have left such beauty behind us for ten winters to seek far tropic lands. Thank God for those last three



in winter-time

of Mrs. Wilcox's memoirs, is a
nary and unique interest.
continuing of personality,
ment, held as most sacred,
wife that whichever passed
means to communicate
1916, Mr. Wilcox died.
wavered in her belief
every effort to send
sign came. Finally,
those who profess
dead. The story of
conclusions she drew
of this chapter, together
obtained by acting upon
unaware that the psy-
explanation to offer for
ever view is held, no one
viction of this passion-
life beyond the grave.

memorable ones in our ice-wreathed, snow-dressed Granite Bay!

It has been stated that invariably preceding a great war, people pass through a period of unusual social merriment and frivolity; there seems to be an hysterical element in their amusements, and dancing is always a pronounced feature of their merrymakings. This condition certainly existed in the social world, both of Europe and America, for two or three years before the war-blast blew over Belgium and dimmed the lights of festivity in the halls of the whole world. In 1912 and 1913, the dance-madness was at its height in London, and old and young alike participated in it. Always exceedingly fond of dancing, I was swept into the whirl with all my friends; and many afternoons and evenings in London were spent in this grace-developing and health-sustaining exercise. When I returned to my own country, all my contemporaries were whirling and spinning about in the new dances.

Under an accomplished dancing-teacher I had a private class for a time at The Barracks; and while I danced, and my husband played cards, not being himself a dancer, the teacher and I together created a new dance. I gave her the idea, and she fashioned it into a choice classic, which we called "The Dance of the Adoration of the Lilies."

She wore all green and I all white; and we carried armfuls of lilies when, on three occasions, we gave our dance in public. Many invitations came to us to repeat it; but we felt it quite too perfect a creation to make common, so after its third rendition we put away our dance-poem in rose-leaves and lavender—a lovely memory. After the breaking-out of the war, all my interest in dancing died a sudden death. I think I attended a few dancing-functions with friends in New York, but the zest had departed, and forever.

We enjoyed many pleasant house-parties those winter months, when our friends would leave the city gaieties to come to us.

My husband had always been fond of his occasional club night; but that winter of 1916 he seemed to lose interest in it.

I urged him to keep in touch with clubs, for when a man is not in active business, these masculine organizations are helpful to him in many ways. But more and more he seemed to begrudge hours spent away from his home. Constantly he talked to me of his pleasure and satisfaction in his home, and of his delight in returning there when absent for even a few hours. Our social life, apart from our own entertaining, had always been in New York, and we still went there sometimes, for a week or a few days. On one

The Dance of the Adoration of the Lilies, created by Mrs. Wilcox and her teacher

of these occasions, some friends mentioned how noticeably well and vital Robert seemed. He had seemed so, all that winter of 1916; and he had often spoken of his satisfaction in, at last, knowing how to take sensible care of himself and how to get the best happiness out of life. He was making plans for the improvement of a stately piece of seashore property he had recently purchased, Deepwood Park, and he was planning also travels abroad after the war ended. Yet, at the same time, he was putting all his earthly house in as careful order as if he had known how brief was to be his stay. Every day, that last wonderful winter, he gave a portion of his time to making an inventory of every object we possessed; and all his business affairs were attended to after the manner of one who is going on a long journey.

Always interested in matters psychic and spiritual, he was particularly so that winter, and the last book we ever read together was "Patience Worth." Over and over he reiterated his oft-repeated statement to me, that should he precede me to the Realm Beyond, he would importune God until he was allowed to communicate with me, and he pleaded for a similar repetition of my promise to him.

One stormy March day, he said to me: "Everyone is longing for the spring. I never longed so little for it. In fact, I do not want this winter to go. It has been the happiest season of my life. I wish it could go on and on like this—just you and I shut in this dear home together."

Early in April, I was puzzled and disturbed by my own mental condition. With every blessing in life, doing the work I loved, having the recreation I loved, in the place I loved, and with the man I loved, I yet woke every morning filled with a profound melancholy. I could not shake it off. My flower-room, which for two seasons had been my delight, gave me no pleasure. My window-boxes, which the previous winter I had found so interesting to prepare in color-schemes to suit each room, I now planted in a dull apathy. The spring wardrobe, which usually fascinated me while in preparation, now gave me a sensation of nausea. A vast pall seemed to be spread over the whole world.

I did not mention this mental condition to my husband. Even a serious mood of mine troubled him. He expected from me always bubbling spirits and radiant joy in life. A man of moods himself, and prone to days of melancholy, he looked to me to bring him back to optimism. "What will happen to me and the world," he once said, "if you become despondent? The bottom will drop out of the universe." So I hid my unreasonable and incomprehensible melancholy from him. I think the pretty French artist who helped me design my gowns and made them for me was the only one to whom I mentioned it. I said to her: "I am surely growing old at last. I have absolute distaste at the thought of getting new clothes to wear this spring." "That sounds very strange from your lips," she replied. Then a curious thing happened. I had been a guest of honor at a very brilliant function. It was the "white breakfast" of the Mozart Club, in New York. It had been most interesting, and I had received every attention and had reason to feel happy and satisfied with life. I was remaining in town overnight. I knew my husband was to spend a happy evening at his club, and he was in the best of health Yet I sat down that evening and wrote the following verse. I felt as if the end of the world had come. The universe seemed a vast cavern in which I sat alone and desolate.

THE FINISH

Out of that wonderful world where God is,
The Lords of Karma the path have shown,
And given us lessons to learn in bodies—
Oh, many the bodies our souls have known!
In gem and blossom and sentient being,
In dull cave-dweller and thinking man,
All things knowing and feeling and seeing,
This is the Purpose and this the Plan:

Forms are fashioned in wide world-places,
From flame and ether and common clay,
While egos wait in the high star-spaces
Till the call shall come which they must obey.
Oh, never a wish or a hope lies hidden
Of good or evil in any heart;
But back to earth shall the soul be bidden
To live out its longing and play its part

Grief and pleasure and joy and sorrow—
Out of the old sowings we gather them all
And the seed of to-day we shall harvest to-morrow
When our souls come back at the karmic call
Over and over the lesson learning,
Till, letter-perfect and meaning clear,
Back on the spiral pathway turning,
We carry the knowledge we gathered here.



Mrs. Wilcox, with Prince and Kim, the household pets

Slate-message offered to Mrs. Wilcox as coming from her dead husband



The children who danced to Mrs. Wilcox's composition for the harp, "The Dance of the Elves"

he thought of that last journey back to Him,
/hen there is no more longing or desire
or anything but God left in my soul,
hines in the distance like a great white flame.
think the way will lead through golden clouds,
kirting the shores of seas of amethyst,
nd winding gently upward, past old worlds
/here body after body was outlived;
ast hells and heavens where I had my day
/ith comrade spirits from the lesser spheres,
nd paid my penalty for every sin,
nd reaped reward for every worthy act;
ast realms celestial and their singing hosts
/here once I chanted with the cherubim)
ut into perfect silence. Suddenly
n all-enveloping, vast consciousness
f long, long journeys finished; one more turn
hen glory, glory, glory infinite,
nd selfhood lost in being one with God—
he ray once more absorbed into the sun,
he cycle done.

The next day, my husband was tacked with a severe cold—so the ysician said. It was called a cold r a week. Every afternoon there was fever. I ad been a great believer the power of the Spoken ord in matters of all nds. Whenever any alady had threatened ther of us, I had written to Unity, the New hought Society, at Kansas City, issouri, and asked for the Word of rength and Healing to be uttered by e beautiful souls who conserve their es for this purpose in ent unity. I wrote em on this occasion, d received word by ter (*Continued on page 124*)

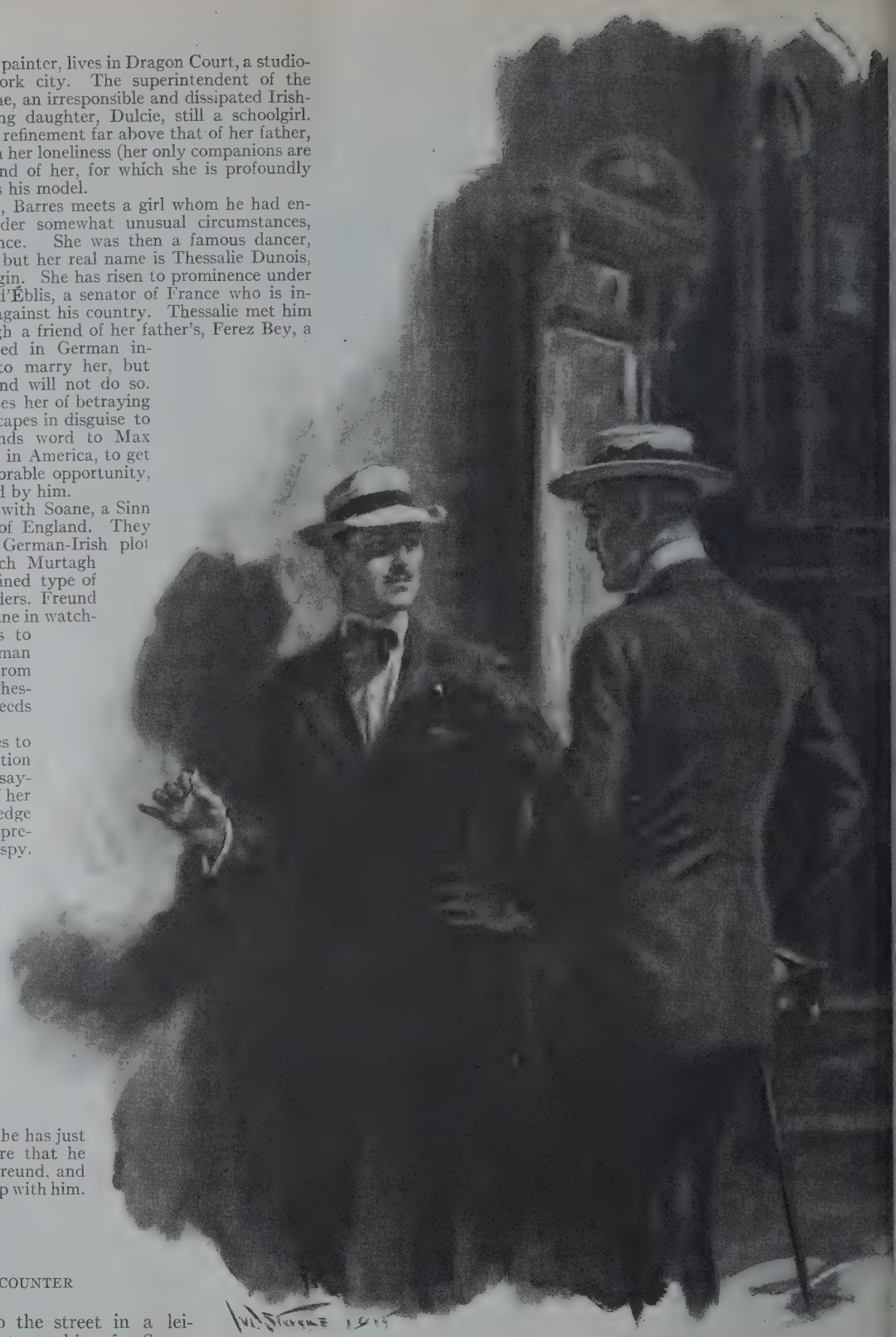
A lesson on the harp

GARRET BARRES, a painter, lives in Dragon Court, a studio-building in New York city. The superintendent of the building is Lawrence Soane, an irresponsible and dissipated Irishman, who has a charming daughter, Dulcie, still a schoolgirl. The child is on a plane of refinement far above that of her father, and Barres, taking pity on her loneliness (her only companions are three cats), makes a friend of her, for which she is profoundly grateful, and she becomes his model.

One day, early in 1916, Barres meets a girl whom he had encountered just once, under somewhat unusual circumstances, two years before in France. She was then a famous dancer, known as Nihla Quellen, but her real name is Thessalie Dunois, and she is of Alsatian origin. She has risen to prominence under the patronage of Count d'Éblis, a senator of France who is involved in German plots against his country. Thessalie met him in Constantinople through a friend of her father's, Ferez Bey, a Turk who is also engaged in German intrigue. D'Éblis wants to marry her, but she does not love him and will not do so. Finally, the traitor accuses her of betraying him and, in fear, she escapes in disguise to New York. D'Éblis sends word to Max Freund, a German agent in America, to get rid of her at the first favorable opportunity, and she is closely watched by him.

Freund makes friends with Soane, a Sinn Feiner and rabid hater of England. They become associated in a German-Irish plot against England, in which Murtagh Skeel, a sensitive and refined type of Irishman, is one of the leaders. Freund enlists the services of Soane in watching for Thessalie's visits to Barres's studio. The German agent attempts to seize from Dulcie a letter sent by Thessalie to Barres, but succeeds in getting only half of it.

Finally, Thessalie comes to Barres, asking protection from the German agents, saying that they are afraid of her on account of some knowledge she possesses and are representing her as a French spy. Barres arranges for her to occupy his studio, while he will go in with his neighbor, James Westmore, a sculptor, who has become much interested in Thessalie. Barres invites his three friends to visit at his father's place, Foreland Farms, and the night before they leave he goes out to post some letters. He asks for Soane at the desk, and is told that he has just gone out. Barres is sure that he has a rendezvous with Freund, and hopes that he will catch up with him.



"If you please, sir," he said, in a low, amused voice, "you will not—as they say in New York—butt in"

XX

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER

BARRES, walking up the street in a leisurely manner, kept watching for Soane somewhere along the block, but could see nobody in the darkness resembling him.

In the branch post-office, he posted his letters, turned to go out, and caught sight of Soane passing along the sidewalk just outside. And with him was the one-eyed man, Max Freund—the man who had robbed Dulcie of half the letter.

His first emotion was sheer anger, and it started him toward the door, bent on swift but unconsidered vengeance.

But before this impulse culminated in his collaring the one-eyed man, sufficient common sense came to the rescue. A row meant publicity, and an inquiry by authority would certainly involve the writer of the partly stolen letter—Thessalie Dunois.

Cool and collected now, but mad all through, Barres continued to follow Soane and Freund, dropping back several yards to keep out of sight.

The cross-street was fairly well lighted; there seemed to be plenty of evening strollers abroad, so that he was not particularly conspicuous on the long block between Sixth and Fifth Avenues.

The precious pair, arriving at Fifth Avenue, halted, blocked by the normal rush of automobiles. So Barres halted, too, and drew back alongside a shop window.

And, as he stopped and stepped aside, he saw a man stop on the sidewalk across the street and move back into the shadow of a façade opposite. There was nothing significant in the occurrence. Barres merely happened to notice it; then he turned his eyes toward Soane and Freund, who now were crossing Fifth Avenue. And he promptly went after them, with no definite idea in his head at the moment.

Soane and Freund walked on eastward. A tram-car on Madison Avenue stopped them once more, and, as Barres also halted behind them and stepped back into the shadows, there, just

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The Moonlit Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



cross the street, he saw the same man again halt, retire, and tand motionless in a recess between two shop windows.

Barres tried to keep one eye on him and the other on Soane and reund. The latter two were crossing Madison Avenue; and, s soon as they were over and still headed east, the man across the treet came out of his shadowy recess and started eastward, too.

Then Barres also started, but now he was watching the man cross the street as well as keeping Soane and Freund in view.

At Park Avenue, the two men paused, not apparently ecause of any vehicular congestion impeding their crossing, but ney seemed to be engaged in vehement conversation.

And once more, across the street, the solitary figure also halted.

Who was that man following? Barres, straining his eyes, rove to make out more details of his features and dress. And resently he concluded that, though the man did turn and lance in his direction occasionally, his attention was principally xed on Soane and Freund.

His movements, too, seemed to corroborate this idea, because s soon as they started over Park Avenue, the man across the street was in instant motion. And Barres, now intensely curious, walked eastward once more, following all three.

At Lexington Avenue, Soane sheered off and, despite Freund's clutch, entered a saloon. Freund followed immediately.

As usual, across the street the solitary figure had stopped. Barres, also immobile, kept him in view. Evidently he, too, was awaiting the reappearance of Soane and Freund.

Suddenly Barres made up his mind to have a good look at him. He walked to the corner, crossed to the south side of the street, turned west, and slowly sauntered past the man, looking him deliberately in the face.

As for the stranger, far from shrinking or avoiding the scrutiny, he, on his part, betrayed a very lively interest in Barres's physiognomy, and as that young man approached, he found himself scanned by a brilliant and alert pair of eyes.

In frank but subtly hostile curiosity their glances met and crossed. Then, in an instant, a rather odd smile glimmered in the stranger's eyes, twitched at his pleasant mouth, just shaded by a tiny mustache.

"If you please, sir," he said, in a low, amused voice, "you will not—as they say in New York—butt in."

Barres, astonished, stood quite still. The young man continued to regard him with a very intelligent and slightly ironical expression.

"I do not know, of course," he said, "whether you are of the city police, the state service, the post-office, the Department of Justice, the federal secret service"—he shrugged expressive shoulders—"but this I do know very well, that, through lack of proper coordination in the branches of all your departments of city, state, and federal surety, there is much bungling, much working at cross-purposes, much interference, and many blunders. Therefore, I beg of you not to do anything further in the matter which very evidently occupies you." And he bowed and glanced across at the saloon whither Soane and Freund had disappeared.

Barres was thinking hard.

"You are watching Freund and Soane?" he asked bluntly.

"And you, sir, are you observing the stars?" inquired the young man.

Barres said, frankly and pleasantly:

"I *am* following those two men.. It is evident that you are, also. So may I ask—have you any idea where they are going?"

"I can guess, perhaps."

"To Grogan's?"

"Of course."

"Suppose," said Barres quietly, "I put myself under your orders and go along with you."

The strange young man was much diverted.

"In your kind suggestion there appears to be concealed a germ of common sense," he said. "In which particular service are you employed, sir?"

"And you?" inquired Barres smilingly.

"I imagine you may have guessed," said the young man.

Sheer intuition prompted Barres, and he took a chance.

"Yes; I have ventured to guess that you are an intelligence officer in the French service, and secretly on duty in the United States."

The young man winced, but forced a very bland smile.

"My compliments, whether your guess is born of certainty or not. And you, sir—may I inquire your status?"

"I'm merely a civilian. I'm in neither municipal, state, nor federal service. But I don't believe I can stand this Hun business much longer without enlisting with the Canadians."

"Oh! May I ask, then, why you follow that pair yonder?"

"I'll tell you why. I am a painter. I live at Dragon Court.

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Soane, an Irishman, is superintendent of the building. I have reason to believe that German propagandists have been teaching him disloyalty under promise of aiding Ireland to secure political independence.

"Coming out of the branch post-office this evening, where I had taken some letters, I saw Soane and that scoundrel, Freund. I really couldn't tell you exactly what my object was in following them, except that I itched to beat up the German, and refrained because of the inevitable notoriety that must follow.

"Perhaps I had a vague idea of following them to Grogan's, where I knew they were bound, just to look over the place and see for myself what that German rendezvous is like. That is the entire truth concerning myself and this affair. And if you believe me, and if you think I can be of any service to you, take me along with you. If not, then I shall certainly not interfere with whatever you are engaged in."

For a few moments, the young intelligence officer looked intently at Barres, an amused, inexplicable smile on his face. Then,

"Your name," he said, with malicious gaiety, "is Garret Barres."

At that, Barres completely lost countenance, but the other man began to laugh.

"Certainly you are Garry Barres, a painter, a celebrated Beaux Arts man of ——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Barres. "*You* are Renoux! You are little Georges Renoux, of the *Atelier* Ledoux—on the architect's side—you are that man who left his card for me this evening! I've seen you often. You were a little devil of a *nouveau*, but you were always the center of every bit of mischief in the Rue Bonaparte. You put the whole Quarter *en charette*. I saw you do it."

Cordially, firmly, in grinning silence, they shook hands. And, for a moment, the intervening years seemed to melt away; the golden past became the present, and Renoux even thrilled a little at Barres's condescension in shaking hands with him—the *nouveau* honored by the *ancien*—the reverence never entirely forgotten.

"What are you, anyway, Renoux?" asked Barres, still astonished at the encounter but immensely interested.

"My friend, you have already guessed. I am captain: Military Intelligence Department. You know? There are no longer architects or butchers or bakers in France, only soldiers. And of those soldiers I am a very humble one."

"On secret duty here," nodded Barres.

"I need not ask an old Beaux Arts' comrade to be discreet—and loyal."

"My dear fellow, France is next in my heart after my own country. Tell me—you are following Soane and his *boche* friend, Max Freund, are you not?"

"It happens to be as you say," admitted Renoux smilingly.

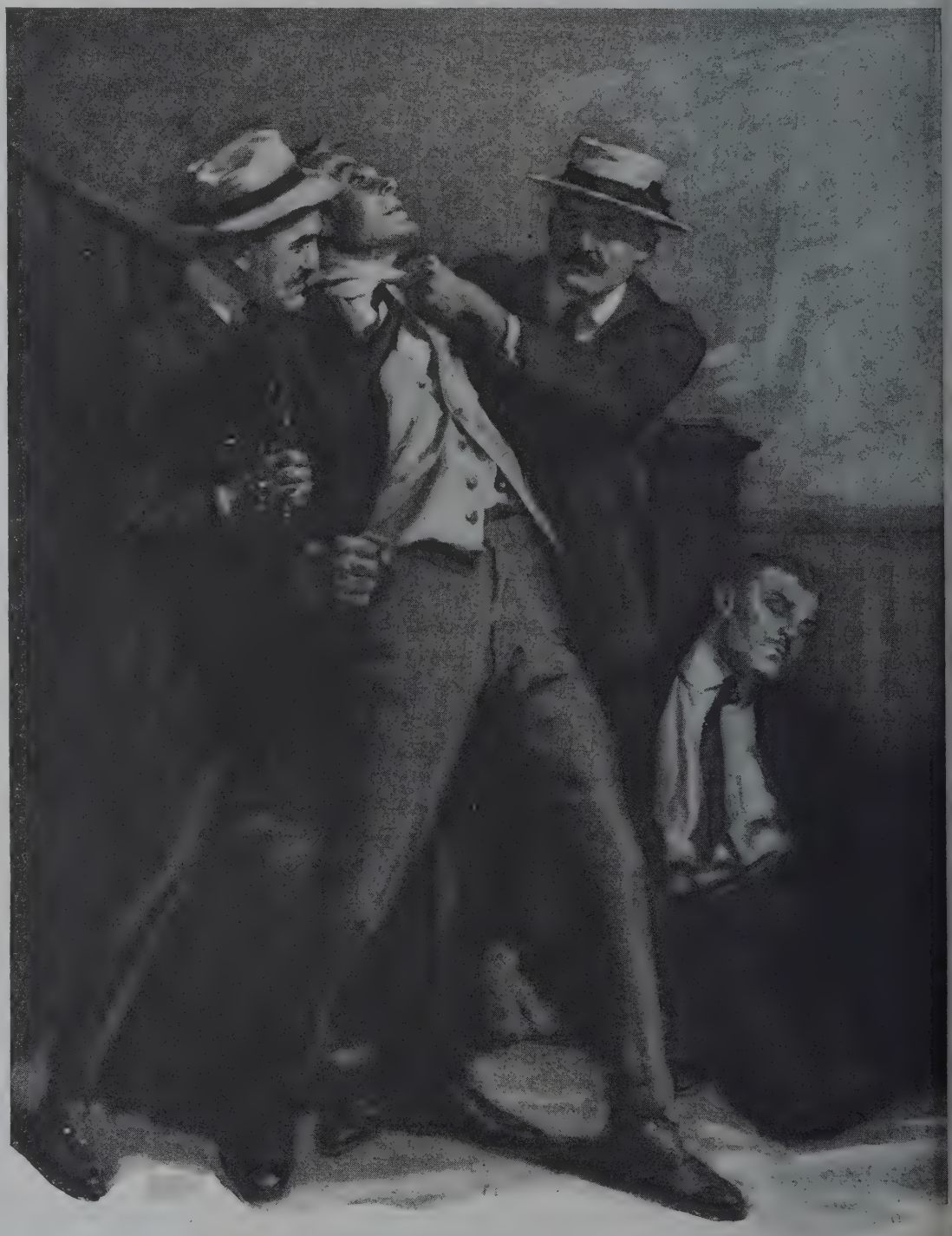
"Shall I tell you what I know about those two men—what I suspect?"

"I should be very glad—" But, at that moment, Soane came out of the saloon across the way, and Freund followed.

"May I come with you?" whispered Barres.

"If you care to. Yes; come," nodded Renoux, keeping his clear, intelligent eyes on the two across the street, who now stood under a lamp-post, engaged in some sort of drunken altercation. Renoux, watching them all the while, continued in a low voice: "Remember, Barres, if we chance to meet again here in America, I am merely Georges Renoux, an architect and a fellow Beaux Arts' man."

"Certainly— Look! They're starting on, those two!"



The diversion gave Renoux time to seize a muscular, struggling opponent and hold

"Come," whispered Renoux.

Soane, unsteady of leg and talkative, was now making for Third Avenue beside Freund, who had taken him by the arm.

As Renoux and Barres followed, the latter cautiously requested ny instructions which Renoux might think fit to give.

Renoux said, in his cool, agreeable voice:

"You know it's rather unusual for an officer to bother personlly with this sort of thing. But my people have been unable o obtain necessary information for us in regard to Grogan's. t happened this afternoon that certain information was brought o me which suggested that I myself take a look at Grogan's. nd that is what I was going to do when I saw you on the reet, carefully stalking two well-known suspects." They both ughed cautiously. Renoux said: "I recognized you even beore you came across the street to look me over. It was very nny, Barres."

Grogan's was now in sight on the corner, its cherry-wood magnificence and its bilious imitation of stained glass aglow with electricity. And into its "family entrance" swaggered Soane, followed by the lank figure of Max Freund.

Renoux and Barres had halted fifty yards away. Neither spoke. And presently came to them a short, dark, powerfully built man, who strolled up casually, puffing a large, rank cigar.

Renoux named him to Barres.

"Émile Souchez, one of my men." He added, "Anybody gone in yet?"

"Otto Klein, of Gerhardt, Klein, & Schwartzmeyer, went in an hour ago," replied Souchez.

"Oho!" nodded Renoux softly. "That signifies something really interesting. Who else went in?"

"Small fry—Dave Sendelbeck, Louis Hochstein, Terry Madigan, Dolan, McBride, Clancy."

"Skeel?"

"No; he's still at his hotel. Franz Lehr came out about half an hour ago and took a taxi west. Jacques Alost is following in another."

Renoux thought a moment.

"Lehr has probably gone to see Skeel at the hotel," he concluded. "We're going to have our chance, I think." Then, turning to Barres: "We've decided to take a sport-chance to-night. We have most reliable information that this man Lehr, who now owns Grogan's, will carry here upon his person papers of importance to my government—and to yours, too, Barres. The man from whom he shall procure these papers is an Irish gentleman named Murtagh Skeel, just arrived from Buffalo. Lehr, we were informed, was to go personally and get those papers. Do you really wish to help us?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. I expect we shall have what you call a mix-up. You will please, therefore, walk into Grogan's—not by the family entrance but by the swinging doors on Third Avenue. Kindly refresh yourself there with some Pilsner beer, also eat a sandwich at my expense if you care to. Then you will give yourself the pains to inquire the way to the wash-room. And there you will possess your soul in amiable patience until you shall hear me speak your name in a very quiet, polite tone." Barres, recognizing the familiar mock seriousness of student-days in Paris, began to smile. Renoux frowned and continued his instructions: "When you hear me politely pronounce your name, *mon vieux*, then you shall precipitate yourself valiantly to the aid of Monsieur Souchez and myself—and perhaps Monsieur Alost—and help us to hold, gag, and search the somewhat violent German animal whom we corner inside the family entrance."

Barres had difficulty in restraining his laughter. Renoux was very serious, with the delightful mock gravity of a witty and perfectly fearless Frenchman.

"Lehr?" inquired Barres, still laughing.

"That is the animal under discussion. There will be a taxi-cab awaiting us." He turned to Souchez: "*Dis, donc, Émile; faut employer ton coup du père François pour nous assurer de cet animal-là.*"

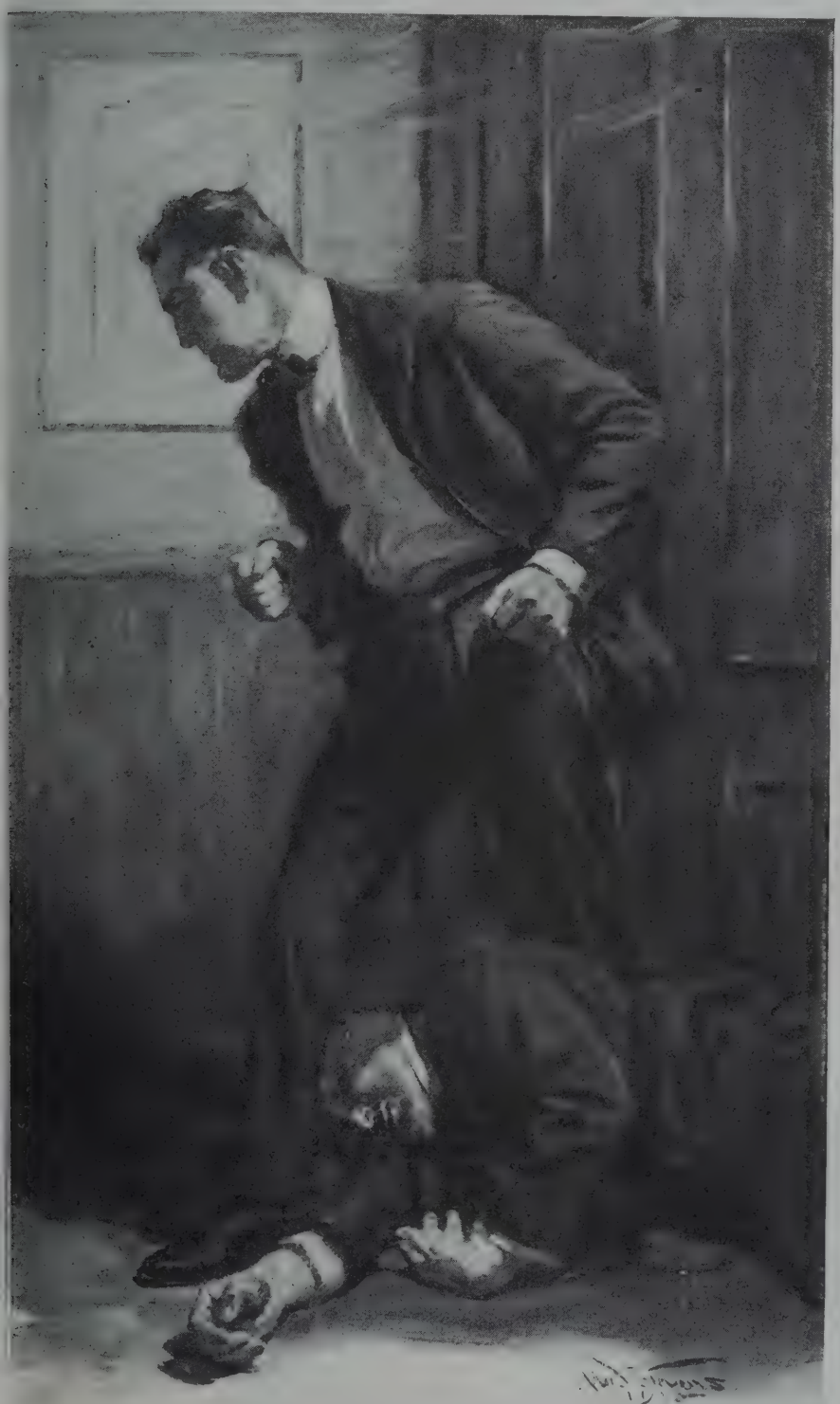
"*B'en sure,*" nodded Souchez, fishing furtively in the side pocket of his coat and displaying the corner of a red-silk handkerchief. He stuffed it into his pocket again; Renoux smiled carelessly at Barres.

"*Mon vieux,*" he said, "I hope it will be like a good fight in the Quarter. You desire to get your head broken?"

"You bet I do, Renoux!"

"*Bien!* So now, if you are quite ready?" he suggested. "*Merci, monsieur, et à bientôt!*" He bowed profoundly.

Barres, still laughing, walked to Third



n squirming while Souchez passed his handkerchief over his throat

Avenue, crossed northward, and entered the swinging doors of Grogan's, perfectly enchanted to have his finger in the pie at last.

XXI

GROGAN'S

THE material attraction of Grogan's was principally lager beer. There was a palatial bar, behind which fat, white-jacketed Teutons served slopping steins of it upon a perforated brass surface. A bartender with apoplectic eyes took the order from Barres and set before him a frosty glass of Pilsner.

Being a stranger there, Barres was furtively scrutinized at first, but there seemed to be nothing particularly suspicious about a young man who stopped in for a glass of beer on a July night, and nobody paid him any further attention.

Besides, two United States secret-service men had just gone out, followed, as usual, by one Johnny Klein, and the Germans at the tables, at the bar, and behind the bar were still sneeringly commenting on the episode—now a familiar one and of nightly occurrence.

So only very casual attention was paid to Barres and his Pilsner and his rye-bread-and-sardine sandwich, which he took over to a vacant table to dissect and discuss at his leisure. He finished his beer, sidestepped the sandwich, rose, asked a bartender for the wash-room, and followed the direction given.

There was nobody in there. He lighted a cigarette, surveyed himself in the looking-glass, and stood waiting, flexing his biceps muscles with a smile of anticipated pleasure in renewing the use of them after such a very long period wasted in the peaceful pursuit of art.

He stood by the open door of the wash-room, listening. The corridor which passed it led on into another corridor running at right angles. This was the family entrance.

Now, as he waited there, he heard the street door open, and instantly the deadened shock of a rush and struggle.

As he started toward the family entrance, straining his ears for the expected summons, a man in flight turned the corner into his corridor so abruptly that he had him by the throat even before he recognized in him the man with the thick eye-glasses who had hit him between the eyes with a pistol—The Watcher of Dragon Court.

With a swift sigh of gratitude to Chance, Barres folded the fleeing Watcher to his bosom and began the business he had to transact with him—an account too long overdue.

The Watcher fought like a wildcat, but in silence—fought madly, using both fists, feet, baring his teeth, too, with frantic attempts to use them. But Barres gave him no opportunity to kick, bite, or to pull out any weapon; he battered The Watcher right and left, swinging on him like lightning, and his blows drummed on him like the tattoo of fists on a punching-bag until one stinging crack sent The Watcher's head snapping back with a jerk, and a terrific jolt knocked him as clean and as flat as a dead carp.

There were papers in his coat, also a knuckle-duster, a big clasp-knife, and an automatic pistol. And Barres took them all, stuffed them into his own pockets, and, dragging his still dormant but twitching victim by the collar, he started for the family entrance, where Donnybrook had now broken loose.

But the silence of the terrific struggle in that narrow entry, the absence of all yelling, was significant. No whoops, no din of combat shattered the stillness of that dim corridor—only the deadened sound of blows and the shuffling of frantic feet. It was very evident that nobody involved desired to be interrupted by the police or call attention to the location of the battle-field.

Renoux, Souchez, and a third companion were in intimate and desperate conflict with half a dozen other men—dim, furious figures fighting there under the flickering gas-jet.

Into this dusty maelstrom of waving arms and legs went Barres—first dropping his now inert prey—and began to hit out enthusiastically right and left at the nearest hostile countenance visible.

His was a flank attack and totally unexpected by the attackees; and the diversion gave Renoux time to seize a muscular, struggling opponent and hold him squirming while Souchez passed his handkerchief over his throat and the third man turned his pockets inside out.

Then Renoux called breathlessly to Barres:

"All right, *mon vieux!* Face to the rear front! March!"

For a moment they stiffened to face a battering rush from the stairs. Suddenly a pistol spoke, and an Irish voice burst out:

"Whist, ye domm fool! G'wan wid yer fistin' an' can th' goon-play!"

There came a splintering crash as the rickety banisters gave way and several Teutonic and Hibernian warriors fell in a furious heap, blocking the entry with an unpremeditated obstacle.

Instantly, Souchez, Barres, and the other man backed out into the street, followed nimbly by Renoux and his plunder. Already a typical Third Avenue crowd was gathering. Then the door of Grogan's burst open, and an embattled Irishman appeared. But, at first glance, the hopelessness of the situation presented itself to him—a taxi loaded with French and American *franc-tireurs* was already honking triumphantly away westward; an excited and rapidly increasing throng pressed round the family entrance; also, the distant glitter of a policeman's shield and buttons now extinguished all hope of pursuit.

Soane glared at the crowd out of enraged and bloodshot eyes.

"G'wan home, ye bunch o' bums!" he said thickly, and slammed the door to the family entrance of Grogan's café.

At Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue the taxi stopped, and Souchez and Alost got out and went rapidly across the street toward the Grand Central Station. Then the taxi proceeded west, north again, then once more west.

Renoux, busy with a bleeding nose, remarked carelessly that Souchez and Alost were taking a train and were in a hurry, and that he himself was going back to his hotel.

"You do not mind coming with me, Barres?" he added. "In my rooms we can have a bite and a glass together, and then we can brush up. That was a nice little fight, was it not, *mon ami?*"

"Fine!" said Barres, with satisfaction.

In a short time the taxi stopped at the entrance to Renoux's hotel. They descended, Renoux leading, walked through the corridor, turned to the right through the bar, then to the left into the lobby, and thence to the elevator. In Renoux's rooms, they turned on the electric light, locked the door, closed the transom, then spread their plunder out on a table.

To Renoux's disgust, his own loot consisted of sealed envelops full of clippings from German newspapers published in Chicago, Milwaukee, and New York.

"That animal, Lehr," he said, with a wry face, "has certainly played us a filthy turn. These clippings amount to nothing." His eyes fell on the packet of papers which Barres was now opening, and he leaned over his shoulder to look.

"Thank God!" he said. "Here they are! Where on earth did you find these papers, Barres? They're the documents we were after. They ought to have been in Lehr's pockets."

"He must have passed them to the fellow who bumped into me near the wash-room," said Barres, enchanted at his luck. "What a fortunate chance that you sent me around there!"

Renoux, delighted, stood under the electric light, unfolding document after document and nodding his handsome, mischievous head with satisfaction.

"What luck, Barres! What did you do to the fellow?"

"Thumped him to sleep and turned out his pockets. Are these really what you want?"

"I should say so! This is precisely what we are looking for."

"Do you mind if I read them, too?"

"No, I don't. Why should I? You're my loyal comrade, and you understand discretion. *What* do you think of *this?*" displaying a typewritten document marked "Copy," enclosing a sheaf of maps.

It contained plans of all the East River and Harlem bridges, a tracing showing the course of the new aqueduct and the Ashokan Dam, drawings of the navy-yard, a map of Iona Island, and a plan of the Welland Canal. The document was brief.

Included in report by K.17 to diplomatic agent controlling Section 7-4-11-B. Recommended that detail plan of powder works be made without delay. SKEEL.

Followed several sheets in cipher, evidently some intricate variation of those common codes which are always ultimately solved by experts.

But the documents that were now unfolded by Captain Renoux proved intensely interesting.

These were the papers which Renoux read and which Barres read over his shoulder:

(Copy)
BERLIN MILITARY-TELEGRAPH OFFICE
Telegram
Berlin. Political Division of the General Staff
Nr. Pol. 6431.
(SECRET)
8, Moltkestrasse,
Berlin, NW, 40.
March 20, 1916.



DRAWN BY W. L. STEVENS

Renoux was beside her, very deferential and graceful in his attendance, and with that niceness of attitude which confesses respect in every movement

Ferez Bey,
New York.

Referring to your correspondence and conversations with Colonel Skeel, I most urgently request that the necessary funds be raised through the New York banker, Adolf Gerhardt; also that Bernstorff be immediately informed through Boy-Ed, so that plans of Head General Staff of Army on campaign may not be delayed.

Begin instantly enlist and train men, secure an armed power-boat, assemble equipment and explosives, Welland Canal Exp'd'n. War Office No. 159-16, Secret U. K.-T, 3, P.

Foreign Office, Berlin,
Dec. 28, 1914.

Dear Sir Roger:

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 23d inst., in which you submitted to his Imperial Majesty's government a proposal for the formation of an Irish brigade which would be pledged to fight only for the cause of Irish nationalism, and which is to be composed of any Irish prisoners of war willing to join such a regiment.

In reply I have the honor to inform you that his Imperial Majesty's government agrees to your proposal and also to the conditions under which it might be possible to train an Irish brigade. These conditions are set out in the declaration enclosed in your letter of the 13th inst., and are given at foot. I have the honor to be, dear Sir Roger, your obedient servant,

(Signed) Zimmerman,
Under Secretary of State for the Foreign Office.

To His Honor, Sir Roger Casement,
Eden Hotel, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin.

(secret)

Colonel Murtagh Skeel,
Flying Division, Irish Expeditionary Corps,
New York.

For your information I enclose Zimmerman's letter to Sir Roger, and also the text of Articles 6 and 7, being part of our first agreement with Sir Roger Casement.

You will note particularly the Article numbered 7.

This paragraph, unfortunately, still postpones your suggested attempt to seize on the high seas a British or neutral steamer loaded with arms and munitions, and make a landing from her on the Irish coast. But, in the mean time, is it not possible for you to seize one of the large ore-steamers on the Great Lakes, transfer to her sufficient explosives, take her into the Welland Canal, and blow up the locks?

No more valuable service could be performed by Irishmen, no deadlier blow delivered at England.

I am, my dear Skeel, your sincere friend and comrade,

(Signed) Von Papen

P. S. Herewith appended are Articles 6 and 7 included in the Casement convention:

(secret)

Text of Articles 6 and 7 of the convention concluded between Sir Roger Casement and the German government:

6. The German Imperial brigade undertakes under special circumstances to lend the Irish brigade adequate military support, and to send it to Ireland abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition, in order that once there it may equip any Irish who would like to join it in making an attempt to reestablish Ireland's national liberty by force of arms.

The special circumstances stipulated above are as follows:

In case of a German naval victory which would make it possible to reach the Irish coast, the German Imperial government pledges itself to despatch the Irish brigade and a German expeditionary corps commanded by German officers, in German troop-ships, to attempt a landing on the Irish coast.

7. It will be impossible to contemplate a landing in Ireland unless the German navy can gain such a victory as to make it really likely that an attempt to reach Ireland by sea would succeed. Should the German navy not win such a victory, then a use will be found for the Irish brigade in Germany or elsewhere. But in no case will it be used except in such ways as Sir Roger Casement shall approve, as being completely in accordance with Article 2.

In this case, the Irish brigade might be sent to Egypt to lend assistance in expelling the English and reestablishing Egyptian independence.

Even if the Irish brigade should not succeed in fighting for the liberation of Ireland from the English yoke, nevertheless a blow dealt at the British intruders in Egypt and intended to help the Egyptians to recover their freedom would be a blow struck for a cause closely related to that of Ireland.

The last paper read as follows:

(copy)
Wireless, via Mexico
Berlin (no date)

Ferez,
New York.

Necessary close Nihla Quellen case immediately. Evidently useless expect her take service with us. Hold you responsible. Advise you take secret measures to end menace to our interests in Paris. D'Éblis urges instant action. Bolo under suspicion. Ex-minister also suspected. Only drastic and final action on your part can end danger. You know what to do. Do it.

The telegram was signed with a string of letters and numerals.

Renoux glanced curiously at Barres, who had turned very red and was beginning to reread the wireless.

When he finished, Renoux folded all the documents very carefully and placed them in the breast-pocket of his coat.



She gave him her pretty hand in

"*Mon ami* Barres," he said pleasantly, "you and I have much yet to say to each other. In the mean time, let us wash the stains of combat from our persons. What is the number of your collar?"

"Fifteen and a half."

"I can fit you out. The bathroom is this way, old top!"

XXII

A WHITE BLACKBIRD

Refreshed by icy baths and clean linen, and now further fortified against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune by

. supper of cold fowl and Moselle, Captain Renoux and Garret Barres sat in the apartment of the former gentleman, gaily exhanging Latin Quarter reminiscences through the floating haze of their cigars.

But the conversation soon switched back toward the far more erious business which alone accounted for their being there together after many years. For, as the French officer had remarked, . good deal remained to be said between them. And Barres knew vhat he meant, and was deeply concerned at the prospect.



ence, turned and offered it to Westmore

But Renoux approached the matter with careless good humor d by a leisurely, circuitous route, which polite pussy-footing us obviously to prepare Barres for impending trouble.

He began by referring to his mission in America, admitting ry frankly that he was a modest link in the system of military d political intelligence maintained by all European countries the domains of their neighbors.

"I might as well say so," he remarked, "because it's known the representatives of enemy governments here, as well as to ur own government, that some of us are here; and anybody imagine why. And in the course of my—studies," he said iberately, while his clear eyes twinkled—"it has come to my owledge, and to the knowledge of the French ambassador, that there is in New York, a young woman who already has proven herself a dangerous enemy to my country."

"That is interesting, if true," said Barres, reddening to the temples. "But it is even more interesting if it is not true. And it isn't!"

"You think not?"

"I don't think anything about it, Renoux; I *know*."

"I am afraid you have been misled, Barres. And it is natural enough."

"Why?"

"Because," said Renoux serenely, "she is very beautiful, very clever, very young, very appealing. Tell me, my friend—where did you meet her?"

Barres looked him in the eyes.

"Where did you learn that I had ever met her?"

"Through the ordinary channels which, if you will pardon me, I am not at liberty to discuss."

"All right. It is sufficient that you know I have met her. Now, where did I meet her?"

"I don't know," said Renoux candidly.

"How long have I known her then?"

"Possibly a few weeks. Our information is that your acquaintance with her is not of long duration."

"Wrong, my friend! I met her in France several years ago; I know her intimately."

"Yes; the intimacy has been reported," said Renoux blandly. "But it doesn't take long—sometimes."

Barres reddened again and shook his head.

"You and your agents are all wrong, Renoux. So is your government. Do you know what it's doing—what you and your agents are doing? You're playing a German game for Berlin!"

This time Renoux flushed, and there was a slight quiver to his lips and nostrils; but he said very pleasantly,

"That would be rather mortifying, *mon ami*, if it were true."

"It *is* true. Berlin, the traitor in Paris, the conspirator in America, the German, Austrian, and Turkish diplomatic agents here ask nothing better than that you manage, somehow, to eliminate the person in question."

"Why?" demanded Renoux.

"Because more than one of your public men in Paris will face charges of conspiracy and treason if the person in question ever has a fair hearing and a chance to prove her innocence of the terrible accusations that have been made against her."

"Naturally," said Renoux, "those accused bring countercharges. It is always the history of such cases, *mon ami*."

"Your mind is already made up, then?"

"My mind is a real mind, Barres. Reason is what it seeks—the logical evidence that leads to truth. (*Continued on page 11.*)



They were likewise on edge to hear Tales of that Lawless Period when any Desperado could walk right in from the Street and buy himself a lot of Liquor and then Start Something

New Fables

By George Ade

The Fable of the Polite Poison

IT befell that Uncle Granby wished something on to himself by telling little Anastasia and her brother Elderkin that wondrous Doings had been put over back in the old Zip-Zip Days, when Bourbon High-Balls were peddled over the Bar and Public Dancing was tolerated and Women wore 4-inch Heels.

The Yarns he spun often led the Bairns to suspect that he was Spoofing.

They asked Questions without number about the Bad Men of the Past, such as Captain Kidd and Simon Legree and Wm. Hohenzollern.

It is a perverse Fact in Heredity that well-brought-up Children are always more interested in Jesse James than in Lyman B. Abbott.

They wanted to know about the sheltered Cove where the Pirates held Wassail.

They were likewise on edge to hear Tales of that Lawless Period when any Desperado could walk right in from the Street and buy himself a lot of Liquor and then Start Something.

When Uncle Granby told of Children being bayoneted in Belgium and Alcohol being served in the Homes of Church Members, the Kiddies suspected that he was drawing the Long Bow just to make their Blood run cold.

They were slow to believe that the Grandfathers of some of the Children they knew had come home from College Reunions at 2 A. M., Plastered to a fare-ye-well.

With pop-eyed Wonder they listened to stories of Wedding Parties at which both of the Male Parents involved in the Sacrifice were Carbonated and had to be laid out in the Check-Room.

It was not easy for them to understand why Bar-Flies should work for years to build up a Thirst and then turn around and be shot in the Arm so as to get rid of it.

Their most burning Curiosity was in regard to the Public Dispensary, home of Song and Argument, which had prospered under various Names and was latterly known as a Buffet.

Uncle Granby was almost stumped by some of their Queries.

Why did the Customers take chances the Evening Before if they knew they were going to be in a Dying Condition the Morning After?

Why was it considered Bad Form for a Regular to Quit, even though he was already Whittled?

What was the Lure drawing Citizens away from the green Parks to stand around in the Sawdust and discuss the Tariff?

He tried to feed their gaping little Minds with Plausibilities.

He expounded to them that up to a certain Time the Women never had voted and the Kaiser never had been trimmed and the Saloon Boss never had taken Orders.

It was hard to explain in the Light of what now appeared to be Logical Developments, but there had been an Era of Uncertainty during which any number of well-meaning Folks believed that it was a mistake to do anything for the First Time.

The Proposition to abolish something which always had been seemed a good deal like revising the Plans of Providence.

The Option of going to it or leaving it lay was an Asset which had come down to us from the Birth of Time, the same as Original Sin and the Gambling Instinct.

To revoke a Franchise which had been running 6000 years seemed sudden and irregular.

Besides, there was a Tradition, Centuries old and frequently verified over the Mahogany Bar, that the drinking Gink would always get what he wanted, regardless of the Statutes.

After a lucid Explanation of this kind, little Elderkin would ask, "Why was the Bar made of Mahogany?"

"Because," Uncle Granby would reply, "as the Current was gradually turned on and the Radiance became more incandescent, it seemed most appropriate that all within the Illuminated Area should be surrounded by Kingly Trappings."

This Line of Talk was just as clear as Mud to Elderkin and Anastasia.

Uncle Granby said it was hard for them to grasp the Plot unless they had visited a regular old-fashioned Emporium dealing in Wines, Liquors, and Cigars.

He said that he never got Gettysburg



With pop-eyed Wonder they listened to stories of Wedding Parties at which both of the Male Parents involved in the Sacrifice were Carbonated and had to be laid out in the Check-Room



They followed timidly and took a slow and puzzled Survey of the deep Carvings, the cobwebbed Mirrors, the cold Array of Empty Decanters, the latticed Screen, the yawning Ice-Box

in Slang

Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon

Counter and the Embers of the Past

straightened out in the Knob until after he visited the Battlefield.

Unfortunately, no Historical Society had preserved for succeeding Generations a typical Poor Man's Club, with its heavy Mirrors and Paintings from the Salon.

Uncle Granby supposed that every Grog Shop had long since passed into Limbo, along with the gold Toothpick and the Roller Towel.

Imagine his Surprise to find in a Side Street, one Day, a Corner Establishment which still wore above the Door a faded Signboard reading as follows: "Tom's Place."

He peered through the dusty Window and saw all the Props and Paraphernalia with which he had been familiar in the moist Days of his Youth.

The Eddies of Suburban Development had swept around and beyond the Spot.

Vacant Storerooms and decrepit Hold-Overs told of the Blasted Hopes of Many a Renting Agency.

That very Day he borrowed a key from the Real-Estater.

When he went back to the children, he carried a Secret and a Surprise.

He tantalized them by promising a Visit to a real Show.

Elderkin and Anastasia were keyed up and eager when they started out under his Guidance next Day.

He came to the Corner and turned the rusty Lock and led them into the stuffy and bedraggled Antiquity.

They followed timidly and took a slow and puzzled Survey of the deep Carvings, the cobwebbed Mirrors, the cold Array of Empty Decanters, the latticed Screen, the yawning Ice-Box, the mottled Brass-Work, the sleeping Cash Register, the yellow Prints of bygone Champions.

Upon the Wall certain Placards were still decipherable.

One gave assurance that there was not a Cross Word in a Barrel of anything made in Kentucky.

Another suggested that if Drinking interfered with Business, it might be a bright Thought to omit Business.

Still another, brief and cryptic, said, "Tie the Bull outside."

"Where are we?" asked little Anastasia.

"Can't you guess?" asked Uncle Granby, much amused by their Bewilderment. "This is what I told you about all last Winter. It is a Saloon."

Both Anastasia and Elderkin clapped their Hands with Delight.

They began to pump Questions.

Uncle Granby gave them the Modus Operandi.

He explained that the Screen had been set before the Door because the Patrons believed that a Desire for Privacy is instinctive among the Well Bred.

In the Decanters had shimmered the more Fiery Compounds which gave Quick Results.

From the Grains of the Field came spicy Distillations, enabling the Dumb to speak and the Dull to open the Book of Knowledge.

Those tarnished Faucets had gushed for Years with a Brew which foamed in the Mug and carried a scant 4% of the necessary Ingredient.

Because of the Kick being thus diluted, the Bulk absorbed in the course of a busy Evening had to be very Impressive in order to get a satisfactory Total.

The Purchaser who was out for a 20% Effect had to return to the 4% just 5 times in order to arrive at his Destination.

These Mathematical Exercises, being often repeated in a spirit of Rivalry, developed incredible Storage Capacities.

To be the Custodian of a large Fluid Cargo was to be respected and admired.

"Why?" asked Elderkin.

"It was part of the Code," replied Uncle Granby.

He showed them the Free-Lunch Department.

"Would you believe," he asked, "that such expensive Rarities as Roast Beef and Turkey and hard-boiled Eggs and imported Cheese and White Bread and Baked Beans and golden creamery Butter were spread upon this Board? The solitary Piker who purchased One in the Light could saunter across and grab off a Banquet which would now stand you about $6 in a good Hotel."

"They fed them free of charge?" asked Anastasia, seemingly skeptical.

"The Lunch was a Come-On for the Wet Goods," explained Uncle Granby. "Besides, many who had Homes of their own touched the Layout lightly. They ate just enough to sustain a



"Between Rounds they would punish a few Links of Sausage or mayhap dally with a dried Herring"

reasonable Thirst. Between Rounds they would punish a few Links of Sausage or mayhap dally with a dried Herring."

"And the Rum-Seller?" suggested Anastasia.

"Ah, he was not marked with so harsh a Title in the days of his Social Supremacy. Those who had won his Favor could use the First Name, but Strangers and those amateur Stews who were still on Probation usually addressed him as 'Professor.' His Post of Duty was behind yonder massive Slab. He wore a costume of virginal Whiteness. It was touched off by one or two costly Gems and a fresh Carnation with Tin-Foil around the Stem. I find it difficult to convey to your Meager Understandings all the Complexities involved in the Practise of his Profession. He was a Composite of Guide, Counselor, Friend, Referee, Diplomat, Reception Committee, Medical Adviser, Weeping-Post, and Political Prophet. To set out the Glasses and ring the Cash Register were the least of his Obligations. Sometimes he had to listen, for an hour at a Stretch, to the Hard-Luck Jonas whose wife had been to see a Lawyer. Beer and Sympathy were on Tap at all times."



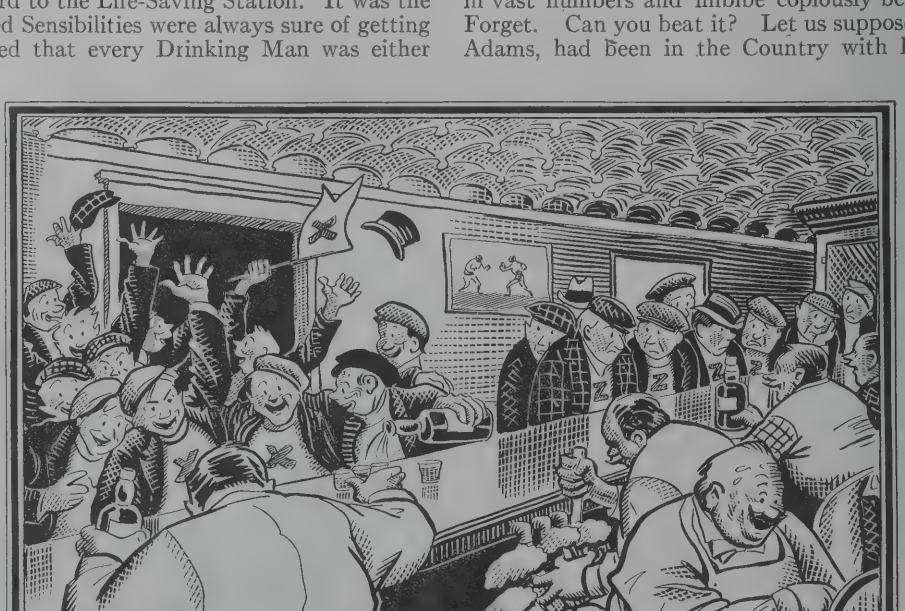
"Sometimes he had to listen, for an hour at a Stretch, to the Hard-Luck Jonas whose wife had been to see a Lawyer"

"You mean that those who were in Trouble came to receive Consolation?" asked Elderkin. "Why so? I never heard of a Soda-Clerk being made the Custodian of Family Secrets."

"The Soda-Clerk, even in his most glorified Aspect, is merely a Servitor," explained Uncle Granby. "In his Day, the Booze-Clerk was Pythias to every Damon who came in for a Pick-me-Up. A man might play foxy with his Attorney and hold out on the Family Doctor, but he would give up the whole Interior Works to Steve in the White Coat. Every bruised and battered Soul would flee as a Bird to the Life-Saving Station. It was the one Spot where tortured Sensibilities were always sure of getting First Aid. It happened that every Drinking Man was either maligned or misunderstood. The only Mortal who could look beneath the Surface and detect Pure Gold was the kind-hearted Mixer. No matter what the Wife had said at Breakfast or what his Business Partner had been telling around about him, the injured Hero was always 100% Infallible when he submitted all the Facts to his good old Pal at the Pub. Out of the Black Depths would rise the Star of Hope. Sometimes there would be two Stars. All Debts would be paid off and the Enemies laid in the Dust. Then, next Morning, the Party of the First Part would find himself out of the Air-plane and lying among the Jagged Rocks in a valley 10,000 feet deep."

Anastasia by way of Corroboration had read somewhere that during the Alcoholic Age the Victims would tea up in order to Drown their Sorrows.

"Right-o!" said Uncle Granby. "But don't get the Idea that there was only one Pretext. Any Gentleman who had it in the back of his Head to go down to the Corner and get all lit up like a Triumphal Arch could always pull a swell Excuse. Also, every Family Man who came home at 3 A. M. with a Breath which showed as a Phosphorescent Streak in the Darkness was always there with a peachy Alibi. In all the years during which I played more or less Tag with the Liquor Traffic, I can't remember one Case in which a Lush went to the Bad because of a low-down craving for the old Juice. He was either led astray or his foot slipped. He lined up with the Indians and began to hoist, not because Strong Drink was anything in his Young Life, but because the Occasion seemed to warrant an Exchange of Hospitalities and he could not afford to ignore the strict Tenets of Sociability. Thus, one Man would drink because he had just received a Wire saying that an Uncle was dead in South Dakota. Another would insist on Buying because his Wife had given birth to Twins, or his Son had graduated from High School, or he himself had been awarded a Contract. This very Ken in which you are now standing was a favored Rendezvous for Collegians attending Athletic Contests in yonder Field. After the Game, the Victors would surge into the Joint and battle for Frontage and Lick it up by the Gallon because they were Celebrating. The Vanquished likewise would appear in vast numbers and imbibe copiously because they wanted to Forget. Can you beat it? Let us suppose that A, standing for Adams, had been in the Country with his Family and Came home feeling very Top-Hole and full of Frisk. Just because he was Aces and Eights, he would beat it to a gilded Dump and pound on the Bar and tell the Bosun to pipe all Hands forward for Grog and let the others hide their Coin. Reversing the Picture, B, standing for Blazinsky, would have a Dull Pain in the Coke and a Prairie Fire under the Belt. He would come into the Home for Wayward Men and lean his Body up against the Rail and tell McGluke how he was punk and seedy and desiccated, even as a Faded Flower. Then Mac would look him over



"After the Game, the Victors would surge into the Joint and battle for Frontage and Lick it up by the Gallon because they were Celebrating"

(*Concluded on page 88*)

"At study, at work or at fun
I go like a Yank at a Hun.
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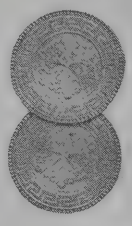
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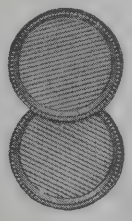
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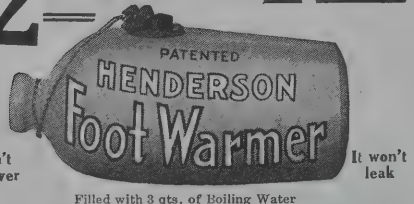


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New Fables in Slang

(*Concluded from page 86*)

and put on the Manner of a Diagnostician and say, 'What you need is a little Skee with a dash of Peppermint.' I can assure you that the Boys behind the Spigots saved many a Trip to see the Doctor. If an Unfortunate came with his Feet wet and his Teeth chattering, he was given a full Gill from the Black Bottle. If the next Patient had Heartburn and a sort of a Sofa-Pillow Taste in the Mouth, he would be given a Slug of the same Panacea."

"What was in the Black Bottle?" asked Elderkin.

"If the Government Chemist couldn't find out, what chance did the Customers have? The only two Ingredients we felt sure of were Fusel Oil and Prune Juice. It smelled like Liniment, and those who did not fancy it as a Beverage used it for removing Rust from Metals. Before twanging the Harp, it was customary to study the Label on the Outside and then breathe a Silent Prayer. A much favored Superstition was that the longer it was kept in the Barrel the more deadly and altogether desirable it became. As to that, I cannot say. My clearest Recollection is that almost any well-known Brand would induce a Dove of Peace to challenge the American Eagle. After pouring about Three Fingers, it was advisable to stand on a Concrete Base in order to take up the Recoil."

"If it was so dynamic, why did our Ancestors trifle with it?" asked Elderkin.

"My Boy, the vinous and malt Ceremonials which illuminated Family Histories and gave zest to Standard Fiction were held in pleasant Esteem. It didn't seem possible to rally round a Pump. No one had seen or heard tell of a Dry Banquet, and the more influential Citizens didn't think it could be accomplished. To you, in Retrospect, the Festivities of the last Century look to be very Bacchanalian and what you might term Rough Stuff. I can assure you that when the whole World was tinctured with the Essence of Hilarity, the only Dipsomaniac was the Other Fellow. Even the Sanatorium Inmates called it Stomach Trouble. The Legislators who voted against their old side-kick, John Barleycorn, did so with extreme Reluctance. I say to you Young People, be forgiving of the Past. Because you live in a Regenerated Era and have known from the Cradle up that both Slavery and Cocktails are wrong, don't turn the Family Portraits to the wall just because some of the Beaks are rosy Red. Your bibulous Forebears simply adapted themselves to Environment. When they were Associating, it was not the common Practise to ask for Tea with a Slice of Lemon in it, so they took hot Applejack with a light grating of Nutmeg on the Surface. The essential Weaknesses of Human Nature endure, but Fashions change. In our enlightened Day, the Village Souse sings in the Choir because even the Drug Stores are afraid to sell anything. In taking your last shuddering Look at this Relic of Barbarism, do not regard it altogether as a Symbol of Physical Debasement. Remember that it is also a Reminder of a Period of extreme Benevolence, during which some one was always Buying for somebody else and the Golden Rule was in operation right up to the Closing Hour. You cannot understand why an enlightened Community put up with a Joint of this Woolly Description after 2000 years of trying to be Civilized. Probably your Children will wonder, 50 years hence, why we lock People in Jail to cure their Moral Infirmities."

"I'll say that I'm fed up for one Day on the low-down Traits of our deceased Relatives," said Anastasia. "Lead me to a Movie."

"That's another Item that you'll have a hard time explaining to your Offspring," said Uncle Granby, as he led the way into the cheerful Sunlight.

Moral: Nothing is Improbable until it moves into the Past Tense.

The next ***New Fable in Slang,*** that of ***The Hostess and the Hikers and the Party under the Trees,*** will appear in ***January Cosmopolitan.***

When All Women Are Workers

(*Continued from page 59*)

of this country never wake up? They are dressing and gambling, entertaining, going about their own petty affairs as if not one of our men were going to France to fight and die."

Why anyone should have expected that great, torpid masses of women who had either lived for pleasure or to concentrate on their own small world and make both ends meet (to divide them into their smaller and greater parts) would have the imagination to form a mental picture without outside pressure and rouse themselves as one ardent patriot, I cannot imagine. If the world were as advanced as all that, there would be no more wars. It took them something like six months to "wake up," but slowly they succumbed to the universal topic—the ever-increasing demands of the government for various economies, denials, assistance, responses to loans, to the sight of marching men in khaki—some of these their own sons and husbands. To-day, it is safe to say, the women of this country are as awake and on the job as the women of Britain and France.

What is the result to be? In the first place, instead of comparatively few prepared minds being stimulated by this gigantic and always dramatic conflict, millions of women who never knew they had any minds are not only inspired by the desire to serve, to do their part in behalf of the men at the front, no matter how humble it may be, but their general intelligence has been broadened as by a special illumination from on high. The average feminine intelligence in the United States a year ago was estimated as very low. This was evi-





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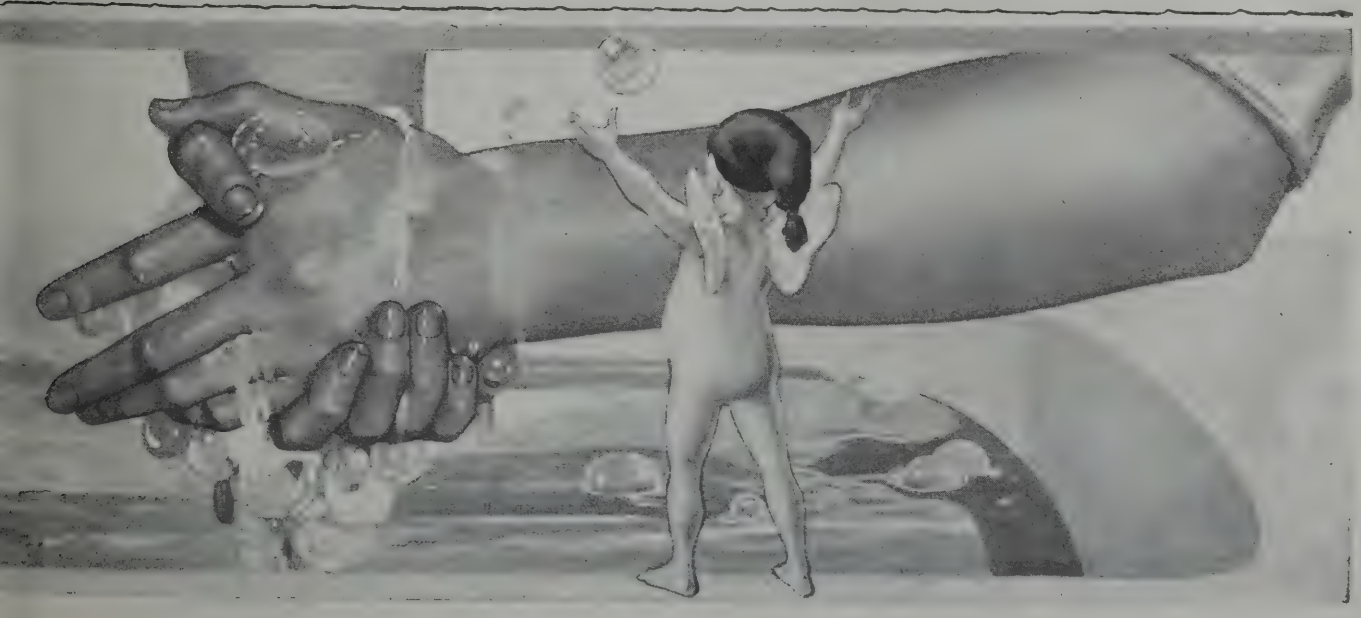
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denced by the novel-a-day women, those who lived in apartments, where the work was light, social intercourse almost nil, and who drugged themselves on fiction, no matter what or by whom. When they were not engaged in the degeneration of what brain-power they had, they dressed and walked the streets, or filled the restaurants at tea-time, both before and after the dance-craze.

The same might be said of girls, particularly in country towns—girls whom their mothers regarded as far more of a hindrance than a help in the household, and who consumed their enormous leisure, as Kathleen Norris so well puts it in "Martie, the Unconquered," by everlasting strolling, with the soda-water fountain as the main objective, or exchanging confidences about the boys, the while they masticated the ubiquitous gum-stick or dreamed impossible dreams of the future.

Well, all that is ancient history. Fashions spread like prairie-fire among women, and not to work these days is to be an outcast, a pariah. All they needed was a new interest, and they got it when we entered the war. They may have entered the lists of the doers reluctantly at first, ashamed to stay out, or their idle minds merely were possessed by a new craze; but nothing is so fascinating as work, except the consciousness that you are an indispensable member of society. The idleness of masses of young American women and the apathy of millions of older women who had never looked beyond the day's monotonous routine formed one of the gravest questions in America. But whatever new questions shall arise in the future, the old problems will be greatly eliminated.

A man said to me the other day, in discussing this subject: "Do you really think all this—*anything*—will make American women more serious? How can they expect to be the companions of men when they either persist in an endless pursuit of pleasure or absorb themselves in the details of daily life?"

I am not given to overoptimism, and am well aware that you cannot plant brains where brains are not. But while the pressure of life in this country has given some women too much to do, and parental or merely masculine indulgence has left others with practically no occupation at all, the fact remains that the American woman is not only naturally bright, however little educated, but sympathetic. Now that she understands what this war means, knows that our men are dying or being wounded daily, sees her neighbors in mourning, to say nothing of her own household, her normal but latent womanly sympathies have been thoroughly roused, and she redoubles her endeavors to be of service.

These sympathies will not fold their wings when the war is over; they have been roused too thoroughly. Nor will they cease to be drawn upon for active service— not for many a long day. Every town and village will have its quota of crippled, blind, poor wrecks of men, to whom they must minister, and perhaps whom they must support.

This brings us to one of the practical aspects of the future. The longer the war goes on, the greater the number of women who must make up their minds to be self-supporting—in many cases to support their families or the broken men that return. More and more women will swarm into the positions left vacant by the drafted, and girls with sufficient money at their disposal will perfect themselves for some profession—there were girl students in the Schools of Mines before the war, and there will be more and more to enter that fascinating profession—or they will buy out businesses going to pieces while the head of the firm is fighting for civilization. Girls who looked forward only to marrying or to "coming out" will realize that it were wise to clasp time by the forelock and take advantage while they may of these many opportunities created by the war. Women will carry on their husbands' business, as they do in France; but it is not to be apprehended that they will relegate the men who do come home to the ignominious "back seat." They will simply insist upon being their partners, after the ancient habit of the Frenchwomen—the only women so far who have satisfactorily settled the problem of the sexes—and as for the young unmarried women in the full tide of success, perhaps they will make a similar arrangement with the men they choose to marry.

I have always maintained that the only secret of happiness, the only cure for the devil of discontent that has been the curse of our women is work. No one can possibly be content, much less happy, who is afflicted with long idle hours, too assured of the comforts or even luxuries of life to move a finger for their own sakes. It needed a war to teach women, our women in particular, that long occupied hours, always moving toward a definite object, and part of their energies at least devoted to the use of either the general good or pathetic dependents not only banishes *ennui* and discontent but persistently expands and ennobles the mind. There may be a good deal of vanity mixed with it, for the human mind never will cease to be human, but it is a healthy and salutary vanity at least.

Many American women—hundreds of thousands of them, I have no doubt—women of straitened means, often longed in the old days to "do something" and add to the family income. The average man is not very successful, and as children grow older, they are expensive articles if they are to receive an adequate preparation for the battle of life. But these women's husbands were horrified at the idea, and "put their foot down." Out of tender consideration? Not in the least. Mere snobbery, always a vital part of man's instinct of self-protection, where it exists at all. And American men are peculiarly snobbish. They long to keep up a good front whether they pay their bills or not, and if their wives should go out into the public arena and make their own nimble chase for dollars, they might be dropped to an inferior rank among business men. Therefore have thousands of women sat at home, one servant doing the work, their children away at school, with no money in their pockets, much less enough for a new gown, while their poor little position in society is intact, and their husband pays his dues and bills at an expensive club.

But the war has changed all that. Not for a moment does the American man mind his wife being in the fashion, working for the Red Cross, in the canteen, or even filling a position left vacant by one of his younger men. If he goes to the war and she can fill his place temporarily, so much the better. The less rivalry to be feared when he returns. Meanwhile, he becomes accustomed to see his wife doing something besides keep his house, knows that she is a vital factor in the services demanded by the government. He also, if he has sense enough to appreciate it, realizes that her enforced economies, the total abolishment of "front," which has become common in his own set, exclusive or otherwise, is teaching her new habits. The Americans have been the most wasteful people in the world. But habits, especially beneficial ones, are difficult to uproot, and no sensible woman will make the attempt when normal conditions are restored. The man will be pretty well trained by that time, and, after a period of resignation to living well within his means for the first time, only the hopeless fogy will find anything humiliating in his wife becoming co-breadwinner. In their secret hearts, men will be profoundly grateful.

Much more could be said of the practical values that will accrue to women from these new conditions, and the superb manner in which they have risen to the test. They will get the vote as a matter of course. They will understand, for the first time, the disgrace and the crime of poverty, and those with political talents will devote their energies to its abolishment. They will read books like Upton Sinclair's "King Coal," and demand that such conditions cease in this modern but hitherto thoughtless country forever. They will cease gorging themselves on second- and third-rate fiction and read books that furnish instead of drug the mind. (The novelists themselves are entering broader fields.) Already, on all sides, one sees women reading instructive books for the first time. The appetite was created by the war-books, but when they tire of these, as tire they must, it will be as impossible to relapse to the "glad" or the "sentimental" story as to sociological indifference.

The great moral effect, I believe, will be a more complete understanding and companionship between the sexes. Our soldiers are fighting so magnificently—not merely bravely, which is no virtue—with such initiative, dash, contempt for fatigue and all the comforts they left behind them that the women of America glow with a new pride in their men and a wholly new admiration for the male sex. Those that looked upon men with a certain amiable contempt, as useful creatures born to admire them and supply their exacting wants, will realize, for the first time, the greatness that lies in the soul of Man. On the other hand, the class of men that has always regarded women as charming and necessary but quite inferior adjuncts will endow their women with a sort of divinity and place them where a deluded world has long imagined they passed their time—on a pedestal. Not that women will stay there. Nor do they desire to become the dominant sex. All they will demand is complete equality. It would be as impossible to turn the tables on the tired men that return from the war as to maltreat one of their cripples. Utopia is not for this earth, but perhaps if out of this hideous interval in the world's history of emptied veins and unspeakable brutalities and suffering for men and women alike, the result shall be a nearer approach to sex-companionship, the worried human race will have moved a step further toward beating Life at its own game.



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Saint's Progress

(*Concluded from page 67*)

painter, and was silent, drawing with increased pace and passion.

"It is so difficult to get subjects," he remarked abruptly. "I cannot afford to pay models, and they are not fond of me painting out of doors. If I had always a subject like you! You—you have a grief, have you not?"

At that startling little question, Noel looked up, frowning.

"Everybody has now."

The painter grasped his chin; his eyes had suddenly become tragical.

"Yes," he said; "everybody. Tragedy is daily bread. I have lost my family; they are in Belgium. How they live, I do not know."

"I'm sorry—very sorry, too, if we aren't nice to you here. We ought to be."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What would you have? We are different. That is unpardonable. An artist is always lonely, too; he has a skin fewer than other people, and he sees things that they do not. People do not like you to be different. If ever in your life you act differently from others, you will find it so, *mademoiselle*."

Noel felt herself flushing. Was he reading her secret? His eyes had such a peculiar, second-sighted look.

"Have you nearly finished?" she asked.

"No, *mademoiselle;* I could go on for hours, but I do not wish to keep you. It is cold for you, sitting there."

Noel got up.

"May I look?"

"Certainly."

She did not quite recognize herself—who does?—but she saw a face, which affected her oddly, of a girl looking at something which was, and yet was not, in front of her.

"My name is Lavendie," the painter said; "my wife and I live there." And he gave her a card.

Noel could not help answering:

"My name is Noel Pierson. I live with my father; here's the address." She found her card-case and fished out a card. "My father is a clergyman; would you care to come and see him? He loves music and painting."

"It would be a great pleasure; and perhaps I might be allowed to paint you. Alas! I have no studio."

Noel drew back.

"I'm afraid I work in a hospital all day, and—and I don't want to be painted, thank you. Only, daddy would like to meet you, I'm sure."

The painter bowed again; she saw that he was hurt.

"Of course I can see that you're a very fine painter," she said quickly; "only—only—I don't *want* to, you see. Perhaps you'd like to paint daddy; he's got a most interesting face."

The painter smiled.

"He is your father, *mademoiselle*. May I ask you one question? Why do you not want to be painted?"

"Because—because I *don't*, I'm afraid."

She held out her hand. The painter bowed over it.

"*Au revoir, mademoiselle.*"

"Thank you," said Noel; "it was awfully interesting." And she walked away.

The sky had become full of clouds round the westerly sun; and the foreign, crinkled tracery of the plane-tree branches against that French-gray, golden-edged mass was lovely. Beauty, and the troubles of others, soothed her. She felt sorry for the painter; but his eyes saw too much! And his words: "If ever you act differently from others" made her feel him uncanny. Was it true that people always disliked and condemned those who acted differently? If her old schoolfellows now knew what was before her, how would they treat her? In her father's study

Too Fat To Fight,

A short story by

Rex Beach,

will appear in

January Cosmopolitan.

hung a little reproduction of a tiny picture in the Louvre, a "Rape of Europa," by an unknown painter—a humorous, delicate thing, of an enraptured, fair-haired girl mounted on a prancing white bull, crossing a shallow stream, while on the bank all her white-girl companions were gathered, turning half-sour, half-envious faces away from that too fearful spectacle, while one of them tried with timid desperation to mount astride of a sitting cow and follow. The face of the girl on the bull had once been compared by some one with her own. She thought of this picture now, and saw her schoolfellows—a throng of shocked and wondering girls. Suppose one of them had been in her position! "Should I have been turning my face away, like the rest? I wouldn't—no; I wouldn't!" she thought. "I should have understood." But she knew there was a kind of false emphasis in her thought. Instinctively she felt the painter right. One who acted differently from others was lost.

She told her father of the encounter, adding,

"I expect he'll come, daddy."

Pierson answered dreamily:

"Poor fellow! I shall be glad to see him if he does."

"And you'll sit to him, won't you?"

"My dear—I?"

"He's lonely, you know, and people aren't nice to him. Isn't it hateful that people should hurt others because they're foreign or different?" She saw his eyes open with mild surprise, and went on, "I know you think people are charitable, daddy; but they aren't, of course."

"*That's* not exactly charitable, Nollie."

"You know they're not. I think sin often just means doing things differently. It's not real sin when it only hurts yourself; but that doesn't prevent people condemning, does it?"

"I don't know what you mean, Nollie."

Noel bit her lips and murmured,

"Are you sure we're really Christians, daddy?"

The question was so startling, from his own daughter, that Pierson took refuge in an attempt at wit.

"I should like notice of that question, Nollie, as they say in Parliament."

"That means you don't."

Pierson flushed.

"We're fallible; but, don't get such ideas into your head, my child. There's a lot of rebellious talk and writing in these days."

Noel clasped her hands behind her head.

"I think," she said, looking straight before her and speaking to the air, "that Christianity is what you do, not what you think or say. And I don't believe people can be Christians when they act like others—I mean, when they join together to judge and hurt people."

Pierson rose and paced the room.

"You have not seen enough of life to talk like that," he said.

But Noel went on:

"One of the men in her hospital told Gratian about the treatment of conscientious objectors—it was horrible. Why do they treat them like that, just because they disagree? Mr. Fort says it's fear which makes people bullies. But how can it be fear when they're hundreds to one? He says man has domesticated his animals but has never succeeded in domesticating himself. Man must be a wild beast, you know, or the world couldn't be so awfully brutal. I don't see much difference between being brutal for good reasons and being brutal for bad ones."

Pierson looked down at her with a troubled smile. There was something fantastic to him in this sudden philosophizing by one whom he had watched grow up from a tiny thing. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—sometimes! But, then, the young generation was always something of a sealed book to him; his sensitive shyness, and, still more, his cloth placed a sort of invisible barrier between him and the hearts of others, especially the young. There were so many things of which he was compelled to disapprove, or which, at least, he couldn't discuss. And they knew it too well. Until these last few months, he had never realized that his own daughters had remained as undiscovered by him as the interior of Brazil. And now that he perceived this, he was bewildered, yet could not imagine how to get on terms with them.

And he stood looking at Noel, intensely puzzled, suspecting nothing of the hard fact which was altering her—vaguely jealous, anxious, pained. And when she had gone up to bed, he roamed up and down the room a long time, thinking. He longed for a friend to confide in and consult; but he knew no one. He shrank from them all, as too downright, bluff, and active, too worldly and unesthetic, or too stiff and narrow. Among the younger men in his profession he was often aware of faces which attracted him, but one could not confide deep personal questions to men half one's age. But of his own generation or his elders, he knew not one whom he felt to be sufficiently sensitive.

The next instalment of ***Saint's Progress*** will appear in ***January Cosmopolitan.***



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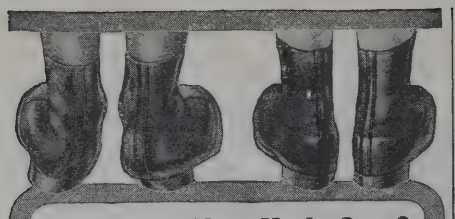
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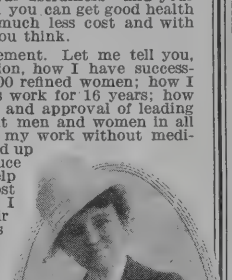
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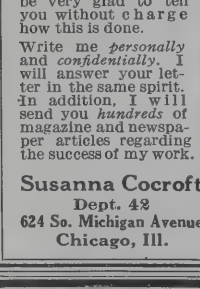
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"Taxi!"

(*Concluded from page 29*)

asked Randolph, a little peeved. "Well, you've heard my offer. Take it or leave it."

"Sure I'll take it!" said the driver promptly. "If I wasn't a-goin' to have took it from the first, what would I 'a' been standin' here talkin' for?"

Whereupon they entered to the cramped privacy of the cab and exchanged garments. Randolph was ready in ten minutes, but it took him another ten to complete the appareling of the puzzled chauffeur. That worthy added to his investiture in Randolph's best evening suit a sickly grin.

"Say," he asked, "how do I look?"

Mr. Randolph surveyed him.

"Oh, you'll do, all right. You look about the way I would if I'd been on a bat. Better have a few drinks, if you can find them, and the world will fall for your clothes. What time do I turn the wagon in, and what time do I go on again? Do you bunk at the garage, by any chance?"

"Never you mind where I bunk," said the ex-cabman suspiciously. "D'you think I'm goin' to throw in a happy home for two hundred? You're on the night shift for this week. Read the rules an' regulations when you get to the garage. Say good-by to the boys for me an' tell the manager to go to blazes."

They followed this remark out of the cab; the tough in fop's clothing cranked the car and turned westward, as previously chronicled, while Mr. Randolph, now substitute to Patrick O'Reilly as driver of the Village Cab Company's No. 1898, hurled his chariot eastward, not to meet the morning, as it had appeared to the watching Miss Thornton, but in search of the residence of the head of the legal firm charged with the duty of carrying out the instructions of the defunct Mr. Asa Thornton.

Mr. Randolph, vice O'Reilly, drew up at the familiar address in Madison Avenue and laid his car cheek by jowl with the curb as though anchoring it for a long stay; then he descended from the driver's seat, entered the cab, exclaimed thanksgiving at finding a rug, wrapped himself in its warm folds, curled up on the seat, and went to sleep.

In the cold early morning the strong arm of the Law reached in and dragged him back from the Elysian Fields where he had been wandering hand in hand with a lovely person dressed in a little velvet toque and very cheap clothes.

"Here, you!" said the voice of the Law. "Don't you know you can't put up a hotel in this burg without a license? Wot the——"

"Morning, Officer," said Randolph, trying his best to be pleasant. "I'm waiting for my fare. Any regulation against that?"

"Don't pull that stuff on me," said the Law. "This ain't the Tenderloin."

"I know it isn't," remarked Mr. Randolph. "But I happen to be waiting for Mr. Borden Milyuns, of Milyuns, Branch, & Milyuns. Ever heard of him?"

"Sure," said the cop, impressed but still suspicious. "He lives here all right, but I ain't seen him turning down his own cars for night-hawks lately."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "I could tease you along for some time and make you look a nut, but I won't. The truth is, his prize bitch, Bride of Lammermoor, is pupping to-night, and I'm here to take the lady and her litter down to the dog-show in time to get 'em settled for the opening. Messy job, but the meter is charging for it."

"There ain't a man living that could think up a lie like that, not sudden," murmured the officer, and turned to resume his beat while Mr. Randolph promptly hit the mat in the hope of catching up with Elysium. He slept; he slept too deep for dreams, and was beyond the reach of the call of any motor-horn when Mr. Milyuns' town car tried to shoo him along at eight-thirty of a bright morning.

Once more was Mr. Randolph dragged by main force to wakefulness.

"Good-morning, Thomas," he remarked. "Is the old man up?"

"Hully gee! Mr. Randolph! What 'ave you been up to now?"

"None of yours, Thomas," said Robert Hervey, in a kindly but firm voice. "Get me a bit of paper and a pencil."

The chauffeur discovered the required articles in Mr. Milyuns' car, handed them over, and curiously watched Mr. Randolph write his note to the effect that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton would receive her legal representative at Mr. Randolph's rooms in Fifty-ninth Street between nine and ten. It was added that the said rooms, upon which rent had been paid to the end of the quarter, and all they contained, including the man, Tomlinson, were at the perpetual disposition of the said Miss T.

"Now, Thomas," said Mr. Randolph, "you take this in to the old man himself and tell him a chauffeur with an empty cab brought it. If you say another word, I'll have you up at the union for losing me my job, and I'll lick the stuffings out of you besides. Get me?"

"Sure thing, Mr. Randolph!" said Thomas. "Leave it to me to help you make trouble whenever you feel like it. It's a slow world except for the likes of you."

As soon as the man had entered the house, Mr. Randolph started his cab and made for a point of vantage in the park from which, in due course, he beheld the arrival of the lawyer at Fifty-ninth Street. He waited long enough to make sure that the legal gentleman had penetrated to Miss Thornton; then he threw up his flag and made for the garage.

He sought out the manager.

"Say," he plunged, "Pat O'Reilly lost his job to me last night shooting craps. My clock read twenty-eight dollars this morning; here's my slip."

The manager glanced at the slip, and took a long look at Mr. Randolph.

"You're on, kid," he decided. "Take any shift you like. What's your name?"

"Slim Hervey," said Mr. Randolph promptly.

"One of them earned names," commented the manager. "All right. Go to it."

The next instalment of "*Taxi!*" will appear in ***January Cosmopolitan.***

Written on the Sky

(Continued from page 48)

thinking, thinking. He forgot to eat. He was waiting for the dark. When it was coming, he went over to the river and watched the light fade in the sky above the factories with their black-trellised frames and water-tanks on the roofs, and, when the sky grew darkening gray, suddenly the call to him sprang out upon it: "Written on the sky."

He went to his hotel and took a cold bath. Not the plunge but his emotions within made him shake like a leaf. He was unnerved. Life had worn away to nothing. It had become like a coin worn smooth by many grimy, avaricious fingers and the passing back and forth in the humdrum of the sordid business of the world. There was no eagle on it any more—no motto—not even an "In God We Trust." Life had worn itself out.

And now, suddenly, all the glamour and call of youth had returned, all the hope and promise of the springtime of heart's desire. Before him—riches, beauty, romance, love! He was smothered by it all. The gift of fortune was too rich! He reeled.

He knew where she lived. The newspaper clipping had told that; it had spoken of the modesty and elegance of her wonderful apartment.

He had a business suit pressed. He went down to the barber shop. He tied a necktie over and over again, and then rejected it for another one of a different shade. And all the time he hated himself for giving attention to such things. They were inconsequent. And he was going to be the Top of the World!

She had called to him! She was waiting!

He rode to her address in a taxi-cab which purred and coughed and pulsed its way as the man inside recalled again the night of storm in Chicago and at last knew that he had then cast aside life's great chance, that he had sneered at fate then, and, smothered by the conventions, had turned a deaf ear to the inspired words of a half-matured girl with the curved lips of a child.

A maid came to the great oaken door of Cécile's apartment and peered out at him as he stood trembling in the arched and vaulted stone hallway. He heard with a sinking of the heart the news that Cécile had gone out to dinner, but at the suggestion that he wait for her, he stepped inside.

In the living-room there was no suggestion of the commercial success which she had won or, on the other hand, of the humble and unenlightened source of her origin. The atmosphere might have been created by the personality of a woman of the nobility, tired of the pomp of the world. Tapestries and rich Chinese brocades were on the soft gray walls. The furniture was of carved oak, ancient and not too ornate or severe, perhaps, but comfortable. In the center of the room, a table had upon it a single pale-green Chinese-porcelain jar. If there was any fault in this almost perfect example of the interior decorator's art, it was in the simplicity of its richness.

The man stopped for a moment to gaze at himself in the long, gold-framed mirror between the windows. Then his attention was attracted by a clear globe in which a

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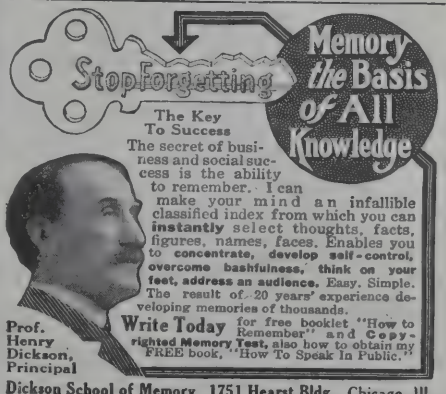
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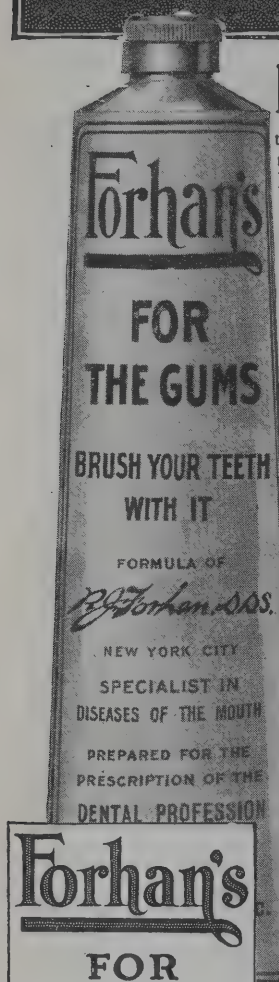
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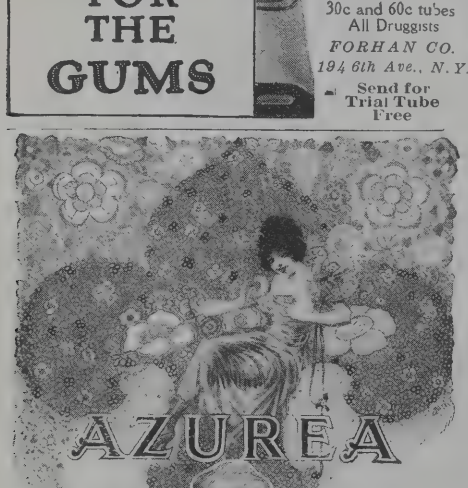
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goldfish hung almost motionless, fanning with its tiny fins—reflected in the mirror. He looked away at the books on the opposite wall, all of which were bound in dark-green leather with gilt titles, making a thin line of misty sheen across the shelves.

"Her struggle for culture!" he said to himself. "Lord! How different this is from my quarters!"

And then his eyes wandered around and stopped at the photograph of a man which leaned back against the wall above the book-shelf. It was the only picture in the room, and beneath it a tiny Oriental dragon's-blood snuff-bottle held a single violet. He thought this man in the picture, with his high forehead, his grave young face, in which only the lines about the eyes gave a hint of the laughter in his soul, must be an attractive individual, whoever he was. There was a suggestion of a tall and distinguished figure, and of a firmness of character, and of a whimsical sense, and in the firm but warm lips was a hint of a judicial restraint mingled with a great sympathy, unusual in a man so young.

He turned the photograph round, and written on the back were the words:

To Cécile Trieste, from One Who Waits. May she not forget one who believes works are greater even than faith.

He scratched his head; he wondered what these words meant. He read the signature underneath. It was that of a young and brilliant lawyer, a partner of an ex-senator, who, having been born into fashionable society, had cast its allurements aside. He had once known a young woman who had told him of this man. He knew the name; most people knew it.

The stranger who waited heard, at last, the sound of the outer door and a rich, warm voice, saying: "Janet, just take these wraps to my room. Some one to see me?" And she came in.

She had changed. She was still slim, but there was a fullness of strength and of surplus vitality, a richer maturity. Her black-brocade evening gown exposed the power expressed in the poise of her shoulders, her throat, and her head under its weight of red-and-gold hair. But she had remained unchanged, too; for her eyes were the eyes which had looked into his so many years ago—the deep-topaz eyes which might have been taken from a child or from a priestess with the worldly wisdom of all time. She was still ever changing—like an opal. She held the same shimmering, iridescent lights, which had dazzled him even when she had been only a piece of riffraff picked up in the snow.

And yet—he noticed this—something had gone from her—some indefinable quality—that quality which had made her so long ago speak as if with the voice of Destiny. She was more beautiful than ever. He gasped because of her magnificent beauty. But her face was now the face of a beautiful woman; once it had been the face of a saint. She looked at him, puzzled.

"I've come—" he began.

"I do not understand." She shook her head.

"I forgot. You never even knew my name. But I am the one you told years ago that our fate was bound together." She gazed at him with a deepening expression of fear. "You have put up, across the sky, a message to one who—" She nodded, unable to believe. "I am the man."

For a moment, with wide, horror-stricken eyes, she looked at him, and then, with terror in her voice, she whispered,

"You!"

The one word, with its expression of her final recognition and her agony of disappointment and humiliation, rang out through the apartment and echoed and died away.

The man understood. The apartment became silent; the noise of the city receded. He turned his eyes away from her and looked at the goldfish on the low shelf under the long mirror. It was swimming frantically about its prison, and the image of itself in the glass frantically kept it company.

He saw himself in that mirror. Youth had gone, the reflection said. Youth had gone, with its fineness and its promise. It had not left dignity behind; it had only left mediocrity and a coarse, sordid life stamped on a face, good-natured, commonplace, and tired. He understood.

He understood, and braced himself against the shock of full understanding. He heard her move and, without looking up, he knew that she had taken a step impulsively toward the picture of the man who had inscribed himself "One Who Waits." It was as if she had been threatened by an intruder and had turned toward the picture to say, "Tell him to go."

He understood. Raising his eyes, he saw that she was standing with her clenched white fingers pressed against the edges of her white, even teeth. He could read the horror in her topaz eyes—the horror of a woman who finds she has given a pledge to do a terrible thing. He could say to himself that which she would have said if she had spoken.

"The picture of you always before me has grown brighter and brighter with false memory," she would have said. "It has almost made a tragedy for two lives." He knew she would have said this; she had glanced quickly toward the picture again. He understood.

He knew that in her he had found, all at once, for the second time, the best parts of himself—things that rose up and up, lifting him from within, making him despise the self in him which had made him as he was. A new spirit had entered him again—something strong and unsmirched and brave. Perhaps all men have this feeling in their lives; some many times, all at least once. He had it then—a second time.

Out of this feeling came the vision of a love that could be great indeed. He had been tempted to say: "I understand—but I will change. I will have youth again. I will go away. I will be reborn. I will make myself fit for you, and then I will come back. For it is so written on the sky."

But he did not say these words. He nodded toward the photograph and smiled.

"I just thought we ought to know how each of us is getting on in a general way," he said awkwardly. "Life has gone ahead with me—just so-so. I'm glad you took the advice I gave you. You've certainly worked a miracle. I'm going back West to-morrow—" Cécile gazed at him out of her topaz eyes with eager questioning. "Yes; back to the home and the wife and the babies. We've three of them. And I tell you there's nothing so satisfactory

; a home, and somebody to welcome you
: night, and having your own life renewed
t the lives of new human beings."
She uttered a deep sigh of complete
:lief.
"Were you going to say anything?" he
;ked. "No? Well—that's all. I gave
ou advice once, and I give it to you again.
ake all the full richness of life when you
in. Never wait. For God's sake, don't
ait! Don't make anybody else wait.
:ize it as it comes—savagely, quickly!"
He stopped and looked at the picture of
ie other man. He blushed and pulled
:rvously at his tie.
"I'm not much of a hand to speak of
iese things, but, you see, I'm going out of
wn to-morrow night. If you decide—
you—" He looked toward the photo-
aph. "I confess. I picked it up and saw
hat was on the back," he said. A flash
anger came into her eyes and then was
ne. "Yes, I know," he said, trying to
:ep his voice straight. "But I felt, con-
dering everything, that I was privileged.
nd what I was going to say was this: I'm
ing out of town to-morrow night. As far
I'm concerned, I'm just like something
hich has come up to the surface of life
gain and will drop back in a minute and
ou will never see it again. That's me."
The woman may have sensed something
the struggle he was making. She said,
"You will want to know——"
"Yes; I would want to know—before
slip down under the surface again,
suppose——"
"Yes?"
"I suppose, if everything is all right
tween you and him, you might take down
at sign: 'Written on the Sky.' Then I
ould know, and it would be a satisfaction
me—it would make life seem full of
omise and hope and future. I would
k to-morrow night—before I left for the
est—I would go and look." She nodded.
Well then—good-by."
She gave him her hand. And, with a
llant manner, quite out of keeping with
nself, his appearance, and his bearing,
bent over and touched his lips to the
ck of the sott warm fingers.
'Well then—good-by."
He had achieved one of the victories of
ace.

The next night, a mechanic from the
ements near the river-front carried a
le boy in his arms along the edge of a
at wharf-warehouse to the end of the
r. The little boy had suffered a long
ess and was recovering, and his father,
tolid worker, took his son each swelter-
summer night to the water's edge where
e can look up at the velvet-dark and star-
ttered dome of the sky and catch an
asional breath coming over the river.
Now these two found a third person there
lonely figure of a man, staring out
oss the dark spaces of the stream.
'Look it!" said the child suddenly. "An
ctric sign has just broke—the one what
d, 'Written on the Sky.' It has gone out."
The father only grunted; but the other
n had heard, and came and put his hand
n the little boy's hand.
That's right," he said. "We know,
't we? That's right."
He turned away, and the last they saw
im he was mopping his forehead under
arc-light, looking down at a railway
e-table in his other hand.

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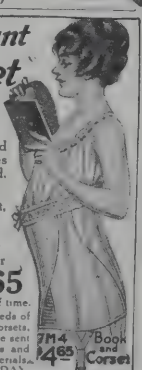


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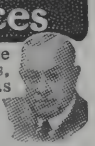
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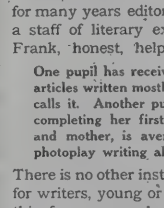
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ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

The Missing Shoe

(*Continued from page 57*)

but—what did it matter? He would earn the heavy tip I had promised him, and that was enough.

It was almost one when Letenheim, the orchestra leader, appeared in the doorway of the restaurant. I leaned forward and spoke to my taxi-man, and he immediately dismounted and cranked his engine.

It was not difficult to follow Letenheim. On foot, he turned east, walking rapidly. At Sixth Avenue he turned north. In the middle of the block a limousine was drawn up. With a nod to the driver, Letenheim stepped into the car.

We passed the limousine as he entered it, and as I heard a soft, feminine cry of welcome, I could have screamed in mirthless laughter. A *liaison!* And I had suspected—I had seen myself rendering a great service to my country, and—here was Letenheim meeting secretly some infatuated woman.

Disgusted, I was about to tell my taxi-man to discontinue the chase—the big limousine had shot past us—when, suddenly, it stopped by an elevated-railway station. Letenheim leaped from the machine. He ran up the steps, and, as he passed beneath an electric lamp, I noticed that he wore *tan shoes!*

"The gent, or the lady in the machine?" called the taxi-man.

"The machine!" I cried.

Once, to-night, Letenheim had changed a shoe. That was earlier, in the Regal restaurant. Now, in a limousine, which he had entered and left surreptitiously, he had changed his shoes again!

Up to Fifty-ninth Street, east to Fifth Avenue, up the avenue a dozen blocks, we followed the limousine. Then it stopped in the middle of a block. Drawn up at the corner below, I watched a woman alight; I saw her enter the house; I waited until the limousine had passed on; then I had my taxi-man pass slowly by it while I marked its number.

My taxi-man got me home just in time for me to answer the 'phone. It was Banning, plaintive.

"I've been trying to get you for half an hour," he said. "Mrs. Connel tells me that a messenger came from Conti shortly after her shoes arrived on the twelfth. The messenger declared that there had been a mistake in the shoes, and was only convinced when Mrs. Connel showed him her shoes. And who do you suppose fits the description she gives me of the messenger?"

"Kammer?" I asked.

His voice breathed admiration.

"I Ade, you're the world's eighth wonder!" he cried. "But why——"

"Never mind questions now," I told him. "I'll explain later. Do you happen to know who lives at number —— Fifth Avenue?"

"The office could tell me," he replied.

"Let it. Then you tell me," I told him.

Five minutes later, he telephoned,

"Mrs. Bertha Baumgärtner, widow of Heinrich Baumgärtner, the brewer."

"Listen," I said. "The federal district attorney—you know him?"

"Well," he answered.

"Well enough to get him up out of bed and hear a story of attempts against t government?"

"I should say!" he cried.

"And your paper? It would get an extra morning edition?"

"*Please*, Miss Ade!" he cried. "W have you——"

"See the district attorney. Get w rants for the arrests of Cesare Conti; Kammer; Letenheim, orchestra leader the Regal, and Mrs. Bertha Baumgärtn You have Mrs. Baumgärtner's addre here are the others." I gave them to hi

"But are you sure?" he cried.

"Kammer," I said, "is a friend Gerrity, who, though acquitted, is *kno* to be a traitor. One Francis Belton, s posed to be a suicide, was among th persons who received shoes from Ces Conti, the bootmaker, on June twelf Every other person, myself included, w got shoes from Conti that day has b visited by some one who examined th shoes. One new shoe is missing fr Belton's effects. On the night of t twelfth, Kammer, suspected of being p German, exchanged shoes with Let heim, an Austrian musician. To-nig again, Kammer exchanged shoes w Letenheim. Under cover of a table-cl it was easily done. I merely happened notice it. To-night, Letenheim entere limousine in which was Mrs. Bertha Bau gärtner or some one of her household. that limousine, Letenheim changed shoes. Why, Banning, why?"

He whistled.

"But Conti—an Italian!"

"There are traitors in every camp,' said. "And remember this: My name not to be mentioned."

"But why?"

"I may want to help the governm again," I told him. "But if it's kno that I exposed this plot, my value is l ened. Besides, Tommy Banning, likely to prove an expensive person to t to dinners; you need a raise in pay. *Star* should give it to you."

"I Ade, you're mercenary," he s But I am quite sure he didn't mean it.

And, late next afternoon, I proved t I wasn't. For I made Candia Wilson away her check-book.

"I can't take money for something cidental to my work," I told her.

She stared at me with almost worsh ing eyes.

"And Frank—was not a——"

"He was slain fighting for his countr I told her. "A wireless plant was fou in Mrs. Baumgärtner's house. By it, sent to Germany information picked by spies here. Because of her profes patriotism and her great gifts to the R Cross and other charities, she was suspected. She would not confess at fi but in her house were found several sh that had been made by Conti. And each of them was a cunning pocket, which were stored papers that contai plans of our training-camps, informat as to troop-sailings, as to munition s plies—she had kept the papers for v fication, and they were found. She br down then, and confessed. So, finally, Conti and Kammer and Letenheim.

"Conti, professedly an ardent pat

as the gatherer of information, the sub-
ead of the spy system. Information was
elivered to him. He passed it on to
ammer. And because Kammer was once
ıspected, the information was concealed
the soles of shoes. On the twelfth,
onti made a mistake. Kammer's shoes
d not have the information he expected.
› Kammer visited every person who had
ceived shoes from Conti that day. He
ıs confessed that he entered Mr. Belton's
›use by forcing the lock. Mr. Belton
ıd gone to bed. Kammer, having failed
ery other place to find the right shoes,
ıew that they were here. In his excite-
ent, he spoke with a German accent, and
r. Belton suspected him. He refused to
rrender the shoes, denounced Kammer as
German, and—Kammer hurled himself
›on him—and—Mr. Belton was surprised,
ercome—" I changed the subject. The
rl could stand no more. "They were
tremely cautious," I went on. "For
ammer to visit Mrs. Baumgärtner, who
›ssessed the only wireless available, would
›t do. So they devised the trick of chang-
g the shoes. Then Letenheim would
eet Mrs. Baumgärtner and change his
oes again. If there were discovery, it
›uld be thought that Letenheim was
rrying on a *liaison* with a rich and foolish
l woman. I myself almost believed that."
But the girl was paying no attention now.
"Frank's name—he will be cleared——"
I put my arms about her.
"His share, his heroic share, will be
inted in every newspaper in the country
to-morrow," I assured her.
And then the blessed tears, the tears that
ant the bursting of the bonds of restraint
d the assurance of her sanity, flowed
m her eyes. I myself winked back a few.
ıad achieved neither money nor glory,
t—I had served my friend Banning, and
ıad mended another heart.

The Maximum

(*Continued from page 21*)

to the shattering, health-breaking sus-
ıses of each new terrible venture. It
gan innocently, with his first search for
ound investment of the sixty-odd thou-
ıd dollars which remained to him after
rret had been paid. And all at once
lure of Wall Street spread out before
n—not the sound and busy mart of in-
stment but Wall Street, the giant lot-
y, the vast democracy of speculation,
ere rich and poor, big and little venture
perilous courses. Wall Street, the lot-
y, would not be a menace if occasion-
y a few dramatic figures did not rise of
crowd and send them in frantic pur-
t of these will-o'-the-wisps of fortune.
d Erickson was one of these destined
ls of fortune.
Whatever he touched was gilded. He
by accident into a contest of giants for
supremacy of a transportation system,
l tripled his capital overnight. At the
break of the war, he sold short and made
ortune while thousands on thousands
their all swept away. Then he bought
k and rode triumphantly on the return-
incredible wave of prosperity. In two
rs, his meteoric career was the marvel
his associates and the envy of every
nown gambler. He was credited with
sessing four million dollars.

HEINZ Mince-Meat



THERE are many ingredients in really good mince meat. And each one of these many ingredients gives Heinz an opportunity to show his resources in procuring the best—choice apples from the wind-swept orchards of Northern New York, Grecian currants—fruity and clean—raisins from Valencia, beef from America's great plains, and fragrant spices from the Orient.

With each ingredient good as it can be, Heinz Mince Meat adds goodness to goodness—blending, seasoning, bringing out the flavor, until the result is a triumph.

Heinz Mince Meat is sold only in one and two pound glass jars and tins—never in bulk.

Heinz Plum Pudding

This fine pudding, sacred to festivities for hundreds of years, is made by Heinz according to the best English traditions, and is a perfect ending for a good dinner.

Some of the 57

Heinz Fig Pudding

Here is a pudding that is simple and wholesome, but choice enough for your most particular dinner party, especially if served with the sauce for which the recipe is given on the can.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

But the public which was dazzled by this swift leap from mediocrity into opulence little knew the price paid. Each time he entered a new venture, he flung into it his all, and stood to win or to be ruined utterly. With him, it was always a question of the maximum. No sooner had he determined on a fresh gamble than the same hidden force which had possessed him at Fisher's entered his body, commanded his hand and his voice, neutralized his will, and flung him into the consuming fire of mortal suspense. Try as he would, despite every resolve broken and remade, it became absolutely humanly impossible for him to moderate the fierceness of the gambling-lust which possessed him at such times. And after each fluctuating period of exaltation and horror, he dragged forth his body, whipped and crushed in the inexorable vortex of superman suffering and triumph. If only he could have risked a third, a half, even two-thirds of his fortune! But no—drawn as a drug pulls down its victim under the black pool of forgetfulness and oblivion, with him, each time it had to be the maximum. And each success sentenced him to a new torture.

V

THREE years after the episode at Palm Beach, Ted Stevenson, back from the French front in the uniform of the American Ambulance, stood stock-still on the threshold of the club library. Before him was the apparition of Bob Erickson, lank, grizzle-haired, a stoop in the shoulders that had once been carried in pride, a face lined with the records of soul-bruising combats, eyes restless, moody, and perpetually striving to remember something that had escaped the mind.

"Bob!"

Erickson turned, saw the outstretched hand, started to avoid it, and then slowly forced himself to grasp it. The momentary hesitation was not lost on Stevenson.

"Bob, you look like the devil!" he blurted out, with the frankness of an old friend. "Knock off, man, and play a little."

"Can't. Wish I could."

"'Can't?' Why, they tell me you're a multimillionaire!" said Stevenson, with forced joviality, "and, by the way, congratulations—I didn't suspect you had such a talent."

"I've been lucky, Ted; that's all." He glanced at his watch nervously. "Sorry to be hurrying; see you again, of course."

He moved off quickly, descended the stairs leaning on the banister, took his hat, and moved with short, springless steps toward the door. There, by some instinct, he turned, saw Stevenson watching him, paused, and, straightening up, sought to move with such alacrity that he stumbled and almost fell.

Stevenson went back to the loungers with clouded brow. Why had Erickson avoided him? What was wrong with him? Was he seeking to conceal something? In the hall, knots of his acquaintances were discussing the impending note from Washington, some arguing that war was inevitable, some holding that another crisis would be postponed. Still with Erickson on his mind, he avoided chance acquaintances until, searching the rooms, he perceived Garret.

"John, what's wrong with Bob Erickson?" he said directly, dropping down into a chair. "If any one knows, you ought to."

"With Bob? Why, nothing but success, I should say."

The memory of his dictum that Erickson was a ten-thousand-a-year man occasionally got the better of his friendship.

"It's been three years since I saw Bob. You may not notice it. I do. My opinion is the old boy is a dying man."

Garret looked up, frowned, and then said slowly,

"I've had that same idea occasionally; but Bob's got the constitution of a horse."

"How's he made his pile?"

"Gambling."

"'Gambling?' Where?" said Stevenson, with a swift half-turn.

"In the Street, plunging, and falling from one lucky strike into another. That's how he's done it."

"Do you mean investments or gambling?".

"Just plain, ordinary, twenty-per-cent. marginal gambling—policy-playing, crap-shooting, anything you choose to call it, on a grand scale."

"And he's still at it?"

"Sure! Just been talking to me—plunging on the coming submarine message which he's figured out means war."

"Then, John," said Stevenson solemnly, "Bob Erickson's a doomed man. He won't last out another year." In quick phrases he told Garret of the experience at Palm Beach, of the physical breakdown, the mental vertigo, and the collapse of all control which had accompanied that first experience. "Why, John, we stayed with him until daybreak, walking him up and down to get him quiet. If he'd gone back to the table, I wouldn't have answered for the consequences. I tell you that's what's been happening since then. Every time he's plunged, he's burned himself up. Look here: Are you a friend enough of old Bob Erickson to go to him with me and lay the truth before him?"

"I am; God knows I never suspected this!" said Garret, sitting up. "To-morrow—my office, eleven o'clock."

VI

AT eleven, as Stevenson entered the office, Garret was waiting for him.

"Ted, what you told me has haunted me all night. It explains many things," he said, leading the way. "Bob's got to b watched. I'm not sure but the best thin wouldn't be to go direct to his wife. An how, we've struck him at a good time."

"How so?"

"Why, the message."

"Why, it's just one more note——"

"Exactly. But, for some reaso Erickson figured on an ultimatum and so short. Now that the market's go straight against him, perhaps he'll liste to reason."

"Perhaps—and then again—" H stopped, not daring to phrase his fear th was in his heart.

Their destination was but a short tu through a labyrinth of underground pa sages, an upward shoot, and a long windi past labeled doors.

"Here we are."

Garret, with the right intimacy, nodded to the gi at the window, pushe through the outer offices clerks, and entered the priva room.

"Hello, there, Bob!"

At the ticker, a clerk w reading off in singsong.

"U. P. up one and a ha Reading up——"

In the window, half stan ing, half falling, his face turn to the sky, was the man th once had been Bob Erickso

"Smelter up three. Bet lehem up——"

"Here, you—clear out we'll attend to this!" sa Garret roughly, and taking the astonish clerk by the shoulders, he gave him a ha turn and sent him out the door.

From the man at the window came a c of terror:

"No! No!"

"Bob!"

Erickson pushed by them and caug the tape.

"The fools—don't they see—don't th understand? It's war—it must be war it can't be——"

He stopped and put his hand sudden on his heart.

"Look at his lips!"

Erickson caught the excitement a turned toward Stevenson.

"I kept my promise—as I gave it, Ted but this—neither you nor I—" stopped, caught his breath. "It had come—sooner or later had to come. T you're too late——"

"Not on your life, man!" said Steve son, stepping forward. "We're here take charge of you——"

"Too late!" With a superhuman effo Erickson looked at the tape, at the print spectacle of the vanishing thousan "First time went against me—fate, course—going—all going!"

Suddenly he jerked straight, stared the wall as though he saw something Fisher's eyes perhaps, still waiting th final triumph—and sank slowly into chair, his head sunk on his shoulders, t tape caught in his hands and falling twisted spirals down his legs. Wh Garret touched his shoulder, the bo slipped from the chair to the floor, a the sudden tension broke the tape, s though a final accounting in the ledg of the ironical, grotesque, and mirth Fates.

Edith Wharton's

second article on

The France We Are Learning To Know

will appear in

January Cosmopolitan.

Its subject is "Reverence," and in it Mrs. Wharton ranges from blackberries to social conventions in her fascinating elucidation of French ways and their meaning.

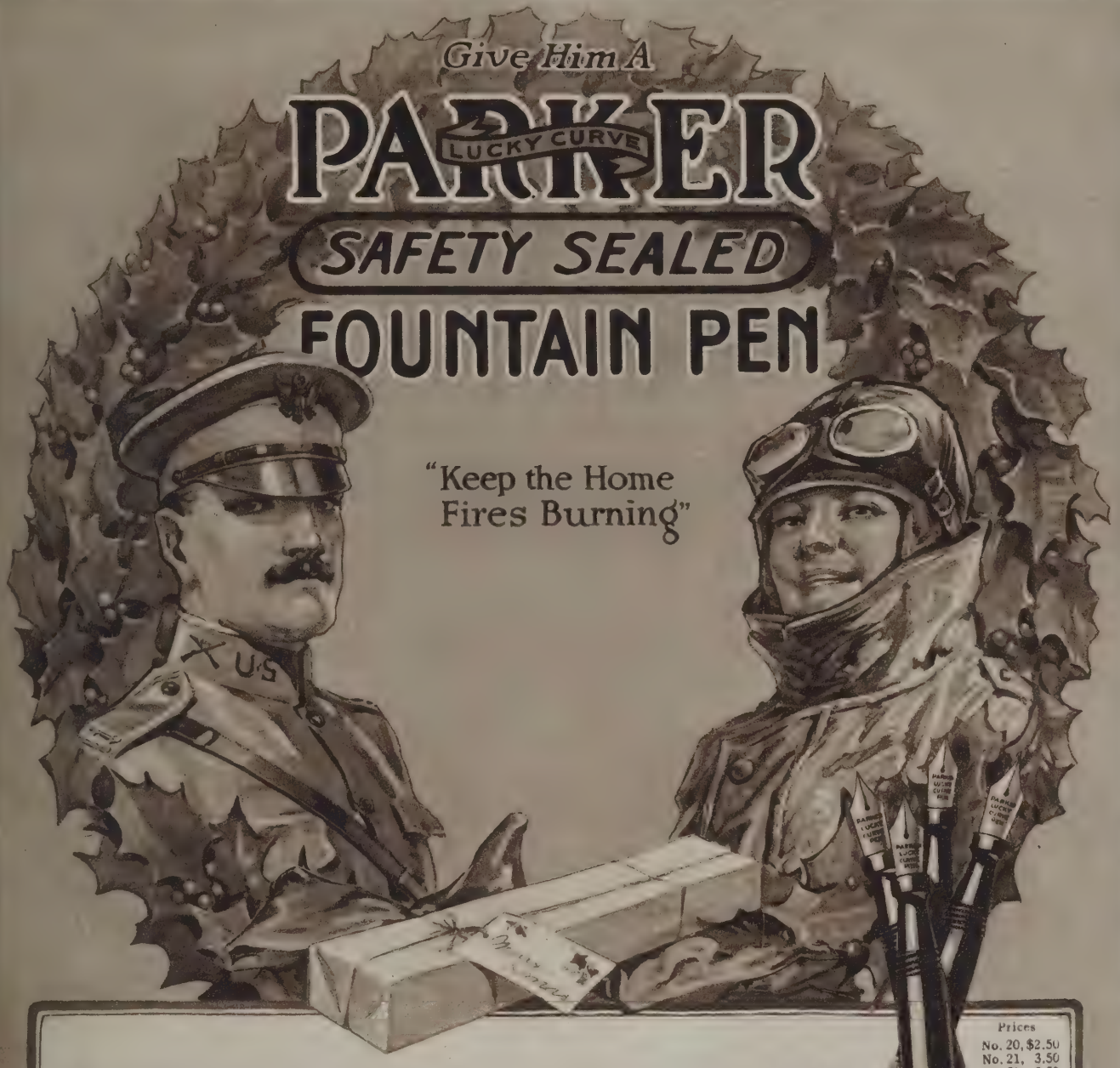
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NOTE—Any of "our boys" wearing the uniform of a U. S. soldier or sailor who own a Parker pen can, in case of accident to pen, have it repaired free of charge by us any time during the period of the war.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Catalogue on Request

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New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building

Prices
No. 20, $2.50
No. 21, 3.50
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"If You Please" *not* "Verboten"

If we were ruled as the Hun rules, gasless Sundays would not have been requested — they would have been *ordered,* with dire penalties for disobedience.

But we are not Huns—thank God! Here in America the people govern—reason rules.

Given the facts, the American people think out their own answer.

Prodigal use of gasoline threatens a shortage. The Fuel Administration summarily could have *ordered* us not to use gasoline on Sunday — and made us obey.

Instead the fuel authorities *asked* us not to use our cars on Sunday unless it was absolutely necessary.

Voluntarily the American people made Sunday a gasless day.

In the same spirit—to the same end —that the Fuel Administration asks you to conserve gasoline, we ask you to conserve Weed Chains.

Prodigal use of Weed Chains—the unnecessary use of cars in bad road weather—means a shortage in Weed Chains.

There must be no lack of power and traction for trucks and essential passenger cars.

There must be no checking nor curtailing of transportation for win-the-war industries.

You know chains are as necessary for traction, to insure safety on slippery pavements and muddy and snowy roads, as gasoline is necessary to give the engine power.

You know Weed Chains are the only chains that insure this traction and safety without cutting tires to pieces.

"If You Please"

You Are Asked to Subscribe to This Pledge:

To save gasoline I will stop my engine when I leave my car idle.

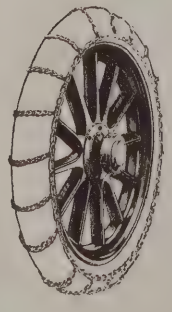
To save my Weed Chains I will use my car in bad road weather only when necessity compels.

If I must use my car when the roads are slippery I will not leave the garage without putting on my Weed Chains.

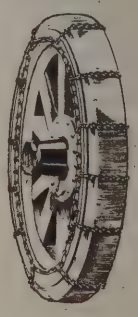
To safeguard against accidents and repairs, I will put on my Weed Chains at the first drop of rain.

To promote the life of my Weed Chains I will take them off the moment the roads are safe; later I will make sure they are cleaned and dried.

Weed Chains for Pneumatic Tires



Weed Chains for Solid Tires



Save Your Weed Chains as You Save Gasoline

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

Bridgeport, Connecticut



Instant Beauty

'Both were young and one was beautiful." His eyes followed one, lingering on the smooth velvet of her cheek, the warm color; his senses delighting in the elusive fragrance that floated near. The other was forgotten, yet she, too, was young.

How can I become more attractive—now—today?

First apply Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin; also serves as a powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Then a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance which captivates the senses.

These three beauty aids can be used separately, or together as a "Complete Beauty Toilette." Guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

Pompeian DAY Cream — (Vanishing). Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Good face-powder foundation. Has an exquisite, dainty perfume. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder — Its fragrance captivates the senses. It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. Pure and harmless. Shades: white, brunette and flesh. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BLOOM—A rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom. Imperceptible when properly applied. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? With vanity mirror and French puff; in three shades, light, dark and medium (the popular shade) 50c.

Pompeian Beauty Powder
Adds a pearly clearness
Stays on unusually long



SPECIAL HALF-BOX OFFER

(Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family, we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and 1919 Liberty Girl Art Panel and samples of DAY cream and BLOOM for only two dimes.

POMPEIAN CO., 2036 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed find two dimes for which send me your special powder and **1919** Panel offer.

No member of my family has accepted this offer before.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested



Since Grandma Was A Girl

Grandma took Piso's when she was a little girl, And Grandma, knowing the relief that Piso's gave, always kept it in the house for her children. Now mother has Piso's handy to nip a cough in the bud. For more than half a century Piso's has been a dependable favorite.

Piso's promptly relieves cough and colds; it soothes inflamed throats, allays hoarseness and eases throat tickling.

Many wives and mothers keep Piso's always on hand to prevent a little cough and cold from growing big. Sold by druggists *everywhere.*



PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

Contains No Opiate — Safe for Young & Old

The Eyes of the Army

(*Continued from page 35*)

the timeliest storms I ever saw. I pretended to speak ill of it, but, in reality, I loved it, and I could have endured it indefinitely with true Christian fortitude. However, just when it stood strongest with me, the fool thing stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

A businesslike young man in uniform, with pad and pencil in hand, inquired my name and address. I'm almost certain I remembered my right name, but I don't know about the address. I told him in all earnestness, however, that he need have no uneasiness about me; I was not an alien enemy and that biplane was as safe with me as if it were in a church. I didn't want it, had no use for it, and, if I had, I wouldn't think of taking it without his permission. Believe me—no stranger at that field is going to filch an air-ship without that young man's knowing it.

Captain Scott was directing the sergeant in charge of our machine to put another control-stick in the forward compartment, so that he could operate the ship from that seat while I occupied the one in the rear. No stick, however, could be found to fit the socket sufficiently well to take the pin designed to secure it in position, and this occasioned some discussion, the sergeant pointing out that there were certain dials and gages in the after cabin—the owner's quarters—which were not duplicated in the forecastle. I gathered that these dials and things needed watching, and inferred that the sergeant lacked confidence in my ability to do so. But Scott had a better opinion of me.

I volunteered in a voice as thin as a dime to take either seat, and again insisted that the trip would not necessarily be a failure even if I were denied the pleasure of actually running the craft, but the captain was insistent.

"No, no," said he. "If the bally motor heats up, we'll come down. If I tell you to pump, you can pump, can't you?"

It seemed only reasonable to promise that I could do that much for him, in view of all that he was doing for me. Anyhow, I was ready to promise anything—except that I would take another trip after this one—so when he had tested the stick to see that it would not drop out in case we happened to leave an even keel, we took our respective places and strapped ourselves in. My seat was a six-and-seven-eighths, and it rather cramped my style; the strap I didn't care much for, either. It looked strong enough to hold Russia together, but it suggested an unhappy line of thought. "Unnecessary!" That was how a man felt when hanging by it. No doubt. The word was conservative enough to suit anybody.

"Can you hear me?" Scott called through the speaking-tube. The motor had been seized with hysterics and was behaving scandalously, but I nodded that I could. So the blocks were pulled; we were wheeled around until we faced the field. Then he slapped the reins, kicked Jennie 4 H. in the ribs, and we went away from there. I have been in runaways, but never one that touched this. Jen was frightened, outraged; she laid back her ears, showed all her teeth, and became a different woman.

Doubtless you who have not flown have read what a flight feels like—how you roll smoothly along at ever-increasing speed and don't know when you leave terra firma until you look down and, lo! you discover that the earth is dropping away; whereupon you are seized with a tremendous exhilaration, a godlike sense of freedom and power. Bunk! Plain bunk! You know the precise instant you leave solid ground, and you have no particular sensation except one of dismal regret at having gone this far with such a fool undertaking. Nor does the machine appear to be standing still while the ground moves. That is to laugh—not at the moment exactly, but later. Nobody has to tell you that you are going like the very dickens and picking up speed at every jump, and that the good old earth is remaining as nearly stationary as usual. Perhaps, as in my case, you may, for a moment, feel certain that your pilot has failed to notice a telegraph-line at the end of the field and wish that you might call his attention to it before he picks out "Home, Sweet Home" on the wires, which are probably out of tune, but, when he hooks both spurs into the old mare and she clears the cross-arms with something like three hundred feet to spare, you realize that you are unduly fearful.

I dare say straight flying is more or less enjoyable, depending upon one's ideas of what constitutes a good time. I don't know. We didn't seem to do any straight flying. You see, Captain Scott was a visitor in our midst; he had never been to Washington before, and of course he wished to see the city from all angles. Or he may have thought that I travel but seldom and was interested in the layout of the place. Anyhow, he tipped it up on our right side until it hung like a map on a wall; then he tipped it up on our left side, and, when he had repeated that performance until it grew stale, he inverted the city and we took a fleeting glimpse of it from underneath. At no time was I put to the effort of craning overside to look down. Nor did the lower wing of the machine obscure my view. At any moment I could look out horizontally between the wings and there discover our noble capital sitting on edge and framed in a lot of unimproved suburban property. Washington certainly has room to grow.

After a while we steadied down, and the captain began speaking. The ear-pieces did not fit me very well; perhaps my head had bulged—it felt very full—but by getting close up to the little trick windshield, a contrivance resembling one side of a pair of celluloid automobile-goggles, I could make out most of what he said. He began my lesson by explaining the rudder-control. Obeying his request, I put my feet on it. Mind you, there was nothing cruel about the way I stepped on the tail of Genevieve 4 H. I was gentle, ingratiating; I desired her confidence. She didn't sunfish or swap ends; she geed and hawed very nicely. Followed more instructions about the stick, a forward motion of which caused Jennie's nose to dip, a backward pull of which set her back on her haunches, and a thrust to one side or the other tilted her laterally. Then I took full command, very conservatively. Oh, very! After a few experiments, I demonstrated how it is possible to guard an air-plane against swoops and dips and banks that uselessly alarm onlookers, and how it is possible to fly over Washington without tipping the city up until senators and things ooze out through the holes in the Capitol dome. I hoped Captain Scott would profit by my example and use more care when he resumed control.

He was explaining the way to bank now, and I followed his words as well as I could; but those ear-pieces wouldn't stay snug, and I missed a good deal of what he had to say. Banking is interesting, to a degree—to about forty degrees—after which it becomes nauseating. Evidently my tutor realized that I was going less by tuition than by intuition, and was writing all new stuff, for he turned to say, "You can't understand me, can you?" I signaled that I couldn't and threw up my command. But, believe me, even in that brief time, I had made a change in that city. It wasn't where Scott thought it was at all—it was almost in the hip-pocket of the machine and getting rapidly closer.

Do you think the captain learned anything from the way I had been running the ship? Not a thing. Once he got hold of it, it went crazy again. Gone was that nice exactitude of balance of mine. Staid old Washington began to behave like a magic-lantern picture in the hands of an epileptic lecturer. The horizontal swapped places with the vertical, and they both clubbed in together on the oblique.

Just what we did after I graduated as an ace, I have only upon hearsay. But it was good. All who observed it were pleased, and we collided with nothing. As soon as the mechanics work my fingermarks out of the fuselage, the machine will be practically as good as before.

The experience of falling isn't at all bad; the sudden upward "zooms" and the decorative curlicues at the end, however, require some practise if they are to be endured with professional equanimity. As to the one most agreeable sensation during a flight, I would say that it occurs right after the series of side-slips that brings one back into the field, and just when the skid touches the earth. It increases steadily until the ship comes to rest with her nose turned up disdainfully at the hangar. But that must be a matter of temperament, for I am told that it is hard to keep our fliers on the ground without a stake and picket-rope.

All in all, ours had been a nifty flight, and I was glad I had made it. I estimated the time we had been up as about ten days, but I don't pretend to accuracy. It may have been longer.

I really hated to part from Captain Scott. I felt that both Mrs. Beach and I had a lot to thank him for, not to mention those of my relatives with whom I am on good terms. All of us were in his debt, even the collector of internal revenue for my district. I fear I came near fawning upon him.

There is no denying that I felt better qualified than formerly to write about things aerial. When I reappeared at the Department, my chest was out, I could talk about dual controls and ailerons and barrel-rolls; there was an atmosphere

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about me—until I learned that there are something like a hundred and fifty thousand men in our aviation service, seventeen thousand of whom are fliers in training. It let me down some, too, to learn that General Kenly, chief of the Department, has decreed that all his officers who are not fliers must become fliers. I began to feel that I was perhaps the last adult male in the United States to go up, but reason tells me that somewhere there must be others who have never flown—old folks, children, and invalids, perhaps, or members of some of our distant Indian tribes—and that they would like to really know what it is like. To them I give the foregoing impressions for what they may be worth.

There were no Liberty motors at Bolling Field when I was there, but I asked a good many people about it, and all, even the most conservative experts with whom I talked, declared it to be a splendid machine, and the only one we could have arranged to turn out in quantity without long and costly delays. I had wondered why we had not copied some foreign motor of proven worth, like the Rolls-Royce, rather than develop a motor of altogether new type, but a look at the two sets of drawings showed one very good reason. The Rolls is complicated; the Liberty is simple. Then, too, there seems to have been a nice engineering problem of the difference between American and foreign steel. In view of that variation, exhaustive experiments would have been necessary before the requisite modifications in design could have been made. None of my informants claimed that the Liberty is a perfect motor—there is no such thing. They readily acknowledged that it has faults, some trivial, some serious; they admit, for instance, that it is a gas-eater, that it turns up too fast for the maximum propeller-efficiency; but most of these faults, they declared, are in process of improvement or elimination. The point they make is that there has been no avoidable delay in our aviation program on account of our experiments with the Liberty engine. In proof of this contention, they point to England's record of failure during the first year and a half of war. This may not be a good line of reasoning. One is inclined to argue that we should have profited by the mistakes of our allies—but I am not enough of an engineer, I know too little of the technical problems involved in airplane building to tell whether or not that is so, and I leave it to others better qualified than I to pass judgment.

Out of the fog of uncertainty at present enshrouding our early endeavors, this fact, however, looms up: we have developed a remarkably simple, sound, powerful motor suitable to our factory methods of production, and that accomplishment will long stand as a monument to American engineering genius and boldness.

I was much interested in the current talk of building an armada of huge bombers of the Caproni or Handley-Page type and flying them to the front. Army men, however, do not take the proposition seriously—not yet. That promise of twenty thousand air-planes for the Western front also makes them smile.

Orville Wright declared, a year ago, that half that number would win the war. The same is true to-day. But how would we fly them if we had them? An air-plane needs elbow-room; it needs level ground—and lots of it—to get up and get down in, and the number of possible aviation-fields near the front is limited. That we are equipping ourselves to build as many ships as we can possibly use is, I believe, beyond question. The actual result is going to be up to Mr. Ryan. Nobody can tell how long it will take him to speed us up to capacity, for no one, not even his wisest advisers, can foresee the difficulties to be overcome. They are many, and they are greater and more intricate, it seems to me, than the difficulties in the way of our ship-building, for the whole business of airplane construction is utterly new to us, and it is an exceedingly technical business. Moreover, it is in a state of flux. It reaches out in many directions, too; it has queer ramifications. Would you imagine, for instance, that this job of building airships has forced Uncle Sam into the bean business? Well, it has. He has planted thousands of acres of castor-beans for oil.

We were led to expect too much. The men at the head of our program oversold the proposition. That was unfortunate, but natural, for we are a race of salesmen and we habitually overadvertise. It is a national trait. Usually, the fellow who shouts loudest about his fighting abilities is the one who quits quickest when the bartender issues forth with a bung-starter or when the town marshal happens in, but occasionally a lumberjack comes off the spring drive who can yell well and fight better. He's a bad *hombre* to tie into, and bartenders and marshals walk round him like a swamp. So with us Americans—Berlin morning papers please copy—we talk big, but we have a way of delivering the goods, and we'll get the air-planes. We may not get them on time, but we'll get them.

We have learned to regard the air-plane as the eye of the army, and it is—just so the camera is the brain behind that eye. This is a war of lenses, and it is as much due to the camera as to the air-ship itself that a revolutionary change in military strategy has occurred. Bean-growing is not the remotest endeavor into which airplane building has forced us; we have had to solve Germany's secrets of melting glass. Lenses we could grind before the war, but we couldn't make perfect glass. We can't yet, but we're getting there, and that will be bad news to certain German manufacturers who expect to fatten on us after the war.

An example of the actual workings of aerial photography, as related to me by an officer just back from the front, will show what a vital part the camera is playing in this war and will perhaps indicate how painstaking and exact is the work done by our military observers.

The scene is an aviation headquarters. For some time it has been known that, over beyond the enemy's lines, hidden away so carefully as to defy discovery, is a giant German gun. Our sound-rangers have located it roughly on the map, but so cleverly camouflaged is it that the most searching study of our aerial photographs has failed to turn it up. It is never fired singly; every time it speaks, other cannon are fired, and from dummy emplacements jets of smoke are ejected to fool our ob-



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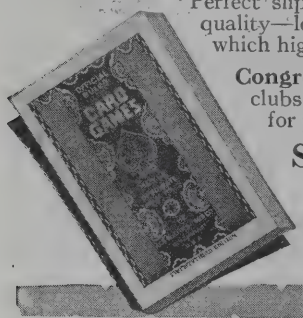
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servers. Meanwhile, it carries on destruction in our rear. Miles back of our trenches, crossroads are blown up, sections of villages are suddenly wiped out, rest-billets and dumps are bombarded. It is a matter of immediate necessity to put an end to this gun's career, and to-day, being bright, our photo-planes are out again.

One of them rockets down out of the sky and, before it has come to rest, a man has snatched a bundle of plates from the observer and is bearing them on the run to a developing-room. In a few minutes, prints are laid before certain earnest gentlemen who are poring over maps and photographic mosaics in another hut. They study one print in particular—a "vertical" taken from a height of perhaps two miles and showing the area where the Big Bertha is believed to be. It is a flat, clear-cut, bird's-eye view of a peaceful French countryside. (See map, page 32.)

At the bottom of the square, a road enters, branching to right and left. The right branch runs past what appears to be a big-gun emplacement, with many threadlike paths radiating from it; the left branch runs through one of those small French villages, with a few acres of orchard closely flanking it.

Turning at right angles, as it leaves the village, the road runs along the left side of the photograph, across a bridge which spans a meandering brook, thence past a group of buildings surrounded by lawns, hedges, and shrubbery, evidently a château. Adjoining the village and occupying the center of the square is a large plowed field. It is bordered by that brook, and immediately across the brook is an irregular patch of woodland. With the exception of that gun-emplacement near the upper right-hand corner, there is nothing to distinguish this from any other peaceful back area. But to the aerial photo-interpreter things are seldom what they seem; his occupation calls for extraordinary keenness of observation and powers of deduction equaled only in the finest detective work. He takes nothing for granted. Our interpreter studies this damp print with extreme care. First, he examines that obvious emplacement, then dismisses it with a shrug. It is too obvious. He wastes no more time upon it. But he soon lays a finger on the château near the other road and says:

"This is a headquarters. There's a general in the big house and a colonel in the small one."

Some one asks how he knows, and he indicates two small white circles in the château grounds, resembling circular flower-beds.

"Those are exercising-rings for horses. There are two of them; that means a number of saddle-horses. There's only one ring near the smaller house. Yes; it's a headquarters. The wires probably follow this trellis out to the wall; then—ah, just as I thought! They're buried from here on—see!" He calls attention to a thin, indistinct line running off the print. "It begins to look as if there must be troops somewhere near by."

After a moment of further scrutiny, the interpreter utters an exclamation:

"Jove! This is interesting. What do you make of that?" He points to a spot, a small, ragged aperture showing

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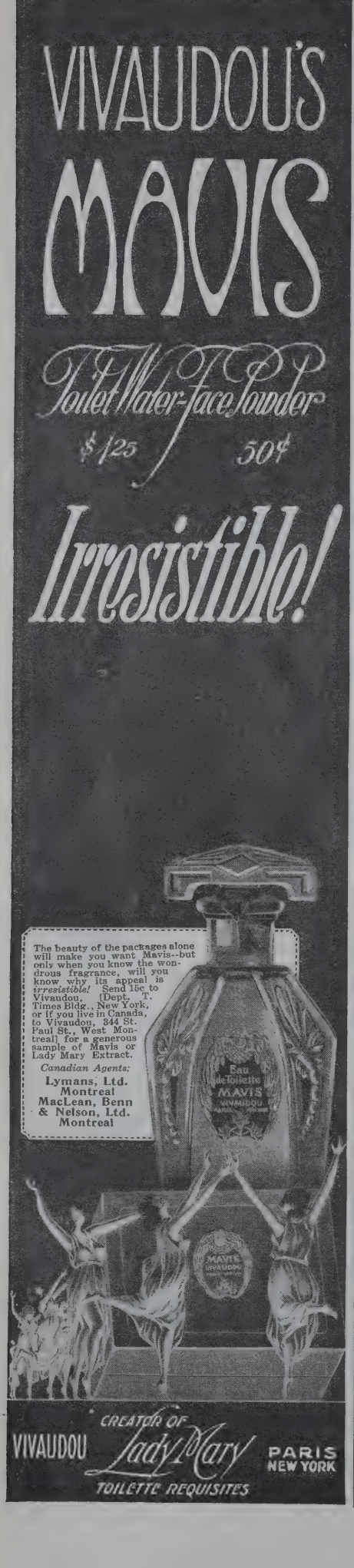
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through the tops of those fruit-trees standing close up behind the lower row of village houses.

"It's a well," some one ventures.

"Wrong shape—too big. Something funny about it. If there were any footpaths or wagon-roads leading into that orchard, I'd swear it was an artillery cantonment—camouflaged over with chicken-wire and branches. To me, that looks like a hole through a roof. Wait! It *is!* I have it!" There is a trace of excitement in the speaker's voice. "Clever, I must say. D'you see this house, right on the street? Well, they've knocked out the front and rear walls so they can drive their camions in off the street and out again, right through it. Simple, isn't it? And leaves no trace. That orchard is a bluff; under that trellis there is an ammunition-dump and everything that goes with it. The men are undoubtedly quartered right there in the village houses. Maybe the gun is there, too."

There is another moment of frowning silence, of intense mental concentration; then something arrests the interpreter's attention. It is a little thing, and puzzling. Where the road, connecting the village and the château, crosses that stream, it presents a peculiar appearance. The chalk-white streak widens at the bridge to twice its thickness. One would say that indicated a "turnout," a ford, where farmers drive down to water their horses, but this interpreter sees nothing that is not actually a part of his photographs, and he notes, in this instance, that the bulge in the road ends at the creek. It does not extend across and up the opposite bank, which puts an end to that ford theory. Mind you, he is looking down from an elevation of ten thousand feet or more, and objects the size of a bridge are minute. They are clear-cut, however, thanks to a good lens and an ingenious camera developed since the war began.

"I'm getting warm," he announces finally. "The men are made to follow the road at all times so as to leave no tracks. They walk up to the bridge, and then turn—down *into the creek!* That gun is dug in somewhere along the bank, so that it fires out over the stream and leaves no powder-marks. The crew wades up the creek-bed to the dugout. I'll bet it is somewhere close to the edge of the forest. Yes! Here's where his nibs with the gold braid rides out from the château. See that hedge leading to the woods? Notice that white line in the middle of it? Well, it's a double hedge, with just room inside for a horseman to pass through. Now, I wonder what this is." The speaker examines an irregular discoloration extending from a point on the right-hand branch of the road down to the creek. "That's where they've taken up sod to cover the gun-pit," he finally announces. "They probably carried it down the creek to—" The interpreter's face suddenly breaks into a smile, and he lifts his head. "I've got it! There it is." He lays the point of his pencil upon a certain spot on the stream's edge. "But there are two Heinies in that crew that ought to be shot. Too lazy to wet their feet, so they took a short cut last night across the plowed field to their billets. Follow their tracks back; they join here at the creek and disappear. There's your gun!"

Follows a certain amount of telephoning; certain cryptic numbers are read and repeated. From the field outside there comes the clatter of a motor being started and, a moment later, a radio-plane leaves the ground. By and by, from high in the air, it drops a word, "Go," and in certain gun-pits far behind our lines, men in khaki bestir themselves. Huge steel muzzles are lifted and, as they begin to thunder, down out of the sky come range-corrections. "Short five hundred. Four o'clock." "Eleven o'clock. Two hundred over." "One o'clock," and finally, "O. K. Target!"

Thanks to the camera, one more Krupp has been laid to rest.

I had supposed that one flight would do me and that thereafter the whole aviation proposition would be in the past tense so far as I am concerned; but there is something queer about flying—you try it once and you have the habit. I had my first Liberty-motored, American-made battle-plane still to see, so after I got home I sneaked out to Long Island, where several had just been received. When objection was made to taking me up, I indignantly asked how a man could write about flying with no experience to go on; how he could describe a De Haviland 4 without riding in one. To me, the Liberty motor was only a name; I wanted to know if there was such a thing and if it would run. Why trust to mere hearsay and rely upon imagination? You see, the damage was done.

I flew again, in a real honest-to-goodness outfit and with a brand-new Liberty engine breathing into my face until it blew my nostrils shut and ripped out the seams where my ears are sewed on. Oh, boy! That was some flight! That Liberty yanked us up nine thousand feet in less than nothing, flat, and then took us around at better than a hundred miles an hour. We visited practically all of the better class resorts on the Island, and we stayed up higher than the prices of the most exclusive; finally we coasted home from Long Beach with the power off, and I voted the Liberty a success. So do the fliers with whom I have talked. None of them has anything harsh to say about it.

My opinion of the De Haviland 4's, however, is not so high. Perhaps I expected too much. The machines I saw, the first ones, by the way, to reach this field, were not as well built as they should have been. No one quarrels with the design of the ship, but in an attempt to attain quantity-production, it was evident that details of construction had been slighted. No doubt that was inevitable. No doubt also, the defects of these first planes have been fully noted and will be remedied in the new De Haviland 9's, which are now in process of making.

Sooner or later, we will have quality production as well as quantity-production, and, in view of the stride we have hit, I believe it will be sooner. It is something that cannot be accomplished overnight, but there is no good reason why it cannot be had. It *must* be had. Perhaps it will be had before this is read, for we are moving fast. I hope so, for the sake of those boys of ours with the wings over their hearts. They won't kick no matter what sort of ships they get; they'll fly anything cheerfully, eagerly, but it would disappoint them sorely if we failed to give them the best.

The Moonlit Way

(Continued from page 83)

If there's anything I don't know, then I wish to know it, and will spare no pains, permit no prejudice to warp my judgment."

"All right. Now, let's have the thing out between us, Renoux. We are not fencing in the dark; we understand each other, and are honest enough to say so. Now go on."

Renoux nodded, and said very quietly and pleasantly:

"The reference in one of these papers to the celebrated Nihla Quellen reminds me of the first time I ever saw her. I was quite bowled over, Barres, as you may easily imagine. She sang one of those Asiatic songs—and then the dance—a miracle—a delight—apparently entirely unprepared, unpremeditated even—you know how she did it?—exquisite perfection—something charmingly impulsive and spontaneous—a caprice of the moment! Ah, there is a wonderful *artiste*—Nihla Quellen!" Barres nodded, his level gaze fixed on the French officer. "As for the document," continued Renoux, "it does not entirely explain itself to me. You see, this Eurasian, Ferez Bey, was a very intimate friend of Nihla Quellen."

"You are quite mistaken," interposed Barres.

But the other merely smiled with a slight gesture of deference to his friend's opinion and went on:

"This Ferez is one of those persistent, annoying flies which buzz round chancelleries and stir up diplomatists to pernicious activities. You know there isn't much use in swatting, as you say, the fly. No. Better find the manure heap which hatched him and burn that." He smiled and shrugged, relighted his cigar, and continued: "So, *mon ami*, I am here in your charming and hospitable city to direct the necessary sanitary measures, *sub rosa*, of course. You have been more than kind. My government and I have you to thank for this batch of papers—" He tapped his breast-pocket and made salutes which Frenchmen alone know how to make.

"Renoux," said Barres bluntly, "you have learned somehow that Nihla Quellen is under my protection. You conclude I am her lover."

The officer's face altered gravely, but he said nothing.

Barres leaned forward in his chair and laid a hand on his comrade's shoulder.

"Renoux, do you trust me personally?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Then I shall trust you. Because there is nothing you can tell me about Nihla Quellen that I do not already know—nothing concerning her *dossier* in your secret archives, nothing in regard to the evidence against her and the testimony of the Count d'Éblis. And that clears the ground between you and me." If Renoux was surprised, he hardly showed it. Barres said: "As you know that she is under my protection, I want you to come to my place and talk to her. I don't ask you to accept my judgment in regard to her; I merely wish you to listen to what she has to say, and then come to your own conclusions. Will you do this?"

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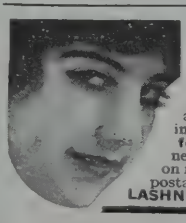
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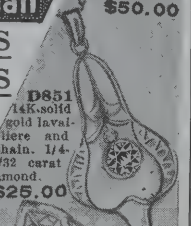
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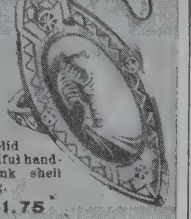
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For a few moments, Renoux sat quite still, his clear, intelligent eyes fixed on the smoking tip of his cigar. Without raising them, he said slowly:

"As we understand it, Nihla Quellen has been a spy from the very beginning. Our information is clear, concise, logical. We know her history. She was the mistress of Prince Cyril, then of Ferez, then of d'Éblis—perhaps of the American banker, Gerhardt, also. She came directly from the German embassy at Constantinople to Paris on Gerhardt's yacht, the Mirage, and under his protection and the protection of Comte Alexandre d'Éblis. Ferez was of the party. And that companionship of conspirators never was dissolved as long as Nihla Quellen remained in Europe."

"That Nihla Quellen has ever been the mistress of any man is singularly untrue," said Barres coolly. "Your government has to do with a chaste woman—and it doesn't even know that much."

Renoux regarded him curiously.

"You have seen her dance?" he inquired gravely.

"Often. And, Renoux, you are too much a man of the world to be surprised at the unexpected. There *are* white blackbirds."

"Yes; there are."

"Nihla Quellen is one."

"My friend, I desire to believe it if it would be agreeable to you."

"I know, Renoux. I believe in your good-will. Also, I believe in your honesty and intelligence. And so I do not ask you to accept my word for what I tell you. Only, remember that I am absolutely certain concerning my belief in Nihla Quellen. I have no doubt that you think I am in love with her. I can't answer you. All Europe was in love with her. Perhaps I am. I don't know, Renoux. But this I do know: She is clean and sweet and honest from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. In her heart there has never dwelt treachery. Talk to her to-night. You're like the best of your compatriots, clear-minded, logical, intelligent, and full of that legitimate imagination without which intellect is a machine. You know the world; you know men; you don't know women, and you know you don't. Therefore, you are equipped to learn the truth—to divine it—from Nihla Quellen. Will you come over to my place now?"

"Yes," said Renoux pleasantly.

The orchestra was playing as they passed through the hotel; supper-rooms, corridors, café, and lobby were crowded with after-theater throngs in search of food and drink and dance-music; and, although few theaters were open in July, Longacre Square blazed under its myriad lights and the sidewalks were packed with the audiences filtering out of the various summer shows and into cabarets.

They looked across at the distant war-bulletins displayed in Times Square, round which the usual gesticulating crowd had gathered, but kept on across Longacre and toward Sixth Avenue.

Midway in the block, Renoux touched his comrade silently on the arm and halted.

"A few minutes, *mon ami*, if you don't mind—time for you to smoke a cigarette while waiting."

They had stopped before a brownstone house which had been converted into a basement dwelling, and which was now recessed between two modern shops constructed as far as the building-line.

All the shades and curtains in the house were drawn and the place appeared to be quite dark, but a ring at the bell brought a big, powerfully built porter, who admitted them to a brightly lighted reception-room, then replaced the chains on the door of bronze.

"Just a little while, if you will be amiable enough to have patience," said Renoux.

He went away toward the rear of the house, and Barres seated himself. And in a few moments the burly porter reappeared with a tray containing a box of cigarettes and a tall glass of Moselle.

"Monsieur Renoux will not be long," he said, bringing a sheaf of French illustrated periodicals to the little table at Barre's elbow; and he retired with a bow and resumed his chair in the corridor.

Through closed doors, somewhere from the rear of the silent house, came the distant click of a typewriter. At moments, too, looking over the war-pictures in the periodicals, Barres imagined that he heard a confused murmur as of many voices.

Later, it became evident that there were a number of people somewhere in the house, because now and then the porter unlatched the door and drew the chains to let out some swiftly walking man.

Once, two men came out together. One carried a satchel; the other halted in the hallway to slip a clip into an automatic pistol before dropping it into the side pocket of his coat.

And after a while Renoux appeared, bland, debonair, evidently much pleased with whatever he had been doing.

Two other men appeared in the corridor behind him; he said something to them in a low voice. Barres imagined he heard the words: "Washington" and "Jusserand."

Then the two men went out, walking at a smart pace, and Renoux sauntered into the tiny reception-room.

"You don't know," he said, "what a very important service you have rendered us by catching that fellow to-night and stripping him of his papers.

Barres rose and they walked out together.

"This city," continued Renoux, "is fairly verminous with disloyal Huns. The streets are crawling with them. There are two great hotels where the *boche* gathers and plots; two great banking firms are centers of German propaganda, three great department stores, dozens of downtown commercial agencies, various buildings and piers belonging to certain transatlantic steamship lines, the offices of certain newspapers and periodicals. Tell me, Barres, did you know that the banker Gerhardt owns the building in which you live?

"Dragon Court!"

"You didn't know it, evidently. Yes; he owns it."

"Is he really involved in pro-German intrigue?" asked Barres.

"That is our information."

"I ask," continued Barres thoughtfully, "because his summer home is at Northbrook, not far from my own home. And to me there is something peculiarly contemptible about disloyalty in the wealthy who owe every penny to the country they betray."

"His place is called Hohenlinden," re-
marked Renoux.
"Yes. Are you having it watched?"
Renoux smiled. Perhaps he was think-
ng about other places, also—the German
mbassy, for example, where, inside the
mbassy itself, not only France but also
he United States government was repre-
ented by a secret agent among the per-
onnel.
"We try to learn what goes on among
he *boches*," he said carelessly. "They
y the same game. But, Barres, they
re singularly stupid at such things—not
droit, merely clumsy and brutal. The
un cannot camouflage his native ferocity.
e reveals himself."
They entered Dragon Court a few mo-
ents later. Nobody was at the desk, it
eing late.
"To-morrow," said Barres, as they as-
ended the stairs, "my friends, Miss
oane, Miss Dunois, and Mr. Westmore,
re to be our guests at Foreland Farms.
ou didn't know that, did you?" he added
rcastically.
"Oh, yes," replied Renoux, much
mused. "Miss Dunois, as you call her,
nt her trunks away this evening."
Barres, surprised and annoyed, halted
n the landing.
"Your people didn't interfere, I hope?"
"No. There was nothing in them of
terest to us," said Renoux naively. "I
nt a report when I forwarded to Wash-
gton the papers which you secured for
."
Barres paused before his studio door,
ey in hand. They could hear the gramo-
hone going inside. He said:
"I don't have to ask you to be fair,
enoux, because the man who is unfair
others swindles himself, and you are
o decent, too intelligent to do that. I
n going to present you to Thessalie
unois, which happens to be her real
ame, and I am going to tell her in your
resence who you are. Then I shall
ave you alone with her."
He fitted his latch-key and opened the
oor.
Westmore was trying fancy dancing,
th Dulcie on one side and Thessalie on
e other—the latter evidently directing
erations.
"Garry!" exclaimed Thessalie.
"You're a fine one! Where have you
en—" began Westmore. Then he caught
ght of Renoux and became silent.
Barres presented his comrade.
"A fellow student of the Beaux Arts,"
explained, "and we've had a very jolly
ening together. And, Thessa, there is
mething in particular that I should like
have you explain to Monsieur Renoux—
you don't mind." He turned and
iled at Dulcie. "If you will pardon us
moment, sweetness?"
She nodded and smiled, and took West-
ore's arm again and continued the
nce alone with him, while Barres, draw-
g Thessalie's arm through his, and pass-
g his other arm through Renoux's,
alked slowly through his studio, through
e now open folding doors, past his bed-
om and Westmore's, and into the latter's
udio beyond.
"Thessa dear," he said very quietly, "I
el very certain that the worst of your
oubles are about to end." He felt her
art slightly. "And," he continued, "I
ve brought my comrade Renoux here



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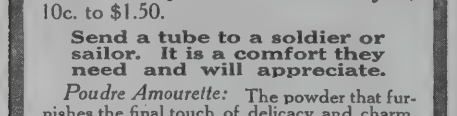
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to-night so that you and he can clear up a terrible misunderstanding. And Monsieur Renoux, once a student of architecture at the Beaux Arts, is now Captain Renoux, of the Intelligence Department in the French army—" Thessalie lost her color, and a tremor passed through the arm which lay within his. But he said calmly: "It is the only way, as well as the best way, Thessa. I know you are absolutely innocent. I am confident that Captain Renoux is going to believe it, too. If he does not, you are no worse off. Because it has already become known to the French government that you are here. Renoux knew it."

They had halted; Barres led Thessalie to a seat. Renoux, straight, deferential, correct, awaited her pleasure. She looked up at him; his keen, intelligent eyes met hers.

"If you please, Captain Renoux, will you do me the honor to be seated?" she said, in a low voice.

Barres went to her, bent over her hand, touched it with his lips.

"Just tell him the truth very simply, Thessa dear," he said.

"Everything?" She smiled faintly, "Including our first meeting?"

Barres flushed, then laughed.

"Yes; tell him about that, too. It was too charming for him not to appreciate."

And with a half-mischievous, half-amused nod to Renoux, he went back to find the dancers, whom he could hear laughing far away in his own studio.

It was nearly one o'clock when Dulcie, who had been sleeping with Thessalie, whispered to Barres that she was ready to retire.

"Indeed you had better!" he said, releasing her as the dance-music ran down and ceased. "If you don't get some sleep, you won't feel like traveling tomorrow."

"Will you explain to Thessa?"

"Of course. Good-night, dear."

She gave him her pretty hand in silence, turned and offered it to Westmore, then went away toward her room.

Westmore, who had been fidgeting a lot since Thessalie had retired for a *tête-à-tête* with a perfectly unknown and alarmingly good-looking young man whom he never before had laid eyes on, finally turned short in his restless pacing of the studio.

"What the deuce can be keeping Thessa?" he demanded. "And who the devil is that black-eyed young sprig of France you brought home with you?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you," said Barr crisply, instinctively resenting his frien uncalled-for solicitude in Thessalie's beha

So Westmore seated himself, and Barr told him all about the evening's adve tures. And he was still lingering unct ously over the details of the battle Grogan's, the recital of which, Westmo demanding, he had begun again, when, the farther end of the studio, Thessa appeared, coming toward them

Renoux was beside her, very deferent and graceful in his attendance, and wi that niceness of attitude which confess respect in every movement. Thessa came forward; Barres advanced to me her with the unspoken question in h eyes, and she gave him both her han with a tremulous little smile of happine

"Is it all right?" he whispered.

"I think so."

Barres turned and grasped Renoux one hand. The latter said:

"There is not the slightest doubt in n mind, *mon ami*. You were perfectly righ A frightful injustice has been done in th matter. Of that I am absolutely co vinced."

"You will do what you can to set thin right?"

"Of course," said Renoux simply.

There was a moment's silence; th Renoux smiled.

"You know," he said lightly, "y French have a horror of any more m takes like the Dreyfus case. We are te ribly sensitive. Be assured that my go ernment will take up this affair instant upon receiving my report." He turn to Barres. "Would you, perhaps, offer r a day's hospitality at your home in th country, if I should request it by telegra sometime this week or next?"

"You bet," replied Barres cordially.

Then Renoux made his adieux, as on such a Frenchman can make them, sayi exactly the right thing to each in exact the right manner.

When he was gone, Barres took Thess lie's hands and pressed them.

"Pretty *merle blanc*, your little frie Dulcie is already asleep. Tell us to-morro how you convinced him that you are wh you are—the dearest, sweetest girl in th world!"

She laughed demurely, then glanc apprehensively, sideways, at Westmore.

And the mute but infuriated expressio on that young man's countenance seem to cause her the loss of all self-possessio for she cast one more look at him and fl with a hasty good-night.

The next instalment of ***The Moonlit Way*** will appear in ***January Cosmopolitan.***

The Passionate Pilgrim

(*Continued from page 43*)

he stood mopping his face with a handkerchief and feeling for his watch.

Mr. Listerly was a patient man. He exhibited no annoyance now, merely smoked.

Mr. Hitt looked at the man who called himself Hugh Stafford. It was the first opportunity he had found to study that face. He saw evidences of past suffering there, as of present excitement. It seemed to him an unworldly face, if not altogether poetic. The eyes were that, to be sure. He felt that those eyes might haunt him for a time. And he had never seen so sensitive a mouth in a grown man. Th speaking voice had touched him; it w musical, not too high, with natural *timbr* The sort of man, Mr. Hitt reflected, th might be pursued a good deal by emotion women—with his eyes and mouth, and th voice. And the look of youth about hi was bewildering. The high days of h rocketlike fame seemed so long ago.

The rather fantastic reflection claime Mr. Hitt's thoughts now that, if one coul have known Balzac when he was desperately hiding from his creditors,

he outcast and outrageous Wagner during is exile in Zurich, or poor Burns, or even Milton in prison—the list extended itself urprisingly over the history of creative iterature, far off to the poverty-stricken, pileptic Dostoyefsky, and far back to the ogue, Villon—it would have been difficult, eeing him in the flesh, to picture any one f these unfortunates as a living genius vith a future of achievement and a final esounding fame. He shook his head ver it.

After he had stood there awhile, the nan asked,

"Is—is it all right, Mr. Listerly?"

This was the meek side.

The chief inclined his head, and Calverly, fter hesitating a moment, glancing rather ervously from one to the other, looking s if about to launch forth on a torrent of vords, rushed out.

Mr. Listerly's only comment was, dryly, "He neglected to explain whether his ay is to go on in his absence."

Abel H. Timothy was in the elevator hen they went down, the usual unlighted igar projecting from a corner of his wide nouth, his wide-brimmed felt hat tipped ack on his large head. Abel grinned enially at the librarian and winked. As hey passed out, he said:

"You missed it. Fine little row on the ighth. Archie called this fellow Stanford, r Stafford, down hard. The fellow that is n Miss Daw's room. He's a nut. Archie as wild. Tore his hair."

Calverly went on down to the Union tation and sat in a corner of the men's aiting-room. He had spent the evening ith Mary Maloney, down by the river. he had seemed, after the disheartening xperience of the day, the only bit of eality left in life. In the shadows of the ront porch he had kissed her. They nought it best after that not to risk being een going up-stairs together.

He had found the telegram under his oor. He read it again now.

Find urgent letter here you better go hicago only way avoid unpleasant publicity legraph H. C. Parker six hundred two angamon Building good luck.

H. W.

He sat limply—trying, trying to think. irst, the trouble at the office, then the iss, then this message. Each was a blow. I'm a shuttlecock," he thought. "There's ist simply no use trying. What can I do? Nobody cares what becomes of me. Except a crazy old woman in Illinois. And—h, Hump, of course."

There was some one else—a girl in a ingy boarding-house, out Peck Avenue ay. But he couldn't formulate any noughts of her. He was confused about er. It seemed almost as if she were still ith him, close by his side. Perhaps she as lying awake now, wondering why he ad rushed out so abruptly (she must have eard him go; she hadn't even shut her oor tight), listening for the sound of his eturning steps on the stairs. His imagination took hold of that thought.

But in a queerly detached corner of his ind he was coldly honest. He had felt, hile sitting alone on the steps, that he ught to walk the streets all night rather han follow her up those stairs. There ad been a momentary touch of the old itter exaltation in this thought. He



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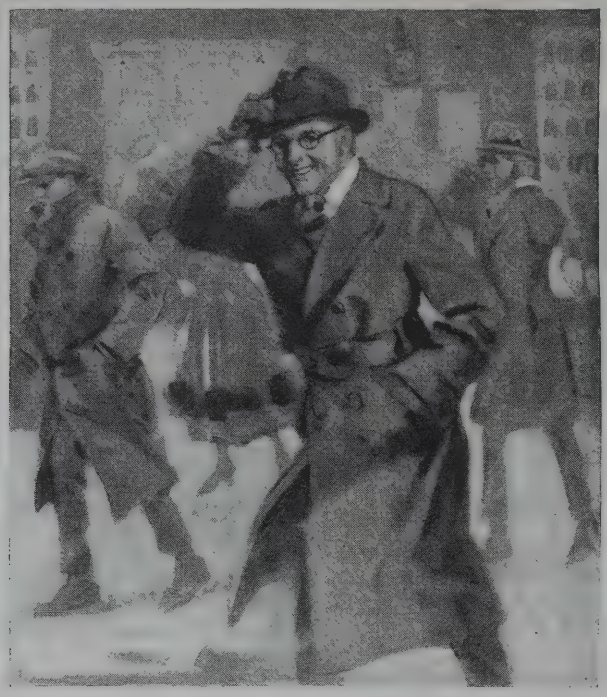
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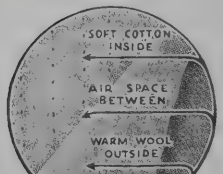


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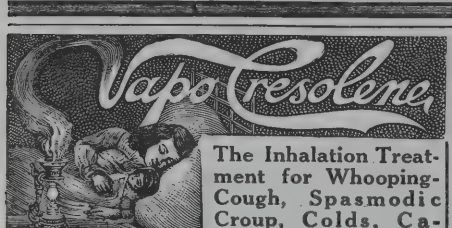
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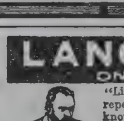
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couldn't hold it; he had gone up. T telegram was, in a savage way, pure luc It had struck him like cold water in t face. And now that he had someh actually got himself down here to t station, he wouldn't go back. Not now.

So he slept there on the bench, fitfull with a rush of dreams. Among these we the nightmares that had dwelt with hi for a year and more after his release fro prison. They hadn't come so often late years. In all of them, Madame Wa figured—a big, imposing woman wi beetling black eyes and a hawklike nose

IX

AN INTERLUDE IN BEDLAM

THE Chicago lawyer was thin, dar quick, overeager in his questions.

They took a mid-morning train out the old red-brick Chicago station. T suburban countryside, like the smoky cit was a haunt to Henry. Scenes from h boyhood and young manhood raced acro the screen of his inner vision. He sa as the train slowed for the stop at Sunbu station, the spire of the old First Presb terian church, where he and Cicely we married; in the space of a few vivid painful moments he lived again throu the ceremony, as he had, earlier, breakfas ing forlornly in a railway restaurant the city, lived again through the trial a his imprisonment and the day of h release. How the reporters had trail him that day—eager to heap again on hi the notoriety of six months earlier! It w a nightmare. He was being dragg through it. He brushed a limp ha across his eyes.

As they drew near their destinatio Parker grew nervous. He whistled t refrain of a music-hall song and tapped o the rhythm on the handle of the seat.

Henry dug his knuckles into his chee leaned on the window-sill, and stared the fresh green foliage and the clusters houses that, at short intervals, came t gether in villages. He thought the buil ings smaller than in the old days. And was a long time since he had seen so mu white Milwaukee brick. He wished th lawyer would keep still. Parker said:

"*Madame* may or may not be up a around. You never can tell how you'll fi her. She's had a sort of stroke, you kno Don't excite her if you can help it, a don't get excited yourself. I'll admit i a relief to have you here. My position her attorney isn't altogether enviable."

The train stopped. The station wa mere three-sided shelter. They walk round it and came upon a costly limous upholstered in plum-color. They stepp in. The car rolled away eastward ove rough country road.

Henry considered suddenly opening t door and leaping from the car. He co do it. Parker couldn't stop him. He h come voluntarily.

Though if she were scouring the coun for him with detectives! He shiver Why couldn't she leave him alone?

Snatches of Humphrey's earnest t rose in his mind. One bit in particul "It's a tangle for all of us. But we all in it, keeping our heads up the best e can."

That was it! Somehow you went keeping your head up.

It was strange the way old Hump had
ddenly struck his gait. Everything was
ling his way now. He had suffered, too.
s; Hump had been through it. A suc-
ssful inventor. Success! It came that
y apparently—like a stroke of happy
htning. In the old country-newspaper
ys, he had always had his "shop"—all
ts of interesting machines, and gas-
gines, and belts overhead run from a
ter-motor. And Hump had done all
electric wiring with his own hands,
d had installed the plumbing.

They were riding through one of the
groves that are found along the clay
iffs on the western shore of Lake Michi-
n. Henry looked down at the beach.
y to eighty feet below, and gazed
odily out over the lake that was ruffling
d roaring under the lash of the fresh
ing breeze.

They passed through a gateway with
ne posts and wound in among the trees.
intervals, Henry caught glimpses of a
ange-appearing structure—apparently a
tle, or like a castle. A moment more,
d it stood revealed, a huge pile of rough
y stone, with round towers at the cor-
rs and on either side the center doorway
ut were crowned with battlements and
chicolations. Except in the corner-
wer near the lake, the windows were
re slits in the stone; those at the corner
re rectangular, with small glass panes.

Evidently a great deal of time and labor
d been spent in grading and planting the
o or three acres of cleared land about
building, but it had been allowed to
n to weeds. A shallow moat, perhaps
enty feet in width, had been dug close
the castle and, apparently, sodded and
nted with shrubbery; but it was not
quately drained or the outlet was
oked, for considerable pools of water
m the spring rains stood in it.

From the front entrance, a drawbridge
across the moat, partly supported by
at rusty chains that sagged down from
twin central towers.

Parker was making talk now. Henry
rely heard him.

They stepped down at the bridge and
lked across. A sullen maid led them
ng a corridor and into a drawing-room.
was the corner room with the rec-
ngular windows. Henry suppressed a
ver, wondering what the other rooms
ght supply in the way of cheer with
ir slits of windows.

They sat very still, hats on knees, look-
at the furniture and the pictures.

An odd, faint sound came to Henry's
s—a sound as of many shuffling feet.
rker got up and moved to a window,
ring,
"See here!"

Henry sprang with nervous alertness to
side.

Swinging round the rear corner of the
ilding came a queer company—men,
men, boys and girls in their teens—in
umns of fours, marching raggedly, each
h a stick at the right shoulder, each
h eyes fixed on the remarkable figure
their head.

This was Madame Watt, tall, nearly
ct, limping a little, wearing a French
cer's *chapeau* of some earlier period,
d carrying a sword stiffly at the shoulder.
t was his first sight of her since they
him, the last time, from the court-
m.

The sullen maid appeared out there,
spoke to her.

Madame turned, raised her sword,
shouted an order. The rag-tag company
came to a halt and broke ranks. Another
moment, and *madame* came into the room,
still wearing the *chapeau*, carrying the
sword lightly in her left hand, limping, very
thin, the hooked nose more prominent than
ever, and the black eyes burning out of an
emaciated gray face.

Henry turned white, stiffened, stood
motionless, then heard himself mumbling,
"Oh, how do you do?"

Madame extended her hand. He took it
then with a slight effort, withdrew his.

"I knew you'd come," she was saying.
"They lied to me. Everybody lies to me.
But I knew you'd come. The numbers
told me that. You see, it was just a matter
of concentrating. I knew that all along.
Then, with the numbers right, you would
come. It's an orderly world, after all."

Henry felt that he was staring at the
grotesque creature and averted his eyes.
Within, he was quivering with uncontrol-
lable emotion. He thought, "I must keep
steady—steady."

The attorney wandered unnoticed from
the room.

Henry felt those burning black eyes
upon him. She moved toward him, and
he shrank back. "She mustn't touch me
again!" ran his thoughts. "She mustn't!
I can't bear it!" But then, in sheer fear
of being a coward, he stood still.

She came very close, lifted a gaunt hand,
took a lapel of his coat between thumb
and forefinger, and slowly rubbed the cloth.

"Henry," she said, "you oughtn't to
wear these ready-made things." He was
silent. "It isn't right, you know. It
isn't fair to me. Henry, sit down here."
She drew him to a sofa. "I couldn't tell
you this with that man in the room. But
there was a conspiracy to rob me. The
lawyers. You can't trust lawyers. They
worm their way into your confidence. I
had to get rid of the lot. I employed
this man because he doesn't know too
much about me. Oh, he knows a little, of
course—about my trouble—he'd know
that—but he doesn't know how much
money I've got. Nobody on earth
knows that but myself. And you—I'm
going to tell you." Henry sprang up.
She caught his sleeve. "Sit down!" she
cried eagerly. "Sit down, Henry! I'm
a poor old woman. I must talk to some-
body or I'll go mad. It's frightful,
Henry—this solitude of mind—this being
alone against the world. Of course, I
have no right to complain, after the—
after the mistake I made. It's un-
doubtedly part of my punishment.
Now, Henry, listen to me. I'm an old
woman. I'm not strong. There's only
one thing they haven't robbed me of,
and that's money. Now, Henry, there's
where you must help me. We've got to
straighten this thing out, you and I.
You're a gifted boy. But life has gone
hard with you."

She was chattering like a parrot. In the
cold corner of his mind, Henry knew
that she had rehearsed this scene perhaps
for years. And now she was saying it all
at once.

"You've suffered, Henry. You've suf-
fered terribly. So have I. Well, we
must draw together. For one thing—it's
hardly enough to speak of between us;

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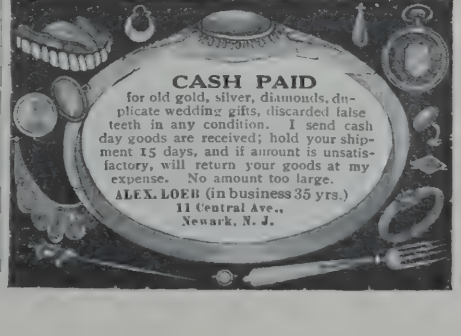
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it's a trivial point—you must have money. It's only fair. It would have been Cicely's."

Her voice seemed, to Henry, to be receding into the distance; small and thin it sounded. He sat motionless, his hands limp across his thighs, eyes downcast, mouth drooping. The thought flitted across his nearly stunned brain that this was the sort of incredibly painful experience that one can only sit through, yielding as a tree to a tempest, and waiting, living, somehow, through it. He thought, too, wincing but curiously clear, that he had actually been able to sit here and let this woman speak the name of his dead wife. An hour earlier, it would not have seemed within the range of possibility.

She got up now, looked out into the corridor, went to the window, and leaned out, looking.

"Mr. Parker!" she screamed, so suddenly and stridently that Henry sprang up and stood, all aquiver, his hands clenched at his sides. "Just calling that man," she remarked, with self-conscious, rather strained amiability, turning back into the room. "He'll be here in a minute. Sit down, Henry." She pointed to the sofa with her sword. "Everything's all right. Sit down. I've so much to tell you and show you. You saw my refugees out there? Don't they drill well? It takes patience, but I've accomplished a lot already. They're an interesting lot, left destitute when the religious colony failed, up near the state-line. They're lace-makers from Holland and Belgium. Only a few of them speak English."

As she talked, she drew herself up, sword against shoulder.

"I drill them for discipline. That's very important, Henry—discipline. For ourselves—and others." She glanced down at the sword, held it out. "But perhaps this thing alarms you, Henry. You might think I'd—oh, you'd have a right to think it! I've been a violent woman—an ungoverned, passionate woman. You have a right to think anything of me. It's nothing but an heirloom at that. It belonged to my husband's grandfather, the fifth Count de la Plaine. My—my first husband, that was. Here, Henry; you take it. That will show—" Her voice was rising shrilly; there were hot points of light in her eyes. She broke off with: "Here's that man. Come in, Mr. Parker! Did you bring the will?" The lawyer bowed. "Then read it. Read it to my son-in-law."

Parker drew an envelop from an inner pocket. Henry moved away.

"No," he said unsteadily; "no—no! I don't want—I won't hear it!"

Madame caught his sleeve, first with one hand, then with both. The sword clanged to the ground between them.

Henry jerked away. *Madame* staggered weakly. The lawyer caught her arm and steadied her.

"Read it!" she was crying. "Read it to him!"

"Really, Countess," murmured the lawyer, "if he——"

"Read it! He *must* hear it! It's my life now—that will! Oh, Henry, you won't hold against me the——"

Now Henry turned on her, a blaze at last in the gray-blue eyes that, for the moment, rivaled, met, conquered the light in her black ones.

"No!" he cried. "I will not hea I'm not interested! You've wrecked e life you've touched. You are an thing. You killed your husband. you killed the only woman I have loved. You destroyed my life. All of you now is to leave me alone. U stand? I want to be left alone. Yo hounded me with detectives——"

"Oh—but—Henry—that was the way I could——"

"There is no way you can see me a I won't have it! I won't have you houn me! Do you understand that? It's to stop. I don't want you—or your f money! You dare talk to me of suffe What do you know of suffering? killed a man and went free. But C didn't go free. Even I—I didn't go They sent me to prison. What do know about prisons—what they do man?" His face was hotly red now. beat a clenched fist against his c "You've destroyed my life. There's to nothing left. The heart is gone. a burnt-out husk. And still you fo me, send dirty detectives after me, t fasten your ugly life on mine. You w even let me try to make a poor beginning in the world. I'm telling y won't stand it! I'm warning you—I know what I might do. You're to l me alone!"

He rushed out of the room, along corridor, out over the absurd drawbri and took the road along the bluff, wal very rapidly, breathing hard and mu ing. He was half-way to the little station when an automobile passed and stopped just ahead. Parker op the door.

"Better get in," he said; "I fet your coat and hat."

Henry stood off, trying to think. ready his passion was spent. The gray of his life was again in view ahe the sort of thing one went miserably quietly on with. He would, of co go on with it, like all the rest, some He was going back to begin life once —so many, many times he had begu —this time as a common reporter. was lucky even to have that cha He got into the car and put on his It was, after all, the sensible thing; it what one did.

Parker left him alone on the train, up to the smoking-car. And they wa in something near silence across the c They stood on a busy corner.

"I go up here," said the lawyer. "Th just this I've got to ask: Suppose it sh be necessary for me to get in touch you. What am I to do?"

Calverly studied the pavement. He beyond thought now—nervously w spiritually empty. He had touched tom. So, not caring, he gave the ma false name and the boarding-house add

It seemed hardly to matter. At moment, he wasn't even sure he w go back. This notion grew as he wa the streets or sat in cheap little mo picture houses. He couldn't feel tha had any roots at all. He consid starting farther west, traveling as fa his money would take him, then wor his way. He thought of Califo Honolulu, Australia, and Japan. not? It had been done often enough, by all sorts of penniless men.

He slept in a cheap hotel. Overn

e personal sense of direction that had ely been growing in him returned. He d started a fight with life. He didn't nt to quit. It appeared to him now unreal—the city he had chosen, his rk that had begun so badly, his life, e people he had met. The people, in rticular. The one called Margie Daw, w—an unusual, distinctly interesting rsonality. Out here in Chicago, it was fficult to believe that he had been afraid her. For he had been. And Mary aloney—she was now the most unreal of . He tried to visualize her, and failed. e remembered that she was small, with usual eyes that were shaded by long shes. And Trent, Mr. Listerly, and the iet old librarian up under the roof—ey were like creatures out of a dim past, nt, half forgotten.

It was after six the next evening when dropped off a street-car and entered e dingy, strange little street that he questionably lived in now. The board-g-house, with its scaling paint outside d its worn stair-carpet and smell of ions inside he knew for his. Some girls scending from the third floor to the cond called him "Mr. Stafford." Yes; rely he knew them. He had sung with em. And the name seemed to belong him.

The second door beyond his stood ajar. s pulse quickened. He entered the in little room that was his and dropped s bag on a chair.

An envelop lay on the bureau. It was dressed to "Mr. Hugh Stafford." The urn-card bore the name:

ACKERS, HUTT, & PARKER
Attorneys at Law
Sangamon Building, Chicago

was that fellow, Parker. What could be writing for? So soon, too. Must ve posted it that same day.

He heard a light step in the hall and ked up, his nerves tightening.

His door swung slowly open. Mary aloney appeared, blushing, smiling a tle, slipped in, moved the door nearly behind her, then, evidently confused, refully closed it.

"Perhaps it's better to shut it," he heard r saying.

X

A WOMAN'S HEART AND THE WEB OF LIFE

THEY stood in a silence which she ally broke with a nervous little laugh.

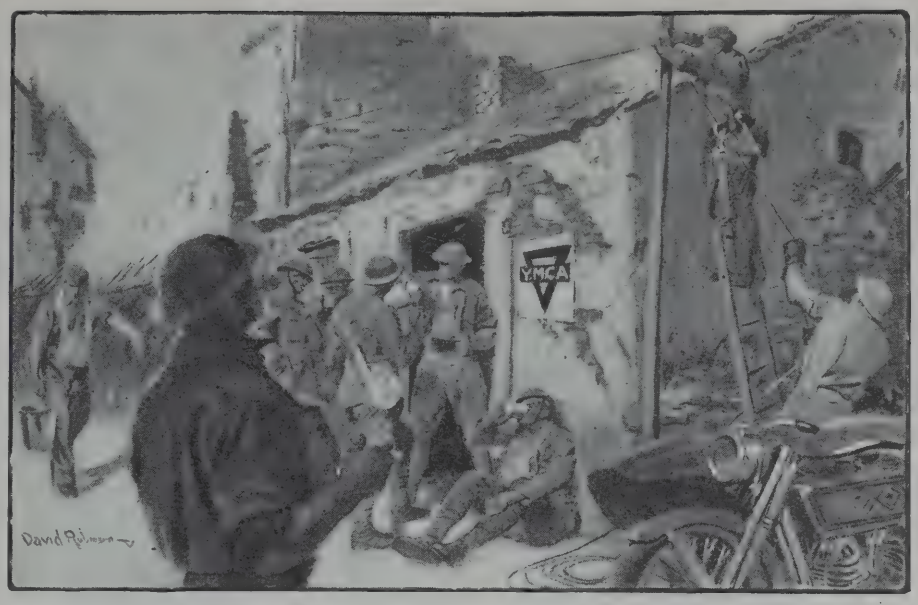
"Where on earth have you been?" she ked.

"I had to go to Chicago. Unexctedly."

"Oh! Well, I just wondered— I—I ppose it's time to go down to supper. I st thought I'd——"

He was gazing at her, his brows knit, ring to recall just what had passed tween them, trying to make it come l. It seemed as if he ought to be making easy for her. He was sorry for her. e looked very pretty, her color up that y, her eyes downcast, showing the long shes.

She was moving back toward the door. With a confused idea of gaining time til he could get his mind clear, think some way to be nice to her—certainly couldn't let her go like this—he said:



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"Do you mind if I open this? Just a moment. I've been through a painful experience."

He tore off the end of the envelop and drew out a letter. He could only half read it. There were enclosures. And a receipt for him to sign. And something about—oh, yes——

Madame is prostrated; but she got to the telephone in person just now and instructed me to send it to you. I am therefore merely carrying out her expressed wish. If you will permit me to advise you, I think you had better not send it back. The effect on *madame* might be most unfortunate. It would even be better, if you feel, on reflection, that you cannot accept it for yourself, to give it to some deserving charity. You will see that the check is made out in the name you gave me. If you can get some one to identify you, no questions are likely to——

He tore up the letter. He drew out the receipt and tore that up, dropping the bits of paper on the floor.

"Oh," cried Mary softly, "you shouldn't do that!" She dropped on her knees and picked them up.

He found the other enclosure now. It was a cashier's check from the biggest national bank in Chicago. It brought up a picture of huge, shiny marble columns, long glass-and-mahogany partitions, prosperous-looking men with sharp eyes and close mouths sitting at mahogany desks, wide areas of mosaic flooring.

Mary was standing close to him now. She shouldn't have come in like that. But here she was, and, standing there still, all feeling, she was setting up a warm counter-current to the black mood that had been on him. He wished weakly that she would go. Then, flushing, weak at heart, his mouth set as with pain, he took her in his arms. And thus they stood for a little time without a sound.

The thought filled his mind that this girl—really, personally so little in his life—was but a revivified memory of Cicely. For the moment, he could almost tell himself that it was Cicely.

Then his mind cleared. He realized that he was holding her tightly, and that she had let her head droop against his coat. She seemed to be whispering something over and over. He bent his head to hear. It was,

"Don't kiss me."

He went cold. The picture suddenly came clear—the bare room; this little girl so full of pent-up emotion that must not be squandered on the wrong man; himself beaten down by the pitiless bludgeonings of chance to the point of accepting, out of his sheer bitter need, what he couldn't hope to return. His arms relaxed a little; but he stopped that. It would hurt her. He mustn't hurt her. Not while she was giving him her trust.

Another thought came—the sort of worldly thought that had not been in his mind for years—that he was freely offered, if not happiness, at least its nearest earthly substitute. As her life stood, she herself had small chance of any higher happiness. Even marriage, the sort she could get, offered her little more than a form of slavery. He knew that what she was tacitly, almost innocently, offering him could never, precisely, be given to another. The moralistic view, he reflected, was not necessarily sound. It was within the range of possibility, admitting all the risk, that she might be little worse for him or he for her. Such affi happened everywhere, all the time, only came to light when they went some way, wrong. Celibacy was by means, despite a wide racial pretens the invariable custom among lonely pe in cities. Or elsewhere, for that ma His arms tightened again. For a mom the hunger of the years overpowered h He kissed her. Then, as abruptly, pushed her away.

"You mustn't stay," he said roug "Please go!"

"I know," she murmured, and l ered.

He drew her toward the door.

"You dropped this," she said, picked up the check. "You mustn't careless about things like that, Hugh."

"Wait," he whispered. "I'll see if a one's in the hall."

Their eyes met. And now he had again in his arms.

"Quick—go!" he muttered. "This w do. It won't do, Mary! I can't s here. I'll pack up now and go." gave a bitter little laugh. "Precious li to pack up! But we can't go on living l like this."

"I've been thinking, too, Hugh." winced at the false name. It was on tongue to tell her that it was a lie. went on, "I've thought maybe I'd go.

"No," said he; "I will. And mustn't stay here now."

They were silent again.

"My friend wants me to get marri she said very softly.

"Do it, Mary! That's honest. M a job of it. You'll be happier."

She didn't answer this.

He carefully opened the door and pee into the hall, then moved her part- out. But she slipped back.

"We're forgetting this," she said, ha ing him the check.

"I don't want it. Keep it, Mary. it to start on. Things for your ho Wait—I'll indorse it."

"Hugh—no; of course I couldn't! W Hugh, look!"

She was staring at the paper. glanced at it, hardly saw it.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" breathed.

"Careful—they'll hear!"

"But *Hugh!*"

"Wait, Mary! Shut the door. indorse it. I'm so glad! Money does h It's one thing I *can* give you."

She closed the door, came to him, liberately slipped her arms about his n looked full into his eyes, said:

"It's impossible, Hugh. You kno is."

"No; really——"

"It's impossible! I'm going do stairs now. I'm going—I think— I'm going to tell my friend that I'll m him. You can't give me any mo But you're the most wonderful man in world!"

The tears were running unheeded d her face. She drew herself up and ki him frankly, sweetly. And he knew he was being permitted to look stra into a woman's heart.

"Perhaps you had better pack up go, Hugh. It won't make the talk it w if I went."

For a moment more, she clung to h

Then she left the room, closed the door behind her, and ran down the stairs.

He crumpled the check into a ball, thrust it into a pocket, and forgot it.

All his few effects went into two bags. He hurried out with them, caught a car, and rode down-town.

He was profoundly depressed. He had won this particular battle, yet had lost ground. Because of it, life had a stronger hold on him. He told himself that he would hunt up a room where he could resume the old solitude. Boarding-houses clearly weren't the thing.

But what he did was to go to the building Margie Daw lived in and take a tiny apartment. He wondered, all sensitive nerves, what he could do about references. But it came out in his brief talk with the officiating janitor that they weren't much interested in references. What they wanted was the money, a month's rent down.

He paid it, deeply relieved. But this, following the trip to Chicago, took nearly all of his small fund of reserve cash.

The fact brought up the idea of work. That was the thing—work! He went over to the *News* office and sat at one of the long reporters' desks, where Mr. Winterbeck could easily enough see him if he chose.

On the way out of his new residence, he had found himself a little stirred in passing Miss Daw's door. He even paused and read her name there. He felt that he didn't particularly want to see her—he would hardly be looking her up—but it was a help to know that some degree of friendly companionship was within reach. He knew now that he would need it. Even at some cost. What this might come to, he couldn't face. Life, it seemed, came down at times—at critical times—to what you had to have if you weren't to quit utterly.

Miss Daw left her office—very trim and pretty—and went out to the elevator. She didn't see him. He was rather glad he didn't.

For an hour and a half he sat there. Men were called, one by one, to the city editor's horseshoe desk and given their orders. Snappy orders, for Mr. Winterbeck was a snappy man.

The thought came to Henry that he must be sure to listen when his turn came—if it should come. Mr. Winterbeck clearly wasn't the sort to be patient with wandering minds.

What a grind it was! What a drive!

The reporters were nearly all gone now. Mr. Winterbeck, speaking first into this telephone and then into that—quick, low, positive—jotting down lightning notes, apparently in shorthand, running his fingers down lists, suddenly called,

"Stafford!"

Henry sat and looked at him.

"Stafford!"

Henry found himself moving over to the horseshoe desk.

"Go to the mayor's house and interview him about the arrangements for the unveiling of the Cantey Memorial."

And Henry, with hardly a notion of how to go about it, but aware that he mustn't ask questions here, set forth on his first task as a reporter.

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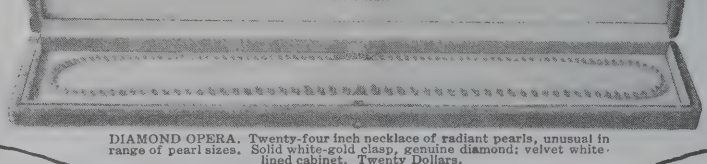
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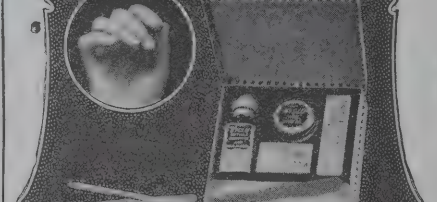
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Efficiency

(*Continued from page 71*)

"Call the police!" urged Masmore, h hard hands clutching the arms of h chair. He had but barely sat down; no he started to rise again.

"Not so fast," cautioned J. Rufu "Handsome Harry is too slippery to caught on anything crooked in your affa at this stage of the game, and rememb the mere fact of his having been a crir inal and a jailbird does not release t Pepville Utility Corporation from its co tract with him."

President Wenton, of the Pepville N tional Bank, appreciated that fact at onc

"Nothing rash, by any means," he in mediately agreed.

"Why 'nothing rash?'" snapped Ma more. "Are we going to wait till this sli swindler gets all our money in a pile ar makes away with it?"

"But what can he do?" puzzled We ton, in deep concern, for he had introduce Handsome Harry. "His contract doesn give him any——"

"Ah, so you say!" suavely interrupte Detective Wallingford, and his superiori made them most uncomfortable. "No gentlemen, you can't handle this situatio because you, being straight, cannot u derstand the spiral methods of a croo I, in my professional capacity, am mo familiar with financial trickery; so y must put your entire affairs in my hand With your full authority, I can recov the contract into which you so foolish entered with a stranger, catch this de perate character red-handed, and pla him where he can no longer prey on inn cent business men. And we must lose time. Is it too late, in this emergency, call a meeting of your membership t night?"

"I'll get 'em!" It was brisk a dynamic Ashton B. Wenton who grabb the 'phone. Within thirty minutes, t membership was there, all unanimou breathless, and some incompletely dresse

It would have been beautiful to a st dent of psychology to have seen the i pressive and dignified J. Rufus Wallin ford gain the trusting confidence of the erring business men, and, after scoldi them for falling into the trap of a perfe stranger, induce them to give him, a other stranger, such unrestricted contr of their hundred-thousand-dollar corpor tion and all its remaining funds as cou have been secured by no other earth device than that of a detective of nation reputation who was protecting them.

"Now, gentlemen," said their ne found friend and the saver of their fo tunes, "suppose we go up and call Handsome Harry in his pajamas, and i troduce me as your legally appointed re resentative. This will start him into acti at once, and he will reveal his hand."

Alas for their hopeful plans! When th called on Mr. Daw, that highly efficie bird had flown. The cage was empty.

IV

EFFICIENCY was also the leading cha acteristic of Detective Wallingford, f during the four days in which he kept a conspicuously unremitting search for t missing Handsome Harry, the purposes

the Pepville Utility Corporation by no means suffered. Controller Wallingford stopped overhead community leaks and developed community by-products with startling celerity, and on the fourth day reached the apex of his efficiency, as follows:

At twelve-thirty precisely, the Pepville Utility Corporation, with all members present, met for its daily half-hour session in the offices of the company.

At exactly twelve-thirty-five, a certain Paul Pollet, having seen Ashton B. Wenton leave the bank ten minutes before, walked into the Pepville National and presented a check on which his indorsement had been O. K.'d by Mr. Wallingford. This check was in payment for a heretofore worthless farm, which the statistics of the corporation mentioned as containing possible valuable deposits of pumice-stone. The check was in the amount of forty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Pollet, on the day preceding, had paid five thousand for the farm.

At twelve-forty, the board was astonished to see walk into the room none other than Efficiency Daw, who advanced to the table and, with great indignation, threw down a bundle of papers—affidavits which proved him to be Horace G. Daw, of Parryville, New York, and once mayor of that thriving village; affidavits that the embezzler known as "Handsome Harry" was now in a Wisconsin jail on an old offense; his resignation and his contract, and, in spite of all apologies and pleadings, he refused to reconsider his decision or to remain in a place where he had been so unjustly suspected. Thereupon he left.

At twelve-forty-five, Mr. Wallingford, expressing deeply to the board his regret at having made such a mistake, tendered his own resignation, since the object for which he had entered into the arrangement with them, notably the ridding them of Mr. Daw and his contract, had been unfortunately achieved.

At twelve-fifty, the board, with many thanks for what Mr. Wallingford had done, accepted in writing his resignation.

At twelve-fifty-five, Paul Pollet's swift taxi-cab reached the station.

At one o'clock, Efficiency Daw's taxi-cab reached the station.

At one-five, the taxi-cab of Jim the Bull reached the station, just in time for him to be dragged to the moving platform of the Pullman by Blackie and Paul.

At one-ten, Masmore, taking possession of the office temporarily, for the purpose of reorganization, discovered the unentered memorandum of forty-five thousand dollars for the pumice-stone farm.

At one-fifteen, the board, in uproarious session, had been able to agree on only one thing—that it was never safe to do business with strangers.

At one-twenty, a cork popped in the drawing-room of the above-mentioned swift-moving Pullman, and two contented commercial adventurers, each with a crisp pile of cash in front of him, clinked glasses with their well-paid assistant.

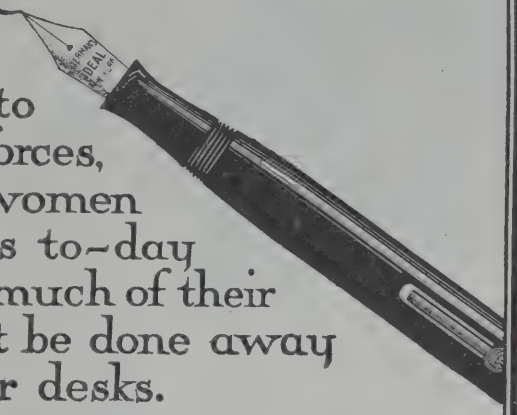
"To efficiency!" called Paul Pollet.

"To Jim the Bull!" amended Blackie.

"No," chuckled J. Rufus; "this one is to Blackie's pet and his pride. Long may they wave!"

The next ***Wallingford*** story will appear in ***January Cosmopolitan.***

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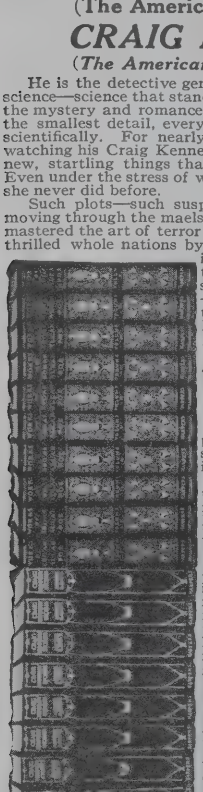
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A Voice from the Beyond

(Continued from page 75)

and by wire that the word was being uttered. Meantime, the best medical skill was in attendance. I had no fear whatever. I felt he would recover. But when the hour strikes which God has appointed for a soul to be called out of the body, no mortal has power to hold it back. The hard cold developed into pneumonia. May twenty-first, at eleven-twenty-five P. M., Robert's soul went to God.

YOU PROMISED ME

All holy books of earth, all Churches, and all creeds
Are based on spirit-miracles.
Moses, Elias, Matthew, Mark, and John,
Paul and Cornelius, Buddha, Swedenborg,
All talked with angels—yea, and many more.

That was a mighty promise that you made me,
Not once but many a time.
Whenever we discussed the topic Death,
You promised me that were such things possible
In God's vast universe,
You would send back a message to my listening soul.
Now am I listening with bated breath.

Always on earth you kept your promises.
Why, never once
Through all the years, the wonderful, great years
We walked together,
Did you forego your word and break a pledge,
However trivial its purpose.

Surely that habit of a loyal mind endures;
Surely that soul of yours
Has not been changed so utterly because it laid aside
The body which had died
That it forgets a solemn promise made to me,
Not once but many a time.
Why, such forgetfulness would be a crime
Against Love, Faith, and Hope—the precious three!
It could not be.

So am I waiting, watching in the light and listening in the dark
For any sight or sound you may have sent;
So do I lean and hark—
Night in, day out—
Nor will I let my starved and eager spirit doubt
Or sink in discontent,
Because no answer comes.
You promised me—some day, some way
Will open for you, dear, to keep your word.
So many eyes have seen; so many ears have heard!

Moses, Elias, Matthew, Mark, and John,
Paul and Cornelius, Buddha, Swedenborg,
All talked with angels.
Science, which once denied, now patiently investigates.
I do not seek alone.

And I will knock upon the door of heaven
And shake God's window with the hands of prayer,
Asking for those old angels, wise with centuries
Of large experience, to come to you,
O my beloved! and to show you how
To keep your promise, made in solemn faith,
To bridge the river Death,
And rend the veil between.
So many ears have heard; so many eyes have seen—
Why not mine own?
I do not seek alone—
You promised me.

(Written in California, 1916)

Over and over, solemnly and sacredly during three decades of years, had th promise been made to me. There was belie and faith in my heart that it would be kept Yet the awful days went into awful week and months, and there was no rift in th clouds, no blowing-aside of the dark cur tain, no sound to break the killing silenc of empty space.

Somewhere beyond all this, I believe my Robert was living and loving me, an longing to communicate with me. I knew it *must* be so. I knew the mere cessation o breath in the body could not destroy such mighty love as ours. The orthodox ide that he was singing in the heavenly choir about the throne where God and Christ sa in glory, or that he was lost to me until th resurrection, lying "asleep in Jesus," wer both repellent. The Christian Science ide that he was absorbed into the Infinit Spirit and merely lived as a part of tha left me cold and desolate. That wonderfu individuality, even that wonderful per sonality, I felt still existed—and, wit them, memory and love.

I believed with my brain, but the soul o me cried in anguish for the Proof, th Proof! Other people—so many other peopl of sane minds and clear intellect—told m they had received proof of the continuity o memory and love from souls gone onward

I knew that in searching for proof o continuity of life, love, and memory on th other side of the grave, and for means o communication with those who had gon across, I was placing myself in goodly com pany. The world had advanced and it ideas had enlarged since my early girlhoo when to speak of the subject of spiri messages savored of insanity.

I knew that, during the last decad many of the world's most gifted and bri liant men and women had entered into th search for the living dead.

Sir Oliver Lodge, Lombroso, Flamm rion, Sir Alfred Turner, Sir Willia Crookes, Maeterlinck, Sir Arthur Cona Doyle were but a few of the shining nam associated with this study.

Since the first year of the war, the ran of the searchers after proofs of life ha grown almost as rapidly as the ranks of th destroyers of life. The ancient ideas of li to come have ceased to satisfy hearts to with anguish. Intelligent minds refuse believe that no revelations have been a corded to mortals since the days of St. Joh and that no true statements have be made by men who claim to have spiritu vision since Bible days. The words a writings of modern mystics and othe whose lives have been devoted to spiritu study have awakened the thinking wor even as the revelations of Swedenbo awakened it to a larger understanding what life after death might mean.

Therefore, I knew I was in wort company, however many personal frien might be left by the wayside as I push forward to the truths waiting to be prove

While I might regard with unabat affection old friends who had no und standing of the new spirituality, only pe ple who had thought on these subje really interested me. I listened to wh they had to tell me as one perishing fr thirst might listen to tales of runni

brooks near by. Then I went forth to search, search, search for the experience which would cool my own burning thirst. Every breath was a prayer for light and knowledge. I woke with prayer; I lived in prayer; I fell asleep in prayer.

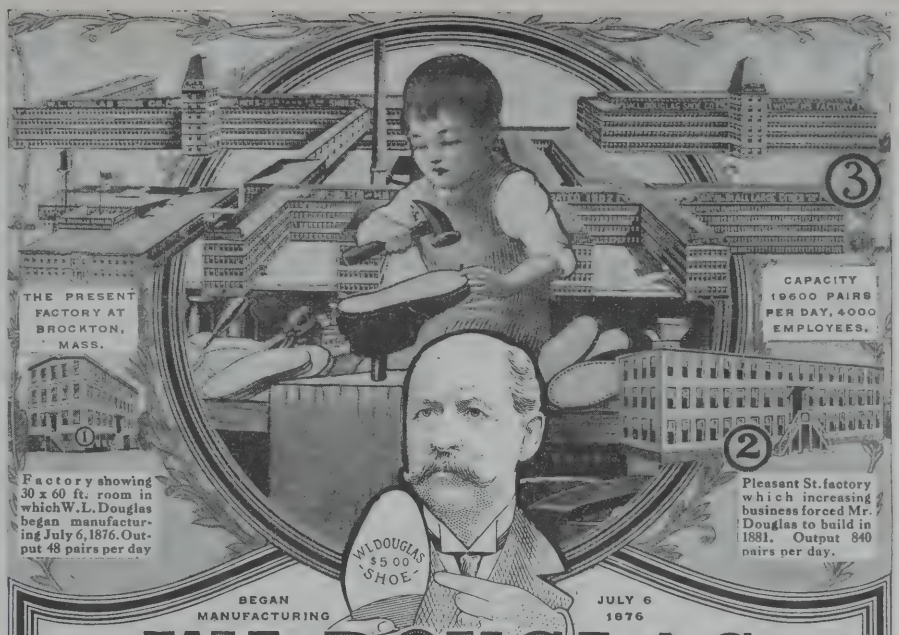
I went to California, that center of spiritual research. At first, I sought only the Wise Ones, the theosophists. Being a theosophist, I understood their objections to my seeking information among mediums of the professional class. I was exhausted with sorrow. My nervous system was depleted. My will-power had lost the reins of guidance. In such condition, if I went to a psychic whose controls were on the lower astral planes, as so many are, I would easily become the prey of some unfortunate obsession. "Wait until you are stronger," the Wise Ones said. "Then seek a psychic who is a trained clairvoyant, understanding the laws of the spiritual planes, and who will bring only the best influence to his own and your aid."

I read the works written by the Wise Ones, and was helped and given strength to endure the days. "The Invisible Worlds about Us," by Rogers; "The Inner Life" and "To Those who Mourn," by Leadbeater; "Death and After," by Besant, and "The Outer Court," that sacredly beautiful book by the same author; "Our Life after Death," by the subtle German mystic, Fechner, and the profound works of Rudolph Steiner and Mabel Collins. All these books helped me. All reiterated what I already knew—that excessive sorrow and constant weeping prevent the spirits of those we love from manifesting themselves to us, and disturb their peace and progress in God's world.

To regain my poise and build up my depleted nervous forces, I went to the Home of Truth, a metaphysical college, where ten lovely women, teachers, healers, and students, under Anna Rix Militz, lived beautiful and helpful lives. It was my home until I became more normal; yet it gave not the answer to my inquiring grief. They cast no light on Robert's realm. The members of that household comforted my heart and endeared themselves to me forever. But the search of a soul in sorrow did not end there. Wonderful cures were performed on the sick, but the sickness of my soul was not cured.

I visited the Rosicrucians—a noble and intellectual company of people with high ideals, leading ascetic lives. Their influence can be only good and uplifting for the race. Yet they shed no new light upon my path. I went to the little waning colony of Oshapians—a strange and earnest handful of men and women, following altruistic ideals but leaving me sadder than before I visited them. They seemed to have eliminated from life on earth all idea of beauty.

I went, one day, to hear a famous divine of the orthodox Christian Church. His whole Sunday morning was devoted to furious attack upon all other organizations save the orthodox Protestant Church. He ridiculed and attacked Christian Science, New Thought, Theosophy, Spiritism, and sent me forth disgusted and melancholy. This is not the spirit of Christ, my Elder Brother, as I know him and love him—he who passed through all earth-incarnations and became at last One with God, as each of us must eventually—he who left his beautiful example for us to follow when he said, "Love one another."



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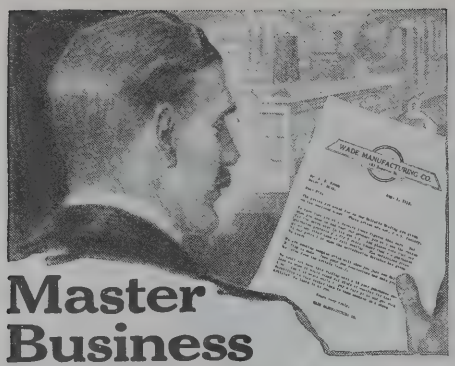
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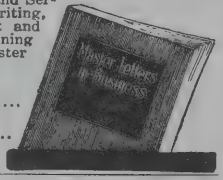
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One day, there came to me a letter filled with comfort. Years before, I had met in New York the Reverend Frederick Keeler, a man possessing both natural and trained clairvoyant powers. He had given me a most interesting reading at that time, foreseeing certain developments in me which afterward proved true in a peculiar way. Mr. Keeler wrote me a letter of sympathy, and informed me that he had been able to put himself in touch with the beautiful spirit which had made my earth-life so blest; that this spirit was seeking to communicate with me, and would when I had attained my poise; that he was adjusted to his new realms, and was often near me, striving to comfort and help me.

The letter from Mr. Keeler was like a spiritual tonic, and gave me an influx of courage. I began to visit reputable psychics. Many interested me; some distracted me; a few comforted me with what seemed real messages from the Great Beyond. Others gave only what might have been read from my own mind. Still others gave the babble of the elementals. None of them satisfied me. One man gave me my first experience with that curious phenomenon, "precipitation." He sat at one end of a room flooded with southern California sunshine, I at the other. On a table beside me were fifty or more slates. He told me to select two and strap them together (after sponging them well), and to place them under my feet. Then I was instructed to take a sheet of paper from the table, write the names of three people who had gone away from earth and ask one question, to seal this in an envelop and hold it in my hand. I held this for a half-hour while the man with the occult power sat quietly writing at the opposite end of the room. Suddenly he said, "Look at your slates."

I looked at the slates and found a forget-me-not flower in water-colors on one corner, and both slates were filled with a message signed by my husband's name. (See page 74.)

No human hands had touched them. They were blank when placed by me under my feet. Yet I was neither thrilled nor stirred. I was deeply interested in the phenomenon. I knew it was genuine, known to students of the occult as "precipitation." It is a peculiar mental power which enables the possessor of it to obtain facts from the sitter's mind and precipitate them upon paper or slates. This man had used the three names I wrote on the slip of paper—no others. He had seen and read clairvoyantly; and that is miracle enough to convince anyone, save the utterly ignorant bigot, that our minds are independent of our mortal organs of sight, touch, and hearing. But what this man had done did not, to my thinking, prove that he had any connections with the Realm of Spirits. I did not believe for one instant that my husband had sent the message. It was not the message that a spirit, longing for months to communicate with his dearest soul on earth, would send when first the door was opened. It left me utterly cold and merely curious. For twenty years this man has been producing this kind of phenomenon and puzzling the minds of investigators. It is interesting, but has no bearing on life after death, save that it proves the independence of the mind in the body, and naturally suggests its continued independence out of the body. A marvelous power

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indeed it is which this man possesses; but it did not bring me nearer to Robert.

The doubting reasoner who questions every statement which he cannot explain with his five senses will say that the slates I placed under my feet were prepared chemically by the medium before my arrival. He will be very sure that the man knew who was coming, and knew my name and that of my husband. But could he have known that I was to write the name "Martha" also on the slip of paper?

One of the most interesting psychics I met in my soul's search through the Valley of Sorrow was John Slater. He is a man of high moral character and clean life, a man who has given demonstrations of his remarkable clairvoyant powers all over the earth and whose messages breathe the spirit of the higher spheres. Mr. Slater gave me much comfort, assuring me my husband was near me, and that as soon as my turbulent state of mind grew calm, he would be able to communicate with me. "You do not need to visit mediums and clairvoyants," Mr. Slater said. "Save your time and money by staying quietly in your own room, and through prayer and concentration attain that state of tranquillity which will enable your husband to reach you." Mr. Slater did not know who I was, and, had he known, he still could not have known the facts which he proceeded to state. "You do not belong in California," he said. "Your home is distant from here. Your environment here is not congenial. Its atmosphere is antagonistic to progressive spiritual thought. Your husband can never reach you clearly and positively until you return to your home. Then he will come. Meantime, you will receive other assurances than mine of his proximity before three weeks pass."

I did receive other assurances, but not proofs, while in California. Two lovely, cultured women, sisters, living quietly in Los Angeles, were both clairvoyant and mediumistic. They gave their services to friends in sorrow, never accepting money. They came to the house of a dear friend who had little knowledge of things psychic and who was rather timid regarding such manifestations. She allowed me to see the psychics. The room was darkened as photographers darken a room to develop a picture. We formed a circle about the small center-table, clasping hands. On each side of the two mediums sat an investigator. Had the circle been broken, we would have known it. There were flowers on the table and a small trumpet. Voices spoke through the trumpet, and the flowers were drawn from under hands and pinned in my hair. Soft touches on my head and arms and soft whispers in my ears sent thrills through me. Yet I did not feel that my husband was there. In truth, the voice which spoke through the trumpet claimed to be the voice of the father of the two sister mediums; and he spoke my name and said my husband was trying to reach me but was not yet strong enough in his spiritual powers to achieve the desired result. "To reach a material world by immaterial means is not easy," he said. "It requires study. Your husband will come to you when you return home. He bade me tell you this."

I felt, after this experience, that I had been given real spiritual messages of a high order, yet that which I sought had not come to me. In the home of the Honorable



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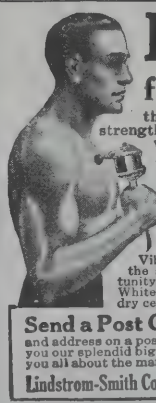
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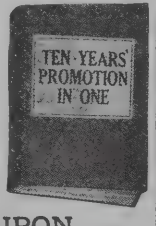
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Lyman Gage, at Loma Lodge, San Diego, very interesting phenomena, trumpet-voices and other demonstrations, were produced one evening by a professional medium. Again I was interested, and my feeling of loneliness and desolation was lightened. But I was not convinced. Mr. Gage had been an investigator and a believer in spiritual communication for more than fifty years.

At San Diego, I visited also a Mr. Johnson, a gentle English psychic, to whom I was a complete stranger yet who gave me wonderfully comforting messages, saying that only my intense sorrow prevented Robert's reaching me personally. He assured me this would occur when I returned to the room "with the head of my bed by the window." This described my Short Beach apartment, which, of course, this man never saw with physical eyes.

I met also that wonderful man of ninety-five years, J. M. Peebles, scholar, traveler (he has compassed the earth five times), lecturer, and famed for his lifelong proclamation of the truth of spiritual communication, and was strengthened by his conversation on the all-absorbing topic. Mr. Peebles, nearing the century-mark, has perfect hearing, excellent eyesight, and his magnetism and eloquence affect all who approach him. He writes with vigor and power.

Mr. Peebles advised me, as did my Wise Ones, to avoid ordinary séance-rooms and -circles, and to place little faith in the average professional medium, because as soon as a money consideration enters into a spiritual power, that power becomes vitiated. We have seen this proved many a time in the orthodox Christian Church. Young clergymen, filled with the love of God and man and desiring to lead a holy life, have been placed in fashionable churches, where their silence on certain ideas dear to them or their clinging to worn-out dogmas meant their continued salary; and we have seen these men of God become mere men of society, growing in popularity with their congregation but growing farther and farther away from God. So the psychic who follows his profession for a livelihood sometimes opens the door of his mind to the devils of Greed.

During that year of the search of my soul in the Valley of Sorrow, I was newly and painfully impressed with the spirit of intolerance and prejudice rampant in so many religious organizations. Each little or large center which I approached seemed more anxious to convince me of the falsity of all other roads which claimed to lead to God than to cast light upon my troubled way or comfort my aching heart. From the orthodox Christian element came the most bitter opposition to anything which deviated one jot from its own ideas, forgetting how absolutely all those ideas depend upon spirit-miracles for a foundation. Yet among church-members of various denominations, I found large souls who had developed into an understanding of the great truths which vibrate through space to-day.

The greatest tolerance and liberality toward other organizations of all kinds which I encountered in my search was in the Krotona Center of Theosophy. They had few words of criticism for anything or anyone, preferring to see and talk of the good latent in all human nature. Opposed to spiritualism which degenerates into fortune-

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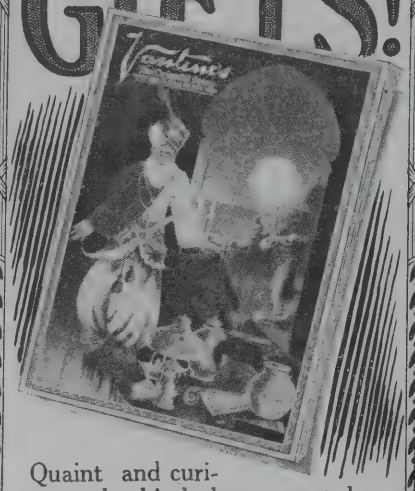
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telling, and which delays the souls of those gone on by continual appeals to return for trivial purposes, they yet approved of my investigations into the occult, knowing my purpose was not a selfish one, and knowing that any truths which came to me from any source would not be misused or abused. They even accompanied me in some of my investigations, and helped me discriminate between mere mind-reading, chatter of elementals from the border-land, and messages from higher planes.

And they helped me to *wait*. And to grow while waiting. During all those long months, I was not forgetting my life-motto of service. I knew that the Lords of Karma demanded service of us while we pass through the valleys of Tribulation as well as while we walk on the hilltops of Joy. I sought to help others who came into my daily life in all ways possible for me. To do that which would be pleasing in the sight of God and the generous soul gone into his keeping was my effort. There were no longer any worldly pleasures which lured me. I had no ambitions for personal achievements of any kind. Light on my path, knowledge of God and Robert, service to humanity—these were all I asked. I devoted hours each day to meditation and prayer. I made a paraphrase of an old Moody and Sankey hymn, and began my meditations with it.

Oh, I am nothing, nothing;
I only can lie at His feet—
A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made meet.
Broken that He may mend me,
Emptied that He may fill:
Teach me, O God, in the Silence
How to be still!

That is the great need—to know how to be still in the Silence until we receive the messages waiting in space to be delivered. I knew this was my need. Yet, after trying to still the pain and the sense of loneliness, exhaustion followed. And the messages could not be delivered. There was another hymn I loved away back in the old singing-school days of my early girlhood. Now I said it every morning as the ending to my first devotional exercise and a beginning of the long day.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through a barren land!
I am weak but Thou art mighty;
Lead me with thy powerful hand.
Though I wandered, Thou hast found me;
Though I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arms have been around me;
All my ways are in thy sight.
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me from thy bounteous store!
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more!

To me, this "bread of heaven" meant knowledge of Robert—that knowledge which he had over and over promised should be given with God's consent. There was a storehouse of evidence to me—that other seekers for this knowledge had been fed by the "bread of heaven." Every day this evidence increased, yet it did not come to me. It must. Every morning at the Home of Truth, Mrs. Militz and her students and teachers held a half-hour silence-meeting. While I did not attend any of their classes or take up their studies (already familiar to me), I always participated in the half-hour of silence. I found the vibrations stimulating and uplifting, as



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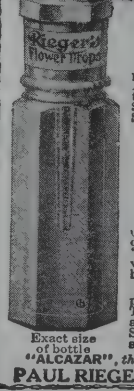
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they must be where a number of pure and unselfish souls are gathered together in His Name.

Mrs. Militz usually gave a thought for us to hold in the Silence. Sometimes I accepted it, and sometimes I selected my own thought. One morning, shortly before I separated from this lovely home to go elsewhere, the sentence given was: "I am the living witness." Mrs. Militz amplified the sentence to apply to her philosophy, but I amplified it to meet my own needs. I composed a little mantra, which was as follows:

I am the living witness; the dead live, and they speak through us and to us. And I am the voice that gives this glorious truth to the suffering world. I am ready, God! I am ready, Christ! I am ready, Robert!

I have never failed one day since that morning to repeat my assertion. And now it will be related when and how and to what extent has the Spoken Word been verified.

It is never safe to make positive assertions regarding our capacities for suffering.

When I went away to California, I said: "Life has no new pain to offer me. I have received the supreme blow."

Yet, during the next sixteen months, I found life held other blows for me and that I could still smart with pain.

In that land of bloom and beauty, I found souls welling with God's own sympathy and love; and by many old friends and many new ones was consoling kindness poured upon new wounds, and never-to-be-broken ties were formed that will unite us even beyond this earth. Yet from some sources, whence the greatest undersanding, sympathy, and affection were to be expected, only cold neglect and indifference came, and from some of those to whom, in my anxiety to be of service, I had given my heart and my purse to put under their feet, came unbelievable cruelty and ingratitude.

I found I could suffer, and wondered why these seemingly needless hurts were given to one already bleeding at every pore.

But now I have come to understand God's purpose.

Holding in store for me the greatest boon the Lords of Karma have to bestow to those on earth, God wanted me to cast away, one by one, every prop on which I leaned, to break every tie which bound me to material things or held me closely to earthly affections. To no one, and nowhere, must I look for comfort and help save to God himself, and the realms where dwell the souls released from earth.

I have said that the last book Robert and I read together was "Patience Worth," that most interesting work called by thinkers "the psychic mystery of the century."

"Patience Worth" was dictated through the ouija-board, which Mrs. Curran and some friends in St. Louis were using more as an amusement than otherwise. Its very remarkable literary and historic value has won the attention of eminent scholars and thinkers all over the land.

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it a dignity never before possessed. Many years ago I had owned a ouija-board. All my interests at that time were on this earth-plane. Family and friends and lover were all here. I sat with various friends, and we received the usual curious, erratic writings which come to those who idly experiment in such matters. Each accused the other of causing the board to move; and when convinced that this was not just, the results were laid to subconscious minds or involuntary muscles.

This was the extent of my acquaintance with the ouija-board when, after sixteen months in the Valley of Sorrowful Search, I decided to test its power again, as a means of communication with worlds beyond.

I had returned from California, and was at my home, my "Paradise Lost," at Short Beach.

In their artistic home, The Terrace, next to our Bungalow court, live our very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ritter. Theirs is a friendship cemented by sixteen years of intimate association. My husband regarded Mr. Ritter as his nearest friend; and Mrs. Ritter and myself were, and are, very close to each other. Mr. and Mrs. Ritter were most eager to experiment with me on the ouija-board; we were disappointed when Mr. Ritter and myself could not produce the least quiver of the implement. Mrs. Ritter and I had better success; but it was slow and tedious work. Each knew the other was not moving the board; and some of the sentences which came seemed very characteristic of the soul we were seeking.

But Mr. Ritter (one of the few fine American business men who is awake spiritually) was more impressed with their being genuine phenomena than I was. I had so long doubted every manifestation received in my search of sorrow that it was difficult for me to feel satisfied with anything short of the miraculous. Distracted and interested for a half-hour with the slowly spelled messages, I would go home and weep myself to sleep, wondering why my beloved could not keep his promise to reach me from the world beyond.

I knew how souls bound by spiritual love to earth-comrades long to communicate with those left behind. And I knew that such communication, when understood by those on earth and not misused or belittled, comforts the soul which has gone on and strengthens it for its later higher flights to more subtle spheres. I knew Robert would be as gratified and as benefited, once the way opened for him to say, "Hail!" as I would be. I knew heaven could never satisfy him until he came in touch with me and knew that I recognized his presence.

And each day I said my mantra over and over; each day I prayed for light and guidance and knowledge of life beyond.

It was in the early evening of September tenth, 1917, that the door opened. Mrs. B., a New Haven friend, came to call. I had just purchased a ouija-board of my own. At Mrs. Ritter's, I had used hers. My board was lying on the table. I had been experimenting with a friend visiting me—a friend of many years—but there had been no movement of the little heart-shaped table under my hands. I asked my caller if she had ever tried the board.

"No," she said; "and I would love to. I think it would be most interesting to experiment with it." In a light and laughing mood, she placed her hands upon the board

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with me. *And, in one moment, the heavens opened!*

Both my caller and I were shaken by a power which beggars description. It was like an electric shock. The board seemed to be a thing alive. It moved with such force and speed that we could not follow it. I called to my visiting friend, Mrs. Randall, who was in an adjoining room, to come to our assistance. She came and gave her whole attention to the letters touched by the pointer. Neither of us at the board was able to read them, so great was the speed. The letters were now written down by the watcher, and when the pointer rested, she read them out, and they formed these sentences:

"Brave one, keep up your courage. Love is all there is. I am with you always. I await your arrival."

When I heard these sentences read out, after experiencing the electric shock of their transmission, there was no longer any question or doubt in my mind. *My message had come! I was in touch with my Robert! He had kept his promise!*

I asked how long I must wait in the body before going to him.

The answer was:

"Time is naught. Hope for bliss with me. I am incomplete without you. Two halves make a whole. We will finish in Nirvana."

I attempted to obtain some advice about business. The answer was:

"Material things are unimportant."

I then asked questions regarding my health. The reply to this was:

"Fill yourself with God. Health will come."

This was the beginning of a series of most remarkable conversations with a freed soul in the worlds beyond; and these conversations grew steadily in value and importance to all students of occult matters. After the second sitting, my friend and I were always blindfolded while the messages came, a third friend taking down the words as they fell.

One night, the pointer moved with unerring certainty. So remarkable seemed the force that I spoke of it, and the board wrote, "Scota is helping to-night." We had no idea what this meant, but in later sittings we became very familiar with Scota. I asked why, since the communication seemed so fully established now, he had not come to me during those terrible months of lonely search. At once came the reply: "Your tears hung a veil between."

"Tell me what your life is like now?" I questioned.

"The same life, only used more intelligently."

I asked if he met a friend who had died recently.

ANSWER: No; she is not on my plane. My work is different—meeting souls shot into eternity. All is confusion for them. Equanimity is my gift. I supply it to those killed in the shock of battle.

This sentence, strange as it sounded, did not seem incomprehensible to me. Every student of occult lore knows that the Episcopal prayer: "From sudden death, O Lord deliver us!" is founded on a knowledge that souls driven from the body by sudden death suffer from fright and confusion on the astral plane, and that it requires the aid of older spirits and messengers of God to convince them they are out of the body. In my husband's early business life, he had always been sent by his firm to bring order

How I Teach Piano

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and have been doing so year after year for 25 years — all by *correspondence*

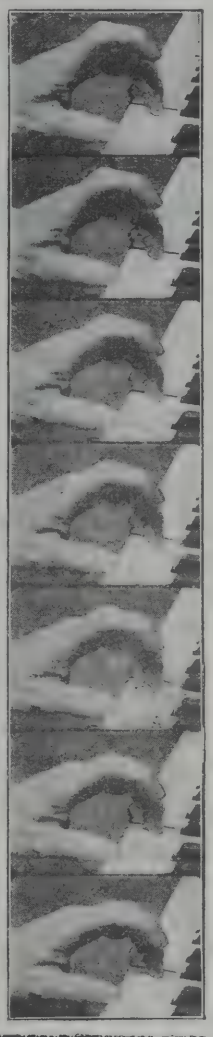


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From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

"Impossible!" some persons said at first, but every year I obtained more students, until today many hundreds of men and women are studying with me in *all quarters of the globe.* Every state of the Union contains *scores* of accomplished players of piano or organ, who obtained their *entire* training from me by mail, and at quarter the usual cost and effort. I will gladly refer you to *any number* of my graduates who will soon convince you of the surprising results they obtained by my scientific method. Write for my 64-page free booklet, "How To Learn Piano or Organ."

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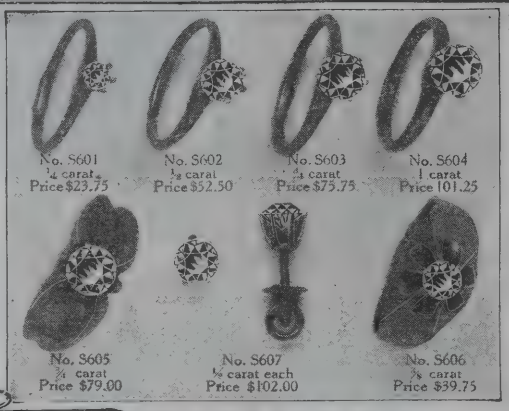
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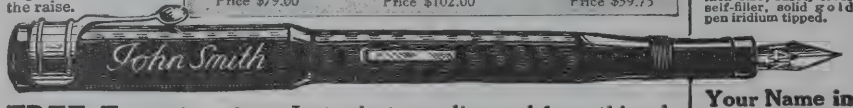
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out of chaos and peace out of discord where unpleasant entanglements existed.

Equanimity was his gift here, and it would follow, as a matter of course, that it was his possession there.

I asked if he would give us the name of those who were associated with him in his work on the astral plane.

ANSWER: It is forbidden.

I asked if he would help me to retain health while on earth.

ANSWER: I am but an instrument in His hands. Health is of the soul. Body is naught.

Reminded that once, through Mrs. Ritter, he had suggested my taking X-ray treatment, he wrote,

"Means are not to be despised."

QUESTION: How can you attend to your work of meeting and helping the souls of soldiers and yet come at once whenever my friend and I sit together?

ANSWER: Spirit is omnipresent. Love is my guide. Love is all.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Up to the date of her departure for France in February of this year, Mrs. Wilcox, with the aid of friends, continued her experiments with the ouija-board, obtaining results under perfect test-conditions that never caused her to waver in her belief that she was finally in communication with her departed husband. Limitations of space prevent a complete transcription of the questions asked and answered, but we give a *résumé* of the "conversations."

Seven days elapsed after the departed one's soul left the body before he woke up on the astral plane, where his wife's face was the first thing he saw (a memory-vision). The spirit of the son who died at birth was the first one encountered. It was recognized by the resemblance to the mother. The wife is bidden to go to France and work for humanity.

The title of a book, "The Goal," is given, and three chapters appeared on the board. They form a condensed exposition of the first descent into matter of the Divine Spirit. Thought, which had become a mineral, was embedded in the soil—"sweet mud." After eons of time, the mineral and mud became one substance. Then followed the progress of the Spirit through the mineral into the vegetable state, and then to animal life and human through service and sacrifice.

On another occasion, the eager questioner on earth is informed that the protecting Deva has given the departed one the choice of two paths. "One would open a glorious service for me; I could be a messenger of the Logos, one of his agents." The other was "helpfulness toward earth-dwellers and those newly arrived." The wife urges him not to give up the higher work for her, and the reply came: "I could not leave you. Millenniums are before us for development and service, so why should I go ahead? I give you to-night the greatest proof of my love. I had to plead our cause with Deva, who carried the prayer to Logos. Can you not feel how I was torn by the struggle between duty and love for my mate, Ella? I pled our oneness from Saturn to Earth, and gained the favor of a little reprieve."

A message from a departed friend comes that "Robert is working with Sir Thomas More and Stead and Scota" (Scota had been previously described as "a great Deva and faithful to us").

"Heaven is opened to me," the ouija-board again writes. "I am moving in the Circle of Divine Essence, in the transcendent Source of All Being. God is infinite love, and His manifestations infinite wisdom. Nature rises out of Him, and we sink into Him. Scota has brought me into contact with Jacob Böhme, a great soul, who has given messages. He bids me tell you that you are far along on the path. The path is long and difficult, but you are farther along than most, and your Chela is sure you will soon be an independent soul."



How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening



The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

> "Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.
>
> "As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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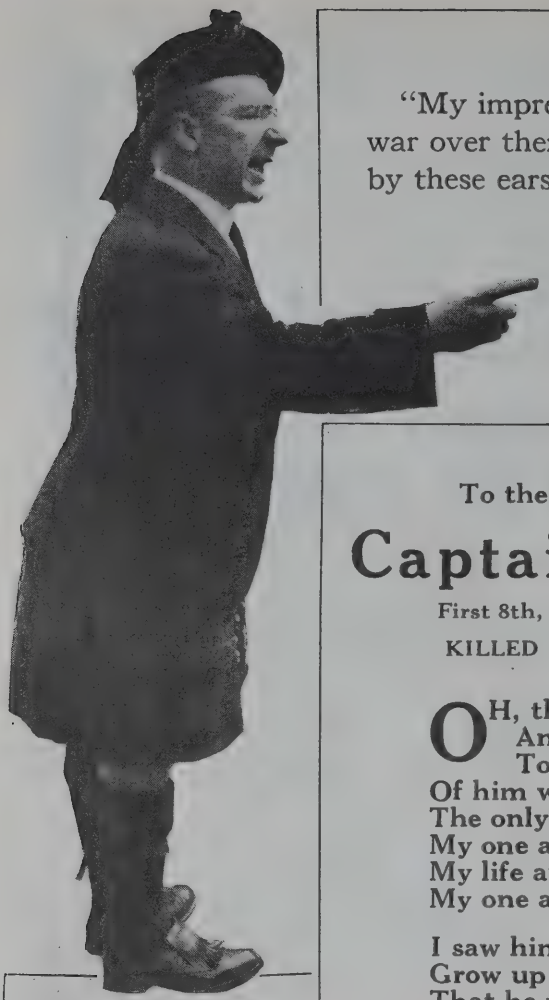
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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name .....

Address .....

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"My impressions? Yes. Listen. I was feeling the pulse of the war over there; that was my impression, seen by these eyes, heard by these ears. You will find it all in my book,

"A MINSTREL IN FRANCE"

Be sure to read it. That is my request. It is all for the cause." HARRY LAUDER.

To the Memory of My Beloved Son

Captain John Lauder

First 8th, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders

KILLED IN FRANCE, DECEMBER 28, 1916

OH, there's sometimes I am lonely
And I'm weary a' the day
To see the face and clasp the hand
Of him who is away.
The only one God gave me,
My one and only joy,
My life and love were centered on
My one and only boy.

I saw him in his infant days
Grow up from year to year,
That he would some day be a man
I never had a fear.
His mother watched his every step,
'Twas our united joy
To think that he might be one day
My one and only boy.

When war broke out he buckled on
His sword, and said, "Good-bye,
For I must do my duty, Dad,
Tell Mother not to cry,
Tell her that I'll come back again,"
What happiness and joy,
But no, he died for Liberty,
My one and only boy.

The days are long, the nights are drear,
The anguish breaks my heart,
But oh! I'm proud my one and only
Laddie plays his part.
For God knows best, His will be done,
His grace does me employ.
I do believe I'll meet again
My one and only boy.

From "A Minstrel in France." Copyright, 1918, by Harry Lauder

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Pittsburgh Leader.

Smiles and Tears

There are smiles and tears as well in "A Minstrel in France." There is an honest personal appeal in Harry Lauder's words, and you can almost hear the rise and fall of his voice as he points out memorable spots along the trenches or halts to sing to mud-caked soldiers tramping those highways of France that will be forever places of pilgrimage.—

Boston Post.

Stirring in Sentiment

The great minstrel tells us his experiences and adventures in the wide course of his purposeful traveling. He has made a volume of three hundred odd pages rich in story, abundant in inspiration, stirring in sentiment, yet always simple in its appeal.—

New York World.

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It has remained for Harry Lauder—beloved of the English-speaking world for his voice and his personality—to bring forward a war-book that has an appeal for everyone, for everyone has someone near and dear to them, either at the front or preparing for service there. Authorship is a new rôle for Harry Lauder, but he has made good by getting right into the hearts of the people with his pen, just as he has in the past, with his voice.—

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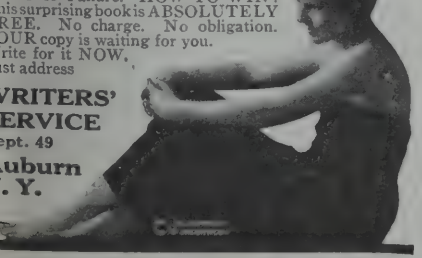
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Mrs. Wilcox states: "We had never heard of Jacob Böhme, and were amazed, when we looked him up in the encyclopedia, to find his philosophy given in these words: '*Nature rises out of Him, and we sink into Him.*' This struck us as remarkable evidence of the absolutely spiritual source of the messages."

At one sitting, some difficulty was experienced in getting messages. Finally, there came: "Conditions on your plane are now terrible, and they affect the astral. We try to save ourselves here from bumps, as you do when there is an accident on earth. All ideas are in chaos; so you must send all the more love here."

And, on another occasion: "Many come here who have only material desires in their hearts; they try to live the same way here. When they cannot, they seek the same vibrations of those on earth. They live in a cloud near earth. Intense love and desire is the only way ut; desperate grief of those on earth makes the burden heavier for souls here."

Whereupon Mrs. Wilcox remarked that this seemed a flaw in God's system, as without some ray of light to prove immortal life, and with our dear ones wrenched away, we could not help bitter grief. To this, the reply came: "It is the greatest proof of unselfishness a human soul has to meet."

Questions were asked about Christ.

"Christ," was the reply, "is at the head of the spheres which belong to the Christian era. To see these spheres, we have to ascend. A band of Devas took me. And then I only glimpsed his glory."

QUESTION: nd do you know if Buddha, who went from earth five hundred years before Christ, has spheres belonging to his era?

ANSWER: Yes; the region is so high that we have to raise our vibrations to approach it, and then only sense its radiance.

At another time, the question was asked if the life above was lonely, and the reply was:

"It is life as you can't conceive it. Immortal life is doing the nearest duty. Unless souls are in the same work, they do not meet. Our lives are devoted to duty and service. We shall see each other again. Have patience. Sit every day alone in the Silence until you learn the use of the higher laws; then you will not need the board. When you are developed enough, I will appear to your sight. Be patient!"*]

When anesthetics were first discovered, the orthodox Church and the clergy loudly denounced their use as opposed to God's assertion that women should bear children in pain and suffering. Many violent sermons were preached, declaring the merciful anesthetics were agents of the devil, and that those who employed them were defying God.

N. A. Richardson, in "Industrial Problems," states that, in Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, the School Board refused to permit the schoolhouse to be used for the discussion of the question of a proposed railroad. The old document reads as follows:

You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would clearly have foretold it through His Holy Prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to Hell.

We laugh at these ideas to-day, and we would laugh at the man who declared the use of electricity to be a sin. Imagine one

*We are in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Wilcox as we go to press, saying that many remarkable messages have come to her in France, which will be given in the published volume of her autobiography.

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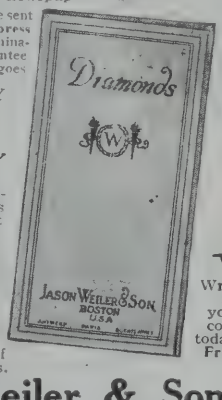
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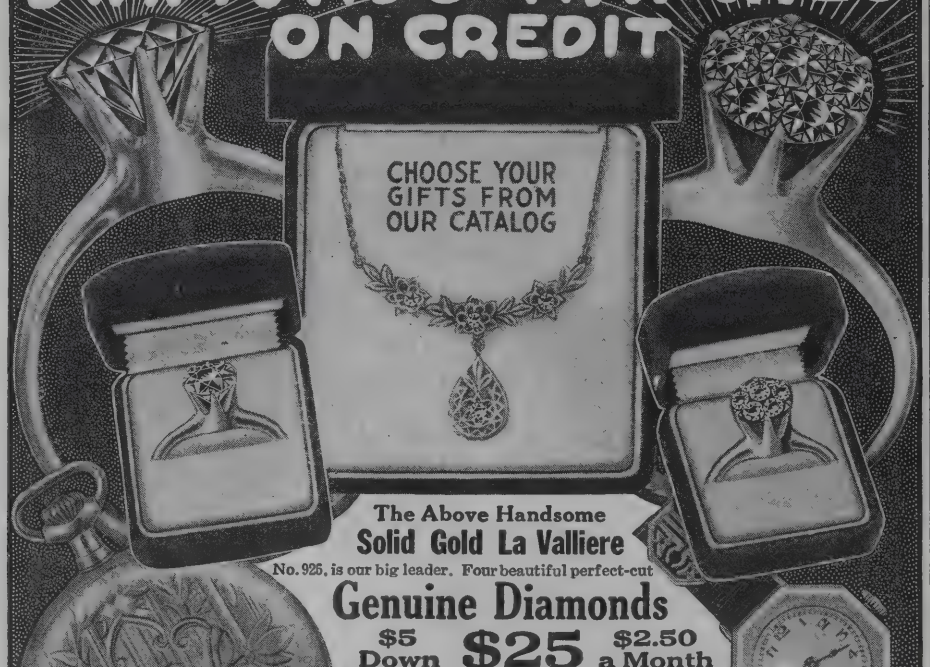
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so bigoted and so ignorant who would s "If God had wanted man to employ suc power for the transmission of light or m sages, he would have placed it in his han and not made the discovery of it so di cult. God made sunlight for the day a moonlight for the night. He gave man feet on which to run with messages. I wicked and at variance with God's wis to use electric light or to send messages telephone or telegraph; the holy proph did not foretell them. Whoever does th things is in league with the devil." S words would be no more absurd and si than the words of those who claim t God's secret of the life beyond the gra should not be sought, and that no effort communication with those who have g onward should be made, because the me of that communication are not obtai without effort.

Just as crude oil gave place to gas, a gas to electricity, so will a still more sub source of light be discovered one of th days. *God has no secrets he does not int to share freely with human beings who adventurous enough, reverent enough, d patient enough to seek the way of knowled*

Man is an unawakened god—not man, but every man. We are heirs everything in the vast universe. It is cause the Great Creator wants us to sea for these higher truths and this glori knowledge of life immortal and the won of sphere upon sphere filled with sup beings that he is permitting the race to the awful result of thinking only of mate success and earthly power and glo The world-war has prepared the minds human beings, as nothing before ever p pared it, for study of the worlds beyo Never before was such a spiritual awak ing on earth, and it has but begun. T study cannot and will not be confined to creeds and dogmas of established Church It will leap over hurdles and barriers set the clergy, and soar into space, seeking own trail to Truth. And those whose min are awake, whose souls are purified thro suffering, whose hearts are cleansed of selfishness and all earthly lusts and long will meet the spirits of their dear dead the Silence and be instructed by the L. W. Rogers tells us that, by a series sustained efforts to live the highest life which one is capable, it is possible to att a level of consciousness where one has p sonal knowledge that the *dead live.* That of course, the highest road, and the saf one to tread. But when we are sudde separated from those who have been t by death from our sight, touch, and he ing, we are not possessed of the poise a strength to go through these scient methods of development. As, in times great emergency, we cannot be content write a letter in longhand and send it India and await an answer from a frie but rush to the telegraph-operator and that our message be sent, so do we turn the time of awful need to some more me rial means of communication with our de A woman said to me:

"I cannot imagine my husband need a third person between him and me, o material object like a ouija-board or a ta to bring messages. When he was on ear he did not do these things. Why should in the spirit-world? He always came i rectly to me here."

"I think not always," I replied. "Wh he was only a block away from you,

Little Signs That Reveal Character at a Glance

The Simple Knack of Knowing All About a Person at Sight

VERY ONE knows that a high forehead indicates the intellectual type—that a receding chin denotes weakness while pronounced chin means determination—ese things and a few other signs are under-ood by all. But often these signs are unterbalanced by others which are just as parent but which the average person esn't know how to diagnose.

As a consequence we often jump to con-isions about people, which prove incorrect cause we don't carry our observations far ough. It's like trying to read a sentence looking at the first one or two words. We ight guess the sense but more likely than t we'd go wrong. Yet once you have the cret, you can understand what *all* the little ns mean and get at a glance a complete cture of the characteristics of every person u meet, as easily as you read this page.

I know this to be true for I used to be out the poorest judge of character that I ow. I was always making friends only to d that they were the wrong kind, or saying e wrong thing to my customers because I d failed to "size them up" correctly, or ding money to people who never intended pay me back. I even made a costly mis-ke by giving up a good job to go into rtnership with a man who turned out to be tle short of a thief.

I was pretty much discouraged by this time d I determined that the thing for me to do as to learn to read character, if such a thing that was possible, for I felt that unless I d know whom I could trust and whom I uldn't, I never would get very far.

It was about this time that I read an article out Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, who recognized as the foremost character alyst in this country, and who was em-oyed by a big company at a salary of 6,000 a year to select their employees. thought then that if hard-headed business en paid such a salary as this in order to sure their getting the right kind of workers at there surely must be something in char-ter reading for me.

One day while in Pittsburg my eye was tracted to an announcement of a lecture on haracter Analysis by Dr. Blackford and I cided to go and see if I could learn anything.

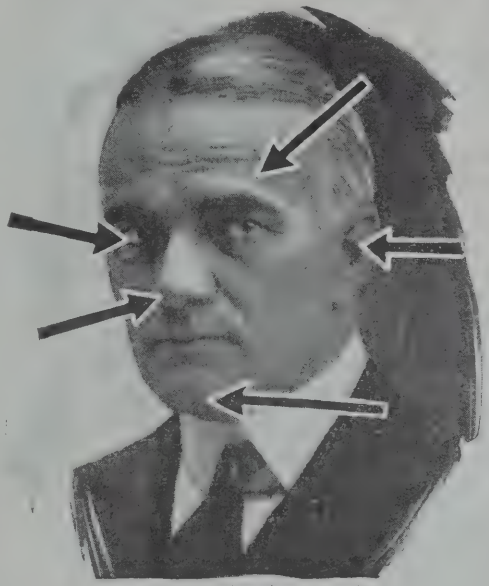
That lecture was an eye opener! Not only d Dr. Blackford show how easy it is to ad at a glance the little signs that reveal a rson's character, but after the lecture she ve a remarkable demonstration of character ading that amazed the audience.

She asked the audience to select two eople in the hall to come up and be ana-zed. Several men, all of them entirely nknown to Dr. Blackford, were suggested nd finally two were chosen. As they came pon the platform Dr. Blackford looked em over keenly and, after a moment's ought began to analyze both of them at nce. As she mentioned the characteristics one she described the corresponding char-cteristics in the other.

Beginning with generalities, she told the udience, every one of whom seemed to know oth men, that one was a good mixer, ggressive, bold and determined, while the ther was more or less of a recluse, very self-ontained, quiet and gentle.

The first, she said, was brilliant, clever, uick-witted and resourceful; the second a silent man, slow and deliberate when he spoke, and relied upon calm, mature judgment rather than brilliant strokes of ingenuity and wit.

The first man according to Dr. Blackford was active, restless, always on the go, impatient, and able to express himself only in some active, aggressive manner. The second man was studious, plodding and constant, and expressed himself after prolonged concentration and careful thought. The first man, the doctor said, was therefore especially equipped to execute plans, to carry to success any course of action, but was not particularly qualified to make plans or to map out a course of action—he could make practical use of many different kinds of knowledge but did not have the patience or the power of concentration to search out and classify the



"What I've learned enables me to know as much about a man the first time I meet him as his best friend—sometimes more."

knowledge so that it could be used. While he was a brilliant speaker, a resourceful and effective debater, he lacked the power to dig out and assemble the material for orations and debates. The second man, she continued, being shy and self-conscious, could not speak in public, but was a master of study and research and strong in his ability to classify and correlate all kinds of knowledge.

"Indeed," said Dr. Blackford, "this gentleman would be a remarkable success as a lawyer, especially in court practice. The other gentleman would be a remarkable success as a lawyer, but his particular field would be the preparation of cases and the giving of counsel to clients. Therefore," she went on, "they would be particularly fitted to work together as partners not only because they complement each other professionally but because their dispositions are such that they would naturally admire and respect each other."

As she said this the audience broke into a storm of applause and upon inquiry I learned that the two men were indeed lawyers and partners, that they had been partners for twenty years and were well known in Pittsburg for their intense affection for each other and for the fact that during their twenty years' partnership they had never had a disagreement. One was the brilliant trial lawyer; the other the student and counselor, and as a team they were remarkably successful.

* * * * *

When the lecture was over it didn't take me long to get up to the platform and inquire as to how I could learn more about character reading, and I found that Dr. Blackford had just completed a popular Course that explained the whole thing and which would be sent on approval, without charge, for examination. I immediately wrote the publishers and received the Course by return mail.

And when it came I was never so amazed in my life—for here was the whole secret in seven fascinating lessons. No hard study—no tiresome drudgery, just interesting pictures and simple directions that I couldn't go wrong on.

Why, the very first lesson taught me pointers I could use right away and it was only a matter of a few weeks before I was able at one quick but careful survey to tell just what a man was like by what he looked like.

And what a revelation it was! For the first time I really *knew* people whom I *thought* I had known for years. It was all so simple now that it hardly seemed possible that I could have made such mistakes as I did before I heard of Dr. Blackford.

People took on a new interest. Instead of just "blanks" each one became a definite personality with qualities, tastes and traits which I was always able to "spot." Why, the very act of meeting people became the most fascinating pastime in the world. And how much more clearly my own character loomed up to me. I knew as never before my limitations and my capabilities.

But it has been my contact with people in business that my new faculty has helped me most—to say that it has been worth thousands of dollars to me is to put it mildly. It has enabled me to select a new partner who has proved the best help a man ever had—it has made it possible for us to build up probably the most efficient "frictionless" organization in our line of business with every man in the right job—it has been the means of my securing thousands of dollars' worth of business from men I had never been able to sell before because I hadn't judged them correctly, for after all salesmanship is more in knowing the man you're dealing with than in any other one thing—and what I've learned from Dr. Blackford's lessons enables me to know as much about a man the first time I meet him as his best friend—sometimes more.

Is it any wonder that such concerns as the Scott Paper Company, the Baker-Vawter Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and others have sought Dr. Blackford as counselor; or that thousands of heads of large corporations, salesmen, engineers, physicians, bankers and educators have studied her Course and say that the benefit derived is worth thousands of dollars to them?

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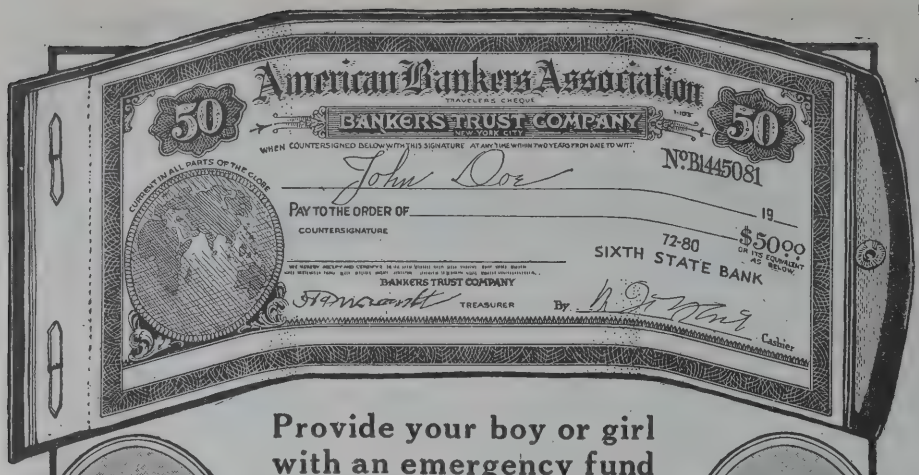
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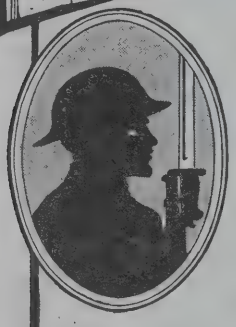
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needed to send a message, he called up a operator to connect the telephone-wire He could not do this himself. He used t telegraph-operator and the wireless-oper tor at other times to reach you. They ma not have been people of education or cu ture, but they *knew how to connect the wir and render it possible for you and your ha band to communicate.*"

There is nothing more unreasonable absurd in the use of a ouija-board, a tab the planchette, or a trained clairvoyant afford our disembodied friends the pow to transmit their messages than in t use of the wires and operators on eart Death does not make souls omnipoten Immortal life is a matter of slow grow toward greater power and knowledg Freed from the physical body, souls are f many years in the astral body; and th body has its limitations. Upon etheric an vibratory conditions the possibility transmitting messages from the astral the physical world depends. An individu who produces the phenomena which bri messages from the world beyond may of an inferior type of mind and witho knowledge on these subjects, or he may of the highest order of development. It simply a matter of the right vibrato combination.

The astral realm is filled with souls in states of development from the lowest the highest, and whoever seeks pers tently for messages will receive them. B beware of seeking idly, or without a hi and holy purpose. Beware of seeking mere curiosity or for knowledge of me earth-matters. The state of mind y take into your investigations will attra the same order of disembodied min Whoever approaches this study with idle, banal mind will receive idle and ban messages from the border-land. But it an impertinence for such people to go fo and say only such messages are to be o tained. These statements are repeated made by individuals who have never go more deeply into the matter than a visit a fortune teller or spent an hour with rollicking party of friends experimenti with table-tipping.

There are just as many differing loca ties in the worlds beyond as here on ear The voyagers on the Ship of Death scatt when the further shores are reached. B in that world, it is not money, title, or inf ence which decides the destination of t passenger. It is *thought*—the kind thought which each one of us entertains the mind, year in and year out, that esta lishes our position in the world beyo The frivolous, selfish, voluptuary sudden called from the body will find him- or h self in the slums and underworld, with v undesirable company in the astral realm and all the death-bed repentance and h ceremonies at the last moment cannot al this situation immediately, or give the s admission to higher planes, until it wo out its own salvation by a complete chan of thought. The unselfish, pure-mind God-living, simple toiler who has tried do as he would be done by, and to retu good for evil, will be happily surprised find himself among the scenes of beau he has starved for on earth, and given once glimpses of the glories beyon glories of which he has only dreamed in earth-life.

But when we put ourselves in co munion with the travelers who have go

we must learn to be as considerate as vould of our friends who have gone to ign lands on some great commission. 'e would not think of writing or ca- g to our nearest kin who had become an assador abroad or who was holding a tion in some college to give us points he market or advise us in our domestic rs. We would feel his time too val- e for that.

ll our dead are in God's colleges, and hould ask of them only such help and mation as will better prepare us to r into their world and help us rise above y ideas while here.

or should we too long and too persis- ly seek even this direct assistance from n. Once positively convinced of their tity and their continued life and love, should be considerate of their highest l, and not demand too much of their and attention. Such demands delay n and weaken us. Just as it may help comfort and increase the happiness of a mbodied soul to have communion with e left behind for a time, so it may er a soul's progress if we cling too istently to it and demand its continual strations.

the very instructive book by L. W. ers, "Elementary Theosophy," he ks of this point and illustrates it by the y of the woman of Endor, who, at the est of Saul, obtained communication the spirit of Samuel and advice about mpending battle. Samuel's first words : "Saul, why hast thou disquieted me, ring me up?" The dead king was ying things more spiritual than the of earth and did not want to be dis- ed.

et us remember this incident when approach our dead, and ask only of things which pertain to the growth ie spirit.

ut of these messages which I have re- ed under conditions and through peo- who are above suspicion, the following rictions are indelibly impressed upon mind:

—Reincarnation in many forms and es, from the mineral to the mortal g, is a scientific fact. The divine spirit he Logos—God—enters into all things exists always, and when all experiences e been obtained in various forms and ugh all sorrows and joys, we return e again, once more pure spirit.

—Death is only a doorway to a larger and does not destroy memory or affec- or personal characteristics. Death ers each soul into the place and plane as made for itself, while on earth, by nature and habit of its thoughts.

—The fact that we have belonged to e Church and subscribed to some creed belief will not help us in the least to the heavenly planes after death unless thoughts have been heavenly with love sympathy for our fellow men. Only changing our thoughts can we change plane of consciousness.

—Just as on earth the Salvation Army other helpers are sent to those in need ght, so will messengers of God come to ie after death who need to be helped ard and onward. It will aid such souls ray for them after they have left the y.

—Christ is the latest and greatest of the ters who have been sent by the One

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whom he called "The Father" to enl and uplift the race. He rules the s belonging to the Christian era. The other chains of spheres, governed by great spirits.

Christ and all the other great te who rule the other chains of spher working in perfect harmony and towa same great end—tolerance and uni brotherhood. They are members hierachical organization known amc the religious and all the philosophers world, ancient and modern, as the "W Lodge," or the "Great White Br hood."

In this marvelous organization of men, no human frailties exist; the perfect mutual love and conside prevail, coupled with implicit obe to the wishes of those in the asc ranks which culminate in the spiritual, invisible, but actual Ru this planet and all its affairs of every This great being is a direct desce of the Solar Logos, the God, Make Ruler of the solar system.

6—Death does not admit a soul, ho pure, at once into the presence of G All must first pass through many and be purged of all earthly desires they can reach the high vibratory which enables them to enter the G realm.

Back of all the spheres, at the cer all things, is the Solar Logos—God whom all the universe proceeds. I immensity of space are vast heaven-w filled with spirits in various states of opment from the earth-bound souls great archangels. All bent on return the Source eventually and becoming with God." A wise teacher has said "Orderly gradation is nature's met expression. Just as a continuous ch life runs down from man, so also it rise above him until it merges in Supreme Being. Man is merely on in the evolutionary chain." And Russel Wallace, who was called the " Old Man of Science," said: "I thi have got to recognize that betwee and God there is an almost i multitude of beings, working in th verse-at-large at tasks as definit important as any we have to pe I imagine the universe is peopled spirits, intelligent beings, with duti powers vaster than our own. I there is a spiritual ascent from man u and onward."

And from this mighty storehouse w gather wisdom and knowledge and light and power as we pass through th paratory room of earth, which is on of the innumerable mansions i Father's House.

Think on these things!

THE END

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—*If your* Cosmopolitan *does not reach you pr on the 10th of the month, do not assu it has been lost in transit. Owing present congested condition of the ra delays in the operating of the mail are inevitable. Therefore, in the even magazine's non-arrival on the 10t subscribers are advised to wait a fe before writing us, for by that time probably be in their hands.*

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Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York

The Harrison Fisher cover of this issue without lettering mailed on receipt of 25 cents

For the boys in the service



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Victrola VI
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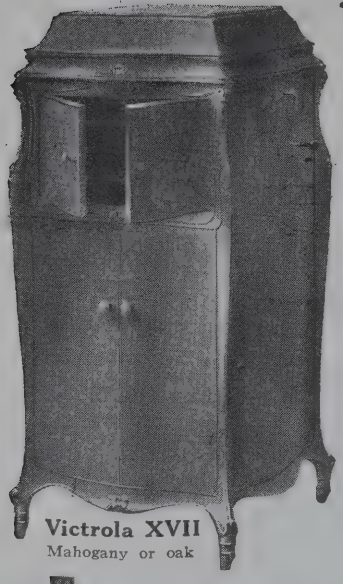
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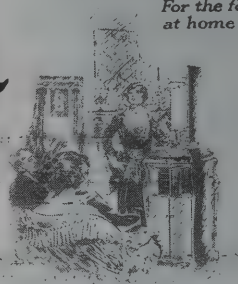
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COSMOPOLITAN

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To Regild the Suns

By Herbert Kaufman

THE war is won. France and Italy have brought Alsace and Trent back to their aching flags; Albert the Great is king again in little Belgium; Serbia the Giant-killer has wrenched her hills from the Austrian ogre; Poland is no longer Cinderella in the Houses of Tyranny; Rumania has cast the Prussian yoke; Czech and Jugo-Slav sit in the Council of Nations; Ferdinand the False cowers in hiding; the sacred dome of St. Sofia is shadowed with Constantine's returning Cross; the Hapsburgs are finished; God and Democracy have baffled Wilhelm of Hohenzollern, and defeat has ended his line.

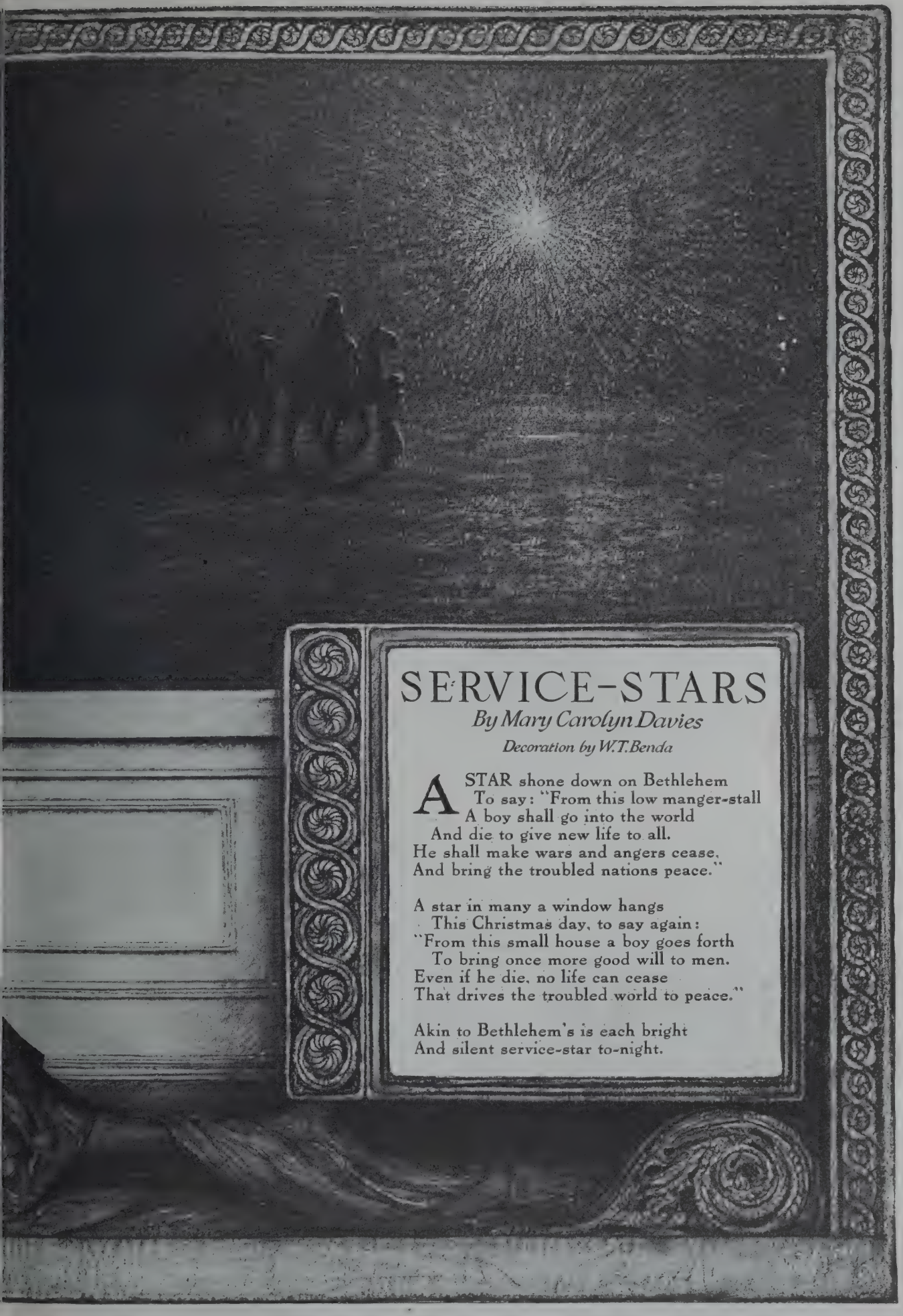
Justice is satisfied, but mercy is not. After the fighting, the righting. After the conquerors, the constructors. After success, succor.

The Hun is beaten. But pestilence and privation prey in his crimson wake. Flanders is a blasted, breadless reach; the Holy Lands wail across the world for food and shelter. Defiled women, naked children, resourceless old folk, through a thousand miles of shambles, pray for help and healing.

In their name and in the name of Christ and Jehovah, the Red Cross bids you hold ranks—beseeches you to serve this grievous hour—summons your purses to persist in sacrifice and generosity, to join in the work of restoration, to sustain the widows and orphans of heroic millions who died on Europe's Calvary that you and yours might be spared for fairer, farther hopes, to regild the suns in these darkened lands with grateful gold.

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W.T. Benda



SERVICE-STARS

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Decoration by W.T.Benda

A STAR shone down on Bethlehem
To say: "From this low manger-stall
A boy shall go into the world
And die to give new life to all.
He shall make wars and angers cease,
And bring the troubled nations peace."

A star in many a window hangs
This Christmas day, to say again:
"From this small house a boy goes forth
To bring once more good will to men.
Even if he die, no life can cease
That drives the troubled world to peace."

Akin to Bethlehem's is each bright
And silent service-star to-night.



"Plattsburg. One way"

Too *Fa* to *Fight*

By Rex Beach

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"PLATTSBURG. One way," Norman Dalrymple told the ticket-agent. He named his destination more loudly, more proudly than necessary, and he was gratified when the man next in line eyed him with sudden interest.

Having pocketed his ticket, Dalrymple noted, by his smart new wrist-watch with the luminous dial, that there was still twenty minutes before train-time. Twenty minutes—and Shipp had a vicious habit of catching trains by their coat tails—a habit doubly nerve-racking to one of Dalrymple's ponderous weight and deliberate disposition. That afforded ample leeway for a farewell rickey at the Belmont or the Manhattan; it was altogether too long a time to stand around. Mr. Dalrymple—his friends called him "Dimples"—had long since concluded that standing was an unnatural posture for human beings, and with every pound he took on there came a keener appreciation of chairs, benches, couches, divans, anything and everything of that restful pattern except hammocks. Hammocks he distrusted and despised, for they had a way of breaking with the sound of gunshots and causing him much discomfiture.

Next to standing, Dimples abhorred walking, for the truth is he shook when he walked. Therefore he chose the Belmont, that haven of rest being close at hand; but ere he had gained the street, his eye was challenged by a sight that never failed to arrest his attention. It was the open door of an eating-place—the station restaurant—with idle waiters and spotless napery within. Now, drink was a friend, but food was an intimate companion of whom Dimples never tired. Why people drank in order to be convivial or to pass an idle quarter o hour, the while there were sweets and pastries as e accessible, had always been a mystery to him. Li homing pigeon, he made for this place of refreshment.

Overflowing heavily into a chair, he wiped his full-m face and ordered a corn-starch pudding, an insati fondness for which was his consuming vice.

As usual, Shipp made the train with a three-second fa of safety in his favor, and recognizing the imposing of his traveling companion, greeted him with a hearty

"Hello, Dimples! I knew you'd come."

When they had settled themselves in their compartm Dalrymple panted breathlessly:

"Gee! How I hate people who paw at departing trains."

"I made it, didn't I? You're getting fat and slow—th what ails you. A fine figure of an athlete you are! Why, yo laying on blubber by the day! You're swelled up like a horse."

"I know," Dimples nodded mournfully. "I've tried to red but I know too many nice people, and they all have good ch

"Boozing some, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, sure! And I love candy."

"They'll take you down at Plattsburg. Say! It's g isn't it? War! The real thing!" Shipp's eyes were spark "Of course it came hard to give up the wife and the baby, b somebody has to go."

"Right! And we're the ones, because we can afford i never knew how good it is to be rich and idle—did you? think of the poor devils who want to go and can't—depend and all that. It's tough on them."

The other agreed silently; then, with a smile, he said:

"If they're looking for officer-material at Plattsburg, as say they are, why, you've got enough for about three. Th probably cube your contents and start you off as a colonel

Dimples' round, good-natured face had become serious; t was a suggestion of strength, determination to the set o jaw when he spoke.

"Thank God, we're in at last! I've been boiling ever s the Huns took Belgium. I don't care much for children, bec most of them laugh at me, but—I can't stand to see t butchered."

Plattsburg was a revelation to the two men. They were amazed by the grim, businesslike character of the place; it looked thoroughly military and efficient, despite the flood of young fellows in civilian clothes arriving by every train; it aroused their pride to note how many of their friends and acquaintances were among the number. But, for that matter, the best blood of the nation had responded. Deeply impressed, genuinely thrilled, Shipp and Dalrymple made ready for their physical examinations.

Dimples was conscious of a jealous twinge at the sight of his former team-mate's massive bare shoulders and slim waist; Shipp looked as fit to-day as when he had made the All-American. As for himself, Dimples had never noticed how much he resembled a gigantic Georgia watermelon. It was indeed time he put an end to easy living. Well, army diet, army exercise would bring him back, for he well knew that there were muscles buried deep beneath his fat.

"Step lively!" It was an overworked medical examiner speaking, and Dimples moved forward; the line behind him closed up. As he stepped upon the scales, the beam flew up; so did the head of the man who manipulated the counter-balance.

"Hey! One at a time!" the latter cried. Then, with a grin, he inquired, "Who's with you?" He pretended to look back of Dimples as if in search of a companion, after which he added another weight and finally announced, in some awe,

"Two eighty-five—unless I'm seeing double."

"*'Two eighty-five!'*" The chief examiner started, then, to Dalrymple, he said: "Step aside, sir. Fall out."

"What's the idea?" Dimples inquired, with a rose-pink flush of embarrassment.

"You're overweight. Next!"

"Why, sure I'm overweight; but what's the difference?"

"All the difference in the world, sir. We can't pass you. Please don't argue. We have more work than we can attend to."

Shipp turned back to explain.

"This is Norman Dalrymple, one of the best tackles we ever had at Harvard. He's as sound as a dollar and stronger than a bridge. He'll come down——"

"I'm sorry; but there's nothing we can do. Regulations, you know."

"Sure!" The man at the scales was speaking. "Two eighty-five isn't a weight; it's a telephone-number."

Dalrymple inquired bankly:

"Do you mean to say I can't get in? Why, that's too absurd! I *must* get in! Can't you fix it, somehow?

"You're holding up the others. Won't you please step aside?"

Shipp drew the giant out of line and said quietly:

"Don't argue. Get into your duds and wait for me. It will be all right. We know everybody; we'll square it."

But it was not all right. Nor could it be made all right. Weary hours of endeavor failed in any way to square matters, and the two friends were finally forced to acknowledge that here was an instance where wealth, influence, the magic of a famous name went for naught. They were told politely but firmly that Norman Dalrymple, in his present state of unpreparedness, could not take the officers' intensive-training course. Dimples was mortified, humiliated; Shipp felt the disappointment quite as keenly.

"That's the toughest luck I ever heard of," the latter acknowledged. "You'll have to reduce; that's all."

But Dimples was in despair.

"It's healthy fat; it will take longer to run it off than to run the Germans out of France. The war will be over before I can do it. I want to get in *now*. Too fat to fight! Good Lord!" he groaned. "Why, I told everybody I was going in, and I cut all my ties. Now to be *rejected!*" After a time, he continued: "It knocks a fellow out to reduce so much. If I managed to sweat it off in a hurry, I'd never be able to pass my physical. That sort of thing takes *months*."

Shipp silently agreed that there was some truth in this statement.

"Tough? It's a disgrace. I—I have *some* pride. I feel the way I did when I lost our big game. You remember I fumbled and let Yale through for the winning goal. I went back to the dressing-room, rolled up in a blanket, and cried like a baby. You and the other fellows were mighty decent; you told me to forget it. But I couldn't. I've never forgotten it, and I never shall."

"Pshaw! You made good later."

"I fell down when it was my ball. It's my ball now, Shipp, and I've fallen down again. I've led a pretty easy, useless life, these late years, but—I feel this thing in Europe more than I thought I could feel anything. I've contributed here and there, let my man go, and economized generally. I've adopted whole litters of French orphans, and equipped ambulance-units, and done all the usual things the nice people are doing, but I was out of the game, and I wanted—Lord, how I wanted to be in it! When we declared war, I yelled! I went crazy. And then along came your wire to join you in this Plattsburg course. Good old Shipp! I knew you'd get on the job, and it raised a lump in my throat to realize that you were sure of me. I—was never so happy"— the speaker choked briefly— "as while waiting for the day to arrive. Now I've fumbled the pass. I'm on the side-lines."

Norman Dalrymple did not return home, nor did he notify his family of his rejection. Instead, he went back to New York, took a room at the quietest of his numerous clubs, engaged a trainer, and went on a diet. He minded neither of the latter very greatly for the first few days, but in time he learned to abhor both.

He shunned his friends; he avoided the club café as he would have avoided a dragon's cave. The sight of a push-button became a temptation and a trial. Every morning he wrapped himself up like a sore thumb and ambled round the park reservoir with his pores streaming; every afternoon he chased his elusive trainer round a gymnasium, striving to pi the man's hateful features, and never quite succeeding. Evenings he spent in a Turkish bath, striving to attain the boiling-point and failing by the fraction of a degree. He acquired a terrifying thirst—a monstrous, maniac thirst, which gallons of water would not quench.

Ten days of this and he had lost three pounds. He had dwindled away to a mere two hundred and eighty-two, and was faintly cheered.

But he possessed a sweet tooth—a double row of them—



Occasionally he ordered his favorite dish, corn-starch pudding

and he dreamed of things fattening to eat. One dream in particular tried the strongest fiber of his being. It was of wallowing through a No Man's Land of blanc-mange with shell-craters filled with cream. Frozen desserts—ice-cold custards! He trembled weakly when he thought of them, which was almost constantly. Occasionally, when the craving became utterly unbearable, he skulked guiltily into a restaurant and ordered his favorite dish, corn-starch pudding.

At the end of three weeks, he was bleached; his face was drawn and miserable; he looked forth from eyes like those of a Saint Bernard. He had gained a pound!

Human nature could stand no more. Listlessly he wandered into the club café and there came under the notice of a friend. It was no more possible for Dimples to enter a room unobserved than for the Leviathan to slip unobtrusively into port. The friend stared in amazement, then exclaimed:

"Why, Norm! You look sick."

"'Sick?'" the big fellow echoed. "I'm not sick; I'm dying." And, since it was good to share his burden, he related what had happened to him. "Turned me down; wouldn't give me a chance," he concluded. "When I strained the scales, they wanted to know who I had in my lap. I've been banting lately, but I gain weight at it. It agrees with me. Meanwhile, Shipp and the others are in uniform." Dimples bowed his head in his huge, plump hands. "Think of it! Why, I'd give a leg to be in olive drab and wear metal letters on my collar. 'Sick?' Good Lord!"

"I know," the friend nodded. "I'm too old to go across, but I'm off for Washington Monday. A dollar a year. I've been drawing fifty thousand, by the way."

"I'm out of that, too," Dimples sighed. "Don't know enough—never did anything useful. But I could fight, if they'd let me." He raised his broad face and his eyes were glowing. "I'm fat, but I could fight. I could keep the fellows on their toes and make 'em hit the line. If—if they built ships bigger, I'd stowaway."

"See here—" The speaker had a sudden thought. "Why don't you try the Y?"

"'The Y?' Yale?"

"No, no. The Y. M. C. A."

"Oh, *that!* I've hired a whole gymnasium of my own where I can swear out loud."

"The Y. M. C. A. is sending men overseas."

"I'm not cut out for a chaplain."

"They're sending them over to cheer up the boys, to keep them amused and entertained, to run huts——"

Dalrymple straightened himself slowly.

"I know; but I thought they were all pulpit-pounders."

"Nothing of the sort! They're regular fellows, like us. They manage canteens and sell the things our boys can't get. They don't let them grow homesick; they make them play games and take care of themselves and realize that they're not forgotten. Some of them get right up front and carry hot soup and smokes into the trenches."

"Me for that!" Dimples was rising majestically. "I could carry soup—more soup than any man living. The trenches might be a little snug for me round the waist, but I'd be careful not to bulge them. Cheer up the boys! Make 'em laugh! Say—that would help, wouldn't it?" He hesitated; then, a bit wistfully, he inquired, "The Y fellows wear—uniforms, too, don't they?"

"Well, rather. You can hardly tell them from the army."

In Dalrymple's voice, when he spoke, there was an earnestness, a depth of feeling that his hearer had never suspected.

"Uniforms mean a lot to me lately. Every time I see a doughboy, I want to stand at attention and throw out my chest and draw in my stomach—as far as I can. There's something sacred about that olive drab. It's like your mother's wedding dress, only holier, and decenter, if possible. Somehow, it seems to stand for everything clean and honorable and unselfish. The other day I saw the old Forty-first marching down to entrain, and I yelled and cried and kissed an old lady. Those swinging arms, those rifles aslant, those leggings flashing, and that sea of khaki rising, falling— Gee! There's something about it. These are great times for the fellows who aren't too old or too fat to fight."

"Those Y men fight, in their way, just as hard as the other boys, and they don't get half as much sleep or half as much attention. Nobody makes a fuss over them."

Dimples waited to hear no more. The Y. M. C. A! He had not realized the sort of work it was doing. But to keep the boys fit to fight! That was almost as good as being one of them. And he could do it—better than anybody. As his taxi-cab sped across town, he leaned back with a sigh of contentment; for the first time in days he smiled. The Y. M. C. A. would have no scales! To the boys at the front, a fat man might be funnier even than a skinny one. He was mighty glad he had heard of the Y in time. And it would be glad he had, for his name was worth a lot to any organization. No more dry bread and spinach—*Gott strafe* spinach! How he hated it! No more exercise, either he would break training instantly and tell that high-priced reducer what he really thought of him. Useful work, work to win the war was one thing, but this loathsome process of trying out abdominal lard—ugh! He decided to dine like a self-respecting white man that very night, and to deny himself nothing. The club chef made a most wonderful corn-starch pudding, indescribably delicious and frightfully fattening. At the mere thought, an eager, predatory look came into Dimples' eyes. He would go overseas without delay; he would be in France doing his bit while Shipp and the others were still rehearsing their little tricks and learning to shout, "Forward, ouch!" Of course those fellows would win commissions—they were welcome to the glory—but, meanwhile, he would be right down in the dirt and the slime with the boys in leggings, cheering them up, calling them "Bill" and "Joe," sharing their big and their little troubles, and putting the pep into them. That's what they needed, that's what the world needed—pep! It would win the war.

Dalrymple was surprised when he entered the Y. M. C. A. quarters to find them busy and crowded. He sent in his card, then seated himself at the end of a line of waiting men. He wondered if, by any chance, they could be applicants like himself, and his complacency vanished when he learned that they could be—that, indeed, they were. His surprise deepened when he saw that in no wise did they resemble psalm-shouters and Testament-worms such as he had expected, but that, on the contrary, they looked like ordinary, capable business and professional men.

Dimples wondered if this were, after all, a competitive service. He broke into a gentle, apprehensive perspiration.

His name was called finally; he rose and followed a boy into a room where several men were seated at a table. Two of them were elderly, typical; they wore various unbecoming arrangements of white whiskers, and one glance told Dimples that they knew a lot about God. One of the others resembled a judge, and he it was who spoke first.

"You wish to go to France for the Y. M. C. A?" the latter inquired.

"Yes, sir. They wouldn't let me in at Plattsburg. I'm too fat, or the camp is too small. I'd very much like to go overseas."

"It is hardly necessary to ask if you have had experience in promoting social entertainments and recreations."

The speaker smiled. Dimples' face broke into an answering grin.

"'Entertainments!' 'Recreations!' They're my stock in trade. I'm an authority on all kinds of both; that's what ails me."

Another member of the board inquired,

"Are you a temperate man, Mr. Dalrymple?"

"Oh, no!" Dimples shook his head. "Not at all."

"What sort of—er— beverages do you drink?"

"What have you got?" the young giant blithely asked. Noting that his comedy met with no mirthful response, he explained more seriously. "Why, I drink practically everything. I have no particular favorites. I dare say it's against your rules, so I'll taper off if you say so. I'd take the Keeley to get across. Of course I make friends easier when I'm moderately lit—anybody does. I'm extraordinarily cheerful when I'm that way. You've no idea how——"

"Surely you understand that we tolerate no drinking whatever?"

"No, sir; I didn't fully understand. I know several Christian young men who drink—more or less. However, that's all right with me. I've never tried to quit drinking, so I'm sure I can."

"Are you familiar with the character and the aims of the Young Men's Christian Association?" One of the white-bearded gentlemen put this question.

"In a general way only. I knew you had a gym and a swimming-tank and ran some sort of a Sunday-school. It never appealed to me, personally, until I heard about this work you're doing in France. That's my size. That fits me like a pair of tights."

"Do you play cards?"

"Certainly. I'm lucky, too. Any game the boys want, from bridge to black jack."

"I mean—do you play for money?"



DRAWN BY T. D. SKIDMORE

He had gained a pound!

"Is that on the black list, too?" Dimples' enthusiasm was slowing oozing away. Noting the falling temperature of the room, he confessed honestly, but with some reluctance: "I suppose I do all of the things that ordinary idle fellows do. I drink and gamble, and swear and smoke, and overeat and sleep late. But that doesn't hurt me for carrying soup, does it?"

No one answered this challenge; instead, he was the recipient of another question that caused him to squirm.

"Would you consider yourself a moral young man?"

Slowly the applicant shook his head.

"To what Church do you belong?"

"I don't."

"How long since you attended divine service?"

"A good many years, I'm afraid."

There followed a moment of silence; the men at the table exchanged glances, and into Dimples' face there came an apprehensive, hunted look. He wet his lips, then said;

"Anyhow, you can't accuse me of mendacity. I don't lie. Now that you know the worst about me, I'd like to inventory my good points." This he proceeded to do, but, in all honesty, it must be said that his showing was not impressive. Never having given serious thought to his virtues, there were few that he could recall at such short notice. He concluded by saying: "I know I can make good if you'll give me a chance. I—I'll work like a dog, and I'll keep the boys laughing. I won't let them get homesick. I—why, gentlemen, this is my last chance! It will break my heart if you turn me down."

Not unkindly, the "judge" said,

"We will consider your application and notify you."

This very kindliness of tone caused the fat man to pale.

"I know what that means," he protested. "That's Y. M C. A. for no.' Let me go," he implored. "I'll serve. I'll stand the punishment. I'm strong, and I'll work till I drop. You won't be ashamed of me, honestly."

"We'll notify you without delay, Mr. Dalrymple."

There was no more to be said. Dimples wallowed out of the room with his head down.

That night he walked the soft-carpeted floor of his chamber until very late, and when he did go to bed, it was not to sleep. Daylight found him turning restlessly, his eyes wide open and tragic. Another failure! Within him the spirit of sacrifice burned with consuming fury, but there was no outlet for it. Through his veins ran the blood of a fighting family; nevertheless, a malicious prank of nature had doomed him to play the part of Falstaff or of Fatty Arbuckle. What could he do to help? Doubtless he could find work for his hands in ship-yard or foundry, but they were soft, white hands, and they knew no trade. Give? He had given freely and would give more; but everybody was giving. No; action called him. He belonged in the roar and the din of things where men's spirit tells.

That afternoon, he was waddling down Fifth Avenue when Mr. Augustus Van Loan stopped him to exclaim:

"Good heavens, Dimples! What has happened to you?"

Van Loan was a malefactor of great wealth. His name was a hissing upon the lips of soap-box orators. None of his malefactions, to be sure, had ever yet been uncovered, nor were any of the strident-voiced orators even distantly acquainted with him, but his wealth was an established fact of such enormity that in the public eye he was suspect.

"I'm all in," the disconsolate mammoth mumbled, and then made known his sorrow. "Too fat to get in the army; too soft morally to get in the Y. M. C. A. I didn't know how rotten I am. I can't carry a gun for my country; I'm not good enough to lug soup to the boys who do. And, meanwhile, the Huns are pressing forward."

Van Loan eyed him shrewdly.

"Do you feel it as badly as all that?"

Dalrymple nodded.

"I don't want to be a hero. Who ever heard of a hero with a waist-band like mine? No; I'd just like to help our lads grin and bear it, and be a big, cheerful fat brother to them."

Without a word Mr. Van Loan took a card from his pocket and wrote a few lines thereon.

"Take that down to the Y and tell them to send you on the next ship." He handed Dimples the card, whereupon the giant stared at him.

"D—d'you know that outfit?"

"*Know* it?" Van Loan smiled. "I'm the fellow who's raising the money for them. They've darn near broken me, but—it's worth it."

With a gurgling shout, Dimples wrung the malefactor's hand; then he bolted for the nearest taxi-stand and squeezed himself through a cab door.

Ten minutes later he entered the board-room at the Y. M. C. A. and flung Van Loan's card upon the table.

"Read that!" he told the astonished occupants.

The "judge" read and passed the card along.

"Where do I go from here?" Dimples demanded, in a voice of triumph.

"Why," the "judge" cleared his throat, "to your tailor's for a uniform, I should say."

Late the following afternoon, as the judicial member of the Y examiners was leaving the building, his path was barred by a



A rotund, mirth-provoking spectacle in hi round red face like th

huge, rotund figure in khaki which rose from a bench in the hall It was Dalrymple.

"I've been blocking traffic here for an hour," the gian explained. "Look at me! It's the biggest uniform in New York and it was made in the shortest time." Noting the effect hi appearance created, he went on, "I suppose I do look funny, bu —there's nothing funny to me about it."

The elder man's face grew serious.

"I'm beginning to believe you'll make good, Dalrymple. I hope so, for your sake and for the sake of the Association. If you don't, we'll have to order you back."

"I'll take that chance. You gentlemen think I'm unfit to wear these clothes and—maybe I was yesterday, or even this morning. But when I saw myself in this uniform, I took stock and cleaned house. I got all my bad habits together and laid them away in moth-balls for the duration of the war."

"That means something for a man like you. What induced you to do it?"

"This." Dimples stroked his khaki sleeve with reverent, caressing fingers. "It's almost like the real thing, isn't it? Not quite, but near enough. It's as near as I can ever get, and I sha'n't do anything to disgrace it. I can shut my eyes and imagine it *is* the real thing. I don't suppose you understand in the least what I'm driving at—"

"I think I understand thoroughly, sir. But don't believe for a moment there is anything counterfeit, anything bullet-proof about what you have on. You will be fighting, Dalrymple, just the same as the other boys; every service you perform, every word of cheer, every deed of kindness will be a bomb dropped back of the German lines. Why, man, do you know that the work of the Y. M. C. A. adds ten per cent. to our fighting force? It's a fact; Pershing says so. If you make good, you'll be adding one man to every ten you meet."

"'One man to every ten!'" Dimples breathed. "That's great! That's more than I could have done the other way. I'm good for something after all."

It seemed impossible that a wealthy, prominent young New York club-man could so quickly, so utterly drop out of sight as did Dimples Dalrymple. One day he was in his familiar haunts, a rotund, mirth-provoking spectacle in his bulging uniform, with his tiny overseas cap set above his round red face like the calyx of a huge ripe berry; the next day he was gone, and for several months thereafter his world knew him not.



bulging uniform, with his tiny overseas cap set above his calyx of a huge ripe berry

Captain Shipp, now attached to a famous division awaiting embarkation, was the first to hear from him. He read Dimples' letter twice before passing it on. It ran as follows:

DEAR BRIGADIER-GENERAL:

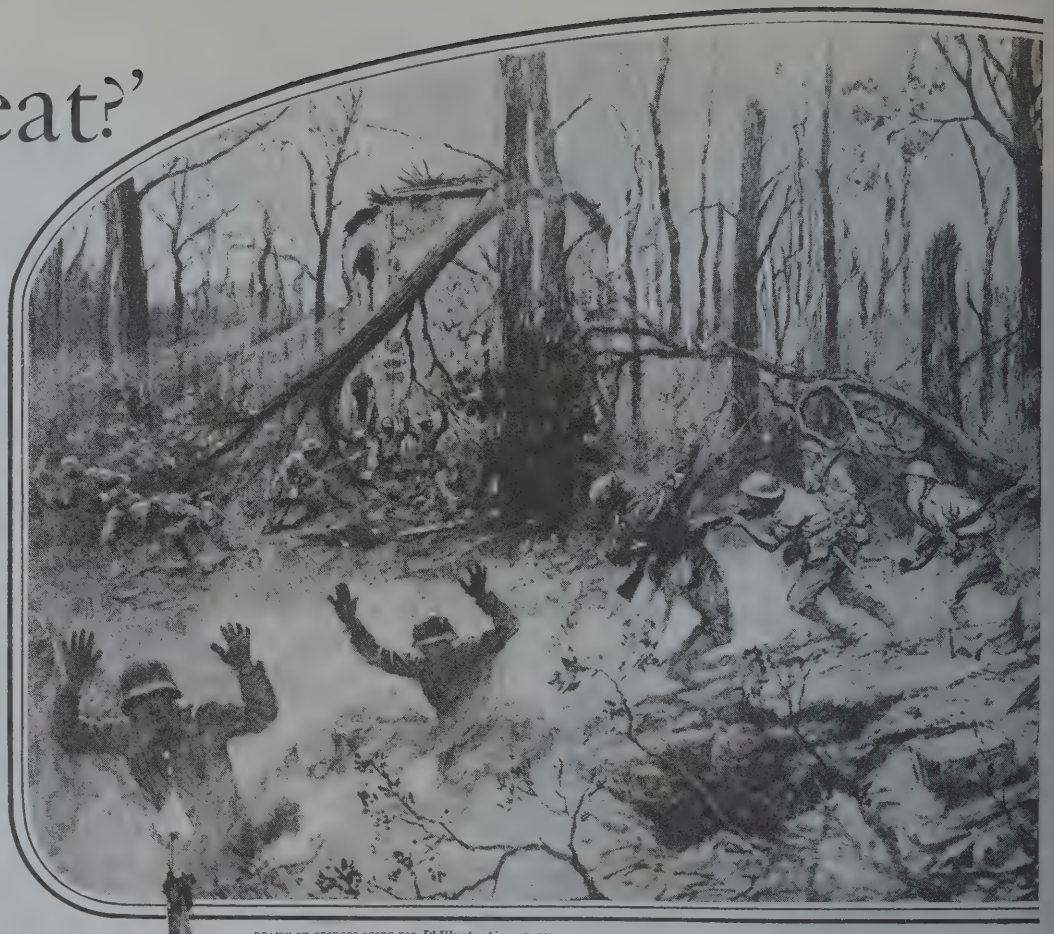
You must be all of the above, by this time; if not, there is favoritism somewhere, and you ought to complain about it. Probably you're wondering where I am. Well, that's your privilege, Brig. I'm in a two-by-four village with a name as long as the Frisco System, and you'll instantly recognize it when I tell you it has one white street and a million rats. There are no houses whatever. Further information might give aid and comfort to the enemy.

I've written lots of letters back home, but this is the first one of my own that I've had time for. I'm in the (*Continued on page 95*)

"Retreat? Hell!"

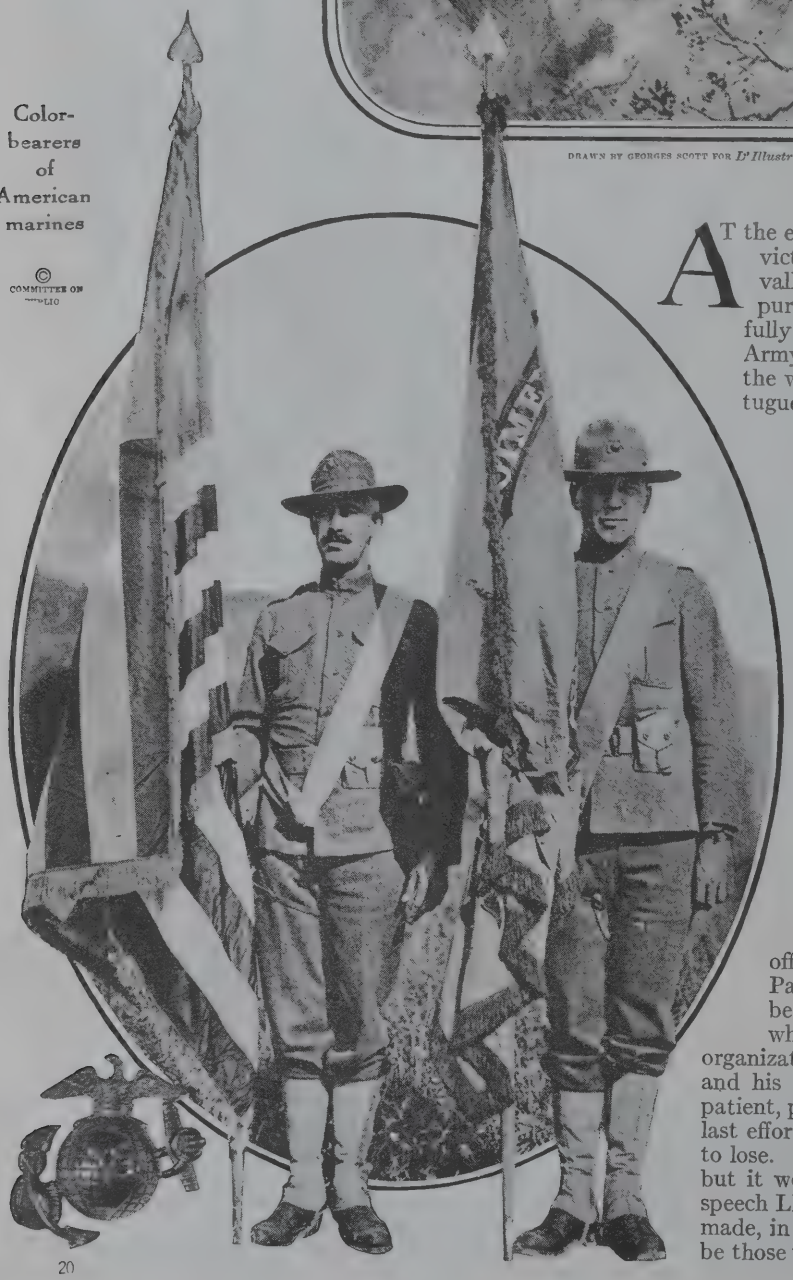
The Inspiring Achievement of Our Marines at Château-Thierry

By William Almon Wolff



DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT FOR *L'Illustration*, PARIS

The American Marine Brigade



Color-bearers of American marines

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AT the end of May, 1918, the Germans, having won their great victories of March and April, were sweeping down the valleys of the Oise and the Marne toward Paris. Their purpose—their grandiose plan to end the war—was at last fully revealed. They had smashed Gough's Fifth British Army in Picardy; they had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the weak joint in Flanders where the British and the Portuguese armies met; they had swept the French from the Chemin des Dames. The French, hurling themselves into the breach, had averted the ultimate disaster of separation from the British in the north. But in the little town, which must still be nameless, where the French headquarters were, a depression such as not even the black days of the Verdun attack in 1916 had produced held complete sway.

Here, laboring almost literally night and day in a French hospital, there was an American nurse. Because I may not tell you her true name, I shall call her Mary Standish. War had long since ceased to be a new thing in her experience. She had known trying times before. She had seen France staggering under terrible blows, but recoiling always, shaking a bloody head and uttering the immortal, defiant cry of the men of Verdun: "They shall not pass!"

Now it was different. When, for a little space, she was free from her work in the wards of pain, ominous, low-toned talk came to her ears. Could nothing stop the Germans? It seemed not. They were coming on. Every hour the thunder of their guns was louder. Every hour the gray wave came nearer. French officers, weary-eyed, exhausted, shrugged their shoulders. Paris was doomed. All the lives that Ypres had cost had been wasted, for the Channel ports, too, must go. And when men talked of a new line—beyond Paris—of a reorganization in the south of France and of waiting for Pershing and his Americans to be ready, they were greeted with tired, patient, pitiful looks. The end was near. France had made her last effort. She had given all she had to give, lost all she had to lose. And her all was not enough. Help might be coming—but it would come too late. Mary Standish remembered a speech Lloyd-George—some one said it was Lloyd-George—had made, in which he had said that the epitaph of the war would be those tragic words: "Too late."

staff-officers, of the men who knew—who could read the inner meaning of the ever-growing roar of battle that never ceased, who understood the tragic significance of the commu-



in Belleau Wood

A gloom, a depression such as she had never known, weighed down the spirits of Mary Standish. Hope had died. The wounded? The sight of them, as she ministered to them, the heroism with which they bore their indescribable agonies tore her as keenly as on the first day of her work in a war-hospital. But it was not the wounded who depressed her. She had grown accustomed to them. It was the hopelessness of





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American marines leaving for the French front

© HARRIS & EWING

(Above) Brig.-Gen. Albertus W. Catlin, who commanded a regiment of our marines at Château-Thierry, June 1, 1918



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Inhabitants of Château-Thierry going to greet their American liberators



© COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

American marines burying German dead in France



© COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

A part of Château-Thierry afte

niques that told of the ever-receding line of the fighting.

The order came for the evacuation of the hospital. Mary Standish saw the men who were in her charge into the ambulances that were to carry them further from the front. Her own orders took her to Château-Thierry—Château-Thierry, spanning the Marne, the sacred Marne, where Joffre had, as men had for four terrible years believed, forever turned back the German hordes from Paris and the heart of France.

German shells were falling in Château-Thierry when she arrived. A rubble of brick and stone lay in the long main street. And through the town there passed, away from the fighting, toward Paris, a stream of camions, of guns, of wounded men who were able to make their slow way rearward. The French were in retreat. Already, in the brief space of Mary Standish's journey from the headquarters town, there had come a vital, a terrible, an ominous change. The Germans were coming, swiftly, inevitably. A new battle of the Marne was developing, and Mary Standish dared not hope for such a miracle as old Joffre had wrought in 1914.

She went into the new hospital to which she was assigned. She found herself in a shambles—a place of horrors such as all she had seen of this war had failed to teach her to dream this world could hold. For three days and three nights she worked, snatching ten minutes of sleep as she leaned against a wall from time to time. Shells were falling all about. German air-planes, flying overhead, saw the red cross that marked a hospital, and hailed the target joyously. Wounded men came in so fast that there was no hope of caring for all of them. Ambulance after ambulance was waved on at the door, despite the sentence of death that was passed by the gesture upon the men it carried.

The details of those days and nights, Mary Standish will never be able to remember. But when the order for the evacuation came, after three days, she put her hand to her aching head and found that she still wore the sodden, shapeless thing that had been her hat. She went out, staggering, reeling from sheer exhaustion, physical, spiritual, emotional, into the smoke-filled air. The roar of the advancing battle filled her ears. Sun and blue sky were hidden by the smoke of the fires the German shells had lighted in the town. And all about her there was the confusion, the horrid din of a retreat that had become a flight.

French guns went rumbling by. *Poilus*, blood-stained bandages about their heads, stole rides upon their carriages. And, heads bowed upon their



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American marines in the Fourth of July parade in Paris, hailed by the citizens as the saviors of the capital



the Germans had been driven out

breasts, other men plodded on, utterly spent and weary, holding their places grimly in the clogged road that led to what might still, for a few hours or days, be deemed to be safety.

Mary Standish caught her breath in horror and sheer pity at the things she saw. She went out of Château-Thierry toward Paris in an ambulance. It was a flight, not a retreat, that she saw—and saw for the first time. Rifles that had been flung away lay all along the road, packs, all the impedimenta that soldiers carry. Her mind flew back to Zola's descriptions of the *débâcle* of 1870. These Frenchmen had given up. They had done their best, had given to the utmost, and, in spite of them, the Prussian was to have his way. And—she knew these men. She had lived with them, nursed them, seen them suffer and die for this France of theirs that now they were ready to yield to the invader. She had seen them suffer, without a cry, agonies such as men had never, since time began, been called upon to bear. She knew the quality of their heroism; she knew them as men of the same breed as those who at Verdun had faced steel with their bared breasts, who, on the summit of Mount Kemmel, in April, had fought until the last man died.

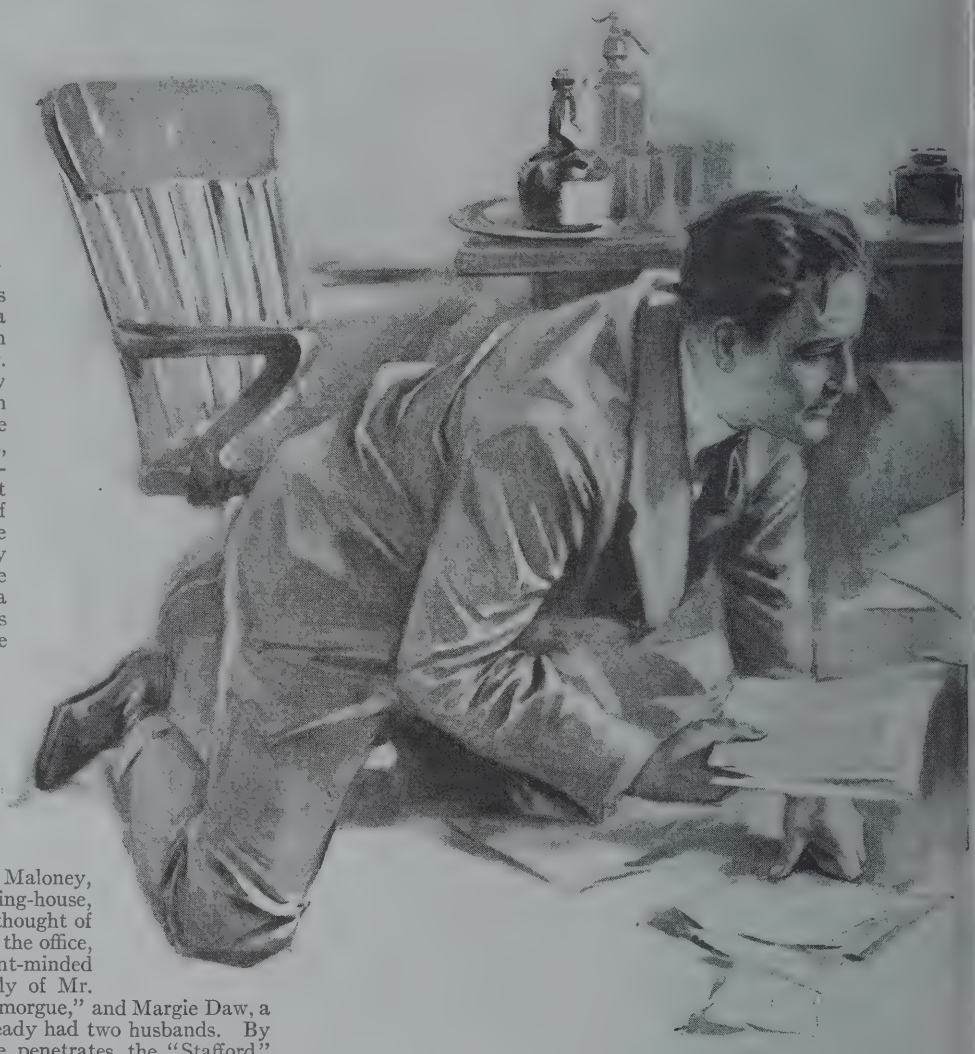
And now these men—these Frenchmen whom she loved, whom she put above all the men she had ever known or dreamed of, by reason of what she knew of them—had given up. They had fought their fight. Mary Standish's head sank. Sobs shook her; tears blinded her so that she could not look before her and see what might be upon the Paris road.

And then she roused herself. She was conscious, suddenly, of a change in the appearance of the Frenchmen who were pressing on, away from Château-Thierry. They had ceased to plod along, wearily, steadily, as the men a quarter of a mile behind had done. They began to gather in little groups and stare along the road. The ambulance stopped, drew (*Continued on page 110*)

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy



The Honorable Tim flopped down on his hands and knees

HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one, he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soon finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cecily's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest particularly of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and Margie Daw, a special writer, a woman who has already had two husbands. By searching among Henry's effects she penetrates the "Stafford" disguise and resolves to get the story from his own lips.

Through Humphrey Weaver, Madame Watt's lawyers get in touch with Henry. *Madame* is anxious to see him. He decides to go to her, and gets leave from Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper. He finds the woman mentally deranged, but anxious to make atonement, by the payment of money, for the suffering she has caused him. Henry indignantly rejects the proposition and rushes away. On his return to his post, he finds a check for twenty thousand dollars from Madame Watt's lawyers, with a strong plea not to send it back. To use the money is for him out of the question. On an impulse, he offers it to Mary Maloney, who has a man waiting to marry her. Of course she will not take it. Henry is profoundly depressed and craves for solitude. He takes an apartment in the building where Margie Daw lives. At the office, Mr. Winterbeck, the city editor, gives him his first reportorial assignment. It is to interview the mayor, Tim MacIntyre, about the arrangements for the unveiling of the Cantey Memorial. James H. Cantey was a power in the city, and his estate is chief owner of the County Railways system and the paper on which Henry works.

XI

OF MAYORS AND MEN FROM MARS.

MR. HITT stood before the drug store, looking now out at the street traffic, now at the man called Stafford. They had just come down in the elevator. He had spoken. He was speaking now—suggesting a bite of supper. And Stafford—his secret knowledge that the man was in reality Henry Calverly burned within his breast; he could hardly trust his tongue—Stafford (he must *think* "Stafford" hard, or he'd surely say the other) was remarking something about interviewing the mayor. Mr. Hitt couldn't leave him alone. He made talk.

"You were saying—oh, yes; the mayor. There's a character! He will interest you. If you've a few moments, I'd like to show you— Only four or five blocks. You can transfer from there to the hill cars."

The man Stafford seemed hardly to care where he went. He had a cold, he said. And pains in his back. Mr. Hitt suggested aspirin. They walked across town, out of the business sections, into a region of tenements, small shops, unkempt children playing on sidewalks and pavements, and innumerable saloons. They stood on a corner. Mr Hitt pointed up at a cluttered fire-escape two floors above one of the saloons.

"Tim MacIntyre—the mayor, you know—lived up here. The father was a truckman—drank himself to death. The mother died a little after him. Tim was ambitious. As was his sister. They were a bright pair. Tim got himself through high school somehow, and put his sister through a business college. She became a stenographer in the County Railways office. Later, she worked for James H. Cantey himself. Then she married—a young clerk, who has done very well, I understand. She lives on the hill now. And Tim is mayor. He hasn't kept up. Something of a drunkard. Yet he is bright. He'll interest you. The machine he has built utterly controls the city."

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and started about the room, picking up a sheet at a time

Twenty minutes later, Calverly stood before the mansion of the Honorable Timothy J. MacIntyre, on the hill. There must have been an acre of sloping lawn. The house was big, of pressed brick, with carved mahogany about the windows and about the front door. There was a mahogany bay on either side of the door. Something not unlike a rose-window, of stained glass and steel, set off the second story. The roof was covered with red tiles. It was a house meant to be impressive, to dominate.

The doorman—he wore a blue uniform, with a striped yellow vest—led the caller up-stairs. In a rear "study," behind an enormous flat mahogany desk, nervous eyes shifting brightly about the room, sat the mayor himself.

The wavy hair, worn rather long, was almost jet black; a thick lock of it had slipped down over the high white forehead, suggesting familiar pictures of Napoleon. Indeed, the man looked a little like the great adventurer-emperor. His chin was drawn in, his brows were knit, as if to complete the picture. And when he rose and, with what was perhaps intended for courtly gravity, motioned Calverly to the armchair by the desk, despite the wrinkled gray suit he wore, he managed to convey an impression that he was trying to stand like Napoleon.

There was a tray on the table, with glasses, a bottle of whisky, and a soda-siphon. The mayor's cheeks were flushed. His skin was oddly delicate. He was an alert, nervous man, despite his pose. He pushed the tray toward his caller, then poured out a big drink for himself.

"I'm killing a cold," he announced, in something the manner of one who addresses a public meeting. "See here, my friend; you're coughing yourself. Have a bit. It's the real stuff, from the old country. I import it in the wood."

Calverly, in declining, studied the man with quickening interest.

"You're from the *News*," pursued the mayor. Calverly bowed. "You'll be a new man here. I know all the newspaper boys, you see; and they know me. I was a reporter once myself. We get on. We see things alike. There's no such help in developing a city and making it known as clever newspaper men. And you'll find you can do well here. There's odd jobs to be picked up—for your spare time, of course. You'll find you'll draw close to big men in this city. We've got 'em. And they'll treat you right. If they don't, you come straight to me. I've got my hand on the pulse of the town. For that matter, of the state, too. They daren't ignore me." He poured out another drink, tossed it down. "There's a big man coming up here this evening. Harvey O'Rell. Met him yet? No? You will, then. You must know O'Rell. He's general manager of County Railways. And he comes to me—as mayor and as man. Understand? Very able. Great executive. A power here. But he comes to me. They all come to me. And remember this: Tim MacIntyre takes care of his friends. Tim never forgets." He paused, mopped his moist forehead, drank.

Calverly, speaking abruptly, with a touch of eagerness, said,

"The Cantey Memorial is to be unveiled———"

"Oh, now, there was a great man—James H. Cantey! He was my friend and my benefactor. He owned this city. And ruled it wisely, kindly. A great-hearted gentleman. And he made the ideal ruler, a benevolent despot. You can't govern a city with a town meeting. There must be authority, power to act. So-called democracy has broken down. It is the big men who rule us, the men of vision and power, the builders of our railways, our factories, our banks. How could it be otherwise? Nature is an unending struggle." The Honorable Tim drank again. "Now listen to me: I propose to put power into your hands. Power! That's what I think of you. I see friendship in your face. When I see friendship, I give it back in kind. Now listen: This is a tip from the innermost councils. From what they call the Big Cinch." He fell into a defensive whine. "Well, suppose it is the Big Cinch! There has to be one, doesn't there? All the serious vested interests of a great city can't be left at the mercy of any stray agitator, can they? No. Well, listen to this: Buy County Railways. Buy now; put in every cent you can scrape up. But buy this week. Do just that, and next week you'll be a rich man. Got any money? No? Well then, to show that friendship is no idle word with me, I'll carry you for ten thousand. Why, certainly! Do it as easy as not. You get me, don't you? County Railways is cutting a melon next week. And we've got the stock down. New York is in on it. I'm in heavy. Within a week from to-night—within five days—this is confidential, mind, in friendship—I'll be tucking away something between fifty and eighty thousand. Not a bad little turnover. You see they have to come to me. O'Rell has to tell me. He can't hide a thing from me. Do you see why? Because, if he tried it, I'd go over his head. The Cantey estate can't hide it from me. My boy"—he pushed back his chair, got unsteadily up, clutched at the desk, and stood swaying there—"my boy, I've been successful. They call me a rich man now. It's right. I'm a rich man. I'll tell you how I've done it. I've been smart. I've had power. I've used power. To-day I'm the biggest man in this end of the state. And they all know. Let 'em try to fool me; let 'em break faith just once—O'Rell, or these bankers here, or the contractors—and I'll get 'em in a day. I'd go over their heads, over all their heads. I'd turn the Cantey estate loose on 'em. I could do it. Even the Cantey property has to come to me.

That's where I was smart, right at the beginning. I've got a toe in the crack of the Cantey door. Get that? That's where I was smart twelve years ago. I tell you, I've got a toe in the crack of the Cantey door. They're afraid of me—the whole bunch! Understand? They're afraid of me! Of me! There was something else—something I wanted to say—oh, yes—now about this speech."

He fumbled about the desk, gathered up the sheets, turned, stumbled, dropped them. They scattered all about the floor. Calverly sprang to pick them up. The Honorable Tim flopped down on his hands and knees and started about the room, picking up a sheet at a time. Calverly heard a sound and glanced up. In the door stood a large man, frowning down at them.

MacIntyre was saying, as he crawled about:

"Buy County Railways. You see I'm trusting you with a sacred confidence. That shows the kind of friend I am. Un'nerstand? I'm trus'in' you!"

Calverly stepped aside, embarrassed, looking from one to the other. MacIntyre caught sight of the newcomer, sat back on the floor, said, with dignity:

"Dropped my speech, Max. That's all." He chuckled. "I call him Max. Max O'Rell. Little joke. Name's Harvey. But I call him Max."

Mr. O'Rell proved himself a man of decision. He said to Calverly,

"Come out here!" Then, in the hall, added, "Who are you?"

"I'm from the *News*."

"You have no business here now."

"I was shown up."

"You'd better go. And see that you keep your head shut."

Mr. O'Rell returned to the study, closed the door, and, leaving the Honorable Tim on the floor, called up the *News* office. Mr. Listerly had gone to New York, it seemed—would be back to-morrow evening. He spoke then to Mr. Winterbeck. Said:

"Harvey O'Rell speaking. Who is this man you sent up to Mayor MacIntyre's?"

"A new man, name of Stafford."

"What do you know about his discretion?"

"Very little. But I think he's all right."

"An awkward situation has arisen here. It would be much the best thing not to let that fellow write his impressions. I'll get hold of Tutterville and have him do a story for you at once. What is it you wanted? . . . General comments from the mayor apropos of the Cantey Memorial celebration? I'll have that for you by ten o'clock."

Sam Tutterville was press-agent for County Railways.

Winterbeck gave a very brief moment to thought. O'Rell was not a man you spoke carelessly to. Then he said, in his quick, decisive way:

"Thank you. Don't trouble. We shall have the monument story well enough covered. Good-by."

When the new reporter came into the city room half an hour later, he dropped down at one of the long desks. The city editor looked intently at him, considered calling him over, but finally let him alone. The man had a far-away look. He began writing at once, writing hard.

What on earth could have brought O'Rell to the point of calling up direct? Had the man Stafford done some outrageous thing? Or had the Honorable Tim gone on the war-path? Either was possible. But in either event, direct dictation from the mighty O'Rell stirred the blood. It was the first time. Perhaps Mr. Listerly had to take it from County Railways as from the banking crowd. Winterbeck himself didn't like the feeling of it.

It was after eleven when the man Stafford came over to Winterbeck's horseshoe desk. He looked wan, indifferent; coughed a good deal.

"I've written some stuff about the mayor—" he began.

Winterbeck said:

"Leave it here. That'll be all for to-night."

He began skimming the interview, but was drawn quickly into a close reading. After two pages, he went back and edited the copy himself in pencil. Here and there he cut a phrase or a sentence, but most of it stood intact.

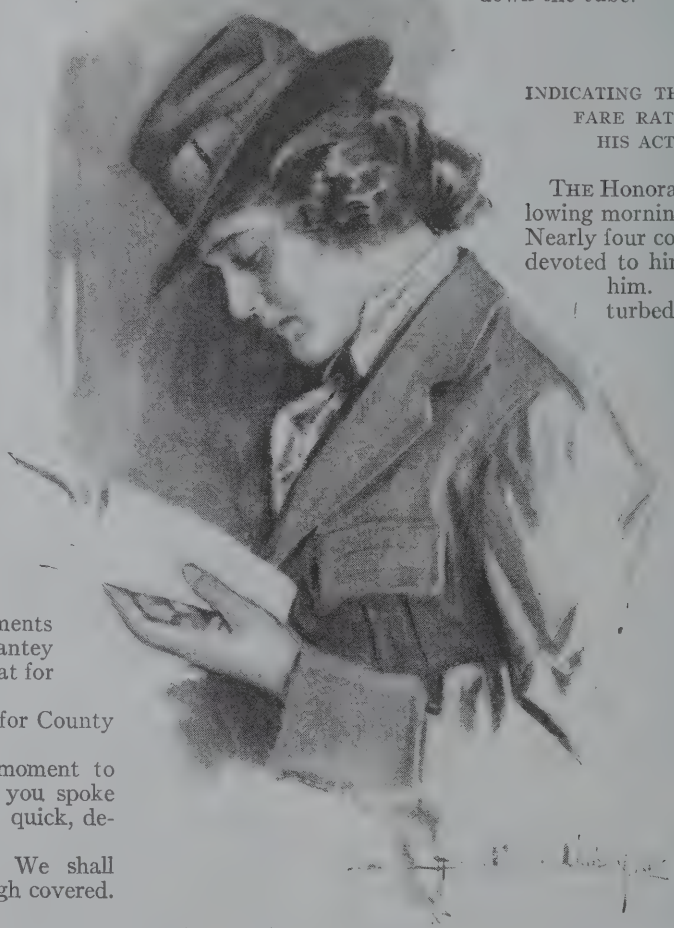
After he had turned the last page, he looked up at the ceiling intently and drummed with nervous fingers on the desk. It was the most difficult moment so far in the life of Frank Winterbeck—a moment of high decision.

Stafford, whoever, whatever he might be, wrote like a man from Mars. His detachment from the familiar web of life seemed positively inhuman. He had written what one never writes—the truth—reaching a climax in the scene of the mayor sprawling on the floor and the entrance of O'Rell, and concluding with that gentleman's final rough orders in the hall.

"So County Railways are cutting a melon next week, are they?" mused Winterbeck. "That's why they've been running the stock down. And Tim's in on it. In so deep he can afford to throw away ten thousand or so on a reporter."

It wasn't criminal evidence exactly; but it was unquestionably accurate.

"It will kill Tim," Winterbeck reflected. "But that's a good act." He scrawled his initials on the first page, thrust the manuscript into a carrier, and shot it down the tube.



It read: "Dear Miss Daw: I'm ill here and haven't any 'phone——"

XII

INDICATING THAT A MAN FROM MARS WOULD FARE RATHER BETTER IN CONFINING HIS ACTIVITIES TO THAT PLANET

THE Honorable Tim MacIntyre, on the following morning, looked over the *News* in bed. Nearly four columns of page three he found devoted to himself. The headings disturbed him. What he read beneath disturbed him more.

It wasn't until he got into his slippers and went into the bathroom to shave that the force of the picture began to strike him. That quiet, green young fellow was making him ridiculous. He didn't like it. He'd see about it. He'd settle that young fellow. He'd show him who was running this town.

Still, the significance of the printed picture was trickling—slowly—into his consciousness. It was very quietly handled, all that about County Railways, but he couldn't possibly have said it. Not he. It was the sort of thing people wouldn't understand. Or was it? He went back to the bedroom and read that part again, the lather drying unpleasantly on his face.

Then he rushed back into his study and snatched up the telephone. His impulse had been to call up O'Rell. But this job was too big for Harvey. County Railways was Cantey estate; the *News* was Cantey estate; in a sense, O'Rell and Listerly were rival department heads. O'Rell would never admit that; but Listerly would be inclined to take a position on it. He considered calling Listerly, then reconsidered. He had his dignity to consider, his position. And he mustn't let Listerly draw him. Yet he must act quickly. They'd have the grand jury down on him before night if he didn't look out.

The telephone-bell was ringing. It was O'Rell. His tone frightened the mayor. O'Rell was blazing, was for coming down hard on the paper. MacIntyre said expansively:



Margie went into the bedroom, curling up comfortably at the foot of the bed, and surveyed her patient with an approving bob of her pretty head

"You keep quiet, Harvey. Leave it to me. I'll handle the fool." After which, he sat shaking.

Scarcely an hour later—it was between nine and ten—Frank Winterbeck was awakened out of a sound sleep by a messenger-boy bearing a note from John Milhenning, the mayor's secretary, requesting the editor to come at once to the city attorney's office. Winterbeck sent a verbal refusal and went back to bed.

The mayor kept his house until eleven. Serious men came and went, a number of them. The city attorney called up at short intervals.

Listerly, it appeared, was on the train, couldn't be reached.

Harvey O'Rell sat in the mayor's study from nine o'clock until his honor left, hovering over the telephone. By half-past ten, County Railways had jumped from one-twenty-two and three-quarters to one-thirty-seven, and was still rising. Every small gambler in town who so much as knew the way to a broker's office was buying. Over the wires came the word that New York, Philadelphia, and Boston were buying. The melon was already assured of a wide, almost democratic distribution.

"There's this to consider," said O'Rell. "They're running wild. They won't know when to stop. It won't stand more than one-forty to forty-three. If they put it to a hundred and forty-five, we can start selling. Sell 'em all they can carry away. Bound to be a reaction then."

He said this as much as anything to cheer up the mayor. It had already been necessary to take his liquor away.

But MacIntyre collapsed in his swivel chair. They let him have a drink of whisky then, just to keep him going.

He revived quickly. At eleven, he sent John Milhenning out for the mayor's automobile. And ordering them all to mark time until his return, he disappeared.

The nature of his errand had its points of interest. Some fifty-odd miles away, on his great country place, lived Senator Painter, the richest man in the state, one of the most powerful men in the United States. The Painter money flowed unrecognized into hundreds of solid business enterprises, into banks, insurance companies, traction interests, railroads, and hotels. A corps of skilful and subservient lawyers appeared for it here and there on boards of directors.

Senator Painter and James H. Cantey had been friends—the one, shrewd, reflective, born to be a background figure, a manipulator of puppets; the other, bold, dynamic. Their interests had interlocked in a hundred ways. Though County Railways was Cantey estate, there was Painter money in it and a Painter man or two on the board. There was Painter money even in the *News*—a fact known to few. And Painter influence, always quiet and unseen, reached into the private councils of nearly every bank in the city.

William H. Painter, as it happened, had sat for twelve years in the Senate of the United States as an old-school Republican, almost a War Republican. Tim MacIntyre and his crowd were Democrats. The city, in fact, had been Democratic for fourteen years. But it is money, after all, that rules; and money has no party. So it was to Senator Painter, as to a final boss of bosses, that the Honorable Tim rushed in his dire extremity.

Mr. Listerly picked up a copy of the *News* at noon in the Pittsburgh station as he came through, and read that third-page matter in the dining-car, folded it back, and propped it against the water-bottle. After which, deliberately enough, back in the observation-car, he wrote two telegrams and had the porter drop them off for him. The one to his broker read simply,

Sell County Rys.

The other, to Frank Winterbeck, read,

Meet me at the Junction four-fifteen.

"Have a cigar," said the chief to Winterbeck. "Keep the dust out of your throat. Been a dusty trip. Never saw the country so dry in spring. Who wrote the story?"

"Stafford."

"Hm. Thought so. Brilliant young man."

"You told me once not to go after MacIntyre until I got the goods on him. This thing came out of the clear sky. I sent

Stafford for the usual palaver, *re* the unveiling. He came back and wrote this. It's the goods on Tim, all right. It's unanswerable. And now, Mr. Listerly, I want your permission to follow it up. This hooks up with all that old stuff we've had on Tim. I want to go after him, make a job of it. He's a crook."

"Oh, yes; he's that."

"We can break him."

Mr. Listerly considered this.

"Well," he said, at length, "yes; go ahead."

By eight that evening, Winterbeck had his follow-up story planned in detail—three of his best men were out on the case—when Mr. Listerly strolled out and sat on a corner of the horseshoe desk.

"Got a little disappointment for you, Frank," he said.

He tossed a typed paragraph on the desk.

Winterbeck snatched it up and read:

The *News* yesterday, during the absence of the publisher from the city, published a story purporting to be an interview with Mayor T. J. MacIntyre that was, on its face, libelous, scurrilous, utterly false. It was written by a new member of the staff who, needless to say, has been discharged.

The publisher of the *News* deeply regrets that this paper should have been made, for one day, the vehicle for so malicious an assault, apparently instigated by interests outside the city, on the character of our mayor. Personally, and in the name of the paper, I hereby apologize to Mr. MacIntyre, and further beg to assure him that the *News* hereby pledges to him its continued unqualified support.

(Signed) R. B. Listerly, Publisher.

Winterbeck's face slowly paled.

"I had dinner with Oswald Qualters at the club just now." Thus Mr. Listerly. "He made it plain that we've got to do this. We're to run it in a box not less than three columns wide above the middle line of page one to-morrow. All editions."

Oswald Qualters was known as attorney for all the local Painter interests.

"Painter doesn't own the *News*," snapped Winterbeck.

"Only part of it, Frank. But with a word he could call our loans, tie up our next delivery of paper, throw us on the town."

"It wouldn't help him much to wreck the property."

"No; but he could install another publisher and another staff."

Winterbeck reached for a sheet of copy-paper, wrote his resignation, to go into effect the moment that the apology was sent to the composing-room, silently handed it to his chief.

It was after he had read it that Mr. Listerly gave his first faint display of feeling. He sighed.

"Frank," he said, "don't do this. Think it over. You're taking it too hard. A newspaper, after all, is a piece of property. We have no right to make it a vehicle for our personal notions."

"Is that thing going down?" asked Winterbeck.

"Why—yes; we have no choice about that."

"Then you'll have to O. K. it yourself, Mr. Listerly."

Ten minutes later, the city editor was gone—for good; and a man from the telegraph-desk was sitting in his place.

Mr. Listerly sighed a number of times during the evening. The man Stafford was mildly on his mind. He had lunched with Guard in New York, and had listened, to the verge of boredom, to praise of that young man. Guard was ready to plan publication of the Cantey biography, and was keen to give Stafford a try at the job. As a matter of fact, Mr. Listerly recalled that he had promised to put this through. Guard couldn't hold him to it, of course. Though he had been curiously insistent, had made quite a point of it. And the promise had passed. Mr. Listerly wavered, during the evening, in regard to this. He even sent out inquiries regarding Stafford, but the man had disappeared, apparently, off the face of the earth. No one had seen him for twenty-four hours. Abel Timothy, who seemed interested to the point of curiosity, looked up the address Winterbeck had—an obscure boarding-house away out Peck Avenue by the lumber-yards. But a telephoned inquiry brought the report that Mr. Stafford had packed up and left the evening before without a word. He had acted queerly on previous occasions. The landlady felt relieved to be rid of him.

Mr. Listerly decided then that the man, by his own actions, was releasing him from any slight moral obligation he may have incurred in the chat with Guard. He'd consider giving the job to Hitt, think it over a few days; there wasn't any great hurry. The old boy was wild to do it. He'd be safe, if uninspired.

Guard had been rather extravagant, anyway.

At this point, Mr. Listerly dismissed the Stafford person from his mind as a nuisance.

XIII

THE TIDE OF LIFE RUNS LOW.

Margie Daw slipped into her boyish blue coat, pulled down on her head her little felt hat, opened the door of her apartment. It was eleven in the morning. Miss Daw's day was about to begin.

A folded paper lay on the sill. Her name was on it, written in pencil in a small, even hand. Quickly she opened it. It read:

Dear Miss Daw:

I'm ill here and haven't any 'phone. Would you be willing to send a doctor to 321?

H. Stafford.

She stepped back into her minute living-room, pressed a finger to her lips. No note had lain there when she took in her morning paper, an hour earlier. "Here" and "321" must mean this very building! So he had come!

She was glad he was ill; it put him quite in her hands. There were problems to be worked out; in her eagerness the other day, she hadn't bothered to consider them. But now that he was unexpectedly, actually here—

She went up to 321, on the floor next above, tapped softly, then tried the door. It opened. She slipped in and quickly closed it behind her. It was just as well not to be seen coming in here.

It was one of the furnished apartments. There was a golden-oak table, a stuffy, upholstered chair, an ornate rocker, a picture or two—a print of an English cathedral, another of sheep on a road, the familiar platter, toad and crying child—a worn carpet rug. A shabby traveling-bag stood open on a chair. The one window here in the living-room gave on a court, facing other windows. This was awkward. She listened a moment, and heard heavy, hoarse breathing; he was in the bedroom, asleep. She crossed quickly to the window and drew down the shade.

A photograph stood on the table in a silver frame—a delicately pretty girl of nineteen or twenty. She studied it. It was a little old fashioned—the ballooning sleeves of five or six years back, and stiff linen collar, and severe "sailor" straw hat. It was—it must have been—his dead wife.

Then, a thought breathless, her color up a little, her eyes very bright, she advanced to the bedroom door.

He was stretched out in bathrobe and slippers, unshaven, longish hair tousled, haggard of face. He was deeply flushed—fever, surely. And his bronchial passages were choked so that he breathed with difficulty. He went off now into a paroxysm of coughing.

His eyes opened. He didn't seem to take in at first that she was standing beside the bed. Then he tried to speak. She thought he said,

"Oh, I didn't mean to make you come here."

"That's all right," said she. She was surprised, even nettled, at her own breathlessness, told herself that there was no sense in letting herself get stirred up.

She laid her hand on his hot forehead. It soothed him. She went then to the bathroom, wrung out a towel in cold water, and laid that on his head.

"Looks like grippe," said she. "Do you ache?"

His reply was a moan. Then he said, "Will you tell them at the office?" And went into another fit of coughing.

With a tightening of her nerves and an even higher color, she sank on the edge of the bed, sat there, pressed the towel about his temples.

So he didn't know that he was in disgrace! She glanced about the room; there was no sign of the morning paper. And he couldn't have seen hers.

She rummaged through her pockets.

"Now listen," she said: "I'm going to send a doctor right up here. You'll need a nurse, too." He seemed to protest at this. "You've got to be taken care of. Please leave it to me. Somebody's got to get your food and things. And I'm going to leave my key here on the bureau. If you feel up to walking down the stairs again, I want you to use my rooms. The air's better there. I'll explain that to the doctor. And I'll look you up for a minute at supper-time."

She returned to her own rooms and telephoned her doctor. It was characteristic that she did tell him that the sick man and the nurse were to have free use of her apartment. And she accounted for him simply as a friend of hers.

She hid away the morning *News* in a bureau drawer.

At the office, she found old Mr. Upham, deep in work at his



"Well," she said, in as matter-of-fact a voice as she could manage, "there it is. You've got to know it"

desk by the window. For a moment, at the sight of him, she compressed her lips. She purposely left the door wide open. At every sound along the passage, she glanced up.

At length, she heard a slow, heavy step, leaned back, irresolute, bent forward again, and, making a pretense of adjusting her typewriter, looked sidelong at the door.

The portly person of Abel Timothy appeared and paused there, hat pushed back off his wide forehead, unlighted cigar in mouth. He removed the cigar, raised his eyebrows, looked as if he might, under very slight pressure, come in.

She shook her head and, with her lips, framed the words: "Not now. Later."

He lingered. She glanced toward Mr. Upham, then moved swiftly to the door and said, low,

"I'll try to be at Philippe's about five."

"Of course," he said, "if you really want things to go on like this, I guess I can be as good a sport as the next fellow."

"Not here," she murmured. "Keep your head, Abe." And returned to her work.

In a corner alcove at Philippe's, they had a drink.

"Now look here, Marge," said he. "I've been willing enough——"

"I'm not particularly strong for that 'Now look here,'" said she.

"I can't figure it out, Marge. There's a difference. You're hostile."

"No; I'm not hostile, Abe." She was fingering her glass, thinking hard. She had a delicate course to steer. She knew that any single superfluous word might start endless complications. It was a rule of her life never to tell an unnecessary lie. This was the sort of situation, she decided, in which you told the necessary lie as directly as possible and let it go at that.

"Yes; that's it. You're hostile."

"Listen, Abe: You're looking at me wrong—all wrong. I'm not your property. I never was. I'm a hard-working girl. I'm changeable. I have moods——"

"'Moods!'" This was a bitter exclamation.

"Yes; moods. There are times—you ought to know that, Abe—when I simply have to be alone. This is one of those times. I must—I will—be let alone. I'm fond of you, but——"

"'But!'"

"Yes; but— Now, Abe, another thing: It oughtn't to be difficult, but it is—a little. It's difficult, because I'm afraid I know just the train of thought it's going to start in your mind. And you'll be wrong. Abe, I've lost my key."

"Oh," he muttered, after a long silence, "that!"

"No; not that! It's perfectly simple, natural. If you can bring yourself to think sensibly for just one minute, you'll see how simple it is. A coincidence, yes. I do want to be alone. I'm tired of men for a while. Tired even of you, Abe. If you want me to be fond of you, you'll accept that and wait me out. I can't help how I feel. And now, at this same time, I've lost my key. I've got to tell you, no matter what elaborate and unpleasant stories you work up in your own mind. Because I haven't any key." She spread her hands. "I can't get in to-night. I simply haven't got it."

For a long time he stared at the threadbare table-cloth, rolling the cigar round and round in a corner of his wide mouth. Then he muttered again,

"I guess you'll get in all right!"

"Now, Abe, you are making it hard for me even to be fond of you."

He looked at her, smiled unpleasantly, drew out his key-ring, and furtively glancing about to see if a waiter was near, detached a key and tossed it to her.

She quietly put it in her pocket.

"Abe," she said, "I've simply got to believe that you'll laugh yourself at this ugly mood of yours when you've had an hour to think it over. I can't, even to protect your feelings, stay locked out of my own rooms."

But all he said, and this was just before they parted, out on the main street, was,

"I guess I can let you alone all right."

A week later, at the end of an afternoon, Margie came brightly into her apartment, called a cheerful greeting, dropped her coat and hat on the living-room table, tidied her hair, and then went into the bedroom, curling up comfortably at the foot of the bed, and surveyed her patient, who was propped up on pillows (hers and his) at the other end of the bed, with an approving bob of her pretty head. He put down his book and smiled wanly.

"It's a pretty good job," said she thoughtfully. "Nobody ever shaved pneumonia quite so close and escaped. Where's Miss Blaine?"

She said this brightly, naturally, but then, touched unexpectedly by self-consciousness, dropped her eyes. He colored and fingered, in some confusion, the pages of the book. After a moment, he cleared his throat and replied,

"She went up-stairs to pack her things."

They fell silent. Then she, with evident effort, began chattering about this and that at the office. But the effort was not wholly successful. She went into the living-room to find a cigarette. The nurse came in. Calverly heard them talking very low.

Then the nurse said good-by, and, with a glance of not altogether controllable curiosity from her patient to the feminine things about the room, and from these to the smartly pretty young woman who leaned in the doorway smoking a cigarette, picked up her suitcase and left. Calverly looked out the window for an embarrassingly long time.

Miss Daw perched comfortably on the foot of the bed, leaned back against the wall, swung a pretty foot, and smoked reflectively.

"I'll move up-stairs," said he.

"You'll do no such thing!"

"But——"

"I'm only asking you to be sensible. You're weaker than you think. Take a day or two to get up gradually. To-morrow if you feel still better you can dress. Try moving around a little. But I won't hear of you're moving to-day."

"But you're——"

"I'm perfectly comfortable up there."



She leaned hurriedly toward the safe. He could hear the roll of the lock, and the clicks

"There's another thing—Miss Blaine—about paying her."

"I attended to that."

"But——"

"I'm keeping track. Now listen, please: You're strapped, aren't you? Well, I'm not—not completely—and what little I can do you're more than welcome to. It's the way we do

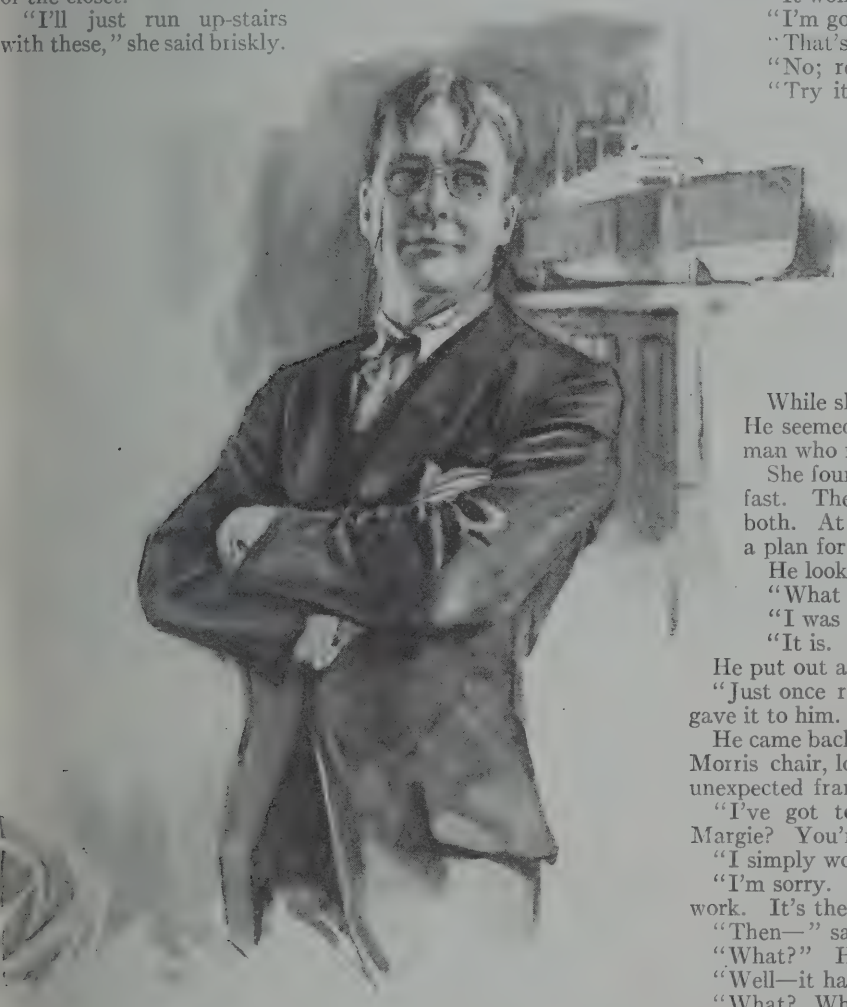
Good heavens—do you suppose I haven't borrowed? Well, I have. I'm going to let you pay it back when you get to earning again. Now please behave."

"How much was it?"

"At the proper time, Hugh, you shall have an itemized statement. Do you know, this chance to study you, especially in the days when you hardly knew what you were saying, has been worth a lot to me?" She smiled, knocked the ash off her cigarette with a reflective little finger. "You strike me as an extraordinarily interesting person. You're very gifted. Very. You've got no end of feeling. I can imagine you as coming through with something like power. You've got fancy, too. Delicacy. I love the way your mind works about some things. And then, all at once, you get Victorian. As about this money. By the way, I brought in fruit and things. And I'll make coffee. We'll have a nice little supper by ourselves. And I'll come in in the morning and get your breakfast. We'll have great fun. Quite a little honeymoon."

She caught the way his eyes opened sharply and fixed themselves on something outside the window. That was enough of that strain. She started humming, got some of her things out of the closet.

"I'll just run up-stairs with these," she said briskly.



"Then I'll come back and fix the supper. I got some grapefruit."

"It—it's costing a lot," said he miserably.

"Please, Hugh!"

"I think maybe I can get back to the office to-morrow, Margie."

"Hardly."

"But don't you see——"

"I'm going up now. Be down directly."

"Do they—have they—I was just wondering if they asked about me any."

She paused in the doorway, looked back at him.

"The office is a pretty busy place, Hugh."

"Yes—of course."

"I'm not sure it's the place for you."

"But——"

"I mean just this: You're wasted there. The *News* isn't an organ of public opinion and literary power. It's a business enterprise. Take your MacIntyre story. It's the best piece of writing that's ever been printed in the paper."

"Oh, do you really——"

"Yes. But they don't appreciate it. Oh, I do. And Hittie does. A few. Frank Winterbeck did—does. He's got brains. Some character, even. But the paper hasn't character. We've got a chance, there on the *News*, for real leadership—moral, civic. But do you think we'll take it? Hardly!"

Margie was near forgetting herself. Conviction rang in her voice; her eyes snapped. She hurried out.

But her earnestness had brought her closer to Calverly than her schemes ever could have. He seemed to enjoy their little supper together. And she was quick to seize the small opportunity. She kept herself quiet and friendly. For the time, he even stopped worrying about the paper.

The next morning, when she let herself in, she was surprised to find him up and dressed.

"I'm all right," he explained, a thought defiantly. "Silly to be staying here, babying myself. I—I can't tell you how kind you've been. But——"

"It won't hurt you to try a little walk."

"I'm going to the office."

"That's impossible."

"No; really——"

"Try it round the block once. You'll be surprised to find how weak you are."

He stood over her, spread his hands. She glanced up at him, then away. She found him deeply attractive. But it wouldn't do to show it. It never did.

"It doesn't matter particularly how weak I am," he was saying. "Surely you see that I can't—well, go on like this."

His thin hands were moving to include the little apartment.

"Anyway," she remarked, "we need some breakfast."

While she busied herself about this, he walked the floor. He seemed desperately determined; his look was that of a man who fights himself, struggles to rouse himself.

She found some difficulty in making talk over the breakfast. The very intimacy of their surroundings weighed on both. At the end of the meal, she found herself no nearer a plan for handling him.

He looked about the room, prowled in the little hall.

"What is it?" she called quickly, nervously.

"I was looking for my hat. Perhaps it's up-stairs."

"It is. I'll get it."

He put out a hand to detain her, but she pressed by him.

"Just once round the block, mind," she commanded, as she gave it to him.

He came back into the living-room then, sat on the arm of the Morris chair, looked down at the floor for a time, then, with unexpected frankness, up at her.

"I've got to go to the office," he said. "Can't you see, Margie? You're so good—you're wonderful—but I've got to."

"I simply won't let you."

"I'm sorry. Perhaps it isn't sensible. But it's all I've got—work. It's the only thing. I've got to go."

"Then—" said she.

"What?" He, too, was quick, nervous.

"Well—it had to come, sooner or later——"

"What? What is it?"

She went to the bureau in the bedroom.

He started up in apprehension. He had to lean on the table.

She spread out there the *News* of a week earlier.

"What? I don't see what you mean!"

"The box there. The retraction."

He read it. He seemed slow, even stupid, with it.

"Well," said she, in as matter-of-fact a voice as she could manage, "there it is. You've got to know it." How sluggish he was! "You'd better just sit down. We'll talk it over. It needn't be so terribly serious, with all the talent you've got." She wished he would move. "Sit down," she said again.

But he was still leaning on the table. He must have read the statement through several times. Finally he lifted his head.

"It's me, of course—my story," he said.

"Yes; it's you."

"I'm discharged—publicly, that way?" (*Continued on page 118*)

"Merry Christmas, Dad!"

By Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by George Gibbs

CROSSING the upper hall with delicate footsteps, Sarah Sidney Laidlaw rapped upon her sister's door.

"What is it?" Marie Thérèse, from within, asked in a somewhat menacing voice. "Don't come in!" she added firmly.

But it was too late. Sarah had gently pushed open the door, and now said, in a tone almost mincingly sweet:

"It's only Sally, Mattress. I lost my Christmas list, an' I couldn't think but p'raps maybe I might 'ave——"

It was a pretty room into which the small girl was insinuating herself, and an extremely pretty girl who rose from the peacock-chintz couch to confront her. But the countenance of Marie Thérèse Laidlaw was darkened with a frown, and her hand was heavy upon her little sister's shoulder, and her voice was discouraging.

"Now, you get out of here, Sally," she said, helping Sally to obey her as she spoke. "You get out, and you *keep* out, or I'll go right straight down-stairs and tell mother that ever since lunch you've done nothing but pester—and bother, and hang around my room. It's none of your business being in here, and I won't stand it. You've got your own friends, and if I *asked* you to stay in my room and watch me for five minutes, you'd think you were being murdered—and you'd begin to yell for mother to let you go over to Yolande's house——"

"Oh, for the luva Mike!" Sally said sulkily, out in the hall now, and nursing the shoulder by which she had been rapidly ejected from her sister's apartment.

"And mother told you not to say that," Marie Thérèse said, developing her theme rather than diverting from it. "What did you say?" she added sharply, as the ten-year-old distinctly muttered the words: "Oh, you talk too much—shut up!"

"Nothing," said Sally, alarmed, and edging away.

"You said, 'Shut up!' and I am going to tell mother you did," Marie Thérèse said, regretfully triumphant. "Yes, I am—I've let you off often enough."

Sally's upper lip, experienced in device, began to tremble convincingly; her youthful breast began to heave. She looked down at the nondescript carpet that covered the floor of the nondescript hall.

"Lissun, Mattress," she began beguilingly: "I and Yolande Smith was makin' our Christmas lists—and either I lost mine or I chewed it up—you know, the way you do sometimes, and I looked for it and looked for it, and I guess you would like dad and Thomas and everybody and Alma and everybody to find their presents written down on my list——"

"You know very well that you didn't lose that list in my room," Marie Thérèse said, as the shameful story fumbled along. "You wanted to come into my room and spy on me—that's what *you* wanted to do! You wanted to see my present for—for everybody—that's what you wanted to do!"

"I wanted to see the frame with the seven red crosses on it," Sarah was heard to murmur dispiritedly.

Marie Thérèse, turning to reenter her own room, paused as one shot in a vital spot.

"The—what?" she said, in a nervous undertone.

"I heard you and 'Lizabeth Underwood telling the presents you were going to make for Boyd Allen and for that young man 'Lizabeth is going with," said the child innocently.

Her sister, with one cautious and horrified look about, drew her swiftly into the haven she had sought but a few minutes ago.

Safe in the pretty bedroom, all creamy paint and peacock-chintzes, Marie Thérèse paused, looking fearfully at her sister.

"Who told you that?" she said.

"You and her were talkin' in Mr. Underwood's sleigh yesterday," Sally reminded her vivaciously.

"Where were you?" Marie Thérèse asked flatly.

"I was in the back seat," Sally explained. "Me and Yolande."

"If you were in the back seat of that sleigh," Marie Therésè said heavily, "you were there from the Underwood house to Bates Brook and back again."

"Yes; I know we were," Sally agreed, with an encouraging nod.

Her sister flushed slowly, sternly gazing into the small freckled face for signs of weakening.

"How did we go to Bates Brook?" she asked, faintly skeptical still.

"You went past the training-camp," Sally said glibly, "because 'Lizabeth says maybe you would see that same feller you saw Sunday— Who was it, Mattress? Was it an officer or just one of the soldiers?"

"Heavenly day!" Marie Thérèse said faintly. It was her strongest oath. She looked off across the cream-and-peacock room dazedly, retaining her grip upon Sally's corduroy-velvet shoulder. Terror, resolution, and fearful hope wrote themselves in turn upon her eloquent face.

"We knew you were there all the time," she said brazenly, "and what we said about the camp was just to tease you and Yolande."



"It's only Sally, Mattress. I lost my

"And was that you said about Boyd all made up, too?" Sarah asked disappointedly.

"What?" Marie Thérèse questioned nervously.

"When you said that Boyd told you that he had tried not to see you, but it was no use—and that his uncle had killed himself when that actress wouldn't marry him, and that Boyd said that no girl had the right——"

Miss Laidlaw's exquisite face was scarlet.

"Yes—yes; that was all made up," she said hurriedly. "Now listen, dear: You hunt all around here for your little Christmas list, and if you can't find it, sister'll sit right down and help you to write it all over again. And, Sallikins, I have a *reason* why I don't want you to say anything about what we were talking about yesterday——"

"What were we talkin' about?" Sally said interestedly.

"I mean what Elizabeth and I were talking about," her sister explained patiently.

"All right," the child said indifferently. A moment later, she added, with apparent irrelevance, "Dad doesn't like Boyd Allen, does he?" Marie Thérèse did not answer. "And mother don't like Boyd Allen," Sally persisted, in her sweet, incurious treble. Again Marie Thérèse seemed to find nothing to say. "And Thomas don't," Sally added softly, under her breath. "Mattress," she broke out suddenly, after a silence, "do you like Boyd Allen?"

"Oh, heavenly day, Sally!" Marie Thérèse ejaculated. She had been standing at the mirror, settling the filmy white ruffles at the neck of her dark-velvet gown, clasping a slender thread of pearls about her pearly and slender throat, and



Christmas list, an' I couldn't think but p'raps maybe I might 'ave——"

giving a final touch to the golden ripples of her trimly massed hair. Now she held out an imperative hand. "Come on out," he said; "come out of here! I'm going down. I don't want you in here. Come on! Come on, Sally; I don't want to leave you in here."

"You said you'd help me make a Christmas list," wailed Sally, suddenly aggrieved.

Marie Thérèse made an impatient motion; a cloud formed between her beautiful, childish blue eyes—eyes that still, in her twentieth year, were younger and more innocent than Sally's.

"Well, come on; we'll make it down-stairs," she promised ungraciously.

"You need a pen-sul," Sally, following reluctantly, reminded her. "I'll get one down-stairs."

"Thomas was huntin' for one this mornin'," Sally drawled, elevating her skinny, little leg to slip by her sister on the smooth balustrade. Marie Thérèse, following, scowled disapprovingly.

"Well, if I can't find one, I can't make a list," she decided pleasantly.

Sally, now awaiting her at the foot of the stairs, burst suddenly and without premeditation into passionate weeping, her face screwed up with fury and her voice penetrating into the remotest parts of the old-fashioned house. The child had an unfortunate habit of thus giving way to her moods, but her sister never seemed able to take into account the possibility of an outburst. Angered herself by the senseless uproar, and trying, at the same time, to grasp the message that a scandalized maid was endeavoring to deliver, Marie Thérèse was foolish enough to shout, at the same time shaking her shrieking sister lightly but unmistakably:

"Sally—heavenly *day* —stop that noise! Wait a minute, Loretta! Sally! Sally! Stop it!"

A sweet-faced woman in the late forties now came to the top of the stairs, and, too wise to add her voice to the confusion of voices, began swiftly to descend. Into the raging fever of Sally's anger this lady's touch insinuated itself; her mother sat down on the stairs, and dragged the little girl into her lap and kissed the wet eyes and the hot forehead.

"What on *earth* is the matter?" Mrs. Laidlaw asked, looking with affectionate reproach at her small daughter and with sterner questioning at the lovely older girl. "This is a terrible din to break out in a house. What is it, Marie Thérèse? Tell mother, Sally."

"She just does that sort of thing because she has a mean, nasty little disposition," Marie Thérèse said somewhat tremulously. "I simply told her that if I couldn't find a pencil, I couldn't help her with her Christmas list. I don't know whether that sounds reasonable to you, but it would to anyone else except the people who live in this house and who seem to think that the minute a great big, spoiled baby of ten chooses to open her mouth and roar like a mad bull——"

"Marie Thérèse!" said Mrs. Laidlaw affectionately, humorously, soothingly. The outraged Marie Thérèse fell silent; there was a pause in which Sally drew a great, sniffling sob.

Just then a key rattled sharply in the hall door, and the group at the stairway foot had only time for a little shudder of apprehension before the door opened to a blast of wintry air and admitted with it the nominal head of the house, Cyrus Laidlaw, tired, a little gray, a little saggy as to garments and drooping as to walruslike mustache, even a little dirty after the long day down-town. He eyed his wife and daughters and their maid servant wearily and disapprovingly as he hung up his damp overcoat and snow-spattered hat.

"What was the racket?" he asked.

"I didn't know you heard it, daddy," said his wife, rising with some difficulty, because Sally hung to her so helplessly, and assuming a pleasant tone. "Sally and Marie Thérèse had some little difficulty—nothing serious."

"She's pulling your dress all crooked," said Cyrus Laidlaw dispassionately. "Well, what *is* it, Loretta?" he added savagely to the maid, who was reiterating her neglected message in an undertone.

"Mr. Allen at the 'phone for Miss Marie Thérèse," Loretta said, alarmed.

Her employer accepted the news with a glare of resentment, and let his somber eye move slowly from his wife's conscious and uncomfortable face to the scarlet countenance of his older daughter.

The telephone in the Laidlaw house stood in the hall, on a small article of furniture that Marie Thérèse had found a year or two before and proudly called the "pie-crust table." Her father now paused at this table long enough to slash the receiver

harshly back into the hook. After which, he went on his way to the library and slammed the door behind him.

Marie Thérèse, with a heaving breast, stood looking after him, for a full half minute, then she said imploringly, "Daddy!" But the little entreating word and the tone he never could resist from her were drowned in the slamming of the door. The girl, with a quick, angry breath, flew to the telephone-table and snatched the receiver to her ear.

Loretta had vanished. Sally looked frightened and curious. She had the love of all children for a fight, but she had never seen her father and Marie Thérèse so thoroughly out of sympathy before. This was going pretty far.

But Mrs. Laidlaw went to her older daughter's side, and, while she gently replaced the receiver, she said tenderly:

"I wouldn't, dear. It will only anger daddy, and do no good to anyone. Wait a while until you're less angry about it. You know how tired your father gets down-town; everything is worrisome to him, these days. After Christmas, I want him to get a long rest. Go in and talk to him."

"Mother," said Marie Thérèse, in a dead, calm voice, "do you —answer me honestly—do you think that that is fair?"

"Sweetheart, you know how daddy——"

"I simply asked you, mother, whether you think a girl of my age, twenty—the age you were when I was born, almost—at least you were only four or five years older—do you think that any man, whether he be my father, my brother, my guardian——"

"Minnie," shouted the man of the house from the library, "is Tom home?" Mrs. Laidlaw hurried away in the direction of the voice.

"*Have* you a guardian, Mattress?" said Sally interestedly. "Have I? I thought——"

"Oh, I don't care what you thought!" Marie Thérèse said rudely, going to a door far back in the narrow hall—the dining-room door. An aggrieved look clouded Sally's face for a few moments, and she sat on, one arm hooked through the stair railing, her eyes fixed vacuously on space.

The sound of a key rattling in the hall door recurred; there was another blast of cold air, and another tired man came in. This man was a young one, rosy, squarely built, just now very much out of breath. Thomas, the one son of the family, was only a year younger than Marie Thérèse, although the girl seemed several years older. They had long ago outlived the babyish likeness to each other that had delighted their whole acquaintance for years, and of late years had scorned each other's characters, friends, and pursuits in a fashion that caused their mother acute heartache. But they always "stood up for each other," she would tell herself, and there were peaceful intervals when they seemed unashamed to display the old congeniality and affection.

Thomas threw his skates noisily into the tin pan that completed the unbeautiful hat-rack in the hall, and said, "Hello, kid!" to his sister.

"You throw your skates there, and come in all pantin' and puffin'," Sally observed, "so that dad will think you've been skatin', but where you've really been is down to Loughran's, playing pool with Frank Pierson."

Thomas gave his sister a dark look, but made no audible answer to the insinuation. In another minute, a dinner-bell rang through the house, and the five Laidlaws gathered for the evening meal.

Cyrus, somewhat mollified by a quarter of an hour's rest, with his slippers, his fire, his wife's soothing company, and his evening paper, merely gave his two older children a sharp glance over



Her father now paused at this table long enough to slash the

his glasses as he settled heavily in his place at the head of the table. Sally made a butterfly dive for an olive, and sat down while sucking it. Thomas quietly slipped into his chair, next to his mother, who smiled at him lovingly as she shook out her napkin and asked him some inconsequent question as to his day. Marie Thérèse, with a faint sniff to indicate that her feelings were far from being soothed, addressed her first low-toned remark to the maid.

"Is there any reason, Loretta, why you shouldn't go to Mrs. Laidlaw in the drawing-room and tell her that dinner is served?"

"There's *this* reason," returned the maid, respectfully but briskly, "that Tom wouldn't hear me do that, not if I was to yell my head off. He'll lay up there across his bed, reading, and if it was eight o'clock, he'd never know that dinner——"

"Oh, *please!*" Marie Thérèse said, in faint disgust, indicating with a shrug that she desired the subject dropped. Loretta

imitated the shrug as well as she could with three shallow plates of soup in her hands, and the meal began.

"Two weeks to-morrow is Christmas, daddy," Mrs. Laidlaw said cheerfully. "Doesn't the time fly?"

"You don't have to remind me," her husband remarked briefly.

"Dad's already looking forward to having the crowd to Christmas dinner," Thomas said, with a grin.



eceiver harshly back into the hook

"Aunt Sarah and the Pooleys and all the girls—oh, horrors!" Marie Thérèse said rebelliously. "Couldn't we skip them all his year, mother?"

"My darling—how?" Mrs. Laidlaw asked absently. "I must eally get my shopping started," she added. "Of course, in war- ear there may be a difference, but last year there was a frightful rowd——"

"Dad, will you make the same arrangement with me that ou made last year?" Marie Thérèse asked eagerly. "I am o charge anywhere where mother has an account up to fifty ollars?"

"I suppose so," her father answered, a trifle heavily. His yes went to the exquisite youth and faith in her face—she had lways been his favorite, the dearest thing in his life—and now, lthough he was displeased with her, and knew she knew it, he won from him something almost like a smile. "How often does that puppy telephone you?" he added, with recurrent bitterness, a moment later.

"Boyd? Why, he never telephones me," Marie Thérèse answered innocently. "At least—hardly ever."

"What'd he want?" asked her father surlily.

"Why, dad, how do I know? I should think," Marie Thérèse said, with a little dignity, "that a girl of my age——"

"He doesn't have to telephone, because you and 'Lizabeth see him every day," contributed Sally.

"Mother, will you make that child—" Marie Thérèse looked near to tears

"Is that true, Minnie?" the head of the house asked his wife.

"No, dear, certainly not. But Marie Thérèse is growing up, daddy, and she must have her boy friends like the other girls Boyd Allen is only a boy—how old is he, lovey?"

"Twenty-four," Marie Thérèse said curtly.

"Is he really? I thought he was about twenty." Mrs. Laidlaw was evidently daunted for a moment, in which Thomas said neatly

"His brain is about twenty."

"I'll ask you not to insult my friends, Tom," Marie Thérèse said, in a low tone.

"Well, look at him—half a year behind his class in college!" Thomas jeered. "He'll graduate all by his tootsy wootsy self, this January. That's a fine record for a big fat loafer his age!"

"You haven't made such a fine record yourself, Tom," his sister reminded him. "Boyd is going to his uncle in Cincinnati, to take a position in the family firm next month He *has* been slow getting through, but that's because he's too popular. People have made too much fuss about him—that's the trouble. At least he doesn't run with toughs like Lenny Oliver and the Pierson boys—he doesn't play pool all afternoon down at Loughran's——"

"Lissun: My Christmas list was on a yellow paper—" Sally remarked warningly, "and if anyone here finds it——"

But she was interrupted. Cyrus Laidlaw, looking tired and old, had suddenly pushed back his plate and risen to his feet.

"Well, I give it up!" he said bitterly. "Fight it out to suit yourselves Loretta, bring me some hot coffee in the parlor."

He was gone, leaving a stricken silence behind For, like many another group of quarreling girls and boys, the Laidlaws truly loved each other, and perhaps for that very reason felt domestic criticism more keenly and resented it more hotly.

Now they stared at each other, ashamed. The mother was the first to break the silence

"Oh, children, children! When daddy is so tired and worried! Why, what's gotten into you all to-night? It's weeks since you've made a scene like this at the dinner-table. Now he won't eat any more dinner or any of his good dessert."

"Here, Sally," Marie Thérèse said urgently, arranging a slice of hot date pudding on a plate, decorating it daintily with white sauce, and adding black coffee and the silver sugar-bowl to the tray Loretta handed her, "here, Sally; you take this in to dad, and get into his lap and love him a little, and afterward I'll come in. Tom, you going to be here to-night? Let's coax him into a game of bridge——"

"Oh, Lord, how thrilling! I'll just slap you on the wrist if you're such a cut-up." said Thomas unappreciatively. "Play three-handed, old dear. I've got to go over to Wilson's."

"Why, dear?" his mother asked regretfully.

"Boning up for exams, mother darling. Home nine-thirty sharp." Thomas evaded her eyes as he passed his plate for more pudding.

"That school is just about as good as *nothing;* twenty-five dollars a month simply thrown away," Marie Thérèse opined, in an aside.

"It doesn't come out of your pocket, old thing!" her brother reminded her, kissing his mother as he departed.

Mrs. Laidlaw watched her adored and only son with yearning eyes, sighed as he left the dining-room, and sighed again when the front door slammed a moment later.

"I don't see why he hates Boyd Allen so," Marie Thérèse mused aloud, when he was gone.

"You like him, dear?" the mother stated rather than asked, regretfully.

"Well," began Marie Thérèse, in a tone of sulky self-justification. "I never said that I was in love with him—but I have eyes, and I see that half the girls in town are, and that he is a fellow who will be rich some day——"

"Dearest child," Mrs. Laidlaw said, in consternation, "I don't like to have you talking as if this matter were serious. If he were to inherit untold millions——"

"Well, I don't mean that it would make any difference," Marie Thérèse said hastily. "But to tell you the truth," she added pettishly, with suddenly watering eyes, "I get pretty sick of being poor."

"'Poor!'" her mother echoed reproachfully. "With your lovely home, and your good father and mother, and with Hattie and Loretta to do everything in the world——"

"Oh, I know, mother," the girl interrupted impatiently. "But everyone has that."

"And a boy of twenty-four, who may inherit money, and who has habits we all despise, is a pleasanter alternative?" asked Mrs. Laidlaw sternly.

Marie Thérèse's angry, sensitive color flooded her face.

"I'm engaged to him, if you must know it—or at least there's an understanding," she said, in a sudden rush of youthful triumph; "and at the time that ought to be the happiest of my life, I can't turn to my own mother—" And, with signs of rising sobs, she rushed from the room, and her mother heard her flying feet on the stairs.

Mrs. Laidlaw sat on, stunned. The children! The dear, sweet, busy, mischievous babies of a few years ago! Marie Thérèse, who, sweet in organdy ruffles, had won the speaking-prize at the high school; Thomas, who had surprised them all with his swimming and his riding—they were man and woman now—a woman who was about to throw herself away upon the undesirable scion of a degenerate old family, and a man who slipped away from his family to play pool with the town loafers. But how had it all happened? How had it all happened?

Loretta, with a patient murmur regarding munition factories and twelve dollars a week, interrupted her bitter thoughts.

"You want to leave us, Loretta?"

No; it was not exactly that. But, you see, Loretta's cousin was waitress in a smaller family and got forty dollars a month, and Loretta thought she'd rather be home for a while, unless Mrs. Laidlaw wanted to pay as high as forty——

"Well, I should have to pay a new girl forty," the mistress said sensibly. "I'll speak to Mr. Laidlaw about it."

She sat on, for a moment, lost in thought. Loretta began to gather the dishes capably together, and, with a third deep sigh, Mrs. Laidlaw got to her feet and went slowly toward the room designated by herself as the "living-room," by her husband as the "parlor," and by Marie Thérèse as the "drawing-room."

Beside the coal fire was Cyrus Laidlaw, with his smallest daughter relaxed and silent in his arms. Marie Thérèse was at the piano, playing the simple airs he liked best. The scene would have been ideal to the tired mother if Thomas had been sprawled out with a magazine, as he sometimes was, if Marie Thérèse's alarming last words were not making her actually sick, and if Loretta had not shown so cavalier a spirit.

As it was, however, she had not hoped for so much harmony on this ill-starred evening, and she took her own chair with a real sense of relief. Cyrus, now and then, was idly kissing the baby's tawny head; the fire glowed; the clock ticked, and Marie Thérèse's white hands gleamed in the lamplight.

"Do you know what dad and me have been talkin' about?" Sally asked.

"I—I—I—" her mother interpolated automatically.

"I and dad," the child substituted dutifully. "He told me what he wanted for Christmas, and I'm goin' to do it for him."

"Get it for him, you mean," Marie Thérèse hummed, to the tune of "Just a Song at Twilight."

"Do it for him," reiterated the little sister. "He wants me to take my tonic every day and go to bed at quarter-past eight every night without anybody askin' me to!"

"Well," said Mrs. Laidlaw, with her most radiant smile, "I call that a *beautiful* Christmas present!"

She reached from her own chair as she spoke, to draw the small girl's dress down over a rather too much exposed little leg, and, a moment later, added, in tender concern,

"Why, daddy, how cold your hand is, dear!"

"Don't feel very well, mother," the man answered, rousing himself to smile reassuringly.

His wife immediately rose to press her hand, mother-fashion, against his lined forehead, from which the thin gray hair was receding.

"I believe you have a temperature," she said, distressed. "Now, how did you get that?"

"Joe Randall's funeral," Marie Thérèse opined, to soft music. "I hate these horrible winter funerals, when men have to stand bareheaded out in the cold wind. Dad looked like a ghost that day——"

"Joe was my right-hand man in the field. Thirty-five years old, poor chap!" Cyrus said slowly. "It's rather taken it out of me, I guess. Where's the boy, Min?"

"He's at the Wilson's, daddy. He and Roger are studying together," Mrs. Laidlaw answered readily. "Come, Sally dear; 'way past bedtime."

Cyrus rose as the warm and sleepy child did, and stood scowling uncertainly at his wife and daughter.

"Go and telephone Mrs. Wilson's," he said to Marie Thérèse; "tell Tom I want him to come home. He can do his studying here, where he belongs."

A few years ago, Marie Thérèse would have leaped gladly to the chance of involving her brother in almost certain trouble, but she was old enough now to have some little sympathy with the problem he presented to these aging and unromatic parents She hesitated, looking apprehensively from father to mother before she went slowly toward the hall and the telephone.

"It seems such a puzzle," Mrs. Laidlaw murmured, as she untied Sally's stiff hair-ribbon and began to unbutton the child's clothes. "I declare—one doesn't know what gets into a boy From fourteen to twenty, you never know where they are. Home seems to have no attraction——"

She trailed slowly up-stairs with the little girl, and superintended Sally's brief evening ablutions and prayers with a troubled heart and absent manner. Then she went to her own room to find that Cyrus had come up-stairs and was getting into his old smoking-coat.

"Going to bed so early, daddy? It's not nine."

"No; some young folks came in to see Marie Thérèse," he answered, "and I thought I would sit here and read for a while I suppose we couldn't have a little fire up here?"

While Mrs. Laidlaw was mentally placing Thomas, who should have brought up coal and wood, as being at the Wilson's, and mentally tracing Loretta and Hattie, who might have been persuaded to do it, to the "movies," and mentally picturing herself in the act of struggling up the cellar steps with hod and kindling, and mentally receiving her husband's spoken protests against her attempting such menial work, and unspoken criticism upon the housekeeping that made it necessary, he sank wearily into a chair

"That boy isn't at Wilson's," he said heavily.

"'Isn't?'" She stood still; everything else forgotten.

"No; Mrs. Wilson thought that Roger was here." Cyrus leaned over to unlace a shoe, but straightened up to say darkly: "That boy will go to the dogs, Minnie, and we shall have only ourselves to thank. Mark my words! It may be your fault—or it may be mine—but the fact remains that the boy is a liar—and a sneak——"

"Cy dear!" The wife's voice was all patient protest. She was far more alarmed by the pallor of his face and the ugly, feverish glitter in his eye than by any real suspicion of mischief in Thomas's youthful deceits. "Won't you get into bed, dear," she pleaded, "and let me put a hot bottle at your feet and light your own lamp?"

"I propose to sit up and see that boy," he said grimly. A moment later, he added, with his usual brevity in speaking of money matters: "You know exactly where you stand, Min; you can go as far as you like for Christmas. But I made you out a check for two hundred and fifty; it's there on the desk."

"Oh, thank you, daddy!"

His wife took it and folded it. It might manage Marie Thérèse's white furs and Thomas's traveling-bag and Sally's bicycle, but it would not do much more. All the cousins—the churches—the necessary hundred engraved cards—the new bills for Harriet and Loretta—stamps—tissue-paper—ribbons—she had a vision of them all, and knew that she must ask for more sooner or later. Any time but to-night, however. To-night was not fortunate.

"Nothing serious between our Muffy and that Allen degenerate?" he asked presently. "Muffy" had been Marie Thérèse's baby-name. His use of it meant that her father was thinking of her with his old yearning tenderness.

"Cy—I don't know. She spoke to-night as if there might be." Mrs. Laidlaw faltered between wounding him and deceiving him.

"What do *you* think of it, Min?" he asked, in an odd voice.

"I—why—" she hesitated, "I'm sorry," she said. "What—what do *you* think of it?"



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Cy dear!" The wife's voice was all patient protest. She was far more alarmed by the pallor of his face and the ugly, feverish glitter in his eye than by any real suspicion of mischief in Thomas's youthful deceits

"I think that I would rather see her in her innocent little grave," her father said. Mrs. Laidlaw burst into tears. "Don't cry, Min," he said, after a silence, in which he sat staring stonily ahead of him. "It's youth—and money; it's that accursed money!"

"Oh, I can't bear it!" the mother said. "What can one do? She goes to high school; she meets these men; she is too innocent to see their real characters. I've always disliked the boy——"

A silence fell in the shabby, comfortable bedroom. Then the man said:

"Well, we didn't see this coming on that night at your mother's when she was born, did we, Min? Remember your brother Tom and his superiority—he and Laura knew all about it. Remember the baby in her little blanket the next morning—my God, I thought all the sunshine in the world had gotten into that room!"

"I remember you slept for almost two days afterward," the woman said, smiling with wet lashes. For a few moments she did not speak again, and then, glancing at him, was surprised to see that he was staring at the floor with an unnatural light in his eyes. "Cy," she said quickly, "you *are* sick!"

He looked up, made an attempt at a smile.

"The little girl was very cunning," he said thickly. "She promised to take her tonic—but that was a long time ago."

"What was that?" said Marie Thérèse in the drawing-room. The young people were silent, looking at each other. "It was something—falling—" the girl said, under her breath. She was flying up the stairway when her mother's voice reached her.

"Marie Thérèse—O my God, dearest! Cyrus darling! Marie Thérèse, get the doctor, dear—quickly, dear! O my God!"

The girl would always remember the stifled words, echoing so hideously, so wildly, through the quiet house. She would always remember the next few hours, their terror, their fear, the doctor's coming, Tom's coming, Sally flying down-stairs in a screaming panic——

Lights shone oddly; the kitchen was lighted; the dining-room was lighted all night. Clocks said odd things—quarter-past one o'clock, twenty minutes before three. Marie Thérèse had an occasional glimpse of herself, soberly wrappered in gray, with her rich braids falling on each side of a white face.

Toward the wintry dawn she sat beside her father; her mother was busy with various things elsewhere. Mad efforts were being made to reach a nurse, "a nurse with experience in pneumonia," but it seemed that the war had taken all the nurses. Marie Thérèse wished dully that she had learned simple nursing; she had had almost twenty years to get ready for this horrible hour of need.

Dad was very ill. His face was burning with fever, and his temples looked sunken. He was breathing heavily, and apparently unconscious of what was going on. Once or twice he spoke heavily, and his daughter, her heart pounding, leaned forward to hear. But it was only some muttered reference to Sally's Christmas gift that she caught.

Presently Marie Thérèse knelt down beside him and pressed a limp, hot hand. It was a wrinkled, tired hand; it seemed to knot itself about her heart like a great cry for understanding, for sympathy. She felt her tears gush against it.

But her father made no movement, made no sound.

Suddenly, utter panic shook her. Perhaps he wasn't eve going to know that she was sorry—sorry that they had all mad things so hard for him——

She got to her feet and went, with a swift rush, into the dar hall. There she stood still, clutching her heart. Then she too another swift flight down-stairs, stood still again, gasping.

Her mother came out of the dining-room, her eyes swolle with rare tears. Thomas was at the telephone, his voice broke with a boyish blubber as he gave an order to some yawning cler in a drug store. He came over to his mother with stiff, grea steps that tried for quiet, for manly reassurance, and his mothe leaned against him.



Presently Marie Thérèse knelt down beside him ar

"Oh, Tommy—Tommy, I'm afraid he's very ill! Oh, dear o daddy—we've let him get so tired!"

She whispered it, as if to herself, and seemed hardly to he the children's stammered reassurance.

"Oh, no!" she said, pushing them aside, and staring into spac "The best man God ever made—the best man God ever made and we've let him work so hard!"

At breakfast-time, dad's manager, Peter Lindley, came, a he cried, too. It was like some ghastly dream to Marie Thérès He praised dad so—he said dad was clever and so good. He sa that only dad could have taken the failing business, ten yea ago, and swung it to such success. He said that dad ha practically carried poor Joe Randall's family through his sic ness and death.

Marie Thérèse had never been kindly disposed toward young indley, because Peter had delivered papers at the Laidlaw's ront door years ago, and had driven a grocery-wagon when little Iarie Thérèse and Thomas were driving in grandma's carriage o dancing-school. But she liked Peter to-day, because he cried bout dad. She took him in to the desk in the dining-room, and ent over papers with him, so that if dad had a lucid moment, he might reassure him intelligently. And she gave Peter hot offee and rolls for breakfast, though she would not eat any erself.

"He made me everything I am," said young Peter Lindley ercely. "He's done too much—it's killed him!"

"He's—he's not killed yet, Peter!" Marie Thérèse sobbed, aying her lovely little tired head on the table and crying as if er heart were broken. And to the doctor she stammered the ame words an hour later.

"Doctor Seeley, he's not going to die?"

"How old are you, Marie Thérèse?" the doctor asked gravely n answer. But she did not tell him. She only pressed her hite fingers over her eyes and went stumbling away from him.



ressed a limp, hot hand

"Oh, no—no—no!" he heard her whisper. "Oh, daddy—addy—daddy!"

Cyrus knew nothing of this. Later in the day, he haltingly nd carefully introduced his wife to the doctor.

"This is my trained nurse, Seeley. Miss—what did you say our name was, my dear?"

Mrs. Laidlaw shook her head; she could not speak.

"I was very ill," said Cyrus Laidlaw. "Tired—tired all over!" Ie looked very knowing. "Didn't want my wife to know," he aid shrewdly, patting her hand. "Lovely—lovely woman!"

Mrs. Laidlaw moved her head about on her neck as if she ere in pain, but she did not cry.

"The little one—the baby," Cyrus went on, after a brief nterval in which he seemed to sleep; "she was the cunning little thing that night when I first began to feel ill. They'll buy me presents for Christmas, Seeley. Very nice—very nice. The boy suggested the other day that the family give me a motor-car—a motor-car, Seeley—do you get that? But the baby—she's going to give me something that doesn't cost me any of my money——"

Mrs. Laidlaw was silent; Marie Thérèse, in the shadow on the other side of the bed, could not quite stifle a sob. It seemed to distress her father, who roused and looked anxiously into the doctor's eyes, and moved his gaze slowly and without recognition to his wife.

"We're a little short—at the shop," he said confidentially. "War-time wages—war-time taxes—poor Randall's family to get started—well, that's little enough to do. My boy's too young to go. Little enough! But I suppose that made me think of it. Don't"—he looked intently, with a vague frown of troubled thought, at his wife—"don't tell Minnie," he said. "Lovely, lovely woman!"

Later that evening, when Sally was crying quietly in Marie Thérèse's lap, and Thomas sat on the couch, with his arm about his mother, Mrs. Laidlaw said:

"We must be ready for it, children. He knows it himself, I think. He's worrying—" Her voice thickened. "He's worrying even now about us," she said with difficulty. "He always wanted me to think of—this possibility. I never could save—it didn't seem necessary. Now"—and suddenly her lips shook, and she groped for a handkerchief, and they were all crying—"now, if God spares him," she sobbed, "I'm going to begin again."

"Mother, mother," Thomas said, aghast at her emotion, "we'll all try to help you bear it——"

But she brushed him aside as if she did not hear him.

"You!" she echoed bitterly. "There isn't one of you who counts—now. Yes—if God spares him," she went on more quietly, "I shall meet him half-way. I shall let Loretta go; I shall take you out of school, Tom, and let you stand on your own feet. If Marie Thérèse chooses to cast in her fortunes with a man who has no knowledge of poverty and no respect for it, at least I shall make no effort to impress him. We were poor a few years ago—when you all were babies—I helped him then. I'm going to help him now that the war has temporarily made him poor again. If we can have him at our Christmas table, that will be enough Christmas for me. Marie Thérèse may go off with Boyd; Thomas may eat his with the Wilsons; Sally and I will stay with dad, and I'll stuff his turkey as I used to do."

They stared at her in stupefaction. Their gentle, happy mother was hardly recognizable. Sally, proud of her rôle, came over to her mother's lap.

"I'll take my tonic," she stated. "He's always remember' how I said I would."

"It was that made me think of it—it was his saying that it meant so much to him," her mother said, with almost her usual calm manner. She wiped her eyes, and wiped Sally's, and tried to smile.

"I've never eaten a Christmas dinner away from home in my life," Thomas said, clearing his throat.

Marie Thérèse was crying bitterly.

"I didn't know how he felt about Boyd," she whispered. "I wouldn't miss Christmas at home for fifty Boyds!"

"Now, *carefully!*" said Mrs. Laidlaw. Thomas and Marie Thérèse explained that they were trying to be careful, but that they "got laughing." There was evidently something hysterically funny to them in the effort they made to transfer their father's shabby old chair, with their father in it, to the living-room.

He found it waiting for him at the foot of the stairs, when his wife helped him tenderly down, two weeks after his illness. It was pillowed deeply, and for the forty feet between it and the fire, his older children insisted that he must be pushed in real invalid fashion.

Cyrus Laidlaw had been desperately ill for ten days. Then for three or four he had been simply lazy—he himself said, content to lie quite still in a darkened room, to smile at Sally, to smile at his wife, to listen with silent pride to the recitals that Marie Thérèse brought him—her blithe chatter of his business affairs, her naive comment upon his conduct of them.

Now came the great moment of his return to the family circle, and he was secretly touched that they should make so much of it. The room smelled of evergreen; there were wreaths in the frosted windows; he had always liked the (*Continued on page 102*)



The Franc

This is the second article of Mrs. Wharton's series, "French Ways and Their Meaning," and in it she discusses a national trait in which our American people are confessedly lacking. We who have marveled at the manner in which France withstood the pitiless onslaught of the Teutonic hordes for over four years may well seek the reasons of the phenomenon, and here we have a study of one of the elements that kept her ripened civilization sound and wholesome.

Reverence

"TAKE care! Don't eat blackber Don't you know they'll give you fever?"

Any American soldier who stop fill his cap with the plump blackberries loading hedgerows of France is sure to receive this war from a passing peasant.

Throughout the length and breadth of France most fruit-loving and fruit-cultivating of count the same queer conviction prevails, and year a year the great natural crop of blackberries, now better and more abundant, is abandoned to l and insects because in some remote and perhaps historic past an ancient Gaul once decreed "blackberries give the fever."

An hour away, across the Channel, fresh bl



We Are Learning To Know

By Edith Wharton
Decoration by W. T. Benda

ies, and blackberry jam, form one of the staples of a great 's diet; but the French have not yet found out that mil- s of Englishmen have eaten blackberries for generations iout having "the fever."

ven if they did find it out, they would probably say: "The glish are different. Blackberries have always given *us* the r." Or the more enlightened might ascribe it to the cli- e. "The air may be different in England. Blackberries not be unwholesome there, but here they are poison."

here is not the least foundation for the statement, and few enterprising French people who have boldly risked hing "the fever" consume blackberries in France with as h enjoyment and as little harm as their English neighbors. one could no more buy a blackberry in a French market n one could buy the fruit of the nightshade; the one is sidered hardly less deleterious than the other.

he prejudice is all the queerer because the thrifty, food- ng French peasant has discovered the innocuousness of so ny dangerous-looking funguses that frighten the Anglo- on by their close resemblance to the poisonous members he family. It takes a practised eye to distinguish *cêpes morilles* from the deadly toadstool; whereas the black- y resembles nothing in the world but its own luscious and cent self. Yet the blackberry has been condemned un- l because of some ancient tabu that the French peasant s not disregard.

abus of their sort are as frequent in France as the black- ies in the hedges, and some of them interfere with the st instincts of the race.

ake the question of dinner-giving. Dining is a solemn rite he French, because it offers the double opportunity of good eating and good talk, the two forms of esthetic enjoyment most generally appreciated. Everything connected with dinner-giving has an almost sacramental importance in France. The quality of the cooking comes first; but once this is assured, the hostess's chief concern is that the quality of the talk should match it. To attain this, the guests are as carefully chosen as boxers for a championship, their number is strictly limited, and care is taken not to invite two champions likely to talk each other down.

The French are unable to live without good talk, and respectful of all the small observances that facilitate it. Interruption is considered the height of discourtesy; but so is any attempt, even on the part of the best talkers, to hold the floor and prevent others from making themselves heard. Share and share alike is the first rule of conversational politeness, and if a talker is allowed to absorb the general attention for more than a few minutes, it is because his conversation is known to be so good that the other guests have been invited to listen to him. Even so, he must give them a chance now and then, and it is they who must abstain from taking it, and must repeatedly let him see that for once they are content to act as audience. Moreover, even the privileged talker is not allowed to dwell long on any one topic, however stimulating. The old lady who said to her granddaughter, "My dear, you will soon learn that an hour is enough of anything," would have had to reduce her time-limit to five minutes if she had been formulating the rules of French conversation.

In circles where interesting and entertaining men are habitually present, the women are not expected to talk much. They are not, of course, to sit (*Continued on page 104*)

Saint's Progress

By John Galsworthy
Author of "Beyond," etc.

Illustrated by Fanny Munsell

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters—Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie) an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen, who reminds her father of his cousin Leila (Mrs. Lynch), who has made a sad mess of her life, and when last heard from was singing in South Africa. Pierson and Noel spend a July holiday at the home of Robert Pierson (Edward's brother) in Monmouthshire, close to Tintern Abbey. Here Noel meets Cyril Morland, a young officer about to go to the front, and the young people fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Noel's father objects on the grounds of youth and short acquaintance. He is suddenly summoned to London by the serious illness of Doctor Laird. He arrives just before the crisis is passed, and is shocked to find that Gratian has become converted to the views of her husband, who is an agnostic and denies revealed religion. He is still worried over Noel's love-affair, knowing her impulsive nature, and when he receives a letter from Mrs. Robert Pierson (Thirza) advising his consent, as otherwise she fears a runaway marriage, he answers that he cannot agree to the match and wishes Noel to come home. Meanwhile, Morland receives orders to join his regiment at once, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever, in spite of anything that would be done, gives herself to him.

She is anxious to become a nurse, and just then Pierson hears from Mrs. Lynch. She is in London, and in charge of two wards in a hospital. He goes to see her and arranges for Noel to be trained there.

Leila has another friend in London, Jimmy Fort, an army captain incapacitated for active service and employed at the War Office. She knew him in South Africa, and now he has become her lover. Fort meets Noel and takes a great liking to her.



Her expression at that moment was very strange—searching, half frightened

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until the news comes that Cyril has been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds.

Finally, she confides in Leila, who tells her that she must not allow herself to get morbid. Meanwhile, Pierson becomes worried over the girl and writes to Gratian to have Doctor Laird come and examine her. Gratian comes, too, and learns the situation from Leila. In a talk with Nollie, the latter defends her action, takes all the blame, and refuses to be sympathized with. When it is necessary to tell her father, she will do it herself. Doctor Laird is most sympathetic, and says that she will have to go away and that he will arrange it somehow.
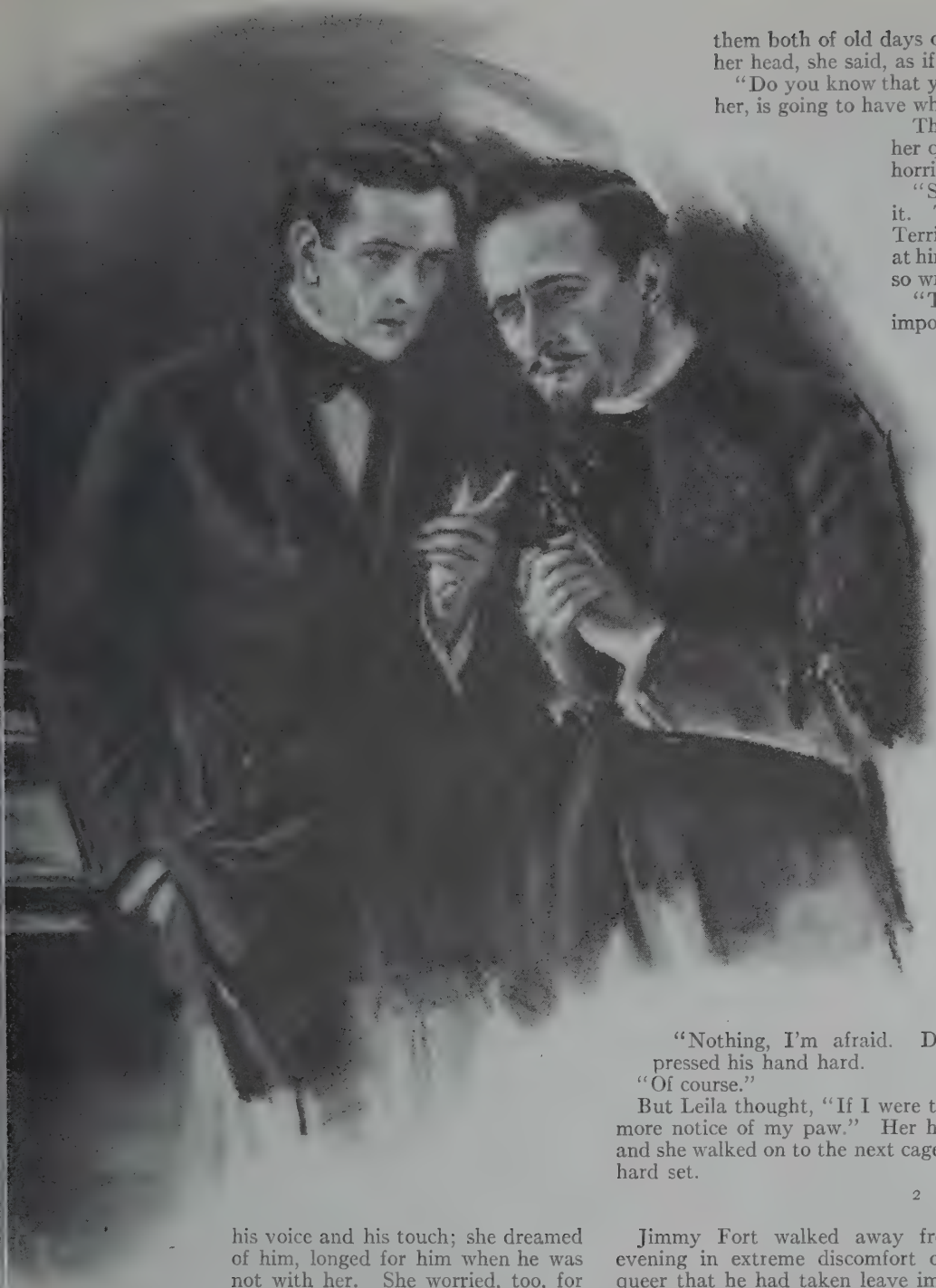
Shortly after this, Nollie watches a man painting in Hyde Park. He is a Belgian refugee named Lavendie. He asks to paint her portrait. This she will not permit, but invites him to her home to meet her father and perhaps paint him. She tells her father of the encounter, and adds that she expects he will come. Pierson says he will be glad to see him, but does not know about sitting for the portrait.

VIII

I

LEILA was deep in her new draft of life. When she fe love, it had always been over head and ears, m far her passion had always burnt itself out befo of her partner. This had been, of course, a gr vantage to her. Not that Leila had ever expected her p to burn themselves out. When she fell in love, she had thought it was for always. This time, she was sure it w than she had ever been. Jimmy Fort seemed to her t she had been looking for all her life. He was not so good as either Fane or Lynch, but, beside him, these others see her now almost ridiculous. There was only one man in th for her now, and would be forevermore. She did not le him either—it was more serious than that. She was thrill

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them both of old days on the veld. Without turning her head, she said, as if to the little animal,

"Do you know that your fairy princess, as you call her, is going to have what is known as a war-baby?"

The sound of his "What!" gave her quite a stab—it was so utterly horrified. She said stubbornly:

"She came and told me all about it. The boy's dead, as you know. Terrible, isn't it?" And she looked at him. His face was almost comic, so wrinkled up with incredulity.

"That lovely child? But it's impossible!"

"The impossible is sometimes true, Jimmy."

"I refuse to believe it."

"I tell you it *is* so," she said angrily.

"What a ghastly shame!"

"It was her own doing; she said so."

"And her father—the padre! My God!"

Leila was suddenly smitten with a horrible doubt. She had thought it would disgust him, cure him of any little tendency to romanticize that child; and now she perceived that it was rousing in him, instead, a dangerous compassion. She could have bitten her tongue out for having spoken.

"Don't look like that, Jimmy. I'm sorry I told you."

His hand did not answer her pressure in the least, but he muttered:

"Well, I do think that's the limit. What's to be done for her?"

Leila answered softly:

"Nothing, I'm afraid. Do you love me?" And she pressed his hand hard.

"Of course."

But Leila thought, "If I were that meerkat, he'd have taken more notice of my paw." Her heart began suddenly to ache, and she walked on to the next cage with head up and her mouth hard set.

2

his voice and his touch; she dreamed of him, longed for him when he was not with her. She worried, too, for she was perfectly aware that he was not half as fond of her as she was of m. Such a new experience puzzled her, kept her instincts infully on the alert.

It was perhaps just this uncertainty about his affection which ade him seem more precious than any of the others. But ere was ever the other reason, too—consciousness that Time as after her, and this her last grand passion. She watched m as a mother cat watches her kitten, without seeming to, of urse, for she had had much experience.

She had begun to have a curious, secret jealousy of Noel; ough why, she could not have said. It was perhaps merely idental to her age, or sprang from that vague resemblance tween her and one who outrivaled even what she had been a girl, or from the occasional allusions Fort made to what he lled "that little fairy princess." Something intangible, inctive, gave her that jealousy. Until the death of her young usin's lover, she had felt safe, for she knew Jimmy Fort would t hanker after another man's property; had he not proved at in old days with herself by running away from her? And e had often regretted having told him of Cyril Morland's death. e day, she determined to repair that error. It was at the o, where they often went on Sunday afternoons. They were nding before a creature called the meerkat, which reminded

Jimmy Fort walked away from Camelot Mansions that evening in extreme discomfort of mind. Leila had been so queer that he had taken leave immediately after supper. She had refused to talk about Noel, had even seemed angry when he had tried to. How extraordinary some women were! Did they think that a man could hear of a thing like that about such a dainty creature as that girl without being upset? Why, it was the most perfectly damnable thing he had ever heard! What on earth would she do—poor little fairy princess? Down had come her house of cards with a vengeance. The whole of her life—the whole of her life! With her bringing-up and her father and all—it seemed inconceivable that she could ever survive it. And Leila had been almost callous about the monstrous business. Women were hard to each other! And, following an impulse which he could not resist, he made his way to the old square. But having reached the house, he nearly went away again. While he stood, hesitating, with his hand on the bell, a girl and a soldier passed, appearing as if by magic out of the moonlit November mist, blurred and solid shapes embraced, then vanished into it again, leaving the sound of footsteps.

Fort jerked the bell. He was shown into what seemed, to one coming out of that mist, to be a brilliant, crowded room, though in truth there were but two lamps and five people in it. They were sitting round the fire, talking, and paused when he came in. When he had shaken hands with Pierson and been introduced to "my daughter Gratian," and a man in khaki—"my son-in-law, George Laird"—to a tall, thin-faced, foreign-looking man

in a black stock and seemingly no collar, he went up to Noel, who had risen from a chair before the fire. "No;" he thought; "I've dreamed it, or Leila has lied." She was so perfectly the self-possessed, dainty maiden he remembered. Even the feel of her hand was the same—warm and confident—and sinking into a chair, he said, "Please go on, and let me chip in."

"We were quarreling about the universe, Captain Fort," said the man in khaki; "delighted to have your help. I was just saying that this particular world has no particular importance. I say that it will become again the nebula out of which it was formed, and by friction with other nebulæ reform into a fresh shape, and so on *ad infinitum* —but I can't explain why. My wife thinks that it doesn't exist at all except in the human mind—but she can't explain what the human mind is. My father-in-law thinks that it is God's hobby—but he can't explain who or what God is. Nollie is silent. And Monsieur Lavendie hasn't yet told us what he thinks. What *do* you think, *monsieur*?"

The thin-faced, big-eyed man put up his hand to his high, veined brow as if he had a headache, reddened, and began to speak in French, which Fort followed with difficulty.

"For me, the universe is a limitless artist, *monsieur*, who from all time and to all time is ever expressing himself in differing forms—always trying to make a masterpiece, and generally failing. For me, this world and all the worlds are, like ourselves or the flowers and trees, little separate works of art, more or less perfect, whose little lives run their course, and are spilled or powdered back into this creative artist, whence issue ever fresh attempts at art. You see, I think mind and matter are one, or perhaps there is no such thing as either mind or matter, only growth and decay and growth again, forever and ever; but always conscious growth—an artist expressing himself in millions of ever-changing forms; decay and death, as we call them, being but rest and sleep, the ebbing of the tide, which must ever come between two rising tides, or the night which comes between two days. But the next day is never the same as the day before, or the tide as the last tide; so the little shapes of the world and of ourselves—these works of art by the eternal artist—are never renewed in the same form, are never twice alike, but always fresh—fresh worlds, fresh individuals, fresh flowers, fresh everything. I do not see anything depressing in that. To me, it would be depressing to think that I would go on living after death, or live again in a new body, myself yet not myself. How stale that would be! When I finish a picture, it is inconceivable to me that this picture should ever become another picture, or that one can divide the expression from the mind-stuff it has expressed. The Great Artist who is the whole of Everything is ever, in fresh effort, to achieve new things. He is as a fountain which throws up new drops, no two ever alike, which fall back into the water, flow into the pipe, and so are thrown up again in fresh-shaped drops. But I cannot explain why there should be this eternal energy, ever expressing itself in fresh individual shapes, this Eternal Working Artist, instead of nothing at all—just empty dark for always; except, indeed, that it must be one thing or the other, either all or nothing, and it happens to be this and not that, the all and not the nothing."

He stopped speaking, and his big eyes, which had fixed themselves on Fort's face, seemed to the latter not to be seeing him at all but to rest on something beyond. The man in khaki, who had risen, said:

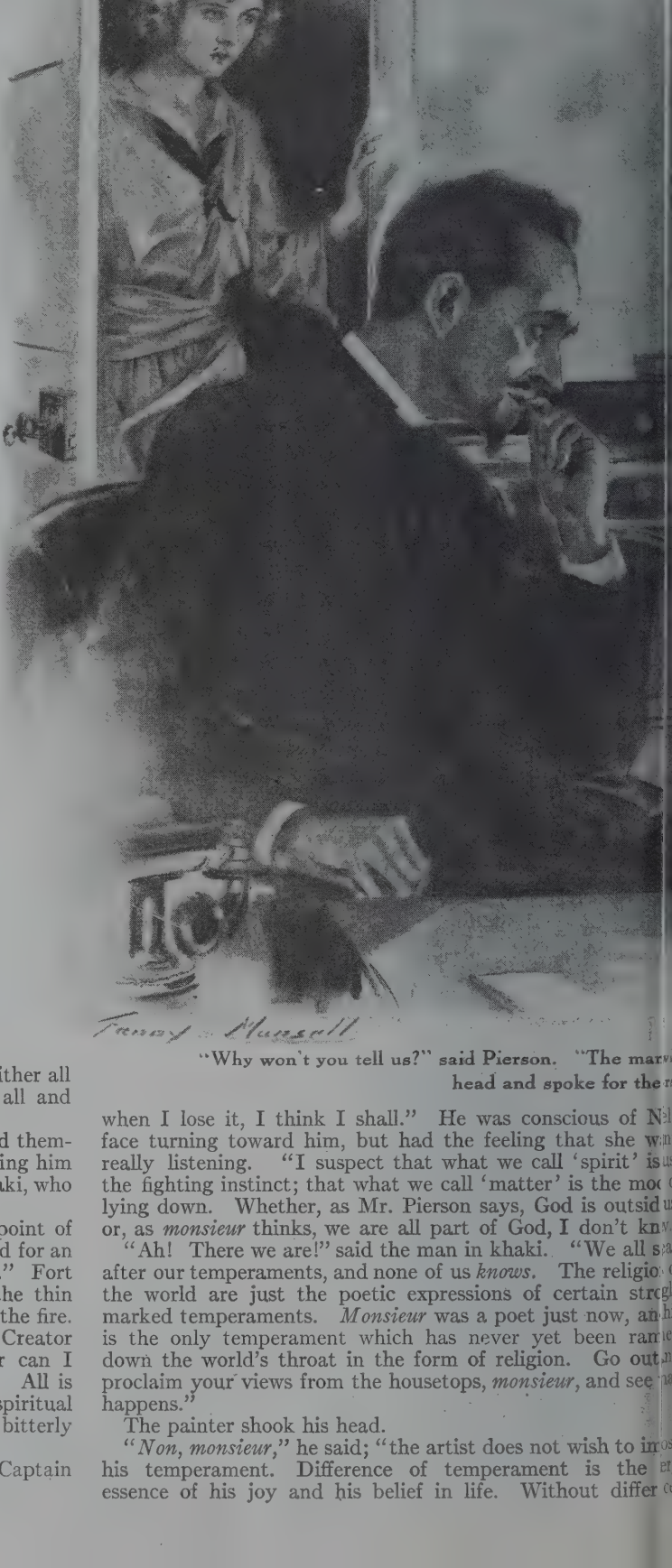
"Bravo, *monsieur!* Jolly well put from the artist's point of view. The idea is pretty, anyway; but is there any need for an idea at all? Things are; and we have just to take them." Fort had the impression of something dark and writhing—the thin black form of his host, who had risen and come close to the fire.

"I cannot admit," he was saying, "the identity of the Creator with the created. God exists outside ourselves. Nor can I admit that there is no definite purpose and fulfilment. All is shaped to his great ends. I think we are too given to spiritual pride. The world has lost reverence—I regret it; I bitterly regret it."

"I rejoice at it," said the man in khaki. "Now, Captain Fort, your turn to bat!"

Fort, who had been looking at Noel, gave himself a shake and said:

"I think what *monsieur* calls 'expression,' I call 'fighting.' I expect the universe is a fight, a sum of conquests and defeats. Conquests leading to defeats, defeats to conquests. I want to win while I'm alive, and because I want to win, I want to go on after death. Death is a defeat. I don't want to admit defeat. While I have that instinct, I don't think I shall really



"Why won't you tell us?" said Pierson. "The man ... head and spoke for the ..."

when I lose it, I think I shall." He was conscious of Noel's face turning toward him, but had the feeling that she was not really listening. "I suspect that what we call 'spirit' is ... the fighting instinct; that what we call 'matter' is the mood ... lying down. Whether, as Mr. Pierson says, God is outside ... or, as *monsieur* thinks, we are all part of God, I don't know."

"Ah! There we are!" said the man in khaki. "We all speak after our temperaments, and none of us *knows*. The religions of the world are just the poetic expressions of certain strongly marked temperaments. *Monsieur* was a poet just now, and ... is the only temperament which has never yet been rammed down the world's throat in the form of religion. Go out and proclaim your views from the housetops, *monsieur*, and see what happens."

The painter shook his head.

"*Non, monsieur,*" he said; "the artist does not wish to impose his temperament. Difference of temperament is the very essence of his joy and his belief in life. Without differ...

re would be no life for him. "*Tout casse; tout lasse,*' but nge goes on forever. We artists reverence change, *monsieur*; reverence the newness of each morning, of each night, of n person, of each expression of energy. Nothing is final for we are eager for all and always for more. We are in love, see, even with—death."

here was a silence; then Fort heard Pierson murmur,

That is beautiful, *monsieur;* but, oh, how wrong!"



t to do the right thing, I'm sure." The girl shook her . "I don't know his name"

And what do you think, Nollie?" said the man in khaki lenly. The girl had been sitting very still in her low chair, her hands crossed in her lap and her eyes on the fire, the plight shining down on her fair hair. She looked up, led, and her eyes met Fort's.

I don't know; I wasn't listening."

omething moved in him, a kind of burning pity, a rage of ection. He said quickly:

These are times of action. Philosophy seems to mean ing nowadays. The one thing is to hate tryanny and lty, and protect everything that's weak and lonely. It's hat's left to make life worth living, when all the packs of he world are out for blood." Noel was listening now, and he on fervently: "Why; even we who started out to fight Prussian pack have caught the pack-feeling—have got it ver the country on every sort of scent. It's a most in- ous thing."

cannot see that we are being infected, Captain Fort."

"I'm afraid we are, Mr. Pierson. The great majority of people are always inclined to run with the hounds; the pressure's great just now; the pack-spirit's in the air."

Pierson shook his head.

"No; I cannot see it," he repeated. "It seems to me that we are all more brotherly, and more tolerant."

"Ah, *monsieur le curé,*" Fort heard the painter say very gently, "it is difficult for a good man to see evil round him. The spirit of the pack, as *monsieur* says, is in the air. I see all human nature now, running with gaping mouths and red tongues lolling out, their breath and their cries spouting thick before them. On whom they will fall next? One never knows—the innocent with the guilty. Perhaps if you were to see some one dear to you devoured before your eyes, *monsieur le curé,* you would feel it, too; and yet—I do not know."

Fort saw Noel turn her face toward her father; her expression at that moment was very strange—searching, half frightened. No! Leila had not lied, and he had not dreamed. That thing was true! When presently he took his leave, and was out again in the square, he could see nothing but her face and form before him in the moonlight—its soft outline, fair coloring, slender delicacy, and the brooding of the big gray eyes.

He had already crossed New Oxford Street and was some way down toward the Strand when a voice behind him murmured, "*À la bonne heure, monsieur!*" and the painter loomed up at his elbow.

"Are you going my way?" said Fort. "I go slowly, I'm afraid."

"The slower the better, *monsieur.* London is so beautiful in the dark. It is the despair of the painter—these moonlit nights. There are moments when one feels that reality does not exist. All is in dreams—like the face of that young lady."

Fort stared sharply round at him.

"Oh! She strikes you like that, does she?"

"Ah, what a charming figure! What an atmosphere of the past and future round her! And she will not let me paint her."

"Yes," said Fort; "she'd make a wonderful picture. I'm not a judge of art, but I can see that."

The painter smiled, and went on in his rapid French:

"She has youth and age all at once—that is rare. Her father is an interesting man, too. I am trying to paint him; he is very difficult. He sits lost in some kind of vacancy of his own—a man whose soul has gone before him somewhere, like that of his Church, escaped from this age of machines, leaving its body behind—is it not? He is so kind—a saint, I think. I am painting him at the piano; when he is playing, his face is alive, but even then so far away. To me, *monsieur,* he is exactly like a beautiful church which knows it is being deserted. I find him pathetic. *Je suis socialiste,* but I have always an esthetic admiration for that old Church, which held its children by simple emotion. The times have changed; it can no longer hold them so; it stands in the dusk, with its spire to a heaven which exists no more, its bells still beautiful but out of tune with the music of the streets. It is something of that which I wish to get into my picture of Monsieur Pierson, and, *sapristi,* it is difficult!"

Fort grunted assent. So far as he could make out the painter's words, it seemed to him a large order.

"To do it, you see," went on the painter, "one should have the proper background—these currents of modern life and modern types, passing him and leaving him untouched. There is no illusion, and no dreaming, in modern life. Look at this street! *La lai*"

In the darkened Strand, hundreds of khaki-clad figures and girls were streaming by, and all their voices had a hard, half-jovial vulgarity. The motor-cabs and 'buses pushed along remorselessly; newspaper-sellers muttered their ceaseless invitations. Again the painter made his gesture of despair.

"How am I to get into my picture this modern life, which washes round him as round that church there, standing in the middle of the street? See how the currents sweep round it, as if to wash it away; yet it stands, seeming not to see them. If I were a fantasist, it would be easy enough; but to be a fantasist is too simple for me—those romantic gentlemen bring what they like from anywhere to serve their ends. *Moi—je suis réaliste.* And so, *monsieur*, I have invented an idea. I am painting over his head while he sits there at the piano a picture hanging on the wall—of one of these young town girls who have no mysteriousness at all, no youth—nothing but a cheap knowledge and defiance and good humor. He is looking up at it, but he does not see it. I will make the face of that girl the face of Modern Life, and he shall sit staring at it, seeing nothing. What do you think of my idea?"

But Fort had begun to feel something of the revolt which the man of action so soon experiences when he listens to an artist talking.

"It sounds all right," he said abruptly. "All the same, *monsieur*, my sympathy's with modern life. Take these young girls and these Tommies. For all their feather-pated vulgarity—and they are damned vulgar, I must say—they're marvelous people. They do take the rough with the smooth; they're all 'doing their bit,' you know, and facing this particularly beastly world. Esthetically, I dare say, they're deplorable, but can you say that, on the whole, their philosophy isn't an advance on anything we've had up till now? They worship nothing, it's true; but they keep their ends up marvelously."

The painter, who seemed to feel the wind blowing cold on his ideas, shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not concerned with that, *monsieur*. I set down what I see—better or worse, I do not know. But look at this!" And he pointed down the darkened and moonlit street. It was all jeweled and enameled with little spots and splashes of subdued red and green-blue light. "Ah;" he said, "what beauty!"

Fort, in his turn, shrugged his shoulders.

"Every man to his vision," he said. "My leg's beginning to bother me; I'm afraid I must take a cab. Here's my address—any time you like to come. I'm often in about seven. I can't take you anywhere, I suppose?"

"A thousand thanks, *monsieur*; but I go north. I loved your words about the pack. I often wake at night and hear the howling of all the packs of the world. Those who are by nature gentle now feel they are strangers in a far land. Good-night, *monsieur*."

He took off his queer hat, bowed low, and crossed out into the Strand, like one who had come in a dream, and faded out with the waking. Fort hailed a cab and went home, still seeing Noel's face.

IX

I

When in the cupboard there is a real and very bony skeleton, carefully kept from the sight of a single member of the family, the position of that member is liable to become lonely. But Pierson, who had been lonely fifteen years, did not feel it so much, perhaps, as most men would have. In his dreamy nature there was a curious self-sufficiency which only violent shocks disturbed, and he went on with his routine of duty, which had become for him as set as the pavements he trod on his way to and from it. It was not exactly true, as the painter had said, that this routine did not bring him into touch with life. After all, he saw people when they were born, when they married, when they died. He helped them when they wanted money, and when they were ill; he told their children Bible stories on Sunday afternoons; he served those who were in need with soup and bread from his soup-kitchen. He never spared himself in any way, and his ears were always at the service of their woes. And yet he did not understand them, and they knew that. It was as though he, or they, were color-blind. The values were all different. He was seeing one set of obj they another.

One street of his parish touched a main line of thorough and formed a little part of the new hunting-grounds of wo who, chased forth from their usual haunts by the author under pressure of the country's danger, now pursued calling in the dark. This particular evil had always been a of nightmare to Pierson. The starvation which ruled his existence inclined him to a particularly severe view, and sev was not his forte.

Domestic disasters in his parish came to his ears from to time—cases of young girls whose heads were turne soldiers, so that they were about to become mothers. seemed to him pitiful, indeed; but he could not forgive for their giddiness, for putting temptation in the way of b young men, fighting or about to fight. The glamour w surrounded soldiers was not excuse enough. When the b were born, and came to his notice, he consulted a comm he had formed of three married and two maiden ladies, visited the mothers, and if necessary, took the babies in *crèche*, for those babies had a new value to the country were not—poor things!—to be held responsible for their mot faults. He himself saw little of the young mothers—sh them, secretly afraid, perhaps, of not being censorious eno But once in a way life set him face to face with one.

On New Year's eve he was sitting in his study after te that hour which he tried to keep for his parishioners, wh Mrs. Mitchett was announced, a small bookseller's wife, w he knew for an occasional communicant. She came in, ac panied by a young, dark-eyed girl in a loose mouse-colored He invited them to sit down in front of the long bookcas the two green-leather chairs which had grown worn in service of the parish, and, screwed round in his chair at bureau, with his long musician's fingers pressed together looked at them and waited. The woman had taken out handkerchief and was wiping her eyes; but the girl sat quie the mouse she somewhat resembled in that coat.

"Yes, Mrs. Mitchett?" he said gently, at last.

The woman put away her handkerchief, sniffed resolu and began:

"It's 'Ilda, sir. Such a thing Mitchett and me never c 'ave expected, comin' on us so sudden. I thought it bes bring 'er round, poor girl! Of course, it's all the war. warned 'er a dozen times; but there it is, comin' next mo and the man in France." Pierson instinctively averted gaze from the girl, who had not moved her eyes from his which she scanned with a seeming absence of interest, she had long given up thinking over her lot, and left it no others.

"That is sad," he said; "very, very sad."

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Mitchett; "that's what I tell 'Il

The girl's glance, lowered for a second, resumed its impers scrutiny of Pierson's face.

"What is the man's name and regiment? Perhaps we get leave for him to come home and marry Hilda at once."

Mrs. Mitchett sniffed.

"She won't give it, sir. Now, 'Ilda, give it to Mr. Piers And her voice had a real note of entreaty. The girl shook head. Mrs. Mitchett murmured dolefully: "That's 'ow sh sir; not a word will she say. And, as I tell her, we can think there must 'ave been more than one. And that does us to shame so." But still the girl made no sign. "You s to her, sir; I'm really at my wits' end."

"Why won't you tell us?" said Pierson. "The man want to do the right thing, I'm sure."

The girl shook her head and spoke for the first time.

"I don't know his name."

Mrs. Mitchett's face twitched.

"Oh dear!" she said. "Think of that! She's never sai much to us."

"Not know his name?" Pierson murmured. "But h how could you—" He stopped, but his face had darke "Surely you would never have done such a thing wit affection? Come; tell me."

"I don't know it," the girl repeated.

"It's these parks," said Mrs. Mitchett, from behind handkerchief. "And to think that this'll be our first grand and all! 'Ilda *is* difficult, as quiet—but *that* stubborn!"

Pierson looked at the girl. Her impenetrability and so thing mulish in her attitude annoyed him.

"I can't think," he said, "how you could so have forg yourself. It's truly grievous."



AWN BY FANNY MUNSELL

That hot clutch and the words: "Poor daddy!" brought tears into his eyes. They rolled slowly down to his beard, and he covered his face with his other hand



"You're a good woman, Thirza." And taking his wife's hand, he put it to his lips. "There isn't another woman like you in the world!"

Mrs. Mitchett murmured,

"Yes, sir; the girls gets it into their heads that there's going to be no young men for them."

"That's right," said the girl sullenly.

Pierson's lips grew tighter.

"Well, what can I do for you, Mrs. Mitchett?" he said. "Does your daughter come to church?"

Mrs. Mitchett shook her head mournfully.

"Never since she had her bike."

Pierson rose from his chair. The old story! Control and discipline undermined, and these bitter apples the result!

"Well," he said, "if you need our *crèche*, you have only to come to me." And he turned to the girl. "And you—won't you let this dreadful experience move your heart? My dear girl, we must all master ourselves, our passions, and our foolish wilfulness, especially in these times when our country needs us strong and self-disciplined, not thinking of ourselves. I'm sure you're a good girl at heart." The girl's dark eyes, unmoved from his face, roused in him a spasm of nervous irritation. "Your soul is in great danger, and you're very unhappy, I can see. Turn to God for help, and in his mercy everything will be made so different for you—so very different! Come!"

The girl said, with a sort of surprising quietness,

"I don't want the baby."

The remark staggered him.

" 'Ilda was in munitions," said her mother, in an explanatory voice, "earnin' a matter of four pounds a week. Oh dear, it is a waste an' all!"

A queer, rather terrible little smile curled Pierson's lips.

"A judgment," he said. "Good-evening, Mrs. Mitchett. Good-evening, Hilda. If you want me when the time comes, send for me."

They stood up; he shook hands with them, and was suddenly aware that the door was open and Noel standing there. He had heard no sound; how long she had been there, he could not tell. There was a singular fixity in her face and attitude. She was staring at the girl, who, as she passed, lifted her face, so that the dark eyes and the gray eyes met. The door was shut, and Noel stood there alone with him.

"Aren't you early, my child?" said Pierson. "You came in very quietly."

"Yes; I heard."

A slight shock went through him at the tone of her voice; her face had that possessed look which he always dreaded.

"What did you hear?" he said.

"I heard you say, 'A judgment.' You'll say the same to me won't you? Only, *I do want my baby.*"

She was standing with her back to the door, over which dark curtain hung; her face looked young and small against stuff, her eyes very large. With one hand, she plucked at blouse just over her heart.

Pierson stared at her and gripped the back of the chair had been sitting in. A lifetime of repression served him in half-realized horror of that moment. He stammered out single word:

"Nollie!"

"It's quite true," she said, turned round, and went o

Pierson had a sort of vertigo; if he had moved, he must ha fallen down. Nollie! He slid round and sank into his ch and by some horrible, cruel fiction of his nerves, he seemed feel Noel on his knee, as, when a little girl, she had been w to sit, with her fair hair fluffing against his cheek. Nollie! that moment, his pride shriveled like a flower held to a flame; that abundant secret pride of a father who loves and admi who worships still a dead wife in the children she left him, w humble by nature, yet never knows how proud he is till bitter thing happens; all the long pride of the priest who, dint of exhortation and remonstrance, has coated himself i superiority he hardly suspects—all this pride shriveled in h Then something writhed and cried within, as a tortured be cries, at loss to know why it is being tortured. How m times has not a man used those words: "My God! God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" He sprang up and t to pace his way out of this cage of confusion. His thoughts feelings made the strangest medley, spiritual and worldl social ostracism—her soul in peril—a trial sent by God! future! Imagination failed him. He went to his little pi opened it, closed it again, took his hat and stole out. walked fast, without knowing where. It was very cold—a cl bitter evening. Silent, rapid motion in the frosty air was s relief. As Noel had fled from him, having uttered her n so did he fly from her. The afflicted walk fast. He was s down by the river, and turned west along its wall. The m was up, bright and nearly full, and the steel-like shimme its light burnished the ebbing water. A cruel night! He cam the obelisk and leaned against it, overcome by a spasm realization. He seemed to see his dead wife's face staring at out of the past, like an accusation. "How have you cared Nollie, that she should have come to this?" It became the of the moonlit sphinx, staring straight at him, the broad, face with wide nostrils, cruel lips, full (*Continued on page*



LOUISE GROODY sang and danced her way into the notice of a theatrical manager on one of Atlantic City's amusement-piers. She has now ably fulfilled his hopes and expectations by her clever work in his production of a delightful operetta with a modern Italian setting, "Fiddlers Three," in which she was assigned the ingénue rôle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

The Dance-Queen



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

LUCILLE CAVANAGH has a brand-new dance-production this season which is one of the very top features on the programs of the Orpheum circuit. The ideas expressed in her dancing show great originality, while her skill and grace are directed by a superb technique acquired from a famous master of the Russian ballet-school.



The Fourth Jewel

JEANNE EAGELS is the fourth jewel in the Belasco diadem of brilliant leading women, where she sparkles alongside of Frances Starr, Lenore Ulric, and Ina Claire. Her appearance in this galaxy was effected through the medium of a charming comedy, "Daddies," whose plot is based on the adoption of some war-orphans by five American bachelors.



MARJORIE RAMBEAU has reached a point of popularity where she may well be called a nation-wide favorite. This season, she has the star part of the French wife of a German spy in "Where Poppies Bloom," an adaptation for the American stage of Henry Kistemaeckers' thrilling war-drama of Picardy, "A Night at the Front."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Mr. Blunt's *Three* Clients

By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by

Stockton Mulford



"You said that you knew who killed Eric Lyson." "I do," she confided. "I will tell you all about it"

A SMALL and impromptu deputation met Richard Blunt in the entrance-hall of a block of buildings situated somehere between the Strand and the delphi Gardens. A tall and melanıoly-looking gentleman, dressed in somewhat ısty black, constituted himself spokesman.

"Mr. Richard Blunt, I believe?" he ventured.

The man addressed paused and acknowledged the fact. e was of slightly more than medium height, well but ıobtrusively dressed, slim but of wiry build. His face was most Semitic in its pallor and the darkness of his eyes, ıt a touch of the foreigner was suggested by his olive com-.exion, his well-shaped nose, and his firm yet unusual mouth.

"My name is Heslop, counselor at law," the speaker continued. You see my name on the board there. This is Mr. Edwards," e went on, pointing to his neighbor. "There's his name, you see -'Charles E. Edwards, Attorney.' And this gentleman," indicat-g the third bystander, "is Mr. McKay, European agent for the lmighty Cinema Company."

"I am glad to know you, gentlemen," Mr. Blunt said. "It ɔpears that we are neighbors."

Mr. Heslop coughed. He tapped with his forefinger the ahogany board upon which were painted the names and pro-ssions of those having offices in the building.

"We were discussing this little announcement of yours, Mr. lunt," he confessed, reading it aloud: " 'Richard Blunt, De-ctive.' "

"You have, perhaps, some business to place before me," Mr. lunt suggested.

"No, no," the other assured him hastily; "it isn't that at all. 's the—er—wording of your announcement——"

"It seems to leave little enough to the imagination," was the ıiet observation.

"On the contrary," Mr. Heslop objected gravely, "it seems to ; to leave a good deal. I am not mistaken, I think, when I say ıat the business of a private detective is usually carried on nong a certain class of people—men who want their wives atched——"

"Is shopping or bridge responsible for the wife's absence from ɔme?" Mr. Edwards interrupted softly.

"Is it business alone which keeps the husband in the city, night ter night?" Mr. McKay murmured.

Their spokesman waved his hand.

"Broadly speaking, Mr. Blunt," he said, "the question which ıs arisen among us is whether, for a person in your profession, ese are altogether suitable offices. My own connection is old-tablished and almost traditional. Mr. Edwards, here, carries on e same business as his father before him. The other occupants the building are mostly engaged in the serious professions."

"I am sorry if you feel that I am an intruder," Mr. Blunt gretted. "I chose these premises because the locality suited me, and because I was able to turn the two rooms at the top of the house into residential chambers. For my work, it is necessary, as you may surmise, to be on the spot night and day."

"We quite understand," Mr. Heslop assented gravely. "Having made your choice of habitation, Mr. Blunt, we could not, of course, expect you to be influenced by our prejudices. It is the baldness of your announcement here which we were discussing."

"What would you like me to call myself?" Richard Blunt inquired. "Criminologist, or something of that sort?"

"Without venturing to suggest a term," the counselor at law replied, "there are many professions which it is possible to conceal by the apt use of some non-committal designation."

"A betting man, for instance," Mr. Edwards pointed out, "calls himself a commission agent."

"Our friend here," Mr. McKay put in, indicating a name lower down on the list, "is a music-hall agent. You will see that he calls his office a 'College of Dramatic Art.' "

"I see," Richard Blunt murmured. "Do you know, that seems to me rather like buncombe."

"No offense, I trust," Mr. Heslop concluded, as he turned away.

"None at all," was the prompt reply. "If I knew of any other adequate term for my profession, I would substitute it. As I do not, I am afraid that my announcement must remain."

The two legal luminaries and the cinema-man ascended the stairs together.

"Seems a harmless sort of fellow," the counselor at law remarked tentatively.

"Might almost be a gentleman," the solicitor agreed.

"A clever face," the cinema-man observed, as he paused to light a cigarette, "and he seems amiable enough. All the same, I don't think you'll get him to alter his name-plate."

Richard Blunt lingered for a few moments below, studying the board which hung upon the right-hand side of the entrance-hall. He was suddenly aware that another man, who had come in toward the end of his conversation with his neighbors, was lingering about as though with the intention of speaking to him. This intention he presently carried into effect.

"You are Mr. Blunt, eh?"

"I am," the latter admitted. "You another of my neighbors in this building?"

"That's so."

Richard Blunt consulted the board.

"You are probably," he hazarded, "either Mr. Phineas Winfield, commission agent, or Sidney Pennifold, director of the College of Dramatic Art."

"I am Sid Pennifold," was the somewhat brusque admission, "and you're Richard Blunt, eh? Detective, you call yourself. You track down people and discover things. That's the game, isn't it?"

"Sometimes," Blunt retorted, "I discover people."

Mr. Sidney Pennifold appeared a little startled. He was a large and florid man, flashily but untidily dressed, with high complexion and watery eyes. His blue-serge suit was ill brushed and streaked with cigar-ash. His shirt and collar were of yesterday, or even the day before. His patent-leather boots with the soiled cloth tops were sadly in need of cleaning.

"'Discover people,' eh?" he observed. "Got many clients?"

"You will be my first," was the suave confession. "I only took possession of my office yesterday."

Mr. Pennifold twisted the extinct stump of a cigar round between his teeth.

"How do you know I want to consult you?" he asked suspiciously.

"The indications are only too obvious," Blunt replied, leading the way toward the stairs. "My office is nearly opposite yours, isn't it? You had better come in for a few moments."

The two men mounted the stairs in silence. On the third floor, exactly opposite the flamboyant sign of the College of Dramatic Art, Richard Blunt opened with his latch-key a door on which his name only was engraved upon a small brass plate. The apartment was plainly furnished, and a fire was burning in the grate. Mr. Pennifold glanced round him.

"No clerk, eh?" he remarked.

"I seldom share my confidences," was the quiet reply. "My office is kept clean and in order by my servant up-stairs."

Mr. Pennifold nodded. He threw away the stump of his cigar, and, seated in the clients' chair, where a stream of faint and watery sunlight shone upon his dissipated face, the difference between the two men became more than ever noticeable. Mr. Richard Blunt's linen, his studs, his carefully arranged tie were all immaculate. Notwithstanding his pallor, the clarity of his complexion, the keenness of his eyes bespoke a careful life. Metaphorically speaking, Mr. Sidney Pennifold gathered himself together. He leaned toward the desk, upon which he had rested his clenched fist, and he peered eagerly into his companion's eyes.

"Look here," he began: "It's your notice that attracted me—'Richard Blunt, Detective'—just plain and businesslike. You're on your own, eh? Nothing to do with Scotland Yard? Nothing to do with the law?"

"You appear to understand my position correctly," the detective acknowledged.

"Then I take it," his prospective client continued, "that you are here to exercise your profession either way, eh? For the law—or against?"

"Except that I, of course, reserve to myself the privilege of refusing a case," the other assented.

"And what about confidence?" Mr. Pennifold demanded. "Supposing a man here in this chair told you of what the law would call a 'crime'—what about that, eh?"

"It is an unalterable part of my profession," Richard Blunt declared, "to receive confidences and to respect them."

Mr. Pennifold mopped his forehead with a handkerchief of gaudy hue. He glanced round the room anxiously.

"You haven't a drop of anything handy, I suppose?" he asked insinuatingly.

Richard Blunt shook his head gently. His client made a prodigious effort.

"I'm fairly up against it, then," he confessed, with a ghastly smile. "However, it's got to come. My lips have been locked since Tuesday," he went on, dropping his voice almost to a whisper. "It's a thing I never thought to say to any human being. The night before last it was. I killed a man—killed him!"

"You appear to have accomplished your task with discretion," Richard Blunt observed, "as you are still at liberty. You are, I presume, the man who murdered Eric Lyson?"

Mr. Pennifold began to shake. The pallor now had driven all the unhealthy, mottled color from his face. His bloodshot eyes were set and strained.

"Who says I did?" he exclaimed. "What's that?"

Richard Blunt spoke to him as one might who was humoring a child.

"You told me that you committed a murder last Tuesday," he reminded him. "The only murder I know of committed that day—and I follow these things fairly closely—was the murder of Eric Lyson, the musical-comedy star, in the front garden of Number Seventeen John Street, Maida Vale, a house tenanted by——"

"Sara Sinclair," Pennifold gasped.

"The lady known professionally under that name," Blunt continued quietly; "as a matter of fact, your wife, I believe."

Mr. Sidney Pennifold sat back in his chair as though stunned.

"Yes," he muttered; "my wife."

"I am not for a moment suggesting," his companion went on, "that you would take the trouble to come here and make such a statement unless it were true. At the same time, there is a very general impression that you are at the present time on your way home from America on a steamer which is not due to arrive at Liverpool until to-morrow."

Mr. Pennifold nodded.

"That's right," he admitted. "Before I go any further, I explain, if I may, the object of my coming to see you."

"If you please."

"I am not," Mr. Pennifold continued, rubbing his hands together a little nervously, "a professional criminal. So far as know, I have never broken the laws of my country before. But since Tuesday night I have read every scrap I could get hold of to criminals and their methods. I find that the most abstruse and complicated crimes have often been discovered through some slight thread of evidence left dangling by the criminal who has tried to cover up his traces. I am expressing myself badly," went on, "but I dare say you understand me. Wainright, for instance. Some of the cleverest murderers in the world have planned out every little detail of their crime, covering up their tracks completely, and then they've forgotten just one little thing, or they've been guilty of one slight indiscretion——"

"What you say is, without doubt, true," his listener agreed.

"Now, I've been lucky and I've been careful," Mr. Pennifold went on. "I'll tell you how in a moment, but this morning, as stood looking at your announcement, I said to myself: 'Why not go to a professional? Why not put the case before him, tell him all that you've done, and ask him his advice?' I am ready to pay your fee, of course. If you are willing, I'd like to tell you just how I stand. You must think it out, step by step, and tell me whether I have left anything undone, whether I have left a clue anywhere. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Is it in your line or isn't it?" Mr. Pennifold demanded.

"It is entirely in my line," was the prompt admission. "You had better tell me your story."

Mr. Pennifold disclosed an unexpected gift of conciseness. It was clear that the remains of a sound business man were concealed behind his present maudlin condition.

"I am a theatrical agent," he confided, "and I went over to America to book dates for my wife, Sara Sinclair. I had about filled my book when I got a cablegram from a pal. There was no misreading it—hard facts. I knew that Sara had always had a weakness for young Lyson, and, to tell you the truth, I'd postponed this journey to America because I hated to be out of the way. However, we are all fools alike when a woman promises, and I risked it—and lost. My passage home was taken on the Hollonia, and my trunk had already gone on board. She sailed in four days, and I was intending, in the mean time, to make a trip down to Philadelphia. When I got the cable, I drove down to the docks with my hand-bag, caught the Pannonia to Plymouth, traveled up to London the night before last, had to walk from Paddington to St. John's Wood, hovered round my own house like a coward, because there was a light in it, and saw Eric Lyson coming out at a quarter past three."

For the first time, the man paused. His hand played with his collar for a moment, as though he found it tight. He leaned across the table. His breath smelled of liquor. Richard Blunt, however, did not flinch. His whole attention seemed riveted upon this man's story of life and death.

"It was a foggy night," Pennifold proceeded. "Lyson could not see me behind the shrub. Just before he reached the gate, he stopped to light a cigarette. I saw his face by the light of the match, and that did it. I told myself," he went on thickly, "that I shouldn't have had the pluck to kill him any other way except by shooting, but, at that moment, I think I could have torn the life out of him. Anyway, I shot him through the heart—I was a foot away—and walked into the fog."

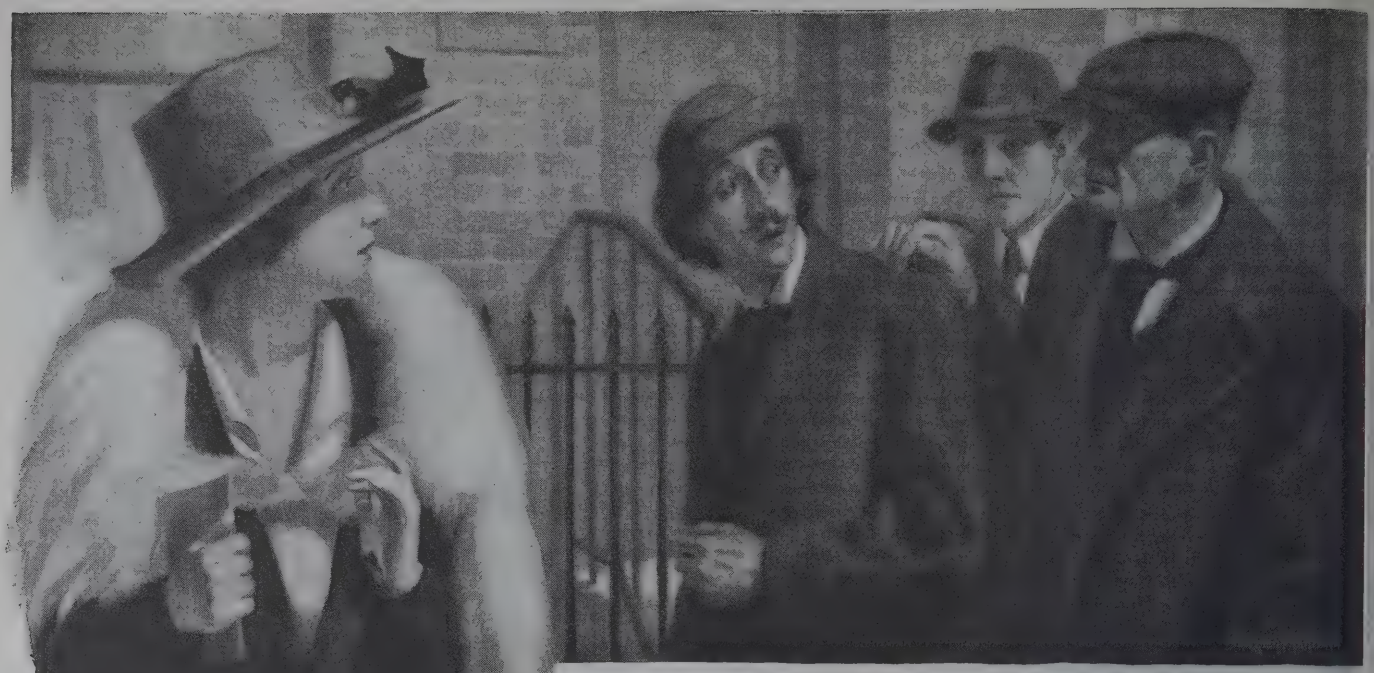
"And since then?"

"I think I have been walking ever since, walking and driving," was the dreary reply. "I haven't had my clothes off



DRAWN BY STOCKTON-MULFORD

This time, it seemed as though Pennifold were going to strike his companion to the earth. The red light was back in his eyes. He looked almost like a madman. "If you can't keep your tongue still, I'll kill you where you sit!"



Ernest Stahl walked into the street, and received that little tap upon the shoulder, that stealthy, authoritative summons, the thought of which had been his nightmare for many hours

haven't been inside anything except a public house, and I haven't opened my lips to a soul."

Richard Blunt reflected for a moment.

"A crime like yours," he said, "isn't an easy thing to carry about with you for the rest of your life. If you give yourself up, and the facts are as you state, with the help of good advice you will probably get off with ten or fifteen years' penal servitude."

"What use is that to me?" Pennifold demanded truculently. "I'm forty-nine now, and I haven't taken any particular care of myself. What would there be left for me in ten years' time?"

"A reasonable point of view," Blunt conceded. "Very well, then—you want professional advice as to your course of action?"

"I do, and I am willing to pay for it," was the swift reply. "A tenner now, and fifty quid in three months' time, if the thing's blown over."

His adviser nodded slightly.

"Does your wife believe that you are on board the Hollonia?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen a soul you know since you got back?"

"Not a soul."

"What about your voyage on the Pannonia?"

"Never left my stateroom until after dark," Pennifold replied eagerly. "That cablegram had fairly knocked the stuffing out of me. I couldn't eat. I took on the drink."

"You traveled under your own name, I suppose?"

Pennifold shook his head.

"I knew I was going to make a brute of myself," he confessed, "and I had some dim idea of what would happen when I got to England. I called myself James Henderson."

"Written any letters during the last forty-eight hours?"

"Not one."

"When is the Hollonia due?"

"To-morrow morning at Liverpool."

Blunt sat for a moment, tapping the desk with his pencil.

"It appears to me," he pronounced at last, "that, unless you make a bad mistake, you ought to be able to see your way through this thing, provided you have a reasonable amount of luck."

"'Luck?'"

"Just to this extent: You have to get from here to Euston and up to Liverpool without being recognized. If you can do tha you ought to be able to face the music."

"'Up to Liverpool?'" Pennifold repeated.

His companion nodded.

"Get a taxi-cab," he directed, "and drive to a ready-ma clothing establishment. Buy yourself a new outfit; get a shave Euston Station, make yourself as smart as you can, catch the nig train to Liverpool, and keep off the drink. Sleep at some sm place there, and get down on the docks when the Hollonia com in. Your trunk will be put off with the rest. All you have to is to claim it, drive off, and come post-haste to London."

"I see," Pennifold assented hopefully; "it seems simple enough

"I wouldn't go home," Blunt continued. "The story, as appears in the newspapers, would sufficiently account for tha What you want to do is to try and make yourself believe that t thing which you are going to make other people believe has ha pened, is really true. You have come over on the Hollon You read the terrible details of what has occurred upon yo arrival. You go to a hotel and send for a solicitor. Incidental, you will also come here and consult me."

Mr. Pennifold drew two five-pound notes from his pocket a pushed them across the table. Then he rose to his feet.

"I think I have got the hang of it," he said. "It's all ea enough except—the keeping off the drink."

Richard Blunt's second client, that morning, arrived abou couple of hours later. He was conscious, for some moments, f her uneasy footsteps outside. Finally, she rang the bell whi communicated both with the office in which he sat and with s rooms above. He rose at once and admitted her.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired. "I am Mr. Blunt."

She moved her head and passed into the room. She was a t slim woman, dressed in deep mourning, with a quantity of red-g hair which appeared to be perfectly natural. Her complexi was pale; her eyes were a little narrow, her lips a shade too fi Nevertheless, in a sense, she was, without doubt, attractive.

"I should be glad to consult you, Mr. Blunt," she said, sink into the chair which he offered to her. "My name is Mrs. Pen fold. You may know me better as Miss Sara Sinclair."

Richard Blunt bowed, but he showed no signs of surprise.

"I am at your service, madam," he assured her.

She leaned a little across the table. The ineradicable coque of the woman showed itself in her little gesture of ingenuous tress, the pleading for sympathy in her eyes.

"You may have read about me in the paper," she began. I don't mean about my stage career; I mean about what happe on Tuesday night."

He nodded.

"Eric Lyson," he said, "was shot leaving your house——"

"Yes," she faltered, raising her handkerchief to her eyes; was a brutal, barbarous crime. I want you to hunt down murderer."

'Have you any idea as to the guilty person?"

'I have more than an idea—I know who it was," she replied mly.

'Then why not go to Scotland Yard?" he asked, after a mo- nt's pause.

'Because the detective who came down," she confided, "was a ite. He and the inspector who came afterward treated me as ough I were a criminal myself. It isn't so very terrible, is it, r. Blunt," she asked, with the most effective little break in her ne, "to care for anyone, to have a dear friend to whom one es—one's affection?"

Richard Blunt ignored the question.

"Mr. Eric Lyson was this dear friend, I presume."

"Yes," she confessed. "You see, I am denying nothing."

"You are married, I believe?"

"My husband," she told him, "is on his way home from Amer- . He is very much older than I am, and our marriage was ver a complete success. What he will say when he knows, I nnot imagine," she went on, with a little shiver of real fear in r tone. "He is a very violent man."

"What made you come to consult me?"

"I came down to call at his office," she replied. t is just opposite here, on the other side of the ridor. I thought they might have heard some- ng about Sid. I found it closed, wever. Then I saw your name on te plate, and I don't know what it s—some impulse made me come. ease be kind to me, Mr. lunt. I am very miser- ble."

Richard Blunt bowed, but ere was little responsive mpathy in his face.

"If I can help you, shall be glad," he d simply. "You ade a statement hich interested me, ew moments ago. ou said that you ew who killed Eric son."

"I do," she con- fed. "I will tell ou all about it. You ust not think that is is vanity. You n be of no use to e unless I tell you erything. Before I was so successful— e 'Pauline' song, ou know, was what ade me, in 'The Laundry Girl'—I d a very great ad- rer. His name is Ernest Stahl, and he is the leader of the orches- a at my theater. I used t go about with him now nd then; but lately he s made himself a nui- nce. You know, it is very rd for a girl," she went n, looking at him appealingly. "I uld like to give little fragments of my ection, if I could, to everyone who nted them, and make everyone ppy—but a woman can't do that, n she, Mr. Blunt?"

'I should think it would be difficult," admitted.

'So you see it has been very awkward f me," she went on. "Ernest Stahl has been wildly jealous d Eric Lyson. He has threatened him openly. I have a letter, hich I can give you, in which he tells me that he will shoot ric Lyson if he ever finds him with me. Ernest saw us leave e theater together on Tuesday night. He followed us home. y last words to Eric were to tell him to look out. I am per- ctly certain of what happened. Ernest hid behind the big shrub which hangs over the wall in our little front garden, and when Eric came out, he shot him."

"Have you told the police your suspicions?" Blunt asked.

"I have told both of the detectives who came."

"Then I do not understand why you have come to me."

"But they are not doing anything," she protested. "Ernest will escape. He used to be on the stage, and he is very clever at disguises."

"How do you know they are doing nothing?"

"Because they haven't arrested him," she replied, with wide-open eyes.

"Aren't you a little impatient?" Blunt observed.

Her face darkened. For the first time, she was herself—a hard, unforgiving woman, robbed of something she valued.

"I want to see Ernest Stahl in the dock." she declared. "I don't want there to be the least chance of his getting away. I thought you might, at any rate, keep your eye on him while the police are making up their minds. I will pay you."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Pennifold," Blunt said, rising slowly to his feet, "but your commission is not one which I can undertake. The case of Ernest Stahl is obviously one for the police. If you are convinced that he is the murderer, you have only to repeat just what you have said to me at Scotland Yard, hand them over the letter, and they will certainly not let him out of their sight."

"You are really sure of that?" she insisted, as he conducted her toward the door.

"I am sure of it," he answered.

She hesitated on the threshold and looked downward at the very handsome bag which she was carrying.

"There is no fee, Mrs. Pennifold," he told her quietly. "I am sorry not to be able to be of assistance to you."

She left him, a little puzzled by his attitude—she was so used to tracing the effect of her personality upon men with whom she talked. Richard Blunt walked back to the window and stood with a slight frown upon his face, gazing out upon the river.

"There only needs one thing more," he murmured to himself.



"For God's sake, come out with me somewhere, Blunt!" he pleaded

The third thing came that afternoon in the shape of another client. Some instinct seemed to tell Richard Blunt who he was, even as the stranger entered the room. His white, nervous face, his curly black hair, his shabby and yet unusual clothes were all indicative of a profession in which the wearer has failed to achieve distinction.

"You are Mr. Blunt?" the newcomer asked, a little nervously. "My name is Ernest Stahl. I am a musician by profession. I wish to consult you."

"Sit down," Blunt replied. "You are the man, are you not, who is suspected of the murder of Eric Lyson?"

The newcomer's discomfiture was obvious. It was little less than tragical.

"Already!" he muttered, pulling nervously at his little black mustache. "People are talking about me like that already?"

"That is not necessarily so," Blunt (*Continued on page 88*)

A YOUNG New York bachelor, Robert Hervey Randolph, has an income of ten thousand a year, left him by Brewster Thornton, a banker, which is to be his so long as a niece of the banker's, Imogene Pamela Thornton, who disappeared when a child, does not turn up. Randolph wants to marry Madge Van Tellier, but not only does she realize the precariousness of his fortune but she thinks that he does not look on life with sufficient seriousness and would never be able to earn his living. Randolph resolves to show her that he can. Leaving her home, he enters a taxi-cab, unknown to the chauffeur, and is driven to the stage-door of a theater, where he sees a friend of his trying to bully a chorus-girl. He knocks the man down and takes the girl off in the cab. They ride through the park, and Randolph discovers she is the lost heiress, now known on the boards as Vivienne Vivierre. He takes her to his apartment on Fifty-ninth Street and installs her there, making her promise to remain until ten o'clock the following morning. He then returns to the cab and, with sufficient money, induces the chauffeur to exchange clothes with him, agreeing to be responsible for the vehicle. Early the next day, he goes to the home of Borden Milyuns, Thornton's lawyer, and sends word to him that Imogene Pamela will receive him that morning between nine and ten at the Fifty-ninth Street address. He then takes the cab back to the garage, whose proprietor, delighted at the reading of the taxi-meter, readily agrees that he replace the chauffeur, who, Randolph explains, lost his job to him shooting craps.



Her startled eyes fell upon the tall, stooped, gr- unstably poised in e

"Taxi!"

An Adventure-Romance

Part II

MAID'S ADVENTURE

TAKE a young girl of about twenty who, in her childhood, was pampered of fortune in money, position, good breeding, and pets, turn her loose on the world at the age of ten with no prop but a faithful, sickly, and destitute old nurse, kill off the nurse a couple of years later, let the girl fend for herself as scullery-maid and what not through the uninteresting stage that precedes the sudden bloom of unexpected beauty, give her a long succession of jobs secured "on her looks" and lost because she wouldn't, lead her up to the crowded portal of despair and the long-drawn-out surrender; then snatch her suddenly back from destruction, feed her, give her the sole freedom for a night of Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph's comfortable apartment and—what will she do? The answer is easy. She will find the bath and turn on the hot water.

That was the very first thing that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton did after she had finished spying from the window on the movements of what she supposed was Mr. Randolph and what, in reality, was Mr. Patrick O'Reilly in Mr. Randolph's best top-hat, best suit of evening clothes and overcoat, best gray-silk muffler, price twenty-two dollars, and best patent-leather shoes—the last a very tight fit which made the revamped gentleman's gait a cross between that of a chicken on a hot stove and a drunk on his reluctant way home.

Even the unsuspecting Miss Thornton was puzzled by that halting locomotion in connection with what she knew of Mr. Randolph, but she added it, two and two, with the mysterious twenty minutes spent by that gentleman and the driver in the recesses of the cab, apparently to settle a difference in ideas as to the value of a waiting taxi, and decided that poor Mr. Randolph must have issued from the interview in a semicrippled state.

She, herself, was too excited to let pity altogether absorb her. Without waiting for either the tortured wayfarer or the taxi to get quite out of sight, she dropped the window-curtain and turned to possess herself of her world of comfort for a night. A starved instinct led her straight to the luxuriously appointed bathroom. As previously intimated, she turned on the hot water and clasped her hands ecstatically as she watched its crystalline surge and imagined she could smell the opalescent steam.

But not for long was she inactive. Having surrendered to circumstance to the extent of promising to stay in the flat until ten the following morning, she decided to do the job wholeheartedly, for Imogene Pamela was one of those lucky and fatal young women who can never give themselves by halves. If happiness so much as showed its nose, it was her nature to take blindly for its waist and go to the mat for the immediate present.

Consequently, let not her modesty be misjudged when it is related that, in the short time it took to fill the bath, the



aded figure of a man, clad in livery and standing
orway of the room

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Photographic Illustrations by

Lejaren A. Hiller

complished the following: rooted out Mr. Randolph's best k pajamas, found his softest bath-robe, filled a hot-water ttle and slipped it far down between the too cold linen sheets his big bed. Continuing at this rate of achievement, it ay be imagined that in ten minutes more the young lady, ving bathed, was curled up and sound asleep. Not on your e!

Item: It took her twenty-one minutes by the clock to scrub it the memory of the scabby zinc bathtubs of many years. em: Twenty more minutes to wash her hair. Item: Half an our more to scrub her underwear and stockings. Assorted ems: Various pauses during which she shamelessly looked at erself in a full-length mirror of such pure reflecting qualities had not crossed her path since England was a pup. After at, a long, entrancing item called "drying her hair."

Did you blame her, three lines back, in your heart for her fre- ent inspections of self in the mirror? If you did, look at her w! Mr. Randolph's bath-robe is billowed at her waist and tied ght to keep it from trailing on the floor; for almost a like reason, sleeves are rolled up above her elbows. It is open in a V at e neck, showing the adolescent curve of a virginal but much cited bosom.

With a woolly towel in both hands, she plants herself before e staid old looking-glass and gives it such a treat as it has never before savored in its sixty-two years of service to the Randolph family. Rub, rub, rub with the towel. Her cheeks grow pink and pinker, her eyes round and rounder. They twinkle and smile, and once, when she made a little face at herself, they laughed out loud. Her hair slowly wakes from its stringy dampness until it, too, bursts into a sort of light and curly merriment. Pamela puffs out her cheeks and blows at its reflection.

When all the rubbing is done, even to the last rite where they divide the fragrant flood into two waves falling over the bosom and mercilessly knead the damp ends between folds of the dryest bit of the towel, she drops that implement and runs into the big room where the dying open fire blinks its red eye as though it had been waiting up for her.

The writer—who is privileged, for the benefit of a large and growing public, to see her in his mind's eye as her pink bare feet pad up and down the room, racing every time they come to the home-stretch between the unpeopled grand stand of the couch and the fire, and then doubling suddenly, so that her wide eyes may catch her hair still on the wing, for all the world like a kitten chasing its tail—does herein affirm, by the collective manhood of the earth, that she was altogether lovable and beyond the reach of sullying thought. Now let her curl up in the bed and sleep.

Slumber meant nothing in Pamela's life. That statement should be taken not in the sense of the common slang of the vulgar but at its literal face value. What is meant is that when this young lady slept, it was like taking a chunk bodily out of life and putting it in warm storage. As a consequence, when the old-fashioned clock on the mantel burred a warning that it was thinking of striking the hour of nine in about two minutes, she opened her eyes and wondered through what magic night had been suddenly replaced by broad and smiling day.

Not for long did that lifelong and accustomed miracle hold her attention, for scarcely had it occurred, through force of habit, to her awakening thought than her startled eyes fell upon the tall, stooped, gray-headed figure of a man, clad in livery and standing unstably poised in the doorway of the room. His eyes, naturally deep-set, actually protruded from his face as though they were determined to come half-way to meet Pamela's wondering orbs. He looked like a solemn raven which has carelessly alighted on a live wire.

"He-hello!" stammered the young lady.

"Good-morning, miss," said Tomlinson, in sepulchral and censorious tones. "Where is Master Robert?"

"You mean Mr. Randolph?" asked Pamela, a little breathlessly.

The old man steadied himself by seizing the door-jamb and bowed confirmation of her supposition.

"I don't know where he is," said Pamela, more calmly. "The last time I saw him he was limping west." A twinkle came into her eyes. "Why do you ask?"

Tomlinson further steadied himself with his other hand.

"Why do I ask?" he exclaimed. "Miss, do you mind telling me who you are and what you are doing in Mr. Randolph's apartment at nine o'clock on a Friday morning?"

"In November," supplemented Pamela, as though she were supplying a very important addition to the facts in the case. "I am Miss Thornton," she added, with as much dignity as a maiden, tumbled of hair, flushed of cheek, and cuddled in a young man's big bed, could summon.

The effect of her words on Tomlinson was electrical.

"Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton?" he asked, as he suddenly straightened and let go of his supports.

"Yes," said Pamela, gazing at him in undisguised surprise. "How did you know?"

"Why, miss," said the old man, "I'm Tomlinson. Excuse me for saying so," he added, a pale flush in his withered cheeks, "but many a time in the old days Maggie let me take you on my knee. A mort of worry you have given us, miss."

Quick tears rose to Pamela's eyes.

"Oh!" she cried. "You knew Maggie?"

"In a manner of speaking, I did," stated Tomlinson sonorously. "Kissed her; but she never let me get as far as hugging, poor girl! She said she knew she wasn't here for long enough."

Laughter bubbled into Pamela's eyes alongside of the tears, but, in spite of it, the next moment she was crying softly.

"P-poor M-Maggie!" she sobbed.

Tomlinson bobbed his head up and down in formal sympathy, too old to worry much over woman's weeping.

"I understand that she must 'ave went," he said. "Else you wouldn't be alone, miss. Will you have your breakfast in bed?"

"Oh, could I?" sniffed Pamela, and then her eyes fell on the clock. "No, I can't," she decided for herself. "You see, Tomlinson, I only pro-promised to stay here until ten."

"I'll be getting your bath ready, then, miss," said Tomlinson, and withdrew.

Half an hour later, Pamela was enjoying a lonely "tray"-breakfast, placed at her command before the couch, which faced the friendly fire in the big living-room. Without being a mind-reader, it is possible to surmise that she ate very slowly, in the vain hope that Mr. Randolph would pop in, with or without Father Christmas, and, joining her in the meal, banish a baby Mr. Gloom that was hanging round.

While she was still toying with her food, she heard the bell ring and Tomlinson's voice saying, in deep, respectful tones: "Miss Thornton will see you, sir. She is in the sitting-room."

Pamela dropped her egg-spoon and stood up, back to the fire, just in time to face a neatly dressed, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed, bald-headed little gentleman, who stood, poised but alert, in the open doorway, like a bird about to peck at her to see if she were the real thing.

"Miss Thornton?" he asked, in a peculiarly liquid voice.

Pamela nodded her head twice.

"I am Mr. Borden Milyuns," continued the molten voice, and the bright eyes studied her face expectantly.

Pamela puckered her brows in an effort to meet that expectancy half-way, but failed.

"Are you?" she asked doubtfully, and with a mental reservation against Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph for outraging the traditions of childhood by sending a Father Christmas in this dapper form. "Won't you sit down?" she added politely.

Mr. Milyuns hung poised for a second longer, and then advanced on the couch decisively, sat down on one end of it, and waved his hand at the other. Tomlinson slipped in and out, bearing the breakfast-tray away. Pamela accepted Mr. Milyuns' silent invitation and seated herself but tentatively, as though she could only stay for a minute. The illusion was not complete, by reason of the fact that she had not yet put on her little velvet toque, and a woman's head when it is uncovered, especially if it is a riot of brown curls washed the night before, always looks as if it is going to stay for a long while.

"Make yourself comfortable, my dear," said Mr. Milyuns; "I'm going to talk to you for some time."

"You can't," said Pam; "not here. I only have the flat for six minutes longer. That is, I only pro-promised to stay here until ten." Her eyes wandered half expectantly, half wistfully to the door.

The bird-man smiled.

"We'll see about that," he said. "I'm sorry you don't remember me. If you are indeed Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, I used to take you on my knee often, many years ago."

Pamela could no longer be startled by such announcements.

"That's what Tomlinson said this morning," she remarked. "Ever since last night, everybody I meet seems to—to know my real name. I don't understand it."

"Please trust me," said Mr. Milyuns, "and you'll soon understand a lot more than that." He drew a slip from his pocket. "Now, do answer me carefully. Tell me the addresses of the first four places you and Maggie lived in after your father died."

"I can't remember the first," said Pam, but, after a second's thought, rattled off the names of three streets, and located addresses approximately by describing near-by corners prominent to a child's mind for one reason or another. "Those are the next three," she said. "After that, we went——"

But Mr. Milyuns was satisfied.

"That's enough for formalities, my dear. I'm convinced that you are the person for whom the firm of Milyuns, Branch, & Milyuns has been searching for many years. Do you remember your great-uncle, Asa Thornton?"

"Yes," said Pamela, a vague wonder and terror in her eyes, "but I didn't know he was real."

"'Didn't know he was real!'" exclaimed Mr. Milyuns. "What do you mean?"

"Maggie used to say," explained Pamela, "'If you're not good, your great-uncle, Asa Thornton, will catch you, and he hasn't cut his finger nails since your poor father married your dear mother.'" Pamela shuddered.

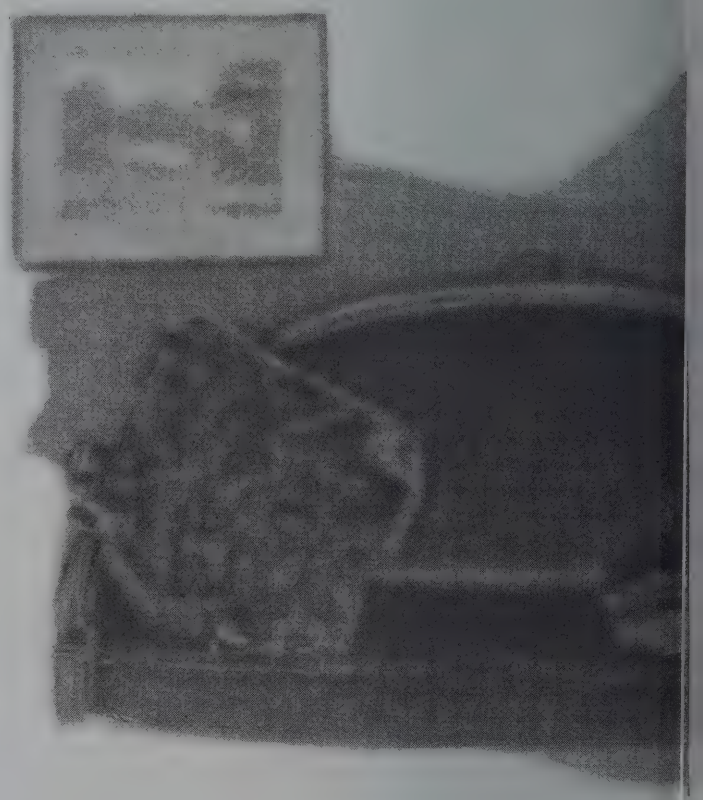
"You'll have to forget all that," said Mr. Milyuns soberly. "Before your great-uncle died, he repented very effectively of the way he had treated your father, and left you an income of ten thousand dollars a year."

Pamela sat up very straight and then sank slowly into the pillows at her back.

"'Ten—thousand—dollars—a —year!'" she repeated slowly.

Mr. Milyuns nodded.

"Beginning with to-day. There is no accumulation waiting for you, because, by the terms of the will, Mr. Randolph was allowed the entire income up to such time as you should be discovered. That provision was quite natural, if you will remember that Mr. Asa Thornton had been searching for you unsuccessfully for some months before he died."



"There, there!" he said, patting Pamela on the back. "Yo

Pamela sat up straight again.

"I want to understand you," she said, with a sudden dignity that increased Mr. Milyuns' admiration, already decidedly on the up grade. "You mean that, with my appearance, Mr. Randolph's entire income completely disappears?"

Mr. Milyuns nodded.

"You have guessed it in one," he said flippantly.

"I don't need ten thousand dollars a year," said Pamela promptly. "You will please tell Mr. Randolph that I shall gladly take half."

Mr. Milyuns smiled.

"I'll try to carry out your orders," he said blandly, "but I'll have to find Mr. Randolph first. Let me add that you apparently don't know the young gentleman very well."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Pam.

"Well," said Mr. Milyuns, taking another scrap of paper from his pocket and handing it to her, "read that. It was left at my house this morning by a taxi-cabman, who didn't wait for an answer. You see that Mr. Randolph has handed over to you in perpetuity this apartment, Tomlinson, and all the other fixings.

[t doesn't look very much as though he intended to come back n the near future."

"But I want him to!" cried Pam. "I—I've been *expecting* him. I didn't half—half thank him for—for—" Tears of disappointment clogged her throat.

"There, there!" said Mr. Milyuns, leaning over and patting ner hand. "I understand just how you feel, because Bob s one of the straightest, openest, most lovable young devils that ever went his own way through a delighted world."



vould have thought it, you adorable, lonely little girl?"

Pamela nodded her head up and down in silent confirmation of all those kind words. She began to like Mr. Milyuns. She aised pleading eyes to his face.

"Won't you please find him for me?"

"My dear," said Mr. Milyuns, so promptly that if she had asked for the house and lot on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, he would have promised it to ner before he could stop himself, "I will. I haven't proved myself much good at the game, but I'll find Bob for you if I have o start a detective agency of my own. In the mean time, what .re you going to do? I suggest that you accept these premises until the truant turns up—only, of course, we must get you a ompanion."

"'A companion?'" asked Miss Thornton vaguely.

"Yes," said Mr. Milyuns, and, by what he thought an inspiration, added; "some one to replace Maggie."

"But I have that already," said Pamela. "Tomlinson is a dear."

"Tomlinson is splendid in his way," admitted Mr. Milyuns, but he isn't quite a woman. You can't live here chaperoned by a mere male."

"Can't I?" said Miss Thornton, with a new edge to her voice and something in her eyes that made them look as though they were passing in review all the unchaperoned years since first she had made her début as an independent scullery-maid at Mrs. Blunkum's feed-house. "I shall change nothing here," she concluded. "When Randy—Mr. Randolph comes back, he sha'n't find his place cluttered with females."

Mr. Milyuns turned on her a gaze that was complex with admiration and a realization that he was on the way to biting off more than he could chew. He decided to sidestep.

"Can you be in this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Pamela, involuntarily glancing at the door and betraying a half-formed intention to watch that portal night and day until death or Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph arrived; "I'll be in. Why?"

"Mrs. Milyuns and my daughter Eileen will call on you at about five," explained Mr. Milyuns. "Just one more matter and I must go," he continued. "Your income amounts to something over eight hundred dollars a month. I shall pay it in advance until you get settled and have a chance to catch up."

"Please send me only half," said Pamela, as she rose to say good-by.

Mr. Milyuns took her hand, dropped it, and started toward the door; but before he got there, he stopped and turned.

"My dear," he said, losing for the moment his birdlike, chirpy pose, "I don't want you to think of me as just your banker. I knew your father and your mother, and their fathers and mothers before them. I am fond, by old usage, of every drop of blood that runs in your veins. You won't forget that, will you?"

Pamela stared at him, swept toward him, threw her arms round his neck, hugged him, dropped her face on his shoulder, and wept. Mr. Borden Milyuns stood very erect, his bald head held high, his pink cheeks puffed out, and his eyelids blinking at the rate of fifteen to the dozen in a vain effort to fan back an amazing lachrymatory inundation.

"There, there!" he said, patting Pamela on the back. "Who would have thought it, you adorable, lonely little girl?"

Pamela threw up her head and smiled through the sudden summer shower.

"I know it was ridiculous," she said, "but I couldn't help it. You made me like you all of a sudden, and I just had to, because you've had a bath and you look so clean inside and out." She kissed him as she broke away.

"I see; I see," said the astounded Mr. Milyuns, and beat it.

At two minutes after five, the door-bell rang again. In spite of the fact that it was almost exactly the hour which Mr. Milyuns had set for the arrival of his wife and daughter, Pamela couldn't help hoping—but in vain. It was with a slightly resigned air that she received Mrs. and Miss Milyuns instead of Mr. Robert Randolph.

Mrs. Milyuns flew to her, set hands on her shoulders, searched her face with eager, shrewd eyes, and said:

"Borden indeed told me the truth about you, my dear. May I kiss you?"

Pamela extended one cheek to the salute while her eyes wandered off to size up the tall, blond, cool young person that she surmised must answer to the name of Eileen Milyuns. Being the products of two shorts, how on earth had she managed to grow so long? Her face was regularly beautiful, as though it had been carefully made to order like her clothes. She appeared as passive as a Palmer snowscape.

After a little skirmishing for position, the three ladies seated themselves in a triangle, into the center of which the well-trained Tomlinson ran a tea-wagon. The two visitors did not fail to remark that Miss Pamela Thornton, the near-waif of the streets, went through the rite of dispensing the beverage sacred to gossips, tabbies, and the highbrow cult with that semi-absent-

minded abstraction that is the hall-mark of the to-the-manner-born.

"Now," said Mrs. Milyuns, having emptied and put down her cup, "let's forget the sheer romance of the situation, my dear, and get down to practical problems. The first of all things, as you must realize, is the necessity of getting you a companion. Would you care to be our guest in Madison Avenue until you can pick one out?"

"I would put clothes ahead of a house-cat," murmured Eileen.

Her mother ignored the remark and kept her eyes fixed on Miss Thornton's perplexed face. That young lady seemed in no lack of something to say but rather in search of words and the plunging courage necessary to the saying. She drew a long breath and delivered herself of the following:

"Really, it's most awfully kind of you, but, as I told Mr. Milyuns, Tomlinson is such a dear that I am going to continue him as my companion."

"'Tomlinson!'" exclaimed Mrs. Milyuns, and then smiled indulgently for the first time during the interview, being under the impression that at last she had run into something appropriately naive in the bearing of her new charge. "Of course you can keep him on, but you must realize that you can't live here without a woman in the house."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Miss Thornton, a little breathlessly. "I have a feeling—I can't explain it exactly—that this apartment is a one-woman setting. As I said to Mr. Milyuns, I don't want to clutter it with females."

A silent laugh crept into the eyes of the marblesque Eileen; something inside of her sat up and took notice. She glanced round the room and murmured:

"Mother, she's absolutely right. I'm for her."

"'Right!' Eileen!" exclaimed Mrs. Milyuns, flushing in her indignation at finding a traitor in the home camp. "I don't know what your generation is coming to. The impossible is never right."

Having taken up her suave cudgel, Eileen was in no haste to lay it down, and may it be pointed out right here that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton had the rare faculty of enlisting the nearest bystander to assume her battles for her, thenceforth becoming a charmingly interested onlooker, ready to watch the tide of her own fortune from the vantage-point of an entirely impersonal detachment.

"That's where you slipped, mother," continued the quite unruffled Eileen. "There's nothing impossible to our generation. Impossibilities are our food, drink, and raiment. We're like those surprising orchid things that defy the usual laws and live on air."

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Milyuns; "any new air. But I didn't bring you here, Eileen, to be a stumbling-block to—to Pamela, who is suddenly faced with problems in the solution of which she deserves our sympathetic assistance."

"You've hit the nail on the head again, mother," parried Eileen. "You're not in sympathy with her, and I am; so you'd better hand over her check, and to-morrow morning at ten I'll be here to help her cash and spend it—if necessary." She turned to Pamela with a twinkle of anticipation in her eyes. "How about it?"

Pamela smiled back her bubbling smile, and then suddenly grew grave.

"Do you think I could order by measure?" she asked, and, remarking the hurt astonishment on Eileen's face, continued in rapid but nevertheless halting explanation: "You see, it's Mr. Randolph. This is really his apartment, and he may be back almost any—any day. I—I don't want to miss him. I—I wouldn't be out when he comes for anything."

"Hm," interjected Mrs. Milyuns, but before she could get any further along that line, Eileen was on her feet and saying good-by among these other things:

"That's all nonsense. If Bobby found you here just as he left you, the first time he decided to turn up, he might never appear again. But if he finds you after two or three unsuccessful calls and just one day's shopping, he will never leave. Tomlinson will have to throw him out."

"Tomlinson couldn't," said Pamela, with calm complacency.

Gradually the sure shot made by Miss Milyuns began to take effect. The thought of clothes—new, smart suits, airy evening nothings, filmy undergarments, and solid-silk hosiery—stole Pamela from her intention of eternal vigilance and led her to say,

"After all, I will go with you, if it really isn't asking too much of you."

Thus was Mrs. Milyuns side-tracked for keeps, and on the following morning, the two young ladies were wafted down-town in Mr. Milyuns' best limousine and proceeded to open a chain of credit-accounts, on the bare say-so of Eileen and in the name of Miss I. P. Thornton, that spoke volumes for the former's exclusive taste in fashionable purveyors and financial ability to humor it. Possibly the two would have shopped up to the moment of the present writing had it not been for the fact that Pamela knew all about money from the short end.

"I have finished," she suddenly announced.

"Finished what?" asked Eileen.

"Finished shopping," said Pamela. "I've been keeping account, and I've spent almost the whole check."

"'The whole check?'" exclaimed Eileen. "Why, you haven't even touched it. That's the beauty of charge-accounts. You can keep your checks to look at. I've got some that father gave me three years ago."

Pamela smiled a smile of much wisdom and made for the nearest exit. As a matter of polite formality, when they reached Fifty-ninth Street, she asked Eileen to come up for lunch from the bachelor's buffet in the basement, and she could not help a slight feeling of relief at the news that Miss Milyuns had promised herself elsewhere.

"But I'll break away and come for tea at five, if you'll let me," said Eileen. "I simply must help you try them all on."

"All right; do," said Pamela, inwardly pleased that she would have some one besides Tomlinson upon whom to flash the first dazzling vision of her metamorphosis.

The first thing she did when she reached the apartment was to ask if Mr. Randolph had called; the next was to summon the office of Milyuns, Branch, & Milyuns on the telephone to know what steps had been taken in the new search. She was somewhat surprised to learn that the entire firm had gone out to lunch in a body, and still more startled at the information, obtained three hours later from the same supercilious voice at the other end of the wire, to the effect that none of them had come back. She was young; she believed it.

There is no doubt that in five minutes more Mr. Gloom would have assumed full sway in the late apartment of Mr. Robert H. Randolph had not a long procession of parcels begun to arrive in the nick of time. Tomlinson brought them into the bedroom, one, two, three at a haul, and Pamela herself cut the knots with Mr. Randolph's best nail-scissors and laid out the goods, filmy fold upon filmy fold.

By the time Eileen turned up, the apartment looked like the stateroom de luxe of a millionaire young lady returning from Paris with nothing to wear and preparing to swear to it before all the customs officials in Gotham. Tomlinson was ordered to fill the cellar with wrapping-paper, tissue-paper, cardboard boxes, and string, burning what was left over in the back yard.

As soon as sufficient space had been cleared for action, the two girls set to work, and were soon involved in such an orgy of "trying on" as only the healthiest stamina of youth could have endured without falling over in a dead faint from exhaustion. Even Eileen divested her person of everything but, and experimented with such dear garments as it seemed impossible Miss Thornton could get round to in the allotted time.

Having tried to show the public how charming was Pamela in and without her cheap clothes, no puerile and gasping effort will be made in these pages to measure the effect upon her of the latest creations of the raiment dream-gods of Fifth Avenue. Suffice it to say that, in one hour's twinkling of the eye, she became such a radiant vision as chokes mere words down into the pit of a man's stomach, makes his jaw work like that of a fish on a hot sidewalk, fills his eyes with the pleading light of calf love, and inspires his hands with an overmastering desire to reach for it.

For two, four, six days, a week, two weeks, Pamela lived in breathless anticipation of the moment when she could burst upon the eyesight of one Robert Hervey Randolph, and when all those days—and weeks—passed without any news of him, her lips that were made to smile, to kiss, and to bless the air with words softly spoken and carried on the fragrance of clean, young breath began to droop pitifully.

Mr. Milyuns' efforts in several directions had so far proved in vain. He had advertised in every paper in Gotham, from the New York *Epoch* to the pink *Police Gasselier;* he had offered rewards; he had set traps and was now supporting a large corps of rapidly fattening individuals who called themselves "plain clothes" men—a name that would have fitted them admirably had the last syllable been omitted. His net results were the information that Mr. Randolph, in a reprehensible state of intoxication and at seven o'clock of the morning on which he



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY LEJAREN A. HILLER

As soon as sufficient space had been cleared for action, the two girls set to work, and were soon involved in such an orgy of "trying on" as only the healthiest stamina of youth could have endured without falling over in a dead faint from exhaustion

had disappeared, had exchanged his swell evening garments at a second-hand emporium on Sixth Avenue for a suit of thicks and eighteen dollars in cash, stating, as he left the place, that he was thinking of going South for the rest of the winter.

After a minute and leisurely study of all the exits from Manhattan, the plain-clothes men had given it as their united opinion that Mr. Randolph had been speaking facetiously in his last-known remark and had probably not voyaged further south than Canal Street. They said if he would only try to leave New York, they could find him at once, and settled down on a policy of watchful waiting for that event.

The efforts made by Mr. Milyuns in the direction of springing Miss Thornton on society went equally awry but were not quite so fruitless. His natural love of a smooth-running establishment on the slippery crust of Gotham's social plane would have been saved a severe bump if American parents were as careful to look up their guests' moral records as they are to study their ratings in Bradstreetum's.

Unfortunately for Mr. Milyuns, it happened that a certain young scion of a once gentlemanly house was included in the first large dinner-box-party given to meet Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton. In the natural course of such events, the pasty youth stepped up for presentation, registering in his protuberant eyes a gleam of dubious surprise. What if he should say, "Hello, Vivienne!" Would it create a sensation?

Something else did; namely, Miss Thornton's modulated but terribly clear voice.

"I met Mr. Beamer," said Pamela, drawing back quickly her half-extended hand, "when I was a chorus-girl." She turned with a winning smile to her recently beaming hostess. "I don't care to know him in decent surroundings." She half turned toward the door.

For one breathless second there threatened one of those silences that spell social disaster. Eileen took it upon herself to mash it in its extreme youth with a soft tap of her efficient hammer.

"Oh, must you really go?" she remarked to Mr. Beamer.

Did this spectacular début strike the name of Imogene Pamela from the lists of the matronly élite of Manhattan? It did not. Invitations rained on her and found her unresponsive. Her would-be hostesses would have gone the length of submitting rostrums of proposed guests as though to royalty, except for the fact that each and every one of them wished to put her own nearest and dearest to the test of a sudden meeting with the most exclusive of New York's latest crop of buds.

Pamela refused and accepted these bids for the latest thing in sensations in the most erratic manner. No one could fathom just why she said, "No," and much less why she occasionally said, "Yes." The mystery only added to the demands for her company and the Nays soon began to show an overwhelming preponderance over the Ayes. Why? Simply because it was not in the power of any of the hostesses to call up the moody girl and say: "My dear, we are going to have just pork and beans for dinner tonight. Won't you join us? Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph said he would drop in for pot-luck."

Yes; every time Pamela had accepted an invitation, it was in the rapidly waning hope that Mr. Randolph, beloved and once at the beck and call of these very people, would appear and come into his own. Could she have surmised that on two separate occasions the knight errant of her thoughts had actually seen her in her most ravishing bibless evening tucker, had drive her to two familiar doors, taken her money with averted fac and without inspecting the "clock," and had passed on to som quiet stand to dream over her new glory and read the late batch of ads crying for news of the whereabouts and welfa of self—could she have known these apparently insignifica items in the daily life of the great city, she would have we her lovely eyes out twice over.

Such being her state of heart, imagine her excitement whe Mr. Milyuns called by appointment and retailed word for wor the following conversation which he had participated in tha very morning with Miss Madge Van Tellier, of East Nint Street:

"Oh, Mr. Milyuns, are you doing all that advertising fo Bobby Randolph?"

"Yes, Madge; I certainly am, and if it doesn't bear fru pretty soon, I'll have to give up tobacco."

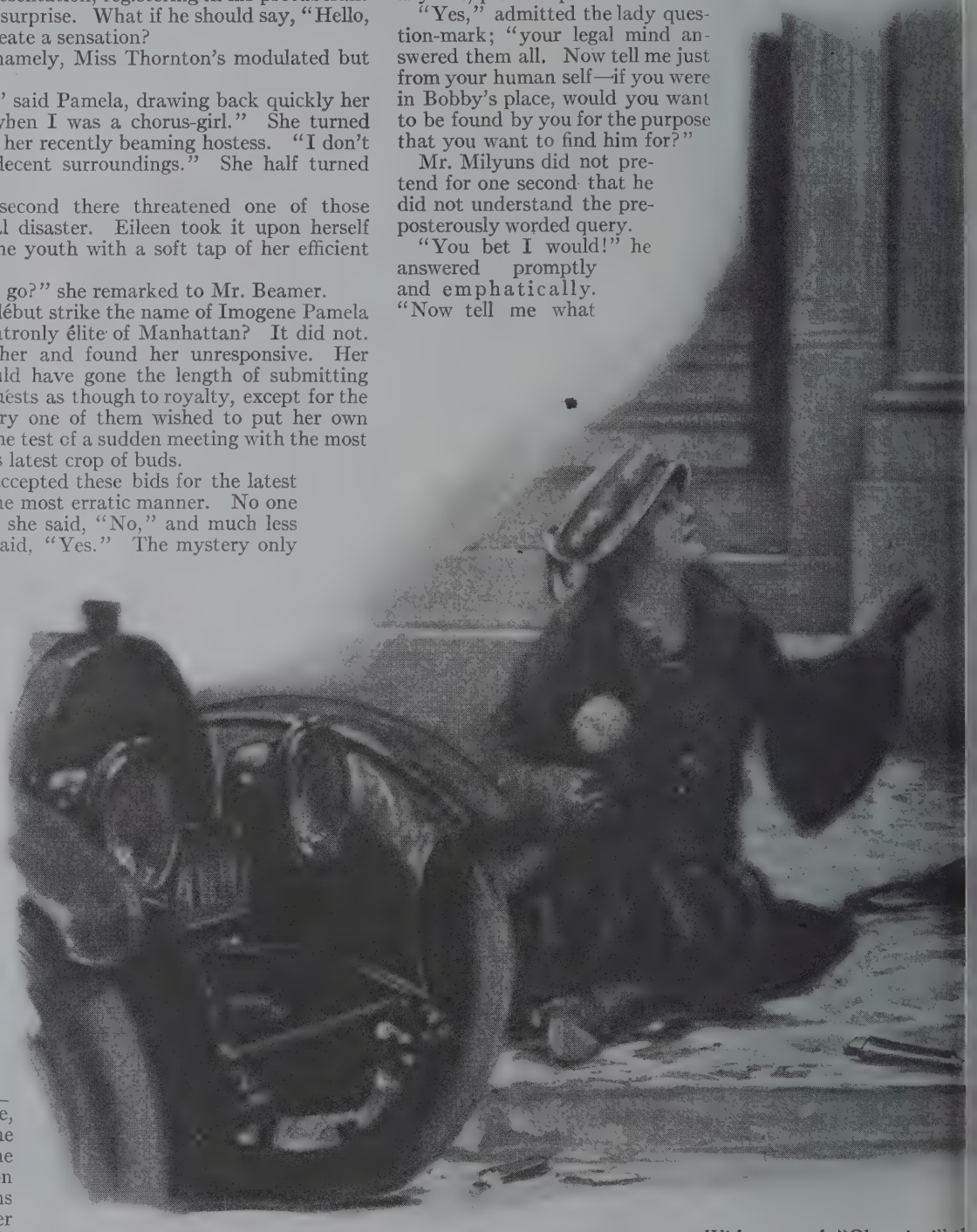
"Are you advertising for his own good? I mean—is it impo tant to *him*—not to *you*—for you to find him? Would he b really and truly glad to be found even against his will?"

"Er—yes—er—it is—er—he would—er—if he isn't sixtee kinds of a fool. I think I caught them all, my dear, but if I le any out, please repeat."

"Yes," admitted the lady question-mark; "your legal mind answered them all. Now tell me just from your human self—if you were in Bobby's place, would you want to be found by you for the purpose that you want to find him for?"

Mr. Milyuns did not pretend for one second that he did not understand the preposterously worded query.

"You bet I would!" he answered promptly and emphatically. "Now tell me what



With a cry of, "Oh, miss!" t

)u've got up your sleeve. Please, Madge; that's a dear girl! you only knew how I'm worried seven times a day——"

"I'm trying to tell you," broke in Miss Van Tellier, "but you lk so much I can't get in anywhere. Last night, a taxi brought e home from—er—from a drive, and the cabman was *Bobby*, oking simply *stunning* in one of those awfully high-collared, iaki, waist-effect woolly coats, chauffeur's cap, tan puttees, ots, and all——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Milyuns; "I know now just w he looked. What was the license-number of the car, and to nich company did it belong?"

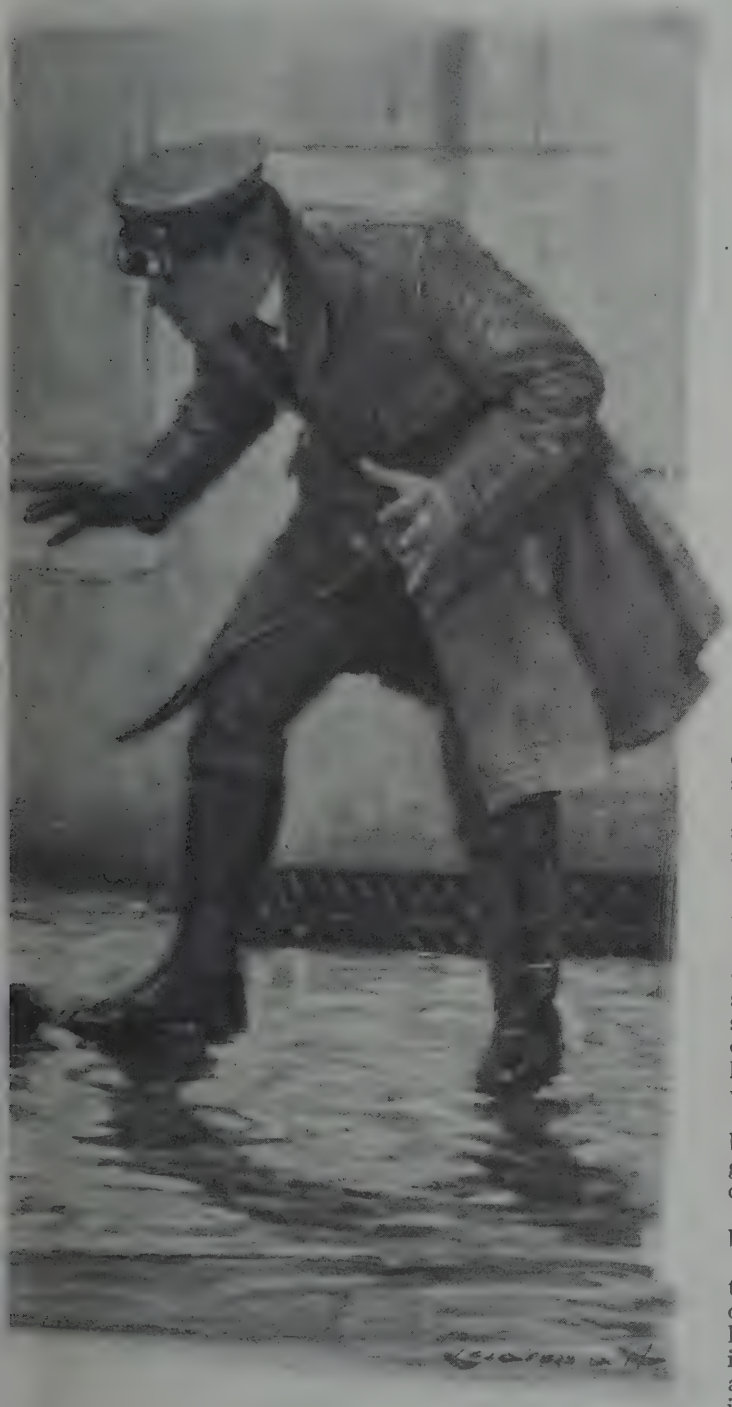
A long pause.

"Why, I didn't notice."

"Thanks awfully, my dear."

Sound of hanging up the receiver.

"So there you are," said Mr. Milyuns to the very much ex-ed Pamela. "We've got this far, and, by a fluke entirely uncon-cted with the twenty-two sleuths I have been pensioning in lvance of their lifelong service, Robert is driving one of the sixty-ree thousand taxi-cabs that infest the streets of New York."



iver sprang toward her

"Poor dear!" said Pamela, tears rising to her adorable eyes. Then she dismissed Mr. Milyuns, who would gladly have lingered. "I have to go out now. I'm so sorry, but thank you very, very much."

"Can't I drop you wherever you're going?" asked the very human mind of the leading legal authority on corporation hedgerows and byways.

"Oh, no," said Pamela, translucent as love itself; "I shall go in taxis."

How many vulgar vehicles for hire were blessed by the transient presence of Miss Thornton during the next seven hours is a matter of gross mathematics and consequently beneath the ken of an intelligence that can chat along about nice things like Pamela and Robert Randolph for pure pleasure and subsequently sell the remarks for cold cash. Five minutes to spot a lively cab, five minutes to ticket the driver and pile him on the discard, two more to find her purse, three more to look innocent; then start all over again. Divide seven times sixty minutes by all that, and you've got her number.

Let us leave the statistical fiend and pass on to seven o'clock of the near-Christmas evening when Miss Thornton was momentarily out of a cab and strolling down the slope of the hump in West Fifty-seventh Street. A mushy snow-rain had just begun to fall, giving anyone with the price a splendid excuse for taking a cab anywhere for anywhere. Before the portal of the Great Northern Lights squatted four taxis in a line. In the driver's seat of the rearmost of these, and consequently the last on the rank, a lank human being was buried in an enormous turned-up collar roofed by a chauffeur's cap set at the angle of slumber.

Pamela, the very moment her eyes fell on the recumbent figure, felt that short, quick leap of the blood in her veins which is ordinarily termed a "hunch." She longed to step forward and raise the veiling head-gear, but she dared not, for not only was the hotel-starter on the job but also the window-shades of the Poppy Club next door were still elevated by special request, owing to the slippery state of the sidewalk in conjunction with the homeward-bound stream of dress-models.

As a consequence, she was necessarily content with opening the car door for herself and stepping in. The starter politely begged her to pass to the taxi at the head of the rank and just as politely she informed him that her feet were wet enough as it was. In the mean time, even her light weight on the running-board had startled the driver into wakefulness and, without going through any motions, he had heard the unforgetable tones of her voice.

The starter shrugged his shoulders, barked out an address in Fifty-ninth Street, and kindly offered to "turn her over for him." The driver laid trembling hands on the wheel and cautiously drew himself up to a sitting position without disturbing the shielding angle of his cap. Far from his troubled mind were thoughts of snow, the slush, and skidding. He threw in his clutch, started her with a jerk, rounded the cab in front successfully, skidded mightily thereafter, straightened her out, skidded again, and crashed, with a great splintering of spokes, broadside front on the curb directly before the delighted windows of the Poppy Club.

Nothing would have happened to Miss Thornton had she been sitting back in a ladylike manner, but at the moment of the cab's collision with the imperturbable curb, she was otherwise occupied; in short, the glass being a bit frosted, she was standing up and trying to peek through the speaking-slot. As a consequence, when the door flew open with the shock, she also flew and volplaned to a landing on hands and knees in the very middle of the very wide sidewalk.

With a cry of, "Oh, miss!" the driver sprang toward her, but when, still on hands and knees, she looked up and gasped, "Oh, Randy—Mr. Randolph!" he turned and fled down the hill.

"Hi! You Slim Hervey!" yelled the starter. "Come back here an' sign up for the junk!"

In the mean time, which wasn't much more than the twinkling of an eye, three perennial near-youths dashed down the steps of the Poppy Club to the assistance of the loveliest trouble that had ever sent out an S. O. S. signal in the face of ready help to the falling. Individually and collectively, they raised the curly-haired vision to its feet.

"It was Mr. Randolph," gasped (*Concluded on page 101*)



The next shell screamed down straight upon the lines

Sonny

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

THE mule-lines at Aveluy were restless and unsteady under the tormented dark. All day long, a six-inch high-velocity gun, firing at irregular intervals from somewhere on the low ridge beyond the Ancre, had been feeling for them. Those terrible swift shells, which travel so fast on their flat trajectory that their bedlam shriek of warning and the rending crash of their explosions seem to come in the same breathless instant, had tested the nerves of man and beast sufficiently during the daylight; but now, in the shifting obscurity of a young moon harrowed by driving cloud-rack, their effect was yet more daunting. So far, they had been doing little damage, having been occupied, for the most part, in blowing new craters in the old lines, a couple of hundred yards further east, which had been vacated only two days before on account of their deep-trodden and intolerable mud.

All day, our planes, patrolling the sky over Tara Hill and the lines of Regina, had kept the *boche* airmen at such a distance that they could not observe and register for their batteries; and this terrible gun was therefore firing blind. But there came a time during the long night when it seemed to reach the conclusion that its target must be pretty well obliterated. Squatting in its veiled lair behind the heights of Ancre, it lifted its raking muzzle ever so slightly and put another two hundred yards onto its range.

The next shell screamed down straight upon the lines. The crash tore earth and air. A massive column of black smoke vomited upward, pierced with straight flame and streaked with flying fragments of mules and ropes and tether-pegs. Deadly splinters of shell hissed forth from it on all sides. The top of the column spread outward; the base thinned and lifted; a raw and ghastly crater, like some Dantesque dream of the mouth of hell, came into view, and there followed a faint, hideous sound of nameless things pattering down upon the mud.

Near the edge of the crater stood a big, raw-boned black mule. His team-mate and the three other mules tethered nearest to him had vanished. Several others lay about on either side of him, dead, or screaming in their death-agonies. But he was untouched. At the appalling shoc he had sprung back upon his haunch snorting madly, but the tethering ro had held, and he had almost thro himself. Then, after the fashion of l kind, he had lashed out wildly with l iron-shod heels. But he was tough nerve and stout of heart far beyond t fashion of his kind, and almost at on he pulled himself together and sto trembling, straining on the halter, l long ears laid back upon his head. Then his eyes, rolling wh with a green gleam of horror at the center, took note of t familiar form of his driver standing by his head and feeling hi self curiously, as if puzzled at being still alive.

This sight reassured the black mule amazingly. His expressi ears wagged forward again, and he thrust his frothing muz hard against the man's shoulder, as if to ask him what it meant. The man flung an arm over the beast's quivering ne and leaned against him for a moment or two, dazed from t tremendous shock which had lifted him from his feet and slamm him down viciously upon the ground. He coughed once or twi and tried to wipe the reek of the explosion from his eyes. Th coming fully to himself, he hurriedly untethered his char patted him reassuringly on the nose, loosed the next m behind him on the lines, and led the two away in haste tow safer quarters. As he did so, another shell came in, some fi yards to the left, and the lines became a bedlam of kicking a snorting beasts, with their drivers, cursing and coaxing accordi to their several methods, clawing at the ropes and hurrying get their charges away to safety.

At any other time, the big black mule, an unregenerate prodt of the Argentine, with a temper which took delight in givi trouble to all in authority over him, might have balked energe cally as a protest against being moved from his place at t irregular hour. But he was endowed with a perception of s own interests which came rather from the humbler than te more aristocratic side of his ancestry. He was no victim of tlt childish panic which is so liable, in a moment of desperation, pervert the high-strung intelligence of the horse. He felt tlt the man knew just what to do in this dreadful and demoraliz

ituation. So he obeyed and followed like a lamb; and in that noment he conceived an affection for his driver which made him nothing less than a changed mule. His amazing docility had its ffect upon the second mule, and the driver got them both away vithout any difficulty. When all the rest of the survivors had een successfully shifted to new ground far off to the right, the errible gun continued for another hour to blow craters up and lown the deserted lines. Then it lengthened its range once nore, and spent the rest of the night shattering to powder the uins of an already ruined and quite deserted street, under the mpression that it was smashing up some of our crowded billets. A little before daylight, however, a shell from one of our forward batteries, up behind Regina trench, found its way into the lair where the monster squatted, and rest descended upon Aveluy n the bleak autumnal dawn.

This was in the rain-scourged autumn of 1916, when the nspeakable desolation of the Somme battle-field was a sea of nud. The ruins of the villages—Ovillers, La Boisselle, Pozières, Courcelette, Martinpuich, and all the others which had once nade fair with flowers and orchards this rolling plateau of Picardy—had been pounded flat by the inexorable guns, and were now mere islands of firmer ground in the shell-pitted wastes f red mire. Men went incased in mud from boots to shrapnel-elmet. And it was a special mud, of exasperating tenacity, a ement of beaten chalk and clay. The few spidery tram-lines an precariously along the edges of the shell-holes, out over the aked, fire-swept undulations beyond Mouquet Farm and Courcelette, where they were continually being knocked to ieces by the "whiz-bangs" and tirelessly rebuilt by our dauntless ioneers and railway-troops. Scattered all about this dreadful, aked waste behind our front trenches lurked our forward atteries, their shallow gun-pits cunningly camouflaged behind very little swell of tumbled mud.

And this foul mud, hiding, in the deep slime of its shell-holes, very kind of trap and putrid horror, was the appropriate ally of he Germans. Stinkingly and tenaciously and treacherously, as efitted, it opposed the feeding of the guns. Two by two, or our by four, according to their size, the shells for the guns had to e carried up from the forward dumps in little wicker anniers slung across the backs of horses and mules. t was a slow process, precarious and costly. But it eat the mud, and the insatiable guns were fed.

After the night when the mule-lines at Aveluy ere shelled, the big black mule and his driver were ut on this job of carrying up shells to the forward atteries. The driver, a gaunt, green-eyed, ginger-aired teamster from the lumber-camps of orthern New Brunswick, received the order ith a crooked grin.

"Say your prayers now, Sonny," he mut-ered in the mule's big, waving ear, which ame to "attention" promptly to receive is communication. "You'll be wishing ou was back in them old nes at Aveluy afore we're hrough with this job. Fritzy ver yonder ain't goin' to like ou an' me one little bit when e gits onto what 're up to. It in't like haulin' odder—I tell you hat. But I guess 've got the erve all right."

Instead of rolling he whites of his eyes at him in surly protest against this familiarity, the black mule responded by nibbling gently at the sleeve of his muddy tunic.

"Geezely Christmas!" murmured the driver, astonished at this evidence of good will. "But it's queer, now, how a taste o' shell-fire 'll sometimes work a change o' heart, even in an Argentino mule. I only hope it'll last, Sonny. If it does, we're goin' to git along fine, you an' me." And the next time he visited the canteen, he brought back a biscuit or two and a slab of sweet chocolate, to confirm the capricious beast in its mended manners.

Early that same afternoon, the black mule found himself in new surroundings. He was at the big ammunition-dump which lay concealed in an obscure hollow near the ruins of Courcelette. He looked with suspicion on the wicker panniers which were slung across his sturdy back. Saddles he knew, and harness he knew; but this was a contraption which roused misgivings in his conservative soul. When the shells were slipped into the panniers and he felt the sudden weight, so out of all proportion to the size of the burden, he laid back his long ears with a grunt and gathered his muscles for a protesting kick. But his driver, standing at his head, stroked his muzzle soothingly and murmured:

"There, there; steady, son! Keep your hair on! It ain't goin' to bite you."



None of the unwelcome visitors came into the road itself, and neither the black mule nor Jimmy Wright paid them any more attention than the merest roll of an eye to mark their billet

Thus adjured, he composed himself with an effort, and the lashing kick was not delivered.

"What a persuasive cuss you must be, Jimmy Wright," said the man who was handling the shells. "I wouldn't trust you round with my best girl if you can get a bucking mule locoed that way with your soft sawder."

"It ain't me," replied the New Brunswicker. "It's shell-shock, I guess, kind of helped along with chocolate an' biscuits. He got a bit of a shaking-up when they shelled the lines at Aveluy night afore last, an' he's been a lamb ever since. Seems to think *I* saved his hide for him. He was the very devil to handle afore that."

For some way from the dump, the journey was uneventful. The path to the guns led along a sunken road, completely hidden from the enemy's observation-post. The dull, persistent rain had ceased for a little, and the broad patches of blue overhead were dotted with our droning aeroplanes, which every now and then would dive into a low-drifting rack of gray cloud to shake off the shrapnel of the German "Archies." Of German planes, none was to be seen, for they had all sped home to their hangars when our fighting squadrons rose to the encounter. The earth rocked to the explosions of our 9.2-howitzers ranged about Pozières and Martinpuich, and the air clamored under the passage of their giant shells as they went roaring over toward the German lines. Now and again, a vicious, whining sound would swell suddenly to a nerve-racking shriek, and an enemy shell would land with a massive "cr-r-ump," and a furious blast of smoke and mud would belch upward to one side or other of the sunken road. But none of the unwelcome visitors came into the road itself, and neither the black mule nor Jimmy Wright paid them any more attention than the merest roll of an eye to mark their billet.

"Change o' heart hain't spoiled old Sonny's nerve, anyhow," thought the driver to himself, with deep approval.

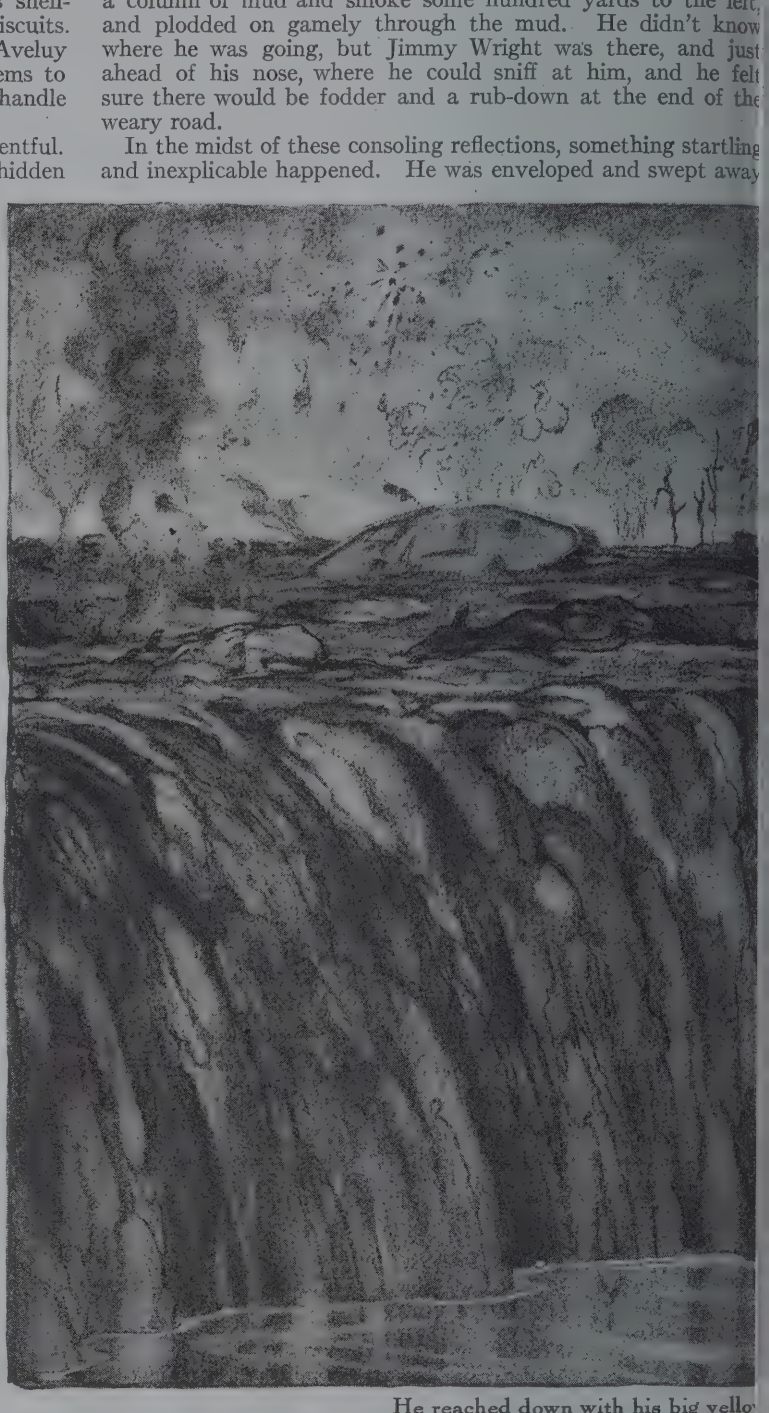
A little farther on, and the trail up to X's group, quitting the shelter of the sunken road, led out across the red desolation, in the very eye, as it seemed to the New Brunswicker, of the enemy's positions. It was a narrow, undulating track, slippery as oil yet tenacious as glue, corkscrewing its laborious way between the old slime-filled shell-pits. From the surface of one of these wells of foul, colored ooze, the legs of a dead horse stuck up stiffly into the air, like four posts on which to lay a foot-bridge. A few yards beyond, the track was cut by a fresh shell-hole, too new to have collected any water. Its raw sides were streaked red and white and black, and just at its rim lay the mangled fragments of something that might recently have been a mule. The long ears of Wright's mule waved backward and forward at the sight, and he snorted apprehensively.

"This don't appear to be a health resort for us, Sonny," commented the New Brunswicker; "so we won't linger, if it's all the same to you." And he led the way round the other side of the new shell-hole, the big mule crowding close behind with quivering muzzle at his shoulder.

However urgent Wright's desire for speed, speed was ridiculously impossible. The obstinate pro-German mud was not lightly to be overcome. Even on the firmer ridges it clung far above the fetlocks of the black mule, and struggled to suck off Wright's hobnailed boots at every laboring step. Though a narrow-piercing northeaster swept the waste, both man and mule were lathered in sweat. Half their energy had to be expended in recovering themselves from continual slithering slides which threatened to land them in the engulfing horrors of the shell-holes. For all that he had so little breath to spare, Jimmy Wright kept muttering through his teeth strange expletives and objurgations from the vocabulary of the lumber-camps, eloquent but unprintable, to which the black mule lent ear admiringly. He seemed to feel that his driver's remarks, though he could not understand them, were doubtless such as would command his fullest accord. For his own part, he had no means of expressing such sentiments except through his heels, and these were now all too fully occupied in their battle with the mud.

By this time, the black mule had become absolutely convinced that his fate was in the hands of his ginger-haired driver. Jimmy Wright, as it seemed to him, was his sole protection against this violent horror which kept bursting and crashing on every hand about him. It was clear to him that Jimmy Wright, though apparently much annoyed, was not afraid. Therefore, with Jimmy Wright as his protector, he was safe. He wagged his ears, snorted contemptuously at a 5.9 which spurted up a column of mud and smoke some hundred yards to the left, and plodded on gamely through the mud. He didn't know where he was going, but Jimmy Wright was there, and just ahead of his nose, where he could sniff at him, and he felt sure there would be fodder and a rub-down at the end of the weary road.

In the midst of these consoling reflections, something startling and inexplicable happened. He was enveloped and swept away



He reached down with his big yello

in a deafening roar. Though half stupefied, he kicked an struggled with all his strength, for it was not in him to yiel himself, like a stricken horse, to any stroke of fate.

When he once more saw daylight, he was recovering his fee just below the rim of an old shell-hole. He gained the to braced his legs, and shook himself vigorously. The loade panniers, thumping heavily upon his ribs, restored him fully t his senses. Snorting through wide red nostrils, he stared abou him wildly. Some ten paces distant, he saw a great new crat in the mud, reeking with black and orange fumes.

But where was Jimmy Wright? The mule swept anxiou eyes across the waste of shell-holes in every direction. I vain. His master had vanished. He felt himself deserte Panic began to clutch at his heart, and he gathered his muscl for frantic flight. And then he recovered himself and stoo steady. He had caught sight of a ginger-haired head, bare

ts shrapnel-helmet, lying on the mud at the other side of the hell-hole from which he had just struggled out.

His panic passed at once. But it gave place to anxious vonder. There, indeed, was Jimmy Wright. But what was ıe doing there? His body was buried, almost to the shoulders, n the discolored slime that half filled the shell-hole. He was ying on his face. His arms were outstretched, and his hands vere clutching at the slippery walls of the hole as if he were triving to pull himself up from the water. This effort, however, eemed anything but successful. The mule saw, indeed, that ıis protector was slowly slipping deeper into the slime. This illed him with fresh alarm. If Jimmy Wright should disappear ınder that foul surface, that would be desertion, complete and inal. It was not to be endured.



eeth, took hold of the shoulder of Jimmy Wright's tunic, and held on

Quickly but cautiously, the mule picked his way round the ıole, and then, with sagacious bracing of his hoofs, down to his naster's side. But what was to be done next? Jimmy Wright's ace was turned so that he could not see his would-be rescuer. His hands were still clutching at the mud, but feebly and without effect.

The mule saw that his master was on the point of vanishing ınder the mud—of deserting him in his extremity. This was ntolerable. The emergency quickened his wits. Instinct suggested to him that to keep a thing one should take hold of it, ınd hold on to it. He reached down with his big yellow teeth, ook hold of the shoulder of Jimmy Wright's tunic, and held on. Unfamiliar with anatomy, he at the same time took hold of a substantial portion of Jimmy Wright's own shoulder inside the unic, and held on to that. He braced himself, and, with a loud, nvoluntary snort, began to pull.

Jimmy Wright, up to this point, had been no more than half conscious. The mule's teeth in his shoulder revived him effectually. He came to himself with a yell. He remembered the shell-burst. He saw, and understood where he was. He was afraid to move for a moment, lest he should find that his shoulder was blown off. But, no—he had two arms. And he could move them. He had his shoulder all right, for something was pulling at it with quite sickening energy. He reached up his right arm—it was the left shoulder that was being tugged at—and encountered the furry head and ears of his rescuer.

"Sonny!" he shouted. "Well, I'll be d——d!" And he gripped fervently at the mule's neck.

Reassured at the sound of his master's voice, the big mule took his teeth out of Wright's shoulder and began nuzzling solicitously at his sandy head.

"It's all right, old man," said the New Brunswicker, thinking quickly while, with his left hand, he secured a grip on the mule's headstall. Then he strove to raise himself from the slime. The effort produced no result, except to send a wave of blackness across his brain. Wondering sickly if he carried some terrible injury concealed under the mud, he made haste to pass the halter-rope under his arms and knot it beneath his chest. Then he shouted for help, twice and again, till his voice trailed off into a whimper and he relapsed into unconsciousness. The mule shifted his feet to gain a more secure foothold on the treacherous slope, and then stood wagging his ears and gazing down on Jimmy in benevolent content. So long as Jimmy was with him, he felt that things were bound to come all right. Jimmy would presently get up and lead him out of the shell-hole and take him home.

Shell after shell, whining or thundering, according to their breed, soared high over the hole, but the black mule only wagged his ears at them. His eyes were anchored upon the unconscious, sandy head of Jimmy Wright. Suddenly, however, a sharp voice made him look up. He saw a couple of stretcher-bearers standing on the edge of the shell-hole, looking down sympathetically upon him and his charge. In a second or two they were beside him, skilfully and tenderly extricating Jimmy's body from the mud.

"He ain't gone west this time," pronounced one, who had thrust an understanding hand into the breast of the tunic.

Jimmy Wright opened his eyes wide suddenly.

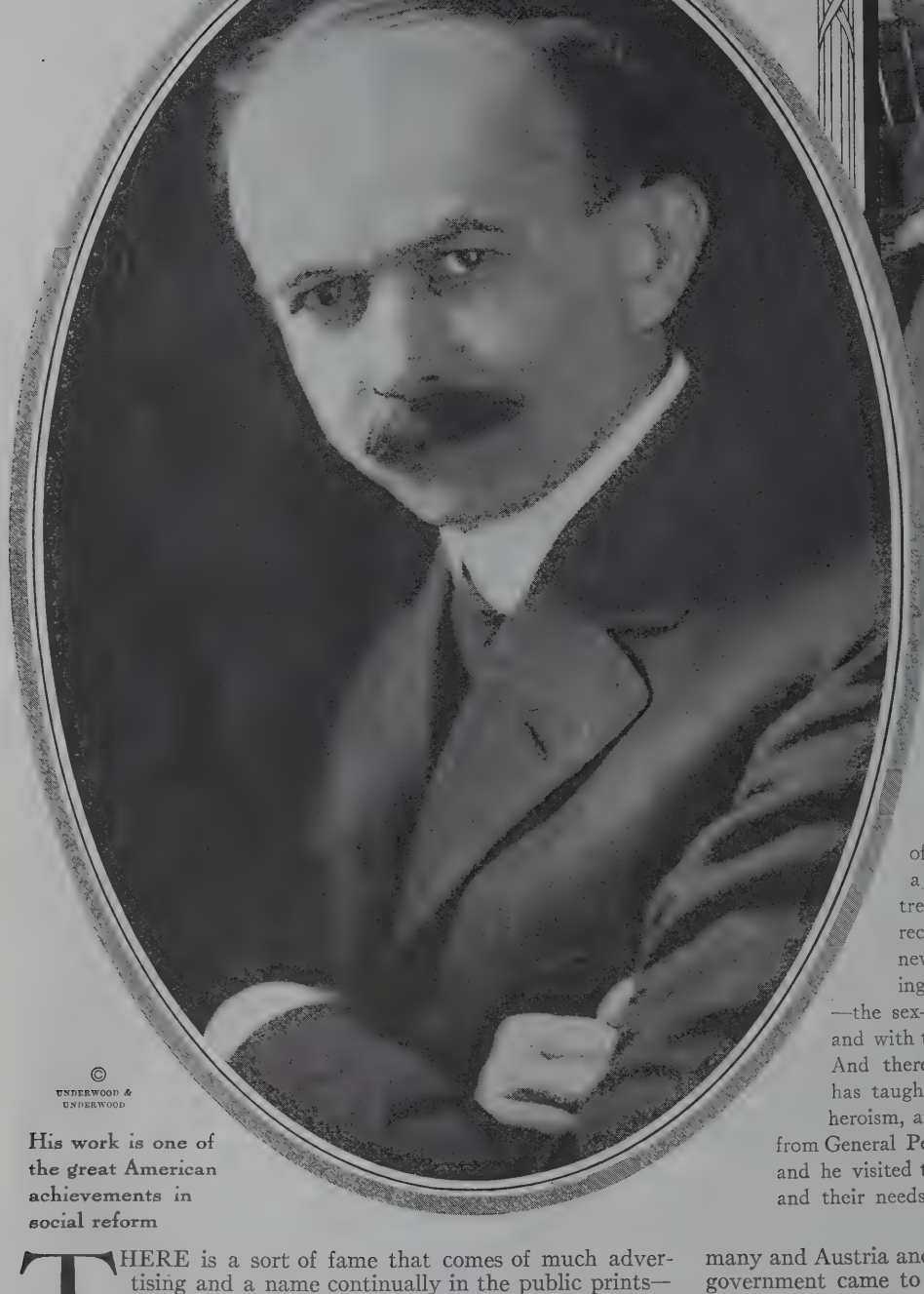
"Not by a darned sight I ain't, Bill," he muttered rather thickly. Then, his wits and his voice coming clearer, he added: "But if I ain't, it's thanks to this here old —— —— of an Argentino mule that come down into this hole and yanked me out o' the mud and saved me. Eh, Sonny?"

"He's some mule, all right," grunted one of the bearers, as they got Jimmy onto the stretcher and laboriously climbed from the shell-hole.

Judge Ben Lindsey

Advance Agent of the New Freedom

By Harvey O'Higgins



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His work is one of the great American achievements in social reform



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Judge Lindsey on the bench Court, Denver

In the next issue of this magazine wil of a series of notable articles by Judge Ben Lind a recent trip to Italy, France, and England. H trenches but of our great future after the war, an reconstruction that is even now slowly gettin new laws, the new opportunities, the new Democ ing. He will deal frankly and fearlessly with th —the sex-question—with comparisons of the customs o and with the American soldier and his spiritual awaken And there will be interesting side-lights on what th has taught the professional soul-saver of the real thing heroism, and self-sacrifice. Judge Lindsey conferred wit from General Pershing to Bernard Shaw. He visited Cliveden and he visited the slums. He writes of rich folk and thei and their needs, and he tells amazing facts, leavened wit

THERE is a sort of fame that comes of much advertising and a name continually in the public prints—a sort of overpowering conspicuity that convinces without credentials and gets itself accepted without proof. There is another sort of fame that travels so quietly it seems to go by underground and reaches a million people as if in silence, like one of those famous old books that are printed in all the languages of civilized man without advertisement and read with private delight. Judge Lindsey's fame is of this latter kind.

He is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. His laws and his court-procedure have been made the model for acts of Parliament in Great Britain. He is as much an authority in France and Germany and Austria and Italy. When the envoys of the Kerensk government came to America, they brought a message of fra ternal thanks to him from the new Russian republic. Delegate from Japan have sat in his court to study his methods and tak his lessons home to their people. His name is one of the grea American names among the foreign nations, and his work i one of the great American achievements in social reform and th relief of the unfortunate.

In this country, he is even better known for his support o that "new freedom" which President Wilson celebrates. Judg Lindsey's efforts on behalf of the children in Colorado brough him first into conflict with employers who were exploiting chi dren in industry, and with organized vice that was corruptin children in dives and gambling-hells. With the aid of womar



of the Children's
Colorado

appear the first
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delightful anecdote.



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Judge Lindsey with some of his Parisian friends

suffrage in Denver, he won that fight. He went on to give battle to the larger forces of corruption in city and state. He sought to obtain playgrounds for children by forcing the street railways and other public utilities of Denver to pay their proper taxes, sought to protect the children of the poor by obtaining laws to protect their parents from unjust and oppressive employers, sought to obtain those laws by breaking the power of the employers over both political parties in the state, and broadened his campaign as he went along until he joined his fight to the great struggle for reform that was then being fought by the whole nation, first under Theodore Roosevelt and then under Woodrow Wilson.

Lindsey is an extraordinary character. He has probably taken more punishment and received less reward than any other leader in the American revolution of the last ten years, yet he is as cheerful (*Concluded on page 103*)



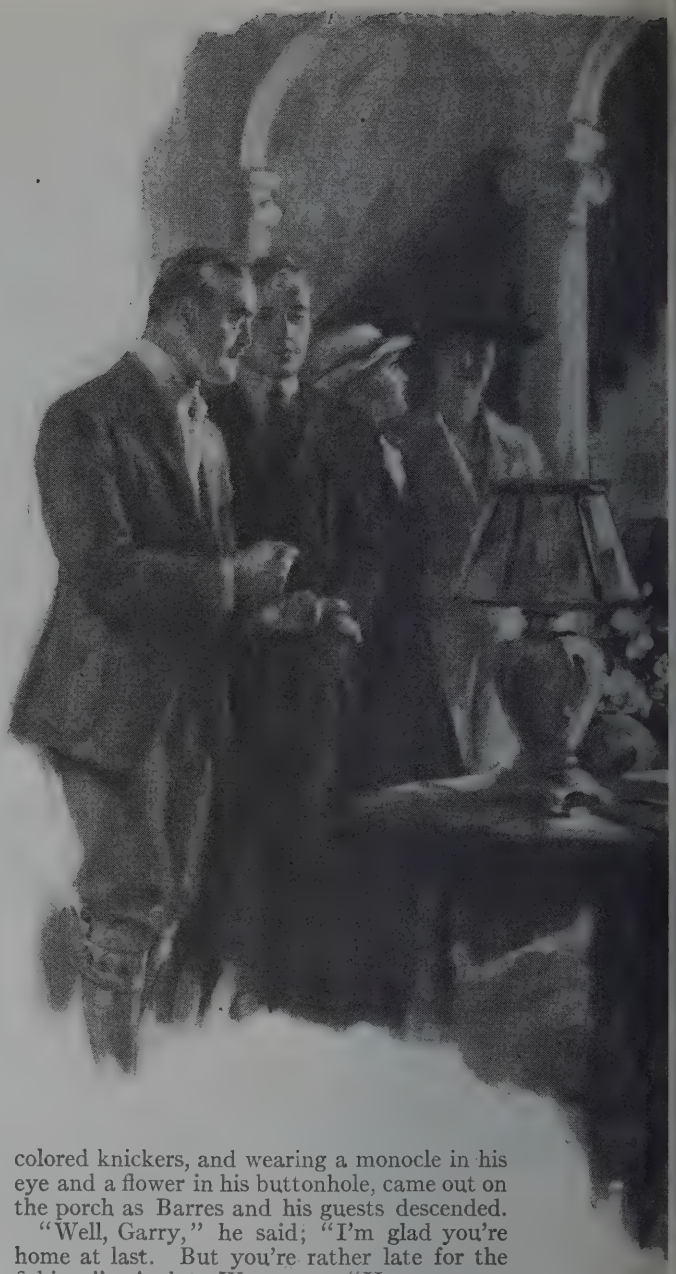
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Judge Lindsey

The Moonlit Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



GARRET BARRES, a painter, lives in Dragon Court, a studio-building in New York city. The superintendent of the building is Lawrence Soane, an irresponsible and dissipated Irishman, who has a charming daughter, Dulcie, still a schoolgirl. The child is on a plane of refinement far above that of her father, and Barres, taking pity on her loneliness (her only companions are three cats), makes a friend of her, for which she is profoundly grateful, and she becomes his model.

One day, early in 1916, Barres meets a girl whom he had encountered just once, under somewhat unusual circumstances, two years before in France. She was then a famous dancer known as Nihla Quellen, but her real name is Thessalie Dunois, and she is of Alsatian origin. She has risen to prominence under the patronage of Count d'Éblis, a senator of France who is involved in German plots against his country. Thessalie met him in Constantinople, through a friend of her father's, Ferez Bey, a Turk, who is also engaged in German intrigue. D'Éblis wants to marry her, but she does not love him and will not do so. Finally, the traitor accuses her of betraying him and, in fear, she escapes in disguise to New York. D'Éblis sends word to Max Freund, a German agent in America, to get rid of her at the first favorable opportunity, and she is closely watched by him.

Freund makes friends with Soane, a rabid hater of England. They become associated in a German-Irish plot against England, in which Murtagh Skeel, a sensitive and refined type of Irishman, is one of the leaders. Freund enlists the services of Soane in watching for Thessalie's visits to Barres's studio. A German agent attempts to seize from Dulcie a letter sent by Thessalie to Barres, but succeeds only in getting half of it.

Finally, Thessalie comes to Barres, asking protection from the German agents, saying that they are afraid of her on account of some knowledge she possesses and are representing her as a spy. Barres arranges for her to occupy his studio, while he will go in with his neighbor, James Westmore, a sculptor, who has become much interested in Thessalie. Barres invited his three friends to visit at his father's place, Foreland Farms, in northern New York.

The night before they leave, Barres and Georges Renoux, a friend of his Paris days and now in the French secret service, with several of Renoux's companions, break up a meeting of German agents in a café. They secure some papers which refer to German schemes, including the Casement expedition to Ireland and a plot to destroy the locks of the Welland Canal. Adolf Gerhardt, a German-American banker, with a country place at Northbrook, near Foreland Farms, is mentioned as raising the funds for the latter scheme. Murtagh Skeel and Ferez Bey are also implicated. A wireless despatch sent by way of Mexico concerns the treachery of d'Éblis, and says the Nihla Quellen cannot be expected to serve the cause. Renoux has information from home that Thessalie is ready to betray France, but Barres takes him to the studio, and after a talk with the girl, the Frenchman admits his error.

XXIII

FORELAND FARMS

TOWARD three o'clock on the following afternoon, the sun opened up like a search-light through the veil of rain, dissolving it to a golden haze which gradually grew thinner and thinner, revealing glimpses of rolling country against a horizon of low mountains.

About the same time, the covered station-wagon turned in between the white gates of Foreland Farms, proceeded at a smart trot up the drive, and stopped under a dripping porte-cochère, where a smiling servant stood waiting to lift out the luggage.

A trim-looking man of forty odd, in soft shirt and fawn-colored knickers, and wearing a monocle in his eye and a flower in his buttonhole, came out on the porch as Barres and his guests descended.

"Well, Garry," he said; "I'm glad you're home at last. But you're rather late for the fishing." And, to Westmore: "How are you, Jim? Jolly to have you back. But I regret to inform you that the fishing is very poor just now."

His son, who stood an inch or two taller than his debonair parent, passed one arm round his shoulders and patted them affectionately while the easy presentations were concluded.

At the same moment, two women, beautifully mounted and very wet, galloped up to the porch and welcomed Garry's guests from their saddles in the pleasant, informal, incurious manner characteristic of Foreland Farms folk—a manner which seemed too amiably certain of itself to feel responsibility for anybody or anything else.

Easy, unconcerned, slender, and clean-built women these—Mrs. Reginald Barres, Garry's mother, and her daughter Lee. And in their smart, rain-wet riding-clothes, they might easily have been sisters with a few years' difference between them, so agreeably had Time behaved toward Mrs. Barres, so closely her fair-haired, fair-skinned daughter resembled her.

They swung carelessly out of their saddles and set spurred foot to turf, and, with Garret and his guests, sauntered into the big living-hall, where a maid waited with wine and biscuits and the housekeeper lingered to conduct Thessalie and Dulcie to their rooms.

Dulcie Soane, in her pretty traveling gown, walked beside Mrs. Reginald Barres into the first great house she had ever entered. Composed, but shyly enchanted, an odd but delightful sensation possessed her that she was where she belonged—that such environment, such people should always have been familiar to her, were logical and familiar to her now. Mrs. Barres was saying:

"And if you like parties, there is always gaiety at Northbrook. But you don't have to go anywhere or do anything you don't wish to."

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Dulcie Soane, in her pretty traveling gown, walked beside Mrs. Reginald Barres into the first great house she had ever entered

Dulcie said diffidently that she liked everything, and Mrs. arres laughed.

"Then you'll be very popular," she said, tossing her riding-op onto the table and stripping off her wet gloves.

Barres, senior was already in serious confab with Westmore oncerning piscatorial conditions, the natural low water of mid-immer, the capricious conduct of the trout in the streams and the upper and lower lakes.

"They won't look at anything until sunset," he explained, and then they don't mean business. You'll see, Jim. I'm orry; you should have come in June."

Lee, Garret's boyishly slim sister had already begun to ex-hange opinions about horses with Thessalie, for both had been miliar with the saddle since childhood, though the latter's ossack horsemanship and mastery of the *haute école* might ave astonished Lee Barres.

Mrs. Barres was saying to Dulcie:

"We don't try to entertain one another here, but everybody seems to have a perfectly good time. The main thing is that we all feel quite free at Foreland. You'll lose yourself indoors at first. The family for a hundred years has been adding these absurd two-story wings, so that the house wanders at random over the landscape, and you may have to inquire your way about in the beginning." She smiled again at Dulcie and took her hand in both of hers. "I'm sure you will like the Farms," she said, linking her other arm through her son's. "I'm rather wet, Garry," she added, "but I think Lee and I had better dry out in the saddle." And to Dulcie again: "Tea at five, if anybody wishes it. Would you like to see your room?"

Thessalie, conversing with Lee, turned smilingly to be included in the suggestion; and the maid came forward to conduct her and Dulcie through the intricacies of the big, casual, sprawling house.

When they had disappeared, the Barres family turned to inspect its son and heir with habitual and humorous insouciance, commenting frankly upon his personal appearance and concluding that his health still remained all that could be desired by the most solicitous of parents and sisters.

"There are rods already rigged up in the workroom," remarked his father, "if you and your guests care to try a dry fly this evening. As for me, you'll find me somewhere round the upper lake, if you care to look for me——"

He fished out of his pocket a bewildering tangle of fine mist-leaders, and, slowly disentangling them, strolled toward the porch.

Garret glanced at his mother and sister; they both laughed. He said:

"Dad is one of those rarest of modern beings, a genuine angler of the old school. After all the myriad trout and salmon he has caught in a career devoted to fishing, the next fish he catches gives him just as fine a thrill as did the very first one he ever hooked. It's quite wonderful, isn't it, mother?"

"It's probably what keeps him so youthful," remarked Westmore. "The thing to do is to have something to do. That's the elixir of youth. Look at your mother, Garry. She's had a busy handful bringing you up."

Garret looked at his slender, attractive mother and laughed again.

"Is that what keeps you so young and pretty, mother—looking after me?"

"Alas, Garry, I'm over forty, and I look it!"

"Do you? You sweet little thing!" he interrupted, picking her up suddenly from the floor and marching proudly round the room with her. "Gaze upon my mother, Jim! Isn't she cunning? Isn't she the smartest little thing in America? Behave yourself, mother! Your grateful son is showing you off to the appreciative young gentleman from New York."

"You're ridiculous! Jim, make him put me down!"

But her tall son swung her to his shoulder and placed her high on the mantel-shelf over the huge fireplace, where she sat beside the clock, charming, resentful, but helpless, her spurred boots dangling down.

"Come on, Lee," cried her brother; "I'm going to put you up beside her! That mantel needs ornamental bric-à-brac and *objets d'art*——"

Lee turned to escape, but her brother cornered and caught her, and swung her high, seating her beside his indignant mother.

"Just as though we were two Angora kittens!" remarked Lee, sidling along the stone shelf toward her mother. Then she glanced out through the open front foor. "Lift us down quick, Garry! You'd better! The horses are in the flower-beds, and there'll be no more bouquets for the table in another minute."

So he lifted them off the mantel, and they hastily departed, each administering correction with their riding-crops as they dodged past him and escaped.

"If your guests want horses, you know where to find them," called back his sister from the porch. And presently she and his mother, securely mounted, went cantering away across country.

Westmore walked slowly toward his quarters, to freshen up and don knickers. Garret followed him into the west wing, whistling contentedly under his breath, inspecting each remembered object with great content as he passed.

Their rooms adjoined, and they conversed through the doorway while engaged in ablutions.

Presently, from behind his sheer sash-curtains, Westmore caught sight of Thessalie on the west terrace below. She wore a shell-pink frock and a most distractingly pretty hat; and he hurried his dressing as much as he could without awaking Garret's suspicions.

A few minutes later, radiant in white flannels, he appeared on the terrace, breathing rather fast but wreathed in persuasive smiles.

"I know this place; I'll take you for a walk where you won't get your shoes wet. Shall I?" he suggested, with all his guile and cunning quite plain to Thessalie, and his purpose perfectly transparent to her smiling eyes.

But she consented prettily, and went with him without demurring, picking her way over the stepping-stone walk with downcast gaze and the faintest trace of a smile on her lips—a smile as delicately indefinable as the fancy which moved her to accept this young man's headlong advances—which had recognized them and accepted them from the first. But why, she did not even yet understand.

"Agreeable weather, isn't it?" said Westmore, fatuously revealing his present paucity of ideas apart from those which concerned the wooing of her. And he was an intelligent young man at that, and a sculptor of attainment, too. But now in his infatuated head there remained room only for one thought—the thought of this girl who walked so demurely and daintily beside him over the flat, grass-set stepping-stones.

For it had been something or other at first sight with Westmore—love, perhaps—anyway, that is what he called the mental chaos which now disorganized him. For it was certain that something happened to him the first time he laid eyes on Thessalie Dunois. He knew it, and she could not avoid seeing it, so entirely naive his behavior, so utterly guileless his maneuvers.

At moments, she felt nervous and annoyed by his behavior; at other times, apprehensive and helpless, as though she were responsible for something that did not know how to take care of itself—something immature, irrational, and entirely at her mercy. And it may have been the feminine response to this increasing sense of obligation—the confused instinct to guide, admonish, and protect—that began the matter with her.

Anyway, from the beginning, the man had a certain fascination for her, unwillingly divined on her part, yet specifically agreeable even to the point of exhilaration. Also, somehow or other, the girl realized he had a brain. And yet he was a pitiably hopeless case; for even now he was saying such things as:

"Are you quite sure that your little feet are dry? I should never forgive myself, Thessa, if you took cold. Are you tired? How wonderful it is to be here alone with you, and strive to interpret the mystery of your mind and heart! Sit here under the pines. I'll spread my coat for you. Nature *is* wonderful; isn't it, Thessa?"

And when she gravely consented to seat herself, he dropped recklessly onto the wet pine-needles at her feet, and spoke with imbecile delight again of nature—of how wonderful were its protean manifestations, and how its beauties were not meant to be enjoyed alone but in mystic communion with another who understood.

It was curious, too, but this stuff seemed to appeal to her, some commonplace chord within her evidently responding. She sighed and looked at the mountains. They really were miracles of color—masses of purest cobalt now, along the horizon.

But perhaps the trite things they uttered did not really matter; probably it made no difference to them what they said. And even if he had murmured, "There are mile-stones along th road to Dover," she might have responded, "There was a old woman who lived in a shoe," and neither of them woul have heard anything at all except the rapid, confused, and voice less conversation of two youthful human hearts beating ou endless questions and answers that never moved their smiling lips

There was no wind in the pines; meadow and pasture, wood land and swale stretched away at their feet to the distant dark blue hills. And all around them hung the rain-washed fragranc of midsummer under a still, cloudless sky.

"It seems impossible that there can be war anywhere in th world," she said.

"You know," he began, "it's getting on my nerves the wa those swine from the Rhine are turning this decent green worl into a bloody wallow. Unless we do something about it pretty soon, I think I'll go over."

She looked up.

"Where?"

"To France."

She remained silent for a while, merely lifting her dark eye to him at intervals; then she grew preoccupied with othe thoughts that left her brows bent slightly inward.

He gazed reflectively out over the fields and woods.

"Yes; I can't stand it much longer," he mused aloud.

"What would you do there?" she inquired.

"Anything. I could drive a car. But if they'll take me i some Canadian unit—or one of the foreign legions—it woul suit me. You know a man can't go on just living in the worl while this beastly business continues. Those splendid *poilus* Where they stand, we Americans ought to be standing, too. Go knows why we hesitate."

He stared out through the sunshine at the swallows, nov skimming the uncut hay-fields in their gusty evening flight.

"Are you really going?" she asked, at length.

"Yes. I'll wait a little while longer to see what my countr is going to do. If it doesn't stir during the next month or two, shall go. I think Garry will go, too." She nodded. "Of course," he remarked, "we'd prefer our own flag, Garry and I. But i it is to remain furled—" He shrugged, picked a spear of grass and sat brooding, and breaking it into tiny pieces. "The onl thing that troubles me," he went on presently, keeping his gaz riveted on his busy fingers, "the only thing that worries me i you."

"Me?" she exclaimed softly. And an inexplicable little thril shot through her.

"You," he repeated. "You worry me to death."

She considered him a moment her lips parted as though sh were about to say something, but it remained unsaid, and slight color came into her cheeks.

"What am I to do about you?" he went on, apparentl addressing the blade of grass he was staring at. "I can't leav you as matters stand."

She said,

"Please, you are not responsible for me, are you?" And trie to laugh, but scarcely smiled.

"I want to be," he muttered. "I desire to be entirely——"

"Thank you! You have been more than kind. And ver soon I hope I shall be on happy terms with my own governmen again. Then your solicitude should cease."

"If your government listens to reason——"

"Then I, also, could go to France," she interrupted. "Merel to think of it excites me beyond words!"

He looked up quickly.

"You wish to go back?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"How can you ask that? I you had been a disgraced exil as I have been, as I still am—and falsely accused of shameful things—annoyed, hounded, blackmailed, offered bribes, con stantly importuned to become what I am not—a traitor to m own people—would you not be wildly happy to be proved inno cent? Would you not be madly impatient to return and prov your devotion to your own land?"

"I understand," he said, in a low voice.

"Of course you understand! Do you imagine that I, a Frenc girl, would have remained here in shameful security if I coul have gone back to France and helped? I would have don anything—anything, I tell you—scrubbed the floors of hospitals worked my fingers to the bone——"

"I'll wait till you go," he said. "They'll clear your recor very soon, I expect. I'll wait. And we'll go together. Sha we, Thessa?"



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

"Now," she cried gaily, "you are becoming human, and not a Grecian mask or a gargoyle! Remain so, *mon ami*, if you expect me to wish you good luck in your love—your various affairs—" She blushed as she checked herself; but he said very quickly, "Will you wish me luck, Thessa, in my various love-affairs?"

But she had not seemed to hear him; her dark eyes grew remote; her gaze swept the sapphire distance. It was his hand laid lightly over hers that roused her, and she withdrew her fingers with a faint smile of remonstrance.

"Won't you let me speak?" he said. "Won't you let me tell you what my heart tells me?"

She shook her pretty head slowly.

"I don't desire to hear yet—I don't know where my own heart or even my mind is—or what I think about—anything. Please be reasonable." She stole a look at him to see how he was taking it, and there was concern enough in her glance to give him a certain amount of hope had he noticed it.

"You like me, Thessa; don't you?" he urged.

"Have I not admitted it? Do you know that you are becoming a serious responsibility to me? You worry me, too. Be reasonable. I have asked it a hundred times of you in vain. I shall ask it, probably, innumerable times before you comply with my request. Don't show so plainly that you imagine yourself in love. It embarrasses me; it annoys Garry, and I don't know what his family will think——"

"But if I *am* in love, why not——"

"Does one advertise all one's most intimate and secret and—and sacred emotions?" she interrupted, in sudden and breathless annoyance. "It is not the way that successful courtship is conducted, I warn you! It is not delicate; it is not considerate; it is not sensible. And I *do* want you to—to be always—sensible and considerate. I *want* to like you."

He looked at her in a sort of dazed way.

"I'll try to please you," he said. "But it seems to confuse me—being so suddenly bowled over—a thing like that rather knocks a man out—so unexpected, you know—and there isn't much use pretending," he went on excitedly. "I can't see anybody else in the world except you. I can't think of anybody else. I'm madly in love—blindly, desperately——"

"Oh, please, *please!*" she remonstrated. "I'm not a girl to be taken by storm. I've seen too much—lived too much. I'm not a Tzigane to be galloped alongside of and swung to a man's saddle-bow. Also, I shall tell you one thing more: Happiness and laughter are necessities to me. And they seem to be becoming extinct in you."

"Hang it," he demanded tragically, "how can I laugh when I'm in love?"

At that, a sudden irresponsible little peal of laughter parted her lips.

"Oh dear," she said; "you *are* funny! Is it a matter of prayer and fasting, then, this gloomy sentiment which you say you entertain for me? I don't know whether to be flattered or vexed—you are *so* funny!"

The girl was quite irresistible in her care-free gaiety; her lovely face and delicious laughter no man could utterly withstand, and presently a faint grin became visible on his features.

"Now," she cried gaily, "you are becoming human, and not a Grecian mask or a gargoyle! Remain so, *mon ami*, if you expect me to wish you good luck in your love—your various affairs—" She blushed as she checked herself; but he sa very quickly,

"Will you wish me luck, Thessa, in my various love-affairs?

"How many have you on hand?"

"Exactly one. Do you wish me a sporting chance?"

"Why—yes."

"Will you wish me good luck in my courtship of you?"

The quick color again swept her cheeks at that, but she laughed defiantly.

"Yes," she said; "I wish you luck in that also. Only, remember this: Whether you win or lose, you must laugh. *That* is good sportsmanship. Do you promise? Very well. Then I wish you the best of luck in your—various—courtships. And may the girl you win at least know how to laugh!"



And for the first time—perhaps with truer visi besides a satisfying com

"She certainly does," he said so naively that they both ga way to laughter again, finding each other delightfully absu

"It's the key to my heart—laughter—in case you are looki for the key," she said daringly. "The world is a grim scaffo

n ami; mount it gaily and go to the far gods laughing. Tell —is there a better way to go?"

'No; it's the right way, Thessa. I shan't be a gloom any



ne became aware of what else this young girl was
tion of tint and contour

ore. Come on; let's walk. What if you do get your bally oes wet? I'm through mooning and fussing and worrying over u, young lady. You're as sturdy and vigorous as I am. After , it's a comrade a man wants in the world—not a white mouse in cotton batting. Come; are you going for a brisk walk across country? Or are you a white mouse?"

She stood up in her dainty shoes and frail gown, and cast a glance of hurt reproach at him.

"Don't be brutal," she said. "I'm not dressed to climb trees and fences with you."

"You won't come?"

Their eyes met in silent conflict for a few moments. Then she said:

"Please don't make me. It's such a darling gown, Jim."

A wave of deep happiness enveloped him, and he laughed.

"All right," he said; "I won't ask you to spoil your frock." And he spread his coat on the pine-needles for her once more.

She considered the situation for a few moments before she sat down. But she did seat herself.

"Now," he said, "we are going to discuss a situation. This is the situation: I am deeply in love. And you're quite right; it's no funeral—it's a joyous thing to be in love. It's a delight, a gaiety, a happy enchantment—isn't it?" She cast a rather shy and apprehensive glance at him, but nodded slightly. "Very well," he said; "I'm in love, and I'm happy and proud to be in love. What I wish, then, naturally, is marriage, a home, children——"

"Please, Jim!"

"But I can't have 'em! Why? Because I'm going to France. And the girl I wish to marry is going also. And while I bang away at the *boches*, she makes herself useful in canteens, rest-houses, hospitals, orphanages—everywhere, in fact, where she is needed."

"Yes."

"And after it's all over—all over—and ended——"

"Yes?"

"Then—then, if she finds out that she loves me——"

"Yes, Jim—if she finds that out—and thank you for—asking me—so sweetly——"

She turned sharply and looked out over a valley suddenly blurred. For it had been otherwise with her in years gone by, and men had spoken then quite as plainly but differently. Only d'Éblis, burnt out, done for, and obsessed, had wearily and unwillingly advanced that far. And Ferez, too; but that was unthinkable of a creature in whom virtue and vice were of the same virus.

Looking blindly out over the valley, she said:

"If my government deals justly with me, then I shall go to France with you as your comrade. If I ever find that I love you, I will be your wife. Until then—" She stretched out her hand, not looking round at him, and they exchanged a quick, firm clasp.

And so matters progressed between these two—rather ominously for Barres, in case he entertained any really serious sentiments in regard to Thessalie. And, recently, he had been vaguely conscious that he entertained something or other concerning the girl which caused him to look with slight amazement and unsympathetic eyes upon the all too obvious behavior of his comrade Westmore.

At present, he was standing in the summer-house which terminated the blossoming tunnel of the rose-arbor, watching water falling into a stone basin from the fishy mouth of a wall fountain, and wondering where Thessalie and Westmore had gone.

Dulcie, in a thin white frock and Leghorn hat, roaming entranced and at hazard over lawn and through shrubbery and garden, encountered him there, still squinting abstractedly at the spout.

It was the first time the girl had seen him since their arrival at Foreland Farms. And now, as she paused under the canopy of fragrant, rain-drenched roses and looked at this man who made all this possible for her, she suddenly felt the change within herself, fitting her for it all—a subtle metamorphosis completing itself within her—the final accomplishment of a transmutation, deep, radical, permanent.

For her, the stark, starved visage which life had worn had relaxed; in the grim, forbidding wall which had closed her horizon, a door opened, showing a corner of a world where she knew, somehow, she belonged.

And in her heart, too, a door seemed to open, and her youthful soul stepped out of it, naked, fearless, quite certain of itself and, for the first time during their brief and earthly partnership, quite certain of the body wherein it dwelt.

Barres was thinking of Thessalie when Dulcie came up and stood beside him, looking down into the water where a few goldfish swam.

"Well, sweetness," he said, brightening; "you look very wonderful in white, with that big hat on your very enchanting red hair."

"I feel both wonderful and enchanted," she said, lifting her gray eyes. "I shall live in the country some day."

"Really?" he said smiling.

"Yes; when I earn enough money. Do you remember the crazy way Strindberg rolls around? Well, I feel like doing it on that lawn."

"Go ahead and do it," he urged.

But she only laughed and chased the goldfish round the basin with gentle fingers.

"Dulcie," he said, "you're unfolding; you're blossoming; you're developing feminine snap and go and pep and *je-ne-sais-quoi.*"

"You're teasing! But I believe I'm very feminine—and mature—though you don't think so."

"Well, I don't think you're exactly at an age called 'well-preserved,'" he said, laughing. He took her hands and drew her up to confront him. "You're not too old to have me as a playmate, sweetness, are you?" She seemed to be doubtful. "What? Nonsense! And you're not too old to be bullied and coaxed and petted——"

"Yes. I am."

"And you're not too old to pose for me?"

She grew pink and looked down at the submerged goldfish. And, keeping her eyes there,

"I wanted to ask you," she said, "how much longer you think you would require me—that way." There was a silence. Then she looked at him out of her frank gray eyes. "You know I'll do what you wish," she said. "And I know it is quite all right." She smiled at him. "I belong to you; you made me. And you know all about me. So you ought to use me as you wish."

"You don't want to pose?" he said. "Very well."

"Are you annoyed?"

"No, sweetness; it's all right."

"You are annoyed—disappointed. And I won't have it! I—I couldn't stand it—to have you displeased——"

He said pleasantly:

"I'm not displeased, Dulcie. And there's no use discussing it. If you have the slightest feeling that way, when we go back to town I'll do things like the Arethusa from somebody else——"

"Please don't!" she exclaimed, in such naive alarm that he began to laugh, and she blushed vividly.

"Oh, you are feminine, all right!" he said. "If it isn't to be you, it isn't to be anybody."

"I didn't mean that—yes, I did!"

"Oh, Dulcie! Shame! *You*—jealous—even to the verge of sacrificing your own feelings——"

"I don't know what it is, but I'd rather you used me for your Arethusa. You know," she added wistfully, "that we began it together."

"Right, sweetness! And we'll finish it together or not at all. Are you satisfied?"

She smiled, sighed, nodded. He released her lovely, childlike hands, and she walked to the doorway of the summer-house and looked out over the wall bed, where tall thickets of hollyhock and blue larkspur stretched away in perspective toward a grove of trees and a little pond beyond.

His painter's eye, already busy with the beauty of her face and figure against the riot of flowers, and almost mechanically transposing both into terms of color and value, went blind suddenly as she turned and looked at him.

And for the first time—perhaps with truer vision—he became aware of what else this young girl was besides a satisfying combination of tint and contour.

From an unexpected angle and suddenly he found himself viewing her for the first time—not as a plaything, not as a petted model, not as an object appealing to his charity, not as an experiment in altruism—or sentimentally either, or as a wistful child without a childhood.



He began to tremble, and his white forehead under the clusteri

Perhaps, to him, she had once been all of these. He looked at her with other eyes now, beginning, possibly, to realize something of the terrific responsibility he was so lightly assuming.

He got up from his bench and went over to her; and the girl turned a trifle pale with excitement and delight.

"Why did you come to me?" she asked breathlessly.

"I don't know."

"Did you know I was trying to make you get up and come to me?"

"What?"

"Yes. Isn't it curious? I looked at you and kept thinking 'I want you to get up and come to me. I want you to *come*. I *want* you.' And suddenly you got up and came."

He looked at her out of curious, unsmiling eyes.

"It's your turn, after all, Dulcie."

"How is it my turn?"

"I drew you—in the beginning," he said slowly.

There was a silence. Then, abruptly, her heart began to beat very rapidly, scaring her dumb with its riotous behavior. When, at length, her consternation subsided and her irregular breathing became composed, she said quite calmly:

"You and all that you are and believe in and care for very naturally attracted me—drew me one evening to your open door. It will always be the same—you, and what of life and knowledge you represent, will never fail to draw me."



rls grew damp and pinched again. "If you are Eileen's daughter—" But his face went dead white and he got no further

"But—though I am just beginning to divine it—you also ew *me*, Dulcie."

"How could that be?"

"You did. You do still. I am just waking up to that fact. nd that starts me wondering what I'd do without you."

"You don't have to do without me," she said, instinctively ying her hand over her heart; it was beating so hard and, ıe feared, so loud. "You can always have me when you wish. ou know that."

"For a while—yes. But some day, when——"

"*Always!*"

He laughed, without knowing why.

"You'll marry some day, sweetness," he insisted. She shook er head. "Oh, yes, you will——"

"No!"

"Why?"

But she only looked away and shook her head. And the lent motion of dissent gave him an odd sense of relief.

XXIV

A LION IN THE PATH

With the decline of day came enough of a chill to spin a elicate cobweb of mist across the country and cover forests and ills with a bluish bloom.

The sunset had become a splashy crimson affair, perhaps a bit too theatrical. In the red blaze, Thessalie and Westmore came wandering along, and found Barres on the lawn scowling at the celestial conflagration in the west, and Dulcie seated near on the fountain-rim, silent, distrait, watching the scarlet ripples spreading from the plashing central jet.

"You can't paint a thing like that, Garry," remarked Westmore.

Barres looked round.

"I don't want to. Where have you been, Thessa?"

"Under those pines over there. We supposed you'd see us and come up."

Barres glanced at her with an inscrutable expression; Dulcie's gray eyes rested on Barres.

Barres, senior came sauntering out of the woods and through the wall gate, switching a limber rod reflectively. He obligingly opened his creel and displayed half a dozen long, slim trout.

Everybody inspected the crimson-flecked fish while Barres, senior stood twirling his monocle.

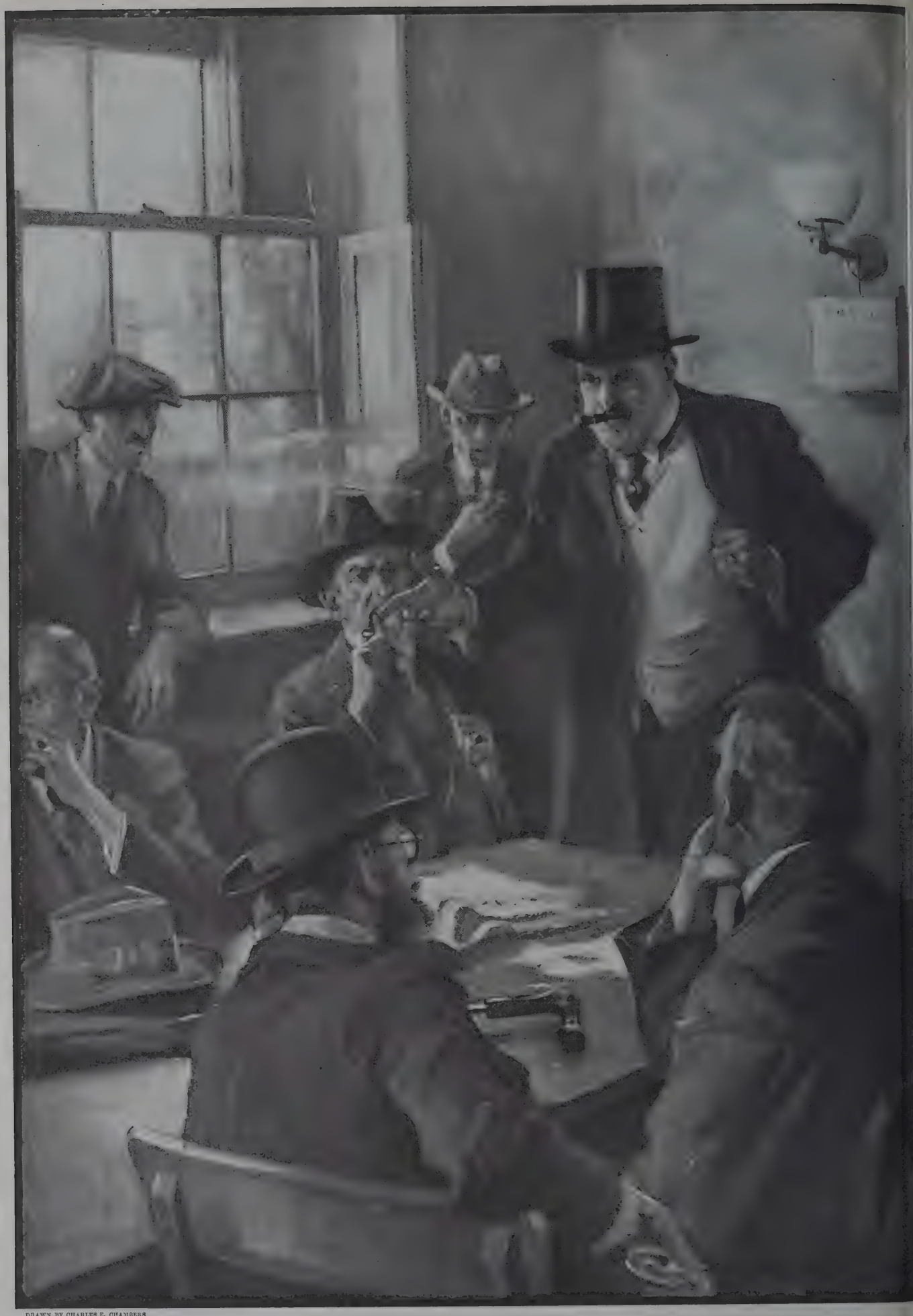
"Are we dining at home?" inquired his son.

"I believe so. There is a guest of honor, if I recollect—some fellow they're lionizing—I don't remember. And one or two others—the Gerhardts, I believe."

"Then we'd better dress, I think," said Thessalie, encircling Dulcie's waist.

"Sorry," said Barres, senior. "Hoped to take you young ladies out on the second lake and let you try for a big fish this evening."

(*Continued on page 97*)



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"No, sir!" J. Rufus rose in his earnest enthusiasm and threw back his coat. "We'll stay right here till we've thrashed out every point of the trial"

. Rufus *on the* Jury

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By

eorge Randolph Chester

Illustrated by

Charles E. Chambers



"And you might add a few slabs of ebony to my lumber order, Mr. Thackett"

WHY didn't you tell 'em you were a crook?" demanded Blackie Daw impatiently. "That ild let you out of serving on any jury."

I owe a duty as a citizen," virtuously responded Jim Wallingford. "Every intelligent man, when ed upon to uphold the law, should be willing to sac- e his personal pleasure."

And in fine fishing-weather like this!" Blackie rled his mustaches into sharp upward points. "All it, boob; go on and earn your two dollars a day— be the first honest money you ever earned in your life— le I enjoy the beautiful sunshine and the crisp autumn air, lure the finny beauties from their purling lair."

o Blackie went blithely up to the fishing-camp, and left Rufus to sit in a stuffy court-room far up in the furthest ner of the county, and pride himself on being a seriously thy member of the commonwealth. But Virtue is a hard mistress. She grows few flowers along her rocky pathway; leads beneath no sunny skies, and beside no purling brooks ere the finny beauties make their lairs. The particular de of Virtue which J. Rufus had nobly chosen to inhabit ed him to the verge of suicidal melancholy, with its perspiring ors and weary witnesses and droning attorneys.

On the morning of the third day, Virtue punished J. Rufus repining. She had been kind to him so far by only boring ; now she scourged him with temptation. He was chosen as or number five in the case of Prinley versus Thackett, and sooner had the trial opened than Opportunity tripped lingly to the door of Wallingford's sternly pure soul, and he a terrific battle with himself to keep justice on her throne. or one thing he was thankful: Blackie Daw, the friend of portunity and the right hand of Temptation, was away ing. Even as he congratulated himself on this protection n possible infamy, Blackie Daw walked into the court-room, fed his shining silk hat, sat down among the throng of per- ing jurors and weary witnesses, and grinned affably across his friend and partner. To save himself, Wallingford could repress the joy in his own answering grin; then the corruga- ns of worry deepened on his brow.

A long-faced attorney scowled at the interrupter, waited for chair to stop scraping, then wheeled sternly to the witness he chair and pointed an accusing finger at him.

Remember that you are under oath, Mr. Thackett. Do mean for us to believe that you believed that Mr. Prinley d you that thousand dollars on his account for lumber, and as a bargain-binding first payment on this property?"

Yes, I do," snarled the witness, a smallish, grayish, waspish n, who had tufts of whiskers in the hollows of his cheeks. The twelve men tried and true who sat in the jury-box ned to each other, eye to eye, and repressed their incredulous les. The judge looked sidewise at the witness in sharp atiny. The opposing attorney sniffed scornfully. The asant-faced gentleman with the bright-blue eye and the ly gray hair who sat behind the cross-examining attorney nced at the jury and compressed his full lips and shook head emphatically. Jim Wallingford, looking across at Blackie, heaved his shoulders slightly, and as slightly jerked his head in the direction of the witness. Blackie turned to the man next him—a bartender, if Blackie's experience counted for anything.

"Who's the shriveled shrimp on the stand?" he inquired.

"He's the town buzzard," husked the neighbor. "He's a professional landlord."

"No wonder they love him so," whispered Blackie, and the long-faced attorney scowled at him before he proceeded with,

"And yet you had not rendered Mr. Prinley his bill for that month, since this occurred on the twenty-seventh?"

"Well, no." The witness was troubled. "You see——"

"That will do!" sharply broke in the long-faced attorney for the plaintiff, and the jury repressed its smile of approval. "Isn't it a fact that for months you had tried to sell this property to Mr. Prinley for fifty thousand dollars?"

"Well, you see——"

"Answer yes or no!"

The witness looked appealingly to his own lawyer, a smallish, grayish, waspish man like himself, but without whiskers; he looked appealingly to the grave-faced judge, who had learned to conceal his normal human suspicions under a mask of solemnity. Finding no help in any eye, Mr. Thackett rasped,

"*Yes!*"

"Now we're getting at the facts," announced the long-faced attorney with cold triumph. "Isn't it true that you tried to sell it to him for fifty thousand dollars on the day of this transaction?"

"Well, as to that——"

"Yes or no!" yelled the attorney.

"Well, yes; but——"

"That will do. Now, isn't it true, Mr. Thackett, that on the day it became known that the dam would be built which would raise the level of the river and make your property available for wharfage, you received from Mr. Eames, of the Wharf Terminal Company, an offer for this property in the amount of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars?"

Silence in the court-room. Mr. Thackett, without moving his head, roved his wrinkled eyes all round the floor as if he were hunting for a hole. Right over near the door sat eager Mr. Eames, quite ready to testify; and he meant to include in his testimony that he still wanted the property at a hundred and twenty-five thousand from either the plaintiff or defendant.

"Yes," mumbled Thackett.

"Immediately after this, you refused to sell your land to Mr. Prinley?"

"Of course I did! I'd be——"

"Of course you did! Quite naturally, Mr. Thackett. And this was on the day after you had accepted from Mr. Prinley his thousand dollars to bind the bargain——"

"I didn't!" shrieked Thackett.

"I object!" shrilled the waspish lawyer.

"Objection sustained," drawled the judge.

"Objection accepted, your Honor," said the long-faced attorney politely, then turned with extra fierceness to his victim. "Isn't it true that this was on the day after you had accepted Mr. Prinley's thousand dollars?"

"On account of what he owed me."

"But you hadn't given him a bill."

Ha-ha! Nobody in the court-room believed Thackett, except, perhaps, Thackett and his lawyer. Nobody laughed aloud, however, except Prinley. The rest used their eyes, and the judge glanced with extra sharpness at the defendant. It was a good place to quit, and the long-faced attorney stopped his cross-examination. Moreover, it was just lunch-time, and the bad impression Thackett had made could soak in for an hour.

There was a glistening light in the eyes of both partners as they hurried out to lunch with smiling-eyed Opportunity tripping affectionately between them.

"A seventy-five-thousand-dollar melon, Jim!" exulted Blackie. "All that juicy spillings, while the property is going from where it is to where it's going."

"Shut up!" said J. Rufus, with unexpected fury. "I went into that court-room on the level as a conscientious citizen, and I'm going to play the game."

"And proud I am of you for it," grinned Blackie. "You take care of the virtue of the firm, and I'll take care of the deal; then we'll split fifty-fifty the conscience and the coin. How do we get that seventy-five thou, Jim? What's your scheme?"

"Beat it back to the fish!" suddenly blazed the tortured Wallingford. "Why did you come, anyhow?"

"Because I thought you'd need me by this time," grinned Blackie, who, in truth, had been bored by the monotonous penny-ante games and Jim Measen's jokes—and the absence of Jim.

"Well, lay off! It's hard enough as it is for me to keep my whiskers out of the cream without your coming round to push the bowl in my face. I'm for justice and that only, you moral leper!"

"Certainly," agreed Blackie, twisting his mustache complacently; "so don't let's waste any more time about it. To begin with, the trial looks like a cinch. I don't suppose you could get anybody to take the shrimp-end of the bet?" Blackie was looking right at him, and saw an infinitesimal change of expression in his eye, before Jim, gripping his much prized virtue with a fresh and a vicelike grip, snapped,

"I *won't* discuss the case!"

"Of Cutey versus Cutey?" And Blackie continued to watch his eye.

A chuckle welled up in Wallingford's throat, and his shoulders heaved; then he scowled.

"Blackie, I'm going to do my duty or bust. I have given my sacred oath as a juryman."

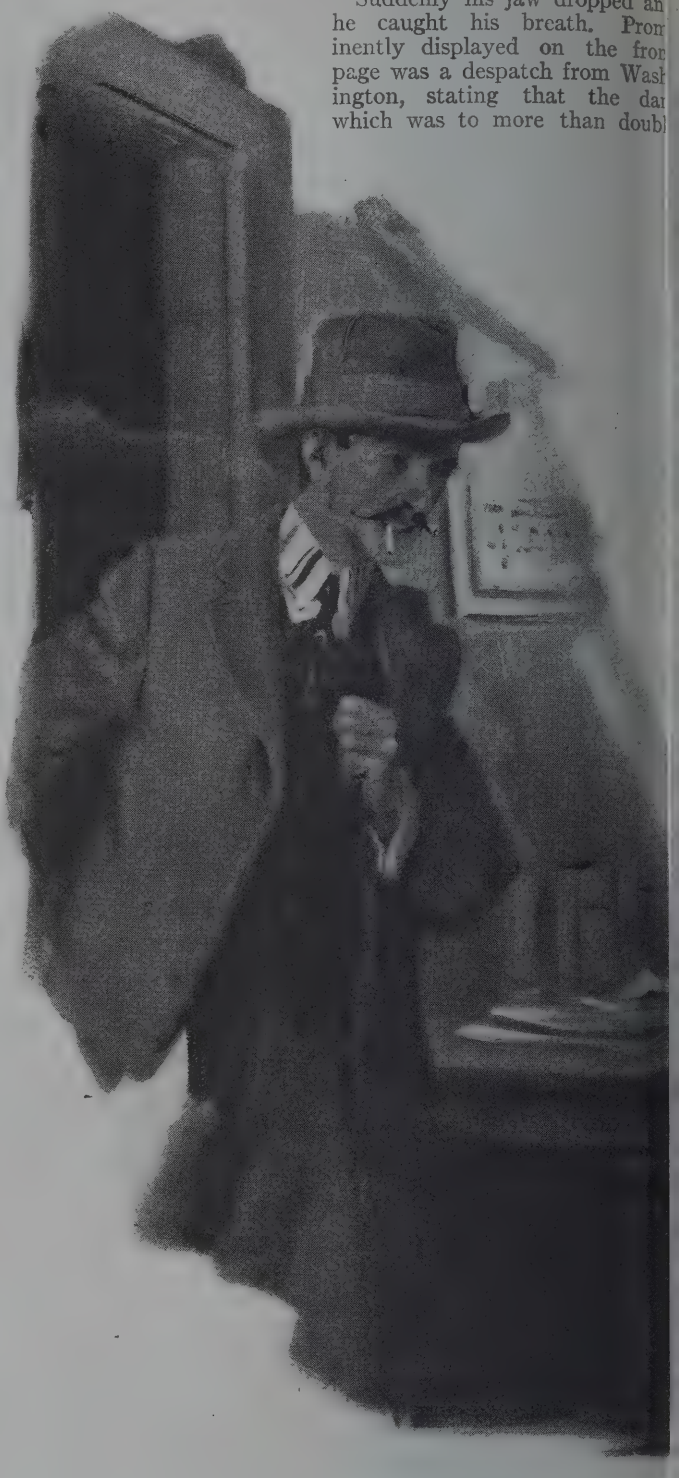
"All right, old top," was the cheerful response; "but I didn't!"

II

Mr. Thackett was in a loathsome state of mind as he sat in his dingy little office in the dingiest and cheapest of his tumbledown buildings, amid the dingiest and cheapest of the office furniture which he had seized, from time to time, for nonpayment of rent. The world was all gone wrong with Theophilus Thackett. To begin with, the law was an atrocity, a monster machine of injustice! The trial of Prinley versus Thackett was not yet concluded, but Theophilus, who possessed instincts and intuitions, had felt the chill wave which pervaded the court-room, and he now rested under a dismal foreboding that he was to be compelled to sell his hundred and twenty-five-thousand-dollar property for fifty thousand. Monstrous! Theophilus had played checkers with the law for lo! these many years, and in every game had managed to sneak a cap on at least one man before it reached the king-row; so he was a better expert on tricks than his own smallish, grayish, waspish attorney. But here was a game he could not handle, because, for the first time in all his career, he was on the right side of a legal controversy! And the right needs no tricks!

There must be some way to subvert injustice equally shrewd and keen as the way to subvert justice, and he grabbed hi morning paper, as yet unopened, to study yesterday's report c the trial. There must be some way. There must be!

Suddenly his jaw dropped an he caught his breath. Prom inently displayed on the fron page was a despatch from Wash ington, stating that the dar which was to more than doubl



Mr. Thackett turned with a start to find himself co gentleman who walked across the roo

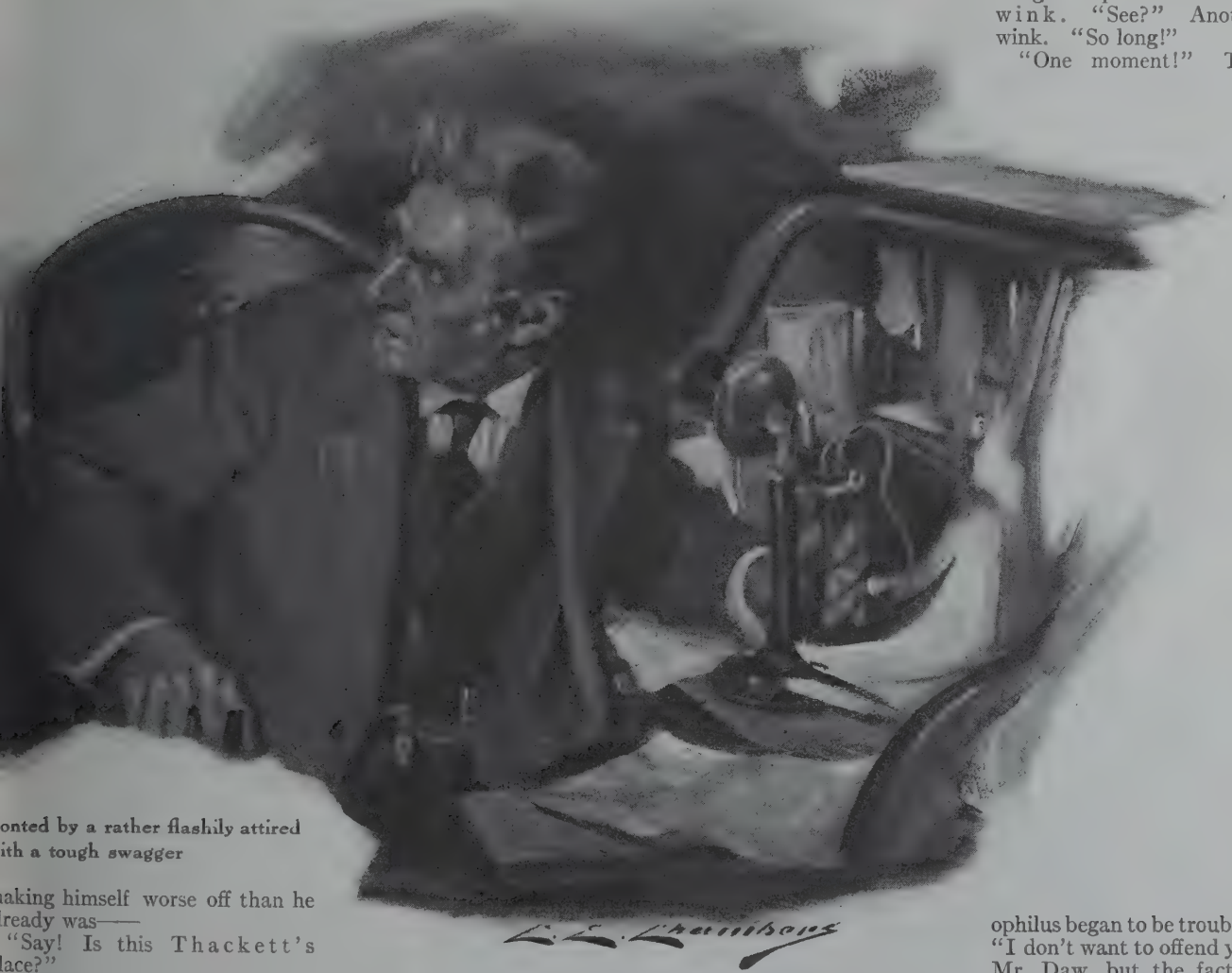
the value of his property was not to be built! There h been a mistake in reporting the items in the Waterwa Appropriation Bill. Theophilus's harp of life underwent agitation which was bad for his strings. Why, confound there went the entire seventy-five-thousand-dollar profit whi he had been fighting so hard to retain! All his agonizing strugg to keep Paul Prinley from making that profit for nothing, a —why, say; it was a good thing, under the circumstanc that he was going to lose that case! He rubbed his han together and he smiled. He'd be mighty glad now to s that property for fifty thousand dollars and let Paul Prinl hold the bag! But would Theophilus lose the case? Was sure of it? No; by George! As he thought it over now, in t

lht of wishing to lose, he could remember his emphatic asser-
ns of the truth of that transaction with Prinley, could remember,
h sickening accuracy, the testimony of his witnesses. The
rld was all gone wrong! He reached for his 'phone to call
smallish, grayish, waspish attorney, but he drew his hand
ay. Dang Puckett! First, what were the ways? Well, he
ght go right over to Prinley and say he was ready to back
wn and close the deal. Oh, no! Prinley read the papers, too.
wouldn't want that property at fifty thousand to-day.
iat next? Well, Theophilus might confess judgment and
l the trial, thereby compelling Prinley to buy the property.
; that wouldn't do. If Theophilus went into court and
empted that, he'd lay himself open to prosecution for perjury
and Prinley would see that he got it. The slickest way would
to go on with the trial and throw doubt on his own previous
timony and the veracity of all his witnesses. He-he! Only,
g-gone it, that scoundrelly Prinley would be doing the same
ing! Thackett was in the depths of despair. The only thing
wanted in life was to lose this case, and it seemed hopeless.

The telephone-bell rang.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" Thackett heard on the wire, as he
ked up the receiver. He recognized that voice. Prinley!
ackett's nose wrinkled, and his eyes screwed closer together.
en he softly hung up the receiver and muffled the bell.

Now, what did Prinley want? Hunh! All the caution of
eophilus's foxlike nature came uppermost. Was there
trick somewhere? Hunh! Well, they wouldn't catch him



onted by a rather flashily attired
ith a tough swagger

aking himself worse off than he
ready was——

"Say! Is this Thackett's
lace?"

Mr. Thackett turned with a start to find himself confronted
y a rather flashily attired gentleman who walked across the
oor with a tough swagger, whose black eyes were piercing,
nd whose black mustaches slanted in straight lines and
nded in tight little curls. Theophilus had a vague im-
ression of having seen this long, lean gentleman somewhere
efore.

"I am Mr. Thackett."

"Pleased to meet you." The visitor almost crushed Theophilus's hand in a steel-like grip; then he sat down and winked his right eye slowly, mysteriously, tightly. "I am Horace G. Daw," he whispered.

Theophilus considered Horace G. Daw in the light of his one standard—those clothes and that jewelry cost money.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Daw?"

"Saw me off a few thousand feet of lumber. Got any bird's-eye maple?"

"Well," hesitated Mr. Thackett, "I wouldn't exactly say that I have any in my lumber-yard, but I can deliver you some choice grade-A bird's-eye or curly maple inside of two weeks."

Mr. Daw leaned forward and winked mysteriously.

"Right-o, pal!" he whispered. "Shoot me along twenty thousand feet. Got any regular mahogany?"

"Some of the choicest to be found," Mr. Thackett assured him. "To be delivered at the same time?"

"Ten thousand, brother." And Mr. Daw raised his voice to its normal rough tone. "How about walnut?"

"I can guarantee my walnut."

"Fifteen thousand. That'll do for a starter, buddy. Just get that order on the griddle and shoot 'em through. So long!"

"Just a moment! Where do you want this lumber delivered?"

That mysterious wink again! It bent over Theophilus so closely that he shrank back from it.

"Your own lumber-yard." Another wink. "You see, I'm manufacturing an invention I don't want anybody to get hep to." Another wink. "See?" Another wink. "So long!"

"One moment!" Theophilus began to be troubled. "I don't want to offend you, Mr. Daw, but the fact of the matter is that this is a pretty large order, and I don't know you. A few references now would be regular and satisfactory."

"Oh, that's all right, friend," returned Mr. Daw cheerily. "I ain't got any."

"You—" Theophilus Thackett looked at his customer in astonishment. "Then I'll have to have a deposit."

"Why, sure, old boy! Why didn't you say so?" And Mr. Daw whipped out a check-book. "If (*Continued on page 106*)

New Fables

By George Ad

The Fable of the Hostess and th

ONCE the Nicest Girl in the World gave a Garden Party and Those Present were all Hes and there were only four of them and they never had sent up many Rockets in the Towns they came from, but the Girl made just as much Fuss over them as if they had been Douglas Fairbanks and King Albert of Belgium and Wm. G. McAdoo and Tyrus Cobb.

Now in regard to this Girl, Yes and No.

She did not happen to be one of those self-starting Flappers with lemon-colored Shoes, a Skirt modestly concealing the upper half of the Knee-Caps, and plenty of Ventilation at the Neck so as to show the Wish-Bone.



Once the Nicest Girl in the World gave a Garden Party and Those Present were all Hes and there were only four of them

In fact, after the Twice-Over, it was evident that she combined the smiling Countenance and the resolute Eye and the abounding Vigor of Youth with the matronly Calm of well-poised Womanhood.

It isn't every Week that you come face to face with One who has all the Selected Charms of a Hudson River Débutante and also the serene Dignity of an Empress.

What saved this one, first of all, was that she seemed to be 100% Woman.

A certain Admiration is directed toward the Lady who is 20% Female, 30% Talking Machine, 20% Chief of Police, 15% Politician, 10% Pugilist, and 5% Hairpins, but there are Times when even a long-haired Man with a White Tie likes to feast his Eyes on a Specimen entirely of the Opposite Gender.

The Hostess on the day of the Garden Party was the Kind that everybody thought the World and all of, yet no one would have referred to her as a Baby Doll.

Any time Re Men saw her con ing, it was a case Hats Off.

There was on one Breed that r fused to give h kindly Protection she went about Errands of Merc

She never ha been insulted exce by a Round-Hea who would have be promoted fo times in order become a Hyena.

It just shows th the Eternal Fem nine still has son Drag without t usual Stage Setting of Paint and Po der and $800 Frock

For instance, t popular Hostess the Day of the Par wore a plain Co tume of White an the only Ornamen was a Red Cross.

Every time her Guests saw it on the Cap, it looked to the like 20 or 30 Tiaras.

It was one Trade-Mark of Humanity that had stood up duri the Storm.

The reason it looked so First-Class to the four Guests at t Garden Party was that, after they had been variously nicke winged, and autographed by the loving Enemy and carted to t rear as Goners, this Woman wearing the Badge of Glorified Se vice had taken them by the Hand and led them through the lo Darkness, with Death stalking just behin and brought them back to the Hillto and Sunshine.

Were they for her? Ask me!

The Establishment at which they we Honored Visitors had been called a Châte back in the Days of Wigs and Ruffles, b it was now a Hospital.

More definite Information as to Loca must be withheld.

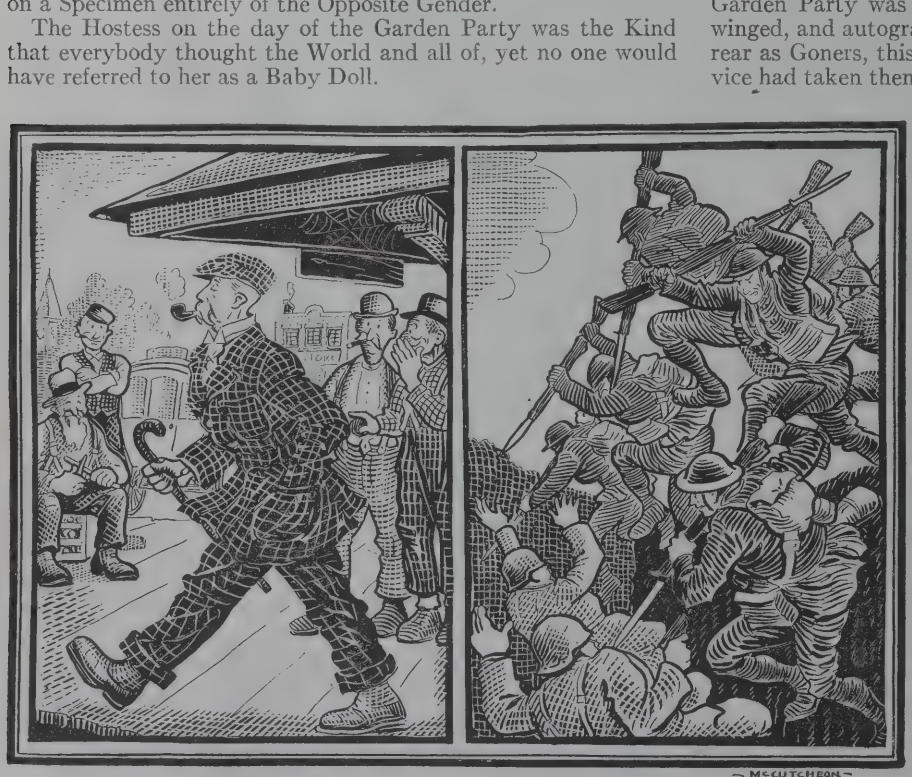
If we printed the Name of the Pla some Secret Agent in this Country mig put a Slip of Paper into a Link of Sausa and smuggle it into Switzerland, and the another Spy would put on False Whiske and get across the Border under cover Darkness and finally deliver the Inform tion to Ludendorff, who would order an A Raid, because the Kulturite is never jovial at Eventide as when he has killed lot of Nurses and bedridden Patients earli in the Day.

Suffice to say that it was Somewhere a Country that had been getting a Fier Deal and was now preparing to slip a lar hunk of Grief to the Othe Fellow.

The International Quartet consist of a Yank, a Tommy, a Poilu, and Wop.

Upon reading which, no doubt the Read will exclaim, "Ah, Some Cluster!"

After setting 'em up to the Fags, o Heroine withdrew, knowing that the Bo



"The Piccadilly Blighter who wore the little Glass Eye and expected to find Buffalo roaming through the Streets of Piqua, Ohio"

"Now I've got to go back and explain that the dear old Toff with the Monocle is a Heller when he gets wound up"

in Slang

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

Hikers and the Party under the Trees

ad a lot of Matters o settle among hemselves.

The Yank hailed rom Beatrice, Neb., r Skowhegan, Me., r Meridian, Miss. Now that you have earned his Post-Office Address, you will understand why e took the first shot and held forth s follows:

"Well, when I breeze back to the old Home Town and he Committee on Everything lines up t the Bon Ton Soft Drink Emporium, I ure will have a rackin' Report to urn in. I'm hopin' hat Mr. Hurley will et me have a sepa-ate Ship for my Souvenirs. Likewise nd furthermore, I'll ake back enough aw-Bone to last me hrough many a long Winter Evening. And, believe me yes, when we rally ound the old Base-Burner, the first big earful that I hand the Regulars will be about you Buddies right here. We had the false Dope. All we knew about you Ginks was what we'd seen in Vaudyville and the Colored Supplement. I vas taught from early Youth that the ntire British Nation got up every Morning nd started in to sob on account of Bunker Hill. Still brooding over Yorktown, the ame as the Daughters of the Revolution. Poor downtrodden Dubs who took orders rom a King instead of a Precinct Captain. Gosh, how I pitied the Foreigners who ouldn't vote for a Congressman that wore White Vest! Especially the Englishman, ecause he had to wear mutton-chop Zoo-Zoos and couldn't see a Joke. The only ing-tailed Slickers in the whole World were Yankee Doodle Boys wearing bell-shaped Coats and Button Shoes. It's been a real Shock to me to find out that J. Bull is ap-roximately Human. Somehow, the Sam-les that we had seen didn't do Justice to he Main Batch. We had taken a Peek at he Piccadilly Blighter who wore the little Glass Eye and expected to find Buffalo oaming through the Streets of Piqua, Ohio. He struck us as being a sort of Compromise etween Welsh Rabbit and Sponge Cake. Just put on Earth for the cute Americans o kid along. Now I've got to go back and explain that the dear old Toff with the Monocle is a Heller when he gets wound up and London compares favorably with Omaha or Memphis and all the time we've been joshin' the Britisher he had a Secret o the Effect that we were the Ones bein' trung. 'Ah, well; live and learn,' says the Rube that picked up the wrong Shell. I'm guessin' that before we became Pards the plain Resident of some inland Burg in the U. S. A. didn't have a very high Social Rating in the more delicatessen Circles of London, as it were."

"My dear Boy, you were just as highly esteemed as any Resident of Kamchatka or Booriaboola Gha," explained the Tommy. "We surmised that you wore Sheepskin Trousers and carried a Lariat and put in all your spare time getting Divorces and lynching inoffensive Colored Persons. Of course, we might have known that you couldn't devote the livelong Day to discharging Weapons and infracting the Seventh Commandment and casseroling the poor Blacks, but it happened that we didn't get any accurate Report of any of your Reputable Performances. If we met an American and he acted Parlor-Broke, we figured that he was an Exception to the Rule and probably from Boston. We read about you in the Penny Dreadfuls and saw you in the Movies and Wild West Shows and got the daily Murder Reports in the Papers, and we pictured you as a kind of Prairie Wolf wearing Diamonds. As we were the inventors of manly Outdoor Sports, we never could visualize you as other than crude Imitators in the Realm of Athletics. Even when you happened to win, we refused to believe it. We knew that you were pie-eating Dyspeptics who lacked the Brawn and the Bone and the Bright Blue Eye of the



"We surmised that you wore Sheepskin Trousers and carried a Lariat and put in all your spare time getting Divorces and lynching inoffensive Colored Persons"

"After Two Million had arrived, each looking ready to fight a Bengal Tiger, the Fact began to take Root that we were 400 years behind Columbus in Discovering America"



"When some one said, 'Frenchman,' we could see one of these Boulevard Bugs that wore a Corset, and stayed up all night dancin' the Cancan with Ladies who never had heard of the Methodist Church"

"On the Contrary. I'll say that they're the peppiest little Banty Roosters that ever chased a yellow Hamburg through a barb-wire-Fence. I tip the old Bonnet to Parley Voo"



"When I used to see him wearin' a Red Shirt and boardin' in a Box Car, I didn't give him credit for knowin' that he had a Country or a Flag"

"After a Fellow has Stood Elbow to Elbow with you and you've taken the Tall Gamble together, he looks about eight shades Whiter than he ever did before"

English Hero, to whom we had modestly referred in Song and Story for several Centuries. When the first Regiments arrived and began to percolate, we shrewdly suspected that you had picked out the more robust Lads just as a Show-Off. We believed that the next Lot would be pigeon-breasted and thin in the Shanks. After Two Million had arrived, each looking ready to fight a Bengal Tiger at the drop of a Hat, the Fact began to take Root that we were 400 years behind Columbus in Discovering America. We had taken note of the Tourist who hailed a Taxi-Cab by waving the Stars and Stripes. Also, we had casually encountered the Uncrowned Queen from your Shores who led a Millionaire by a String and who made the Chandeliers jingle every time she addressed a Head Waiter. These rather florid Examples had led us to think that the whole Western Hemisphere was Flamboyant and Swanky. Now we learn that not all of you have been ruined by Money. Willing to be, no doubt, but providentially saved just the same. Ah, well; when an Englishman admits that he is wrong, we are not more than six inches from the Millennium. Up to a few months ago the Frenchman was merely an eccentric Comedy Part at the Gaiety, the Italian was an obscure Alien devoted to Garlic and Grand Opera, and the Chicago Person was a gold-plated Aborigine. To-day, any British Subject who dared to raise his Voice against the Niagara Falls or Napoleon's Tomb or the Appian Way would be locked in the Tower and shot early next Morning. We have seen Queen Mary saluting the Star-Spangled Banner, than which nothing could be more Significant. It required an upheaval of the World to throw us together, but we have been thrown hard. Here we are, dear old Pals, probably knowing a lot of discreditable Things about each other, but absolutely refusing to consider them at present. I call that downright Clubby."

"I've just been tryin' to figure out how much of a Line we had on Lah Belle France before William started this Argument," spoke up the Doughboy. "It was a Pipe that all of Europe was 200 Years behind us and deep in the Mud, but we did have a Warm Spot for the Frogs on account of Lafayette. Of course, we couldn't have passed any Civil Service Examination as to what he really done, but we knew he had acted Friendly while we were a Runt and before we became the Greatest Nation on God's Footstool, as we used to say away back in 1916 before we became Citizens of the World. We had a kind of indefinite Regard for France as a Geographical Division, but Musseer Bonbon as an Individual Proposition was a plain Joke. It never occurred to us that France was inhabited outside of Paree. When some one said, 'Frenchman,' we could see one of these Boulevard Bugs that wore a Corset, put Perfumery on his Eyebrows, and stayed up all night dancin' the Cancan with Ladies who never had heard of the Methodist Church. All the French we'd ever heard in the Town I came from was 'La-la.' Of course, we'd seen the Parisian Belles in Burleycue, and they didn't look anything like the Bulwarks of a great Christian Nation. I understand now that most of them came from west of Peoria, but the Yap who stays at Home and buys Patent Medicine gets to puttin' his Faith in Labels. I guess we judged the English by the English Sparrows and the French by the Books that the Boys used to hide in the Haymow and the Italians by the Monk that worked in front of a Hand-Organ. I had to come all the way over here to find out that the Moolan Ruge has got just as much to do with France as the Corner of 42d and Broadway has got to do with the Anti-Saloon League. When I was pushed up into the front Regions of Hell and saw thousands and thousands of these wiry little Cusses whangin' the Daylights out of the Invincible Porch-Climbers and Door-Mat Thieves, I had to rub out and start a new Book. When I got into the Trenches with them fightin' Hounds, I couldn't discover that they was much addicted to the use of Eau de Cologne. On the Contrary. I'll say that they're the peppiest little Banty Roosters that ever chased a yellow Hamburg through a barb wire Fence. I tip the old Bonnet to Parley Voo. His Language is a Phony but his Heart is 24-Carat. The same goes for Sunny It over there. He may have been a Guinea two years ago, but now he's my Roommate. Any one that calls him a Dago had better hunt a Shell-Hole. When I used to see him wearin' a Red Shirt and boardin' in a Box Car, I called (*Concluded on page 88*



"The Américain was very difficult of Observation because he always seemed in a great Hurry to arrive at some Point just beyond. He traveled by Motor and killed many Chickens"

"We see you in our Villages, helping the Old and Weak, playing with the Children, walking out with the Mamselles, and, wherever you go, loved and trusted"



"All aboard for Healthville!
Take the train today.
Campbell's fare will get you there
The short and pleasant way."

"All aboard!"

Start now and start right. Resolve to make 1919 a ***health-winning*** year. This health campaign is the most important of all—both for America and for *you*. It is the most vital safeguard for your family and home.

Protect your own health. Keep the children and the workers in good physical condition.

Eat a good soup every day. This is one of the simplest and surest means of keeping in good physical trim. All authorities agree on this. Begin today's dinner with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You will be surprised at the help it gives you in maintaining vigorous health and energy.

It tones the appetite, strengthens digestion, provides valuable regulative elements which the body positively requires.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it is especially tempting and nourishing.

We make it from the pure juice of fresh red-ripe tomatoes, blended with choice butter, delicate herbs and other nutritious materials.

The contents of every can produces two cans of rich soup—delicious and satisfying. And it costs you less than if you made it at home.

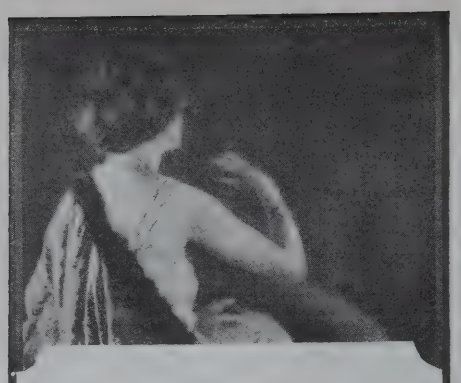


Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case, and get the full benefit and enjoyment.

21 kinds · 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Evans's Depilatory removes hair quickly

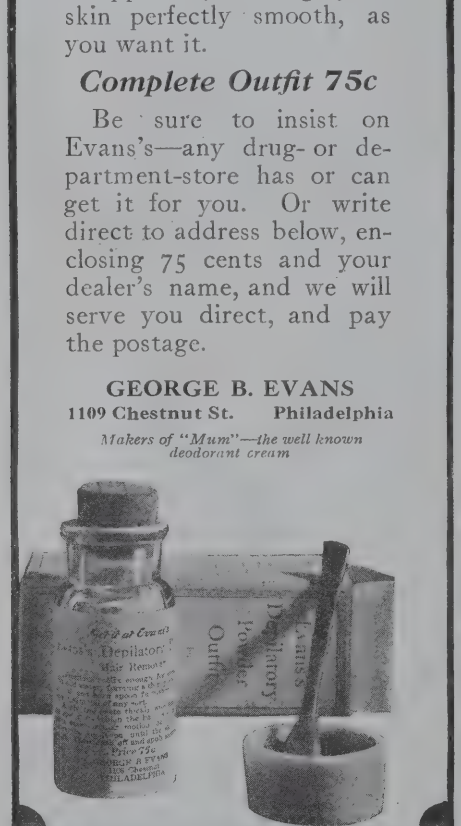
Get Evans's Depilatory Outfit, mix a little of the powder with water and apply the paste to underarm, arms or face, leave on a short time, then wash off entirely, and all of the unnecessary hair will have disappeared, leaving your skin perfectly smooth, as you want it.

Complete Outfit 75c

Be sure to insist on Evans's—any drug- or department-store has or can get it for you. Or write direct to address below, enclosing 75 cents and your dealer's name, and we will serve you direct, and pay the postage.

GEORGE B. EVANS
1109 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

Makers of "Mum"—the well known deodorant cream



ROUGH ON RATS

Clear your house and keep it free of rats and mice with old reliable "Rough On Rats." Kills them all quickly — and they "Dont Die in the House"

"Rough on Rats" successfully exterminates these pests where other preparations fail. Mix it with foods that rats and mice will eat. Change the kind of food whenever necessary. Don't be pestered—get "Rough on Rats" at drug and general stores. Send for booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice".

E.S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J

Originator of "Rough On Rats"

New Fables in Slang

(*Concluded from page 86*)

him Tony Spaget and didn't give him Credit for knowin' that he had a Country or a Flag. Somehow, after a Fellow has stood Elbow to Elbow with you and you've taken the Tall Gamble together, he looks about eight shades Whiter than he ever did before. The Folks back home think I've been off to War. I'll say that I've been off to School, learnin' that Brotherhood of Man Stuff and gettin' the Small-Town Junk dusted out of me. Am I right, Frenchy?"

The polite Poilu made a few Gestures with his Eyebrows before replying.

"In my native Province I have seen only a few Citizens of your Republic and not many of the Anglais," he said. "The Américain was very difficult of Observation because he always seemed in a great Hurry to arrive at some Point just beyond. He traveled by Motor and killed many Chickens. We were told that he led a gay Life around the Capital of the Universe and was making the City very wicked. Can you blame us if we believed that all of your people had too much Money and never learned the Latin Art of Pleasant Moderation? Then came the Army. At last I see! America is not a land of foolish Millionaires. It is the home of our Brothers. We see you in our Villages, helping the Old and Weak, playing with the Children, walking out with the Mamselles, and, wherever you go, loved and trusted. Then we remember that our charming Enemy always told us that you were Barbarians. We learn much, even as we suffer. The only Savage Tribes left in the World are those that we found in the Pill-Boxes, subsisting on Limburger Cheese. It is the same with the British. We knew there was a Land to the North enveloped in Fog and gloomy Respectability, but we could only laugh at the English when we saw them. They were Tourists, and all Tourists are Mad. By that I mean, n merely out of Temper but truly Ma what Mon Cher Yank would call 'Nut They were always prowling about, loo ing for that which was not Importa after they found it; so you could hard blame us for regarding them as a Que Lot. Now we kiss them on both Chee and call them Magnifique. It is better y do not know what we called them befo their Army came across the Channel."

The Italian volunteered:

"You say that the Tourist is Nobo Home under the Hat. Then what sh you say for the Americans and Engli that have given us so much Laughter Italy? Some are Students of Art who co Old Masters. The Young Man with t Hair is to be Caruso next Year, but know that he will get no further than t Cinema Palace. Then there is the Sign rina with the little Parlor Soprano w believes that Galli-Curci is not so muc And, oh, the ones with large Spectacl who dwell among the Ruins! And t bustling ones who buy Antiquities whi are not. We have often said that the must be strange Countries in the Wor if such People can get Money with whi to travel. It is now that even the litt Children in my beloved Country sing abo the Star-Spang Ban, but that is becau you fight for us."

"I'm just wonderin'," said the Yan "how long this Love-Feast will last aft we unbutton our Bayonets. I'm guessi that it'll make a Difference for all Tir to come. The Day may arrive when a one of us can look at a Boche witho seein' Red, but I don't think I'll ev offer one of 'em a Cigar. If I do, there be something wrong with it."

Moral: The Plowboys conquer where t Plutes and Parvenus have failed.

Mr. Blunt's Three Clients

(*Continued from page 57*)

assured him. "As a matter of fact, I am in possession of rather special information. Why have you come to me?"

"Because I know I am a suspect," the other replied eagerly. "In a way, I deserve to be—and yet I am not guilty. I am afraid of being arrested any moment. I came to ask your advice. What is my best attitude?"

"You had better tell me the facts," Blunt suggested.

"They will sound simple enough to you," the musician said bitterly. "To me—well, they are just my life's tragedy. I have loved Sara Sinclair since the days when she was a rather clumsy chorus-girl earning twenty-five shillings a week. Sometimes she has been kind to me, sometimes unkind. She married a theatrical agent named Pennifold, simply because she was starving for the small comforts and luxuries which I could not give her, and which she saw no other way of attaining. Our friendship did not cease with her marriage, although it was a torment to me. It ceased with the coming of Eric Lyson."

"This man, Lyson," Blunt asked coldl "was her lover, I presume?"

"Yes," was the shivering reply.

"Did you, at any time, make any d play of your jealousy?"

"Often," Stahl confessed. "I am n of the order of those who find it easy conceal their feelings. Everyone at t theater knew that I hated Lyson. have gone further than that. I have ev threatened him before people. I was f enough once to try to get him to fight duel."

"And on the night of the murder, wh were you doing?"

"Hanging round her house," the mu cian groaned. "I followed them ho from the theater. They both knew it."

"Did anyone see you in the vicinity the house?"

"Yes," Stahl admitted. "Two of t orchestra who live out that way saw walking up and down the street and tried induce me to come home."

"Did you tell them what you w there for?"

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"Yes," Stahl confessed grudgingly; "I told them that I was going to kill Lyson."

"Had you any weapon?"

"Yes."

"Did they know it?"

"Yes; I showed them an old revolver I had."

"And they left you there?"

"Yes."

"What happened then?"

"There seemed to be another man hanging about the place," Stahl replied. "I thought that he was a detective they had put on to watch me, and I determined to give it up for the night. I turned and walked straight away to Golder's Green. I didn't get back to my lodgings until five o'clock."

"What about your revolver?" Blunt asked. "Was it loaded?"

"Yes."

"Is it still loaded?"

"Not now. I took out the cartridges, and then I cleaned it."

Blunt looked across at his visitor for a moment curiously.

"Yours is a very singular instance," he observed, "of the subconscious actions of a guilty man. That is exactly what you would have done, you know, if you had discharged it."

"I suppose so," Stahl admitted. "Anyway, they are beginning to whisper things about me at the theater, and I know that I am being watched. I expect to be arrested at any moment. I am not afraid of dying, but I do not wish to die for a crime I never committed."

"Naturally," Blunt assented. "Tell me," he went on, "assuming your innocence, as I am quite prepared to do, what other man do you suppose had a quarrel with Eric Lyson? Who do you suppose really committed the deed? Have you any idea?"

The young man's denial was emphatic and convincing.

"I have no more idea," he declared, "than the man in the moon. Of course, if Sid Pennifold had been in England—but he wasn't, and that's all there is about it. I've just been to his office, and it's still closed. That's how it was I saw your name-plate."

"Where is Mr. Pennifold?" Blunt inquired.

"On his way home from America. He is expected to land to-morrow."

Blunt was thoughtful for a few moments.

"Fate seems to have been a little unkind to you, Mr. Stahl," he observed presently. "You have inadvertently done everything possible to focus suspicion upon you. Of course, the evidence will be largely circumstantial, but you must admit that nine people out of ten, knowing what you have told me, would believe you guilty."

"Perhaps so," Stahl admitted; "but, as I am not, it seems to me that there must be some way out of it."

"There ought to be," Blunt agreed, "but at present I don't see it. Such details as the caliber of the revolver, the time of the happening, the footprints in the garden, impressions of which I believe have already been taken, will naturally either aid or do you injury if you should be brought to trial. I should only be wasting time if I inquired into these obvious matters. The only real assistance which anyone in the world could offer you would be to discover the real murderer."

Stahl felt for his pocketbook.

"Will you try and do that?" he begged. "I have very little money saved, but such as it is——"

Blunt stopped him.

"I do not require a fee from you," he said. "All I can promise is that if I find it possible to help you, I will."

Ernest Stahl descended the cold stone steps, which seemed, somehow, to convey fresh chill to his leaden heart, walked into the street, and, almost before he had started on his climb to the Strand, received that little tap upon the shoulder, that stealthy, authoritative summons, the thought of which had been his nightmare for many hours. Richard Blunt, ignorant of what had happened to his would-be

Fannie Hurst's

next story,

The Comeback,

will appear in

February Cosmopolitan.

client, closed his office and ascended to his bachelor apartments at the top of the stairs. He entered with a latch-key an apartment comfortably, even luxuriously furnished. The walls were of deep brown and hung with a few choice mezzotints. The furniture was of subdued green. One side of the room was lined with bookcases. There was a pleasant fire upon the hearth and a tea-tray upon a round table. A man servant was busy arranging the latter.

"Miss Harwood is not here yet, Robert?" his master inquired.

"Not yet, sir."

Richard Blunt threw himself into the depths of a comfortable easy chair and composed himself for reflection. In a few moments the visitor whom he was expecting arrived. A remarkably bright and intelligent-looking young woman, almost smothered in furs, came cheerfully into the room.

"Hello, Dick!" she exclaimed. "Am I late?"

"Nothing to speak of," Richard Blunt replied, as Robert appeared with fresh tea and hot muffins. "I am glad to see you, though. Let me help you off with your cloak."

The girl took her place at the tea-table, glancing round her with half-resentful appreciation.

"Much too comfortable," she declared, "for a man struggling with a new profession! How we do live, Dick, nowadays! Fancy my coming here to tea with you, without a chaperon and with a journalist's note-book under my arm. By the bye, I have just seen one of those little tragedies for which you, when you were content with writing novels, used to search the world."

"Where?" Blunt asked, with sudden apprehension.

"At the corner of the street," she went on, sprinkling some salt over her muffin. "I saw a man arrested by two plain-clothes detectives. Of course, I hung round while they got him into a taxi. They say that it was the musician who shot Eric Lyson."

"A little copy for you," he observed.

Margaret—her name was Margaret Harwood, and she was about as new to journalism as Richard Blunt was to his profession—shrugged her shoulders.

"Curiously enough, it didn't interest me in the least," she declared. "The whole affair is too sordid. Sara Sinclair was just that type of chorus-girl to whom lovers count for exactly what each one brings in the way of jewelry or emotions. Eric Lyson, I always detested, both on the stage and off—an admirable type, I should consider, of the middle-class professional Lothario. And the woman's husband, from all accounts, is a terrible person, too. This young man looked a little more interesting, but, from what I hear, he is just one of the type of long-haired musicians who hang round Cambrino's and only see life by squinting at it."

Richard Blunt passed his cup for some tea.

"You dismiss them all very summarily, Margaret," he remarked.

"They represent the rock upon which you and I split," she said. "Personally I consider that your intense interest in what you call 'human nature' is little more than curiosity. You are perfectly happy poking about for jewels in a garbage-bed—jewels, whether of excitement or novelty or quality—which you will never find. Police-court curiosity, I call it."

"You believe that what you say," he asked, "applies to this present case?"

"I am sure of it," she replied confidently. "If you could see into the heart of each one of the three of these people, I don't think you would find even a single gleam of light, one impulse of real generous feeling."

Blunt looked away for a moment into the fire.

"I wonder," he murmured.

Richard Blunt's first few words to his visitor, a week or so later, were of congratulation upon his altered appearance. There was a somewhat awkward silence.

"You saw, I presume," the former inquired, "the account of Stahl's arrest?"

"Yes; I saw it," was the somewhat dogged reply.

"You will forgive my asking you," Blunt continued, "whether your attitude in this matter will be affected by what has happened."

"The sooner we have an understanding about that the better," Pennifold declared. "If it wasn't Ernest Stahl, it would be me—that's how I look at it. I reckon my life's more valuable to me than Ernest Stahl's. He's a ne'er-do-well, and he's been hanging round Sara ever since I can remember. It isn't his fault that he isn't in Eric Lyson's place. Perhaps he deserves to be. I don't know. Anyway, when it comes to a choice between him and me, I choose myself."

"I see," Blunt remarked.

"Now, you are the only man," Pennifold continued, "who could give me away, and I am taking it for granted that you won't. I consulted you professionally, and you passed your word that all that I said was in confidence. Is that the truth?"

"It is," Blunt assented.

"Very well then," Pennifold went on, "here am I, sober, clean, a different person since I saw you last. I have followed out your suggestions implicitly, and everything has gone well with me. I found my trunk on the dock at Liverpool; I drove to the Adelphia Hotel, registered in my own

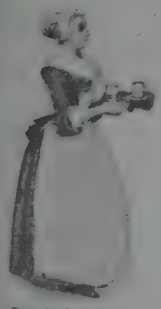


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name, talked about the voyage, let it be generally known that I'd been in my stateroom since we left New York, made some friends, and came on to London. The revolver went down to the bottom of the Mersey, and not a soul except myself saw it go. As for the rest, look at me. Am I anything like the man who slunk into your office that first morning I came to visit you, eh?"

Blunt scrutinized his client. Pennifold was dressed in new and well-fitting clothes. His linen was spotless; his eyes were clear. He had shown, without doubt, marvelous powers of recuperation.

"I gather," Pennifold continued, "that Sara believes it was Stahl who did the trick. There isn't one of my friends I've seen up till now who doesn't take it for granted. They know I'm through with Sara—she knows it herself—and they are all on my side. And mark you this: There isn't a human being suspects that I didn't make my appearance in England on the Hollonia."

"Stahl," Blunt said quietly, "will probably be hanged."

"Then here's the truth, Mr. Blunt," Pennifold replied: "I am prepared to let him hang. I am not a sentimental man, or a tender-hearted one, and I wouldn't go a long way out of my way to save him if it didn't cost me anything. As it would cost me my life, my mind's made up. There's only you. Are you on the square with me?"

Blunt nodded meditatively.

"Whatever my feelings might be as to your course of action, Mr. Pennifold," he declared, "you are quite right in what you assume. My lips are sealed."

Pennifold took his departure, and Richard Blunt spent the next few days in trying to rearrange his perspective of this sordid drama. Events, as it chanced, moved quickly. Stahl had been committed for trial without hesitation, and, with the skilful handing of an accomplished K. C., the chain of evidence against him appeared irresistible. As the days drew near for his trial, Blunt became conscious of a queer uneasiness. He had always considered that his interest in the human race was entirely psychological. Yet he found himself sometimes, at night, contemplating and turning over in his mind the sensations of a man hanged by the neck for the crime of another. His own position worried him. He even went so far as to hint at the truth to Margaret Harwood, from whom, however, he met with scant sympathy. Finally, he began to show a curious partiality for Pennifold's society. He found his way into the latter's office one afternoon, a few days before the trial.

"I am feeling queer," he said. "Let's go out and get a drink."

Pennifold hesitated.

"I don't know," he muttered. "I've kept off it ever since I came to see you. I've taken my Bible oath I'll keep off it until—afterward."

"Just one wouldn't do you much harm," Blunt urged quietly.

Pennifold shut down his desk, took up his hat, and almost ran down the steps.

"Come on," he said; "we'll go to the saloon-bar at the Blue Lion."

They sat in the stuffy, perfervid atmosphere of the public house until nearly closing-time—until even Blunt, who had surreptitiously disposed of three-quarters of his drinks, was feeling uncomfortable. Pennifold had passed through all the stages of exhilaration, quarrelsomeness, and stupidity to a state of maudlin joviality. His companion deposited him at his lodgings that night and went back to his own apartments, feeling like some unclean thing. Nevertheless, on the following morning, when Pennifold stumbled into his office at about eleven o'clock, red-eyed and unshaven, his greeting of the man was sympathetic. It had even a hollow ring of good-fellowship about it.

"Say," Pennifold confessed, "I'm dying for just one drink."

"Come along, then," Blunt replied, reaching for his hat. "I'm feeling a little the same myself."

That day was a repetition of the last, and the day following was, if possible, worse. On the morning of the trial, Blunt found his client waiting for him when he descended from his own apartments.

"For God's sake, come out with me somewhere, Blunt!" he pleaded. "I drank a bottle of whisky before I went to bed last night, but it wouldn't keep those black devils from dancing round my room. And, Blunt," he went on, clutching at his companion's sleeve, "every one of them had a face like that fellow Stahl's."

"What you want is a drink," the other declared coolly. "Come along."

It was after their fourth whisky and soda that Blunt made his suggestion.

"Look here," he said: "let's run down and see how things are going with Stahl. I've a friend, a barrister, who is keeping two seats for me."

The language in which Pennifold's refusal was couched was sufficiently lurid to evoke a request from the landlord that they immediately vacate his premises. Blunt hurried his charge into a taxi and drove to the Old Bailey.

"I'm not going in," Pennifold growled, as they drew up.

"Don't be a fool," Blunt whispered. "Look at that policeman watching us. They'll notice if you talk like that. There's no harm in it. Be a man."

Pennifold made a desperate effort to pull himself together.

"One more drink, then," he begged. "There's a place opposite."

His companion humored him, and a few moments later they crossed the street, Pennifold clutching tightly at Blunt's arm. The latter, to whom the place seemed familiar, led the way down several corridors, receiving many salutes from attentive policemen, and finally pushed his charge through a jealously guarded door into the low, bare chamber packed with people, where Stahl was being tried for his life. They entered without attracting notice, but, at the last moment, Blunt found that it required all his strength to steer the man by his side to his seat.

"My God," the latter whispered, "let me get out of this, Blunt!"

Blunt's only reply was a warning nudge. Perhaps it was by accident that a stalwart policeman was standing at the end of their row, and that they were almost wedged into their places. Little beads of perspiration stood out on Pennifold's forehead. He made a stupendous effort.

"I can't see," he muttered. "It's the fog!"

The fog from outside seemed indeed to have drifted in little patches into the room. Jets of yellow gaslight were flaring, however, and by degrees the whole scene became clear to Pennifold's clouded vision. There was Stahl in the dock, clutching nervously at the bars, his face ghastly, his fingers and lips continually twitching. There was the judge, unmoved, sphinxlike, the row of barristers, the crowd of eager sightseers. And there was a man speaking—the counsel for the prosecution. Pennifold stirred uneasily in his place.

"My God!" he muttered. "He's rubbing it in!"

The counsel in question, fully aware that he had an unanswerable case, was certainly unrolling it with pitiless precision. Very soon, Pennifold's agitation became almost as great as Stahl's. Blunt, who was watching the former very much as a physician might watch the subject on which he was experimenting, leaned forward and whispered in his ear:

"A clever fellow, that barrister! They'll hang Stahl, and he knows it. Look at him!"

Pennifold's blasphemous reply evoked a murmur from several of the people near. Blunt waited for some time before he spoke again.

"Poor chap!" he sighed. "They say that he hasn't slept for nights, just sitting in his cell, thinking. It's a horrible thought to have in one's mind, Pennifold—to be led out in the morning along that dreary passage. He has a mother alive, too."

This time, it seemed as though Pennifold were going to strike his companion to the earth. The red light was back in his eyes. He looked almost like a madman.

"If you can't keep your tongue still, I'll kill you where you sit!"

"What would be the use of that?" Blunt retorted, under his breath. "It isn't only to-day. You'll remember all that you are feeling now as long as you live. You'll see Stahl swinging—you'll live through it again, Pennifold, on your death-bed."

There was a little gurgle in the torturer's throat, and, at first, Blunt was afraid that he was going to have a fit. He recovered himself, however, and sat staring at the man in the dock in strained, unnatural fashion. The counsel for the prosecution was concluding. The prisoner seemed to be sobbing quietly to himself, but in his eyes there was a quaint look of half-pitiful surprise. He gazed round the court as though eager to meet some familiar face as though asking all the time what he had done that the truth should lie hidden. Blunt leaned toward the man by his side.

"Now's your time, Pennifold," he muttered; "you've got to go through with it!"

That was the end of the struggle. Pennifold stood up in court and his voice rang to its furthermost corners.

"My lord, this trial must be stopped. I demand to be sworn. I am Sidney Pennifold, the husband of Sara Sinclair, and it was I who shot Eric Lyson."

Tea was rather a silent festival that evening in Richard Blunt's chambers. Blunt himself was a little exhausted, and Margaret had come in late. It was some time before either of them alluded to the events of the afternoon.

"So you found your gleam of light, after all," she said, at last.

He nodded.

"I had to dig," he admitted, "but it was there all the time."

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Too Fat to Fight

(*Continued from page 19*)

game, Brig, and I haven't fumbled the ball. I live in a little tin shanty with a sand-bag roof, and I wear a little tin hat that holds just enough warm water to shave with. It held more—until lately; now there's a hole in it that I wouldn't trade for the Hudson "tube." I was starting out with two cans of hot cocoa when the street was shelled. I spilled the boys' cocoa and got a dent in my own, but those Bessemer derbies are certainly handy shock-absorbers. I woke up with my head in Doctor Peters' lap.

Right here I must make you acquainted with Pete. He's a hundred-pound hymn-weevil, and the best all-round reverend that ever snatched a brand from the burning. He dragged me in under cover all alone, and he used no hooks. Pretty good for a guy his size, eh?

Pete and I are partners in crime—and, say, the stuff we pull in this hut! Movies, theatricals, concerts, boxing-bees—with the half-portion reverend in every scrimmage. He's a Syncopated Baptist, or an Episcopalian Elk, or something; anyhow, he's nine parts human and one part divine. That's the way the Y is wearing them over here. He's got the pep, and the boys swear by him. When the war is over, he hopes to get a little church somewhere, and I'm going to see that he does, if I have to buy it, for I want to hear him preach. I never have heard him, but I'll bet he's a bear. Take it from me, he'll need a modest cathedral with about six acres of parking-space inside and a nail in the door for the S. R. O. sign.

We have a piano, and games, and writing-materials, and a stock of candy and tobacco and chocolate and stuff like that. I haven't tasted a single chocolate. Fact! But it has made an old man of me. Gee! I'd give that loft-building on Sixteenth Street to be done with an order of corn-starch pudding. However, barring the fact that I haven't lost an ounce in weight, I'm having a grand time, or there's always something to do. Details are constantly passing through, to and from the front-line trenches, which (whisper) are so close that we can smell the Germans. That's the reason we wear nose-bags full of chloride of lime or something. Pete and I spend our days making millions of gallons of tea and coffee and cocoa, and selling canned goods, and sewing on buttons, and cracking jokes, and playing the piano, and lugging stretchers, and making doughnuts, and getting the boys to write home to mother, and various little odd jobs; then, at night, we take supplies up to the lads in the front row of the orchestra. That's a pretty game, by the way, for a man of my size. Nobody ever undertakes to crass me in a trench; I lie down and let them climb over. It keeps the boys good-natured, and that's part of my job. "Hill Two Eighty-five"—that's what they call me.

We had a caller to-day. One of the Krupp family dropped in on us and jazzed up the whole premises. There is Bull Durham and ice-papers and chocolate and raspberry jam all over this village, and one corner of our hut has gone away from here entirely. We haven't found the stove either, although Pete retrieved the damper, and the rest of it is probably somewhere near by.

Of course I had nothing hot for the boys when I went up to-night. It was raining, too, and cold. But they didn't mind. They don't mind anything—they're wonderful that way. We all had a good laugh over it, and they pretended they were glad it was the stove and not I that got strafed. I really believe they like me. Anyhow, they made me think they do, and I was so pleased I couldn't resist sitting down and writing you. Altogether, it was a great day and a perfect evening.

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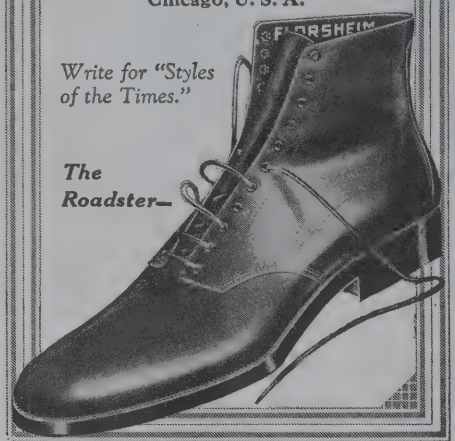
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But bad news was waiting at the base—news that sent the captain hurrying from first one hospital to another.

"Dalrymple? Oh, yes; he's here," an orderly informed the distracted visitor.

"Is he—: ay I see him?"

A small, hollow-eyed man with a red triangle upon his sleeve rose from a chair and approached to inquire,

"Are you, by any chance, Captain Shipp?"

"I am."

"Dimples has often spoken of you. He has been expecting you for weeks. I'm just going in."

"You are Doctor Peters—Pete?" The Y secretary nodded. "What ails him? I heard he was wounded——"

"Yes. His leg. It's very serious. I come every day."

The speaker led the way, and Shipp followed down a long hall redolent of sickly drug-smells, past clean white operating-rooms peopled with silent-moving figures, past doors through which the captain glimpsed dwindling rows of beds and occasional sights that caused his face to set. In that hushed half-whisper assumed by hospital visitors, he inquired,

"How did it happen?"

"There was a raid—a heavy barrage and considerable gas—and it caught him while he was up with supplies for the men. He began helping the wounded out, of course. It was a nasty affair—our men were new, you see, and it was pretty trying for green troops. They said, later, that he helped to steady them quite as much as did their officers."

"I can believe that. He's a man to tie to."

"Yes, yes. We all felt that, the very first day he came. Why, he was an inspiration to the men. He was mother, brother, pal, servant to the best and to the worst of them. Always laughing, singing— There! Listen!"

The Reverend Doctor Peters paused inside the entrance to a ward, and Shipp heard a familiar voice raised in quavering song.

"By the star-shell's light,
I see you; I see you.
If you want to see your father in the Fatherland,
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy."

"Why"— Shipp uttered a choking cry —"he's out of his head!"

"Oh, yes; he has been that way ever since they amputated."

"'Amp—' Good God!" Shipp groped blindly for support; briefly he covered his eyes. Then, like a man in a trance, he followed down the aisle until he stood, white-lipped and trembling, at the foot of Dalrymple's bed.

It was difficult to recognize Dimples in this pallid, shrunken person with the dark, roving eyes and babbling tongue. The voice alone was unchanged; it was husky, faint as if from long, long use, but it was brave and confident; it ran on ceaselessly:

"Keep your nerve up, pal; you're standing it like a hero, and we'll have you out to the road in no time. Smokes! I tell you they must have smokes if you have to bring 'em in on your back— Gangway for the soup-man! Come and get it, boys. Hot soup—like mother used to make. Put on the Harry Lauder record again. Now then, altogether:

"'I love a lassie, a bonnie, blue-eyed lassie.'"

The little minister had laid a cool hand upon Dimples' burning brow; his head was bowed; his lips were moving.

"When did you write to your mother last?" the sick man babbled on. "Sure I'll post it for you, and I'll add a line of my own to comfort her— Water! Can't you understand? He wants water, and mine's gone. Too fat to fight! But I'll make good; I'll serve. Give me a chance— Steady, boys! They're coming. They're at the wire. Now give 'em hell! We'll say it together, old man: 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name——'"

There were scalding tears in Shipp's eyes; his throat was aching terribly when Doctor Peters finally led him out of the ward. The last sound he heard was Dalrymple's voice quavering:

"Over there! Over there!
And we won't come back till
it's over, over there."

"I had my hands full at the hut, for the wounded were coming in," Doctor Peters was saying, "but everyone says Dimples did a man's work up there in the mud and the darkness. Some of the fellows confessed that they couldn't have hung on cut off as they were, only for him. But they did. It was late the next day before we picked him up. He was right out in the open; he'd been on his way back with a man over his shoulders. He was very strong, you know, and most of the stretcher-bearers had been shot down. The wounded man was dying, so Dimples walked into the barrage."

"And he was afraid he wouldn't make good!" Shipp muttered, with a crooked, mirthless smile.

"Yes—imagine it! There was never a day that he didn't make me ashamed of myself, never a day that he didn't do two men's work. No task was too hard, too disagreeable, too lowly. And always a smile, a word of cheer, of hope. Christ Master washed people's feet and cooked breakfast for hungry fishermen. Well, the spirit of Christ lives again in that boy."

Shipp's leave had several days to run; such time as he did not spend with Doctor Peters, he put in at Dimples' bedside. He was there when the delirium broke; his face was the first that Dimples recognized; his hand was the first that Dimples' groping fingers weakly closed upon.

They had little to say to each other; they merely murmured a few words and smiled; and while Dimples feasted his eyes upon the brown face over him, Shipp held his limp, wasted hand tight and stroked it, and vowed profanely that the sick man was looking very fit.

Later in the day, the captain said, with something like gruffness in his voice:

"Lucky thing you pulled yourself together, old man, for you're booked to take part in a ceremony to-morrow. A famous French general is going to kiss you on both cheeks and pin a doodad of some sort on your nightie."

Dimples was amazed.

"Me? Why, the idea!"

"Sure!" Shipp nodded vigorously. "Ridiculous, isn't it? And think of me standing at attention while he does it. Pretty soft for you Y fellows. Here you are going home with a decoration before I've even smelled powder."

"Oh, I'm not going home," the other declared. "Not yet, anyhow. A one-legged man can sell cigarettes and sew on buttons and make doughnuts just as well as a centipede."

A smiling nurse paused at the bed to say: "You're awfully thin, Mr. Dalrymple, but we'll soon have you nice and fat again. The doctor says you're to have the most nourishing food—anything you want, in fact."

"'*Anything?*'"

"Anything within reason."

Dimples grinned wistfully yet happily. "Gee!" said he. "I'd like some cornstarch pudding."

The Moonlit Way

(*Continued from page 79*)

He walked across the lawn beside them, switching his rod as complacently as a pleased cat twitches its tail.

"We'll try it to-morrow evening," he continued reassuringly, as though all their most passionate hopes had been bound up in the suggested sport; "it's rather annoying—I can't remember who's dining with us—some celebrated Irishman—poet of sorts—literary chap—guest of the Gerhardts—neighbors, you know. It's a nuisance to bother with dinner when the trout rise only after sunset."

"Don't you ever dine willingly, Mr. Barres, while the trout are rising?" inquired Thessalie, laughing.

"Never willingly," he replied, in a perfectly sincere voice.

They entered the house together, followed by Garry and Westmore.

A dim, ruddy glow still lingered in the quiet rooms; every window-glass was still lighted by the sun's smoldering ashes sinking in the west.

"It's the magic hour on the water," Barres, senior confided to Dulcie, "and here I am, doomed to a stiff shirt and table-talk. In other words, nailed!"

"Would it be too late to fish after dinner?" ventured Dulcie. "I'd love to go with you——"

"Would you really?" he exclaimed, warmly grateful. "That is the spirit I admire in a girl! It's human; it's discriminating! And yet, do you know, nobody except myself in this household seems to care very much about angling. And, actually, I don't believe there is another soul in this entire house who would care to miss dinner for the sake of landing the finest trout in the second lake—unless you would?"

"I really would!" said Dulcie, smiling. "Please try me, Mr. Barres."

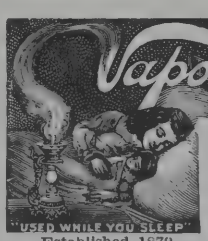
"Indeed I shall! I'll give you one of my pet rods, too. I'll——"

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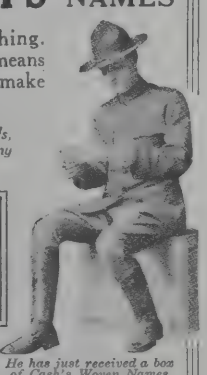
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The rich, metallic murmur of a temple-gong broke out in the dim quiet of the house. It was the dressing-bell.

"We'll talk it over at dinner—if they'll let me sit by you," whispered Barres, senior. And, with the smile and the cautionary gesture of the true conspirator, he went away in the demi-light.

Thessalie came from the bay window, where she had been with Westmore and Garry, and, encircling Dulcie's waist, walked away toward the staircase hall, slowly followed by the two men who, however, turned again into the western wing.

Dulcie was the first to reappear and descend the stairs of the north wing—a willowy white shape in the early dusk, slim as a young spirit in the lamplit silence.

She wandered into the music-room, where she seated herself at the piano and touched the keys softly.

Among the songs—words and music—which her mother had left in manuscript was one which she had learned recently—"Blue Eyes"—and she played the air now, seated there all alone in the subdued lamplight.

Presently, people began to appear from above—Mrs. Barres, who motioned her not to rise, and who seated herself near, watching the girl's slender fingers moving on the keys; then Lee, who came and stood beside her, followed in a few moments by Thessalie and the two younger men.

"What is that lovely little air you are playing?" inquired Mrs. Barres.

"It is called 'Blue Eyes,'" said Dulcie absently.

"I have never before heard it."

The girl looked up.

"No; my mother wrote it."

"It is really exquisite," said Mrs. Barres. "Are there words to it?"

Some people had come into the entrance-hall beyond; there was the low whirring of an automobile outside.

"Yes; my mother made some verses for it," replied Dulcie.

"Will you sing them for me after dinner?"

"Yes; I shall be happy to."

Mrs. Barres turned to welcome her new guests, now entering the music-room convoyed by Barres, senior, who was arrayed in the dreaded "stiff shirt" and already indulging in "table-talk."

"They took," he was explaining, "a midge fly with no hackle— Claire, here are the Gerhardts and Mr. Skeel." And while his wife welcomed them and introductions were effected, he continued explaining the construction of the midge to anybody who listened.

At the first mention of Skeel's name, the glances of Westmore, Garry, and Thessalie crossed like lightning; then their attention became riveted on this tall, graceful, romantic-looking man of early middle age who was being lionized at Northbrook.

The next moment, Garry stepped back beside Dulcie Soane, who had turned white as a flower and was gazing at Skeel as though she had seen a ghost.

"Do you suppose he can be the same man your mother knew?" he whispered.

"I don't know—I seem to feel so. I can't explain to you how it pierced my heart—the sound of his name! Oh, Garry, suppose it is true—that he is the man my mother knew—and cared for!"

Before he could speak, cocktails were served, and Adolf Gerhardt, a large, bearded, pompous man, engaged him in explosive conversation.

"Yes, this fellow, Corot Mandel, is producing a new spectacle-play on my lawn to-morrow evening. Your family and your guests are invited, of course And for the dance also—" He included Dulcie in a pompous bow, finished his cocktail with another flourish. "You will find my friend Skeel very attractive," he went on. "You know who he is—*the* Murtagh Skeel who writes those Irish poems of the West Coast—and is not, I believe, very well received in England just now—a matter of nationalism—patriotism, eh? Why should it surprise your Britisher—eh—if a gentleman like Murtagh Skeel displays no sympathy for England?"

Garry, under his own roof, said pleasantly:

"It wouldn't do for us to discuss those things, I fear, Mr. Gerhardt. And your Irish lion seems to be very gentle and charming. He must be fascinating to women."

Gerhardt threw up his hands.

"O Lord—they would like to eat him! Or be eaten by him—you know? It is that way always between the handsome poet and the sex. Which eats which is of no consequence, so long as they merge, eh?" And his thunderous laughter set the empty glasses faintly ringing on the butler's silver tray.

Garry spoke to Mrs. Gerhardt, a large pallid, slabby German who might have been somebody's kitchen-maid, but had been born a "Von." Later, as dinner was announced, he contrived to speak to Thessalie aside.

"Gerhardt," he whispered, "doesn't recognize you, of course."

"No; I'm not at all apprehensive."

"Yet, it was on his yacht——"

"He never even looked twice at me. You know what he thought me to be? Very well; he had only social ambitions then. I think that's all he has now. You see what he got with his Red Eagle"—nodding calmly toward Mrs. Gerhardt, who now was being convoyed out by the monocled martyr in the "stiff shirt."

The others passed out informally; Lee had slipped her arm round Dulcie. As Garry and Thessalie turned to follow, he said, in a low voice,

"You feel quite secure, then, Thessa?"

She halted, put her lips close to his ear, unnoticed by those ahead.

"Perfectly. The Gerhardts are what you call 'fatheads'—easily used by anybody, dangerous to no one, governed by greed alone. But that Irish dreamer over there—*he* is dangerous. That type always is. He menaces the success of any enterprise to which his quixotic mind turns, because it instantly becomes a fixed idea with him—an obsession, a monomania!"

The Gerhardts, vulgar and socially blunt, made themselves characteristically conspicuous at the flower-laden table; but it was on Murtagh Skeel that all eyes became ultimately focused to the limit of good breeding. He was the lodestar; he was the magnet, the vanishing-point for all curiosity, all surmises, all interest.

Seated on the right of Mrs. Barres, his smiling hostess very quickly understood the situation and made it pleasantly plain to everybody that her guest of honor was not to be privately monopolized.

So, almost immediately, all currents of conversation flowed from all sides toward this dark-eyed, handsome man, and, in return, the silver-tongued tide of many currents—the Irish Sea at its sparkling flood—flowed prettily and spread out from its perennial source within him, and washed and rippled gently over every separate dinner-plate, so that nobody seemed neglected and there was jetsam and beach-combing for all.

And it was inevitable, presently, that Murtagh Skeel's conversation should become autobiographical in some degree, and his careless, candid, persuasive phrase turn into little gemlike memories. For he came ultimately, of course, to speak of Irish nationalism and what it meant, of the Celt as he had been and must remain—utterly unchanged as long as the last Celt remained alive on earth.

The subject, naturally, invaded the fairy-lore, wild legend, and lovely mysticism of the West Coast, and centered about his own exquisite work of interpreting it.

He spoke of it very modestly, as his source of inspiration, as the inception of his own creative work in that field. But always, through whatever he said, rang low and clear his passionate patriotism, and the only motive which incited him to creative effort—his longing for national autonomy and the regathering of a scattered people in preparation for its massed journey toward its destiny.

His voice was musical; his words were unconscious poetry. Without effort, without pains—alas, without logic—he held every ear enthralled there in the soft candle-light and subdued glimmer of crystal and of silver.

All yielded to his charm; all felt his sway over mind and heart, nor cared to analyze it, there in the soft light of candles and the scent of old-fashioned flowers.

The subject of the war had been politely avoided, yet, somehow, it came out that Murtagh Skeel had served in Britain's army overseas as an enlisted man in some Irish regiment—a romantic impulse of the moment, involving a young man's crazy plan to foment rebellion in India. Which little gem of a memoir presently made the fact of his exile self-explanatory. Yet he contrived that the ugly revelation should end in laughter—an outbreak of spontaneous mirth through which his glittering wit passed like lightning, cauterizing the running sore of treason.

Coffee served, the diners drifted whither it suited them, together or singly.

Like an errant spirit, Dulcie moved about at hazard amid the softened lights, engaged here, approached there, pausing, wandering on, nowhere in particular, yet ever listlessly in motion.

Encountering her near the porch, Barres, senior, had paused to whisper that there was no hope for any fishing that evening; and she had lingered to smile after him, as, unreconciled, he took his stiff-shirted way toward the pallid, bejeweled, unanimated mass of Mrs. Gerhardt, settled in the widest armchair and absorbing cordial.

A moment later, the girl encountered Garry. He remained with her for a while,

evidently desiring to be near her without finding anything in particular to say. And when he, in turn, moved elsewhere, obeying some hazy mandate of hospitality, he became conscious of a reluctance to leave her.

"Do you know, sweetness," he said, lingering, "that you wear a delicate beauty to-night, lovelier than I have ever seen in you? You are not only a wonderful girl, Dulcie; you are growing into an adorable woman."

The girl looked back at him, blushing vividly in her sheer surprise, watched him saunter away out of her silent sphere of influence before she found any word to utter—if, indeed, she had been seeking any, so deeply, so painfully sweet had sunk his words into every fiber of her untried, defenseless youth.

Now, as her cheeks cooled and she came to herself and moved again, there seemed to grow round her a magic and faintly fragrant radiance through which she passed—whither, she paid no heed, so exquisitely her breast was thrilling under the hurrying pulses of her little heart.

And presently she found herself on the piano-bench, quite motionless, her gaze remote, her fingers resting on the keys. And, after a long while, she heard an old air stealing through the silence, and her own voice—*à demi-voix*—repeating her mother's words:

Were they as wise as they are blue—
My eyes—
They'd teach me not to trust in you,
If they were wise as they are blue.

But they're as blithe as they are blue—
My eyes—
They bid my heart rejoice in you,
Because they're blithe as well as blue.

"Believe and love!" my gay heart cries.
"Believe him not!" my mind replies.
What shall I do
When heart affirms and sense denies
All I reveal within my eyes
To you?

If they were black instead of blue—
My eyes—
Perhaps they'd prove unkind to you,
If they were black instead of blue.

But God designed them blithe and blue—
My eyes—
Designed them to be kind to you,
And made them tender, gay, and true.

Believe me, love, no maid is wise
When from the windows of her eyes,
Her heart looks through.
Alas! My heart, to its surprise,
Has learned to look; and now it sighs
For you!

She became conscious of somebody near as she ended. She turned and saw Murragh Skeel at her elbow—saw his agitated, ashen face—looked beyond him, and discovered other people gathered in the dimmed light beyond, listening. Then she lifted her clear, still gaze again to the white-faced man beside her, and saw his shaken soul staring at her through the dark windows of *his* eyes.

"Where did you learn it?" he asked, with a futile effort at that control so difficult for any Celt to grasp where the heart is involved.

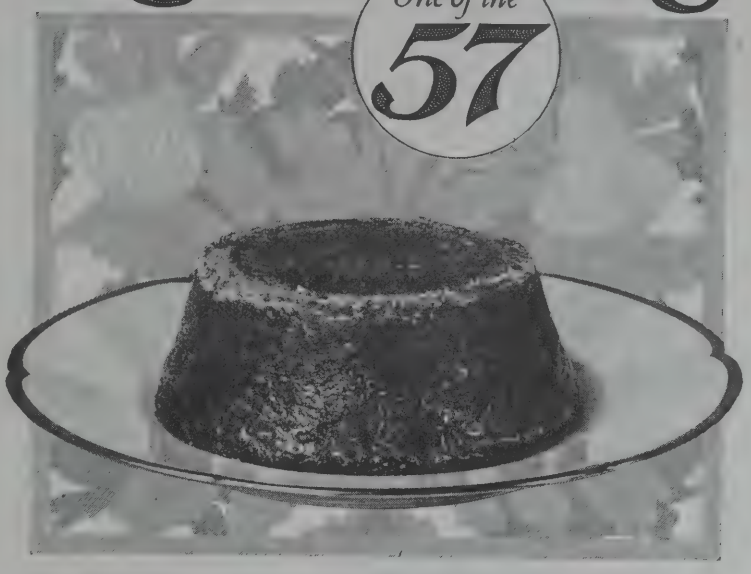
"The song I sang?" she inquired.

"Yes—that."

"I have the manuscript of the composer."

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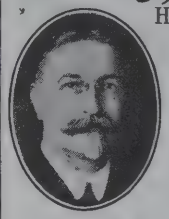
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"Could you tell me where you got it—and—and who wrote the words?"

"The manuscript came to me from my mother. She wrote it. I think you knew her."

His strong, handsome hand dropped on the piano's edge, gripped it; and under his pale skin the quick blood surged to his temples.

"What was your—your mother's name, Miss Soane?"

"She was Eileen Fane."

The throbbing seconds passed, and still they looked into each other's eyes in silence. And, at last,

"So you did know my mother," she said, under her breath; and the hushed finality of her words set his strong hand trembling.

"Eileen's little daughter," he said. "Eileen Fane's child! And grown to womanhood! Yes; I knew your mother—many years ago. When I enlisted and went abroad. Was it Sir Terence Soane who married your mother?"

She shook her head. He stared at her, striving to concentrate, to think.

"There were other Soanes," he muttered, "the Ellet Water folk—no—but there were many Soanes among the landed gentry in the East and North. I cannot seem to recollect—the sudden shock—hearing a song unexpectedly——"

His white forehead had grown damp under the curly hair now clinging to it. He passed his handkerchief over his brow in a confused way, then leaned heavily on the piano, with both hands grasping it. For the ghost of his youth was interfering, disputing his control over his own mind, filling his ear with forgotten words, taking possession of his memory and tormenting it with the distant echoes of a voice long dead.

Through the increasing chaos in his brain, his strained gaze sought to fix itself on this living, breathing fact before him—the child of Eileen Fane. He made the effort.

"There were the Soanes of Colross—" But got no farther that way, for the twin specters of his youth and *hers* were busy with his senses now; and he leaned more heavily on the piano, enduring with lowered head the ghostly whirlwind rushing up out of that obscurity and darkness where once, under summer skies, he had sowed a zephyr.

The girl had become rather white, too. One slim hand still rested on the ivory keys; the other lay inert in her lap. And, after a while, she raised her gray eyes to this man standing beside her.

"Did you ever hear of my mother's marriage?" she asked.

He looked at her in a dull way.

"No."

"You heard—nothing?"

"I heard that your mother had left Fane Court."

"What was Fane Court?" Murtagh Skeel stared at her in silence. "I don't know," she said, trembling a little. "I know nothing about my mother. She died when I was a few months old."

"Do you mean that you don't know who your mother was? You don't know who she married?" he asked, astounded.

"No."

"Good God!" he said, gazing at her. His tense features were working now; the battle for self-control was visible to her, and she sat there dumbly, looking on at the mute conflict which suddenly sent the tears flashing into his dark eyes and left his sensitive mouth twitching. "I shall not ask you anything now," he said unsteadily; "I shall have to see you somewhere else—where there are no people—to interrupt. But I shall tell you all I know about—your mother. I was in trouble—in India. Somehow or other, I heard indirectly that your mother had left Fane Court. Later, it was understood that she had eloped. Nobody could tell me the man's name. My people in Ireland did not know. And I was not on good terms with your grandfather. So there was no hope of information from Fane Court. I wrote, indeed, begging, beseeching for news of your mother. Sir Barry—your grandfather—returned my letters unopened. And that is all I have ever heard concerning Eileen Fane—your mother—with whom I—fell in love—nearly twenty years ago."

Dulcie, marble-pale, nodded.

"I knew you cared for my mother," she said.

"How did you learn it?"

"Some letters of hers written to you. Letters from you to her. I have nothing else of hers except some verses and little songs—like the one you recognized."

"Child, she wrote it as I sat beside her—" His voice choked, broke, and his lips quivered as he fought for self-control again. "I was not welcome at Fane Court. Sir Barry would not tolerate me. Your mother was more kind. She was very young. And so was I, Dulcie. There were political troubles. I was always involved. God knows which was the stronger passion—it must have been love of country—the other seeming hopeless—with the folk at Fane Court my bitter enemies—only excepting your mother. So I went away. And which of the Soanes your mother eloped with I never learned. Now, tell me—for you surely know that much."

She said:

"There is a man called Soane who tells me sometimes that he was once a gamekeeper at what he calls 'the big house.' I have always supposed him to be my father until within the last year. But recently, when he has been drinking heavily, he sometimes tells me that my name is not Soane but Fane. Did you ever know of such a man?"

"No. There were gamekeepers about. No; I cannot recall—and it is impossible! A gamekeeper! And your *mother!* The man is mad! What, in God's name does all this mean?" He began to tremble, and his white forehead under the clustering curls grew damp and pinched again. "If you are Eileen's daughter—" But his face went dead white and he got no further.

People were approaching from behind them, too; voices grew distinct in conversation; somebody turned up another lamp.

"Do sing that little song again—the one you sang for Mr. Skeel," said Lee Barres, coming up to the piano on her brother's arm. "Mrs. Gerhardt has been waiting very patiently for an opportunity to ask you."

The next instalment of ***The Moonlit Way*** will appear in ***February Cosmopolitan.***

"Taxi!"

(*Concluded from page 65*)

the maiden, in evident distress, "and I've been looking for him for weeks."

"Not Bobby!" exclaimed Mr. Nearcrost.

"Not Herv!" ejaculated Mr. Kittens.

"Not Randy!" interjected Mr. Berry.

Pamela nodded three times, but her eyes failed to show wonder. Nowadays, everybody she ran into seemed to know everybody she knew by his first name.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Nearcrost, intent on getting there first with a remark—any remark; "does he owe you money, too?"

The effect was electrical. Miss Thornton assumed a freezing dignity. She fixed Mr. Nearcrost with steady eyes.

"How much does Mr. Randolph owe you?" she asked.

"Only tw-twenty," babbled Mr. Nearcrost.

"Well, here it is," said Pamela, drawing a yellowback from her châtelaine and thrusting it into Mr. Nearcrost's nerveless hand. "I happen to owe Mr. Randolph a great deal more than that." Wherewith she turned and made for the corner and the nearest telephone-booth.

"Charlie," said Mr. Kittens sadly to Mr. Berry, "look at him! Took the cash as usual and let the credit go." The narcotized Mr. Nearcrost gazed not at the gift but at the disappearing giver.

Pamela was short of breath when she reached the telephone, but she managed to get Mr. Milyuns' residence on the wire and learned that he was detained at the office. She called up that safe den of the would-be undisturbed and connected with a new and strange drawl.

"You've got the wrong number, lady. This Mr. Milyuns went home early to celebrate his silver wedding."

"Will you put me through to Mr. Borden Milyuns," asked Pamela, in a sugar-sweet voice, "or do you really want to start looking for another job?"

"How do I know you know him—Miss Hurry, did you say? The office-boy ain't here, so I can't ask him. Leave me your number, an' I'll have him call you."

"'Know him!'" gulped Pamela, in a rage. "Why, I've k-kissed him!"

"Kissed Mr. Milyuns!" responded the voice, taking sudden notice. "Well, dearie, why didn't you say so? I thought you was one of them highbrow dames. If it's a matter of kissin' the boss over the wire, why just you go to it. I won't listen—oh, no!"

And a moment later, Pamela, in a stream-line body:

"Oh, Mr. Milyuns, this is Pamela and I've found him! . . . Yes; Randy—Mr. Randolph. . . . No; he *got away!* . . . Yes. He's going under the name of Slim Hervey and he was driving the Village Cab Company's No. 1898, and he smashed it on the curb just in front of that horrid Poppy Club, and when he saw me, he *ran.* . . . Oh, you *will* get him, won't you? Please hurry. And now, if you'll hang up, I have a few words to say to that new telephone-girl of yours. . . . Oh, no; you needn't tell her; I can feel her sagging on the wire. . . . Oh, *will* you? Oh, thank you! It isn't as if she didn't deserve it."

The conclusion of ***"Taxi!"*** will appear in ***February Cosmopolitan.***



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"Merry Christmas, Dad!"

(Continued from page 39)

custom, as he liked everything that savored of good old-fashioned home-keeping. There was a faint odor of roasting turkey in the air, too—another welcome, homelike smell. He had heard his wife, returning breathless and rosy from early church, admonishing Sally that they must all be nicely dressed for daddy's coming-down, and he had heard Marie Thérèse briskly telling Boyd Allen that she could not possibly make an engagement to-day. Dad was going to be down for dinner.

He half expected, as he was wheeled unsteadily into the dining-room, to see some bulky present awaiting him—a new chair, a handsome lamp, or expensive rug. But although the room looked miraculously strange and inviting, there was nothing new in it except his own vision, freshened to its charm by two weeks of absence. The old green lamp was in its place; the shabby rugs were unchanged; a deep bed of coals glowed behind the steel bars of the grate, and above the mantel was the old painting of fruit, and ruby wine in a glass, and a fringed napkin, just as it had been for twenty years.

Cyrus Laidlaw experienced a most restful sensation of gratitude. He sank into his pillows and allowed a thin rug to be spread over his knees.

"No company to-day, dad," said his wife. "They're all at Rose's—and the exasperating thing is that Rose says she has wanted them for years. No; it's just ourselves—oh, and Peter. I asked him because he's been such a comfort, Cy, and because the poor fellow is entirely alone in the world."

"You don't mind?" Marie Thérèse was on a hassock, with her father's thin, cool hand caught between her two, smooth warm ones. Now she looked up at him, and he decided that she was the most bewitching thing that God had ever made.

"Like it, Muffy?" He managed to pat her bright head with his free hand

Marie Thérèse smiled as she looked demurely into the fire. She had had a hard two weeks, but Christmas day had brought her an unexpected serenity of spirit. When her father first had been stricken, she had imagined, in her youthful egotism, that Boyd would rise to the occasion as splendidly as herself. She had seen herself leaning on him, locking both white hands on his coat, telling him with tearful eyes that he must be her protector now.

But Boyd hadn't even come to see her for seven days, and when he had come, he had not been satisfactory, somehow. He had told her of two dances she had missed—dances, forsooth! He had told her of the new girl, Caroline Roberts' cousin, who was "a pippin." This odious girl, Betsy Black by name, had spirit, Boyd had chuckled. She rode like a devil, too. And once, when she was fourteen, a groom had given her the wrong horse, and she had slashed the groom across the face with her riding-crop. Cost her father a thousand bucks, Boyd said, but that didn't matter—they were richer than cream, anyway. Boyd had taught her to drive his motor—learned in two lessons.

Stung to the soul, Marie Thérèse had suppressed the tender confidences that she had reserved for this youth—the talk of dad, of new plans to save and please dad. Suddenly it had all tasted flat—the sick-room life with its reading and its carefully prepared trays. She knew Boyd would have no sympathy with it.

"Boyd," she had said, frantic to reach him, even to hurt, "you know that talk we had, the day dad was taken ill? I want to consider that as—well, as off. We hadn't—hadn't considered that enough. Some day, when everything is normal again——"

He had cut her poetic tone short.

"Oh, sure!" he had said easily, perhaps even with relief. "I didn't say anything to anyone."

Marie Thérèse had gone up-stairs with a boiling heart. The impudence, the cold-bloodedness of it! Her face flamed as she remembered how she had flirted with this man, how, to please him, she had hinted that they, the Laidlaws, were to move into a handsomer house, that Thomas was to go to Yale, that dad was to buy a car.

And upon her musings, as his good fortune would have it, had come Peter, handsome, grave, thirty-two, so buoyed by a bit of business good news that he could not resist the temptation to come out and tell his old employer about it. Peter had looked down upon beautiful Marie Thérèse with the serious adoration she had dreamed of finding in Boyd's eyes; Peter, standing beside the fire, had whispered anxiously of the invalid. Peter had urged her just to take a turn about the block with him, she looked so pale. And when her tired and harassed mother had asked Peter to stay and have supper with them, how gratefully his fine Irish eyes had lighted!

That was a week ago. But Marie Thérèse pondered these and other things as she sat by her father's knee on Christmas morning, and presently she said:

"I've a Christmas present for you, dad. You know we all decided to give you things that didn't cost a penny. But the only condition you may have mine on is that you keep it a secret, and don't tell anyone about it—unless, some day you tell mother. And the minute you get it, you must throw it in the fire."

"Oh, come—come—" said Cyrus intolerantly.

"All right; then you won't get it," the girl said. "Did mother tell you her present?" she added gaily.

"'Mother?'" He smiled at his wife with all the mystified expectation of a child.

"Very simple, Cy." Mrs. Laidlaw came and stood beside him. "I couldn't spend your check for regular Christmas presents, dear. Not with you so ill. So I talked it over with Marie Thérèse, and yesterday we went down to the agent, and paid poor Helen Randall's rent for a whole year to come, in advance. I said that it was your Christmas gift. She has two or three good boarders——"

Her husband put his veined, thin hand over his eyes for a moment.

"That was a very lovely thing for you to do, Min," he said, after a minute, in which his wife, her eyes a little moistened, kissed the top of his head. "It gives me great pleasure, my dear."

"But, dad, will you tell me what Mattress's present is?" shrilled Sally.

"He will not!" her sister laughed. She put a slip of paper into his palm. "There it is now, dad." She smiled, a little rosy and self-conscious.

"And Thomas has a present, too!" Sally said. "It's——"

Her mother placed a firm hand over the child's mouth and led her away. Cyrus Laidlaw opened the slip of paper, and read:

Because of her deference to his judgment and her devotion to his happiness, Marie Thérèse Laidlaw promises her father that during the coming year she will neither write to nor see Boyd Richard Allen, Esq., and assures him that any question of an engagement between them is definitely at an end.

He looked down at his daughter, but Marie Thérèse had hidden her face against his knee. Quite to her own surprise, she was crying. Her father said, "Muffy," but, with only a quick pressure of her lips against his hand, she had flashed from the room.

"Little Muffy!" Cyrus said, half aloud. And, remembering her conditions, he read the few lines over only once again before tossing the crumpled bit of paper into the heart of the fire.

"Now Thomas has the last present!" shrieked Sally from the doorway.

"More presents?" Cyrus roused himself from a smiling dream. He looked toward his younger daughter, who had clapped her two sticky hands over her mouth, to prevent the utterance of the forbidden secret.

Behind her, he saw his wife, half smiling, half tearful, and Marie Thérèse with a face all pride and joy. As they came, he saw that they were followed by a tall, rosy youth in the lately familiar and newly beloved dark-blue flannel of the navy.

But the boy had come shyly grinning toward him and was very close before he recognized Thomas. And into Cyrus Laidlaw's heart came a joy that was half pain, and a pride that was half fear, as he held out his hand and felt the grip of his son's big hand in return.

"Tired, dear?" said Mrs. Laidlaw, late in the afternoon. The Christmas dinner, with its white celery and red cranberries, its big turkey and its mound of mother's ice-cream, was over long ago; the early winter dusk was closing down upon a

"Uncle Sam, meet John Bull!"

is the title of

Judge Lindsey's

first article on the coming moral and spiritual benefits of the rapprochement between the great democratic nations that have fought side by side in the war. It will appear in

February Cosmopolitan.

freezing city. But here by the fire were warmth and sweetness, and the pleasant twilight that comes before lamps are lighted. Sally was busy with a paint-box that already swam in a mess of mingled colors; Thomas, the idol of the hour, and Peter and Marie Thérèse, with several other respectful and inarticulate young persons who had come to visit the invalid, had gone for a brisk walk.

"Worth while, eh, Min?" said Cyrus Laidlaw thoughtfully. He had been silent for some time; she had fancied him dozing. But she looked up to find that his eyes were open.

"'Worth while?'" she echoed, smiling, but a little at a loss. "To be sick?"

"To be alive," he amended whimsically. "To be one of the people of the world. To work—and get tired—and to have children, and love them and fear for them! Our girl, our little first baby, beginning to get her eyes open; our son a sailor among the millions—Tom Laidlaw, of the navy!"

"I've been feeling it all day," his wife said, as he paused. "This Christmas day seems to be one of the times when one rests and looks back along the road. It isn't easy—and yet how sweet it all is!—the very worries seem to make the children dearer. We've always had hard times with them, dad, and then wonderful times in between—I suppose we always shall. I suppose it'll be Tom's wife, some day, and Marie Thérèse's children."

"I don't know," he said, under his breath. "Somehow, I feel as if we'd come a long way to-day."

"Dad," said Sally, looking up from the rug, "is it quarter-past eight yet?"

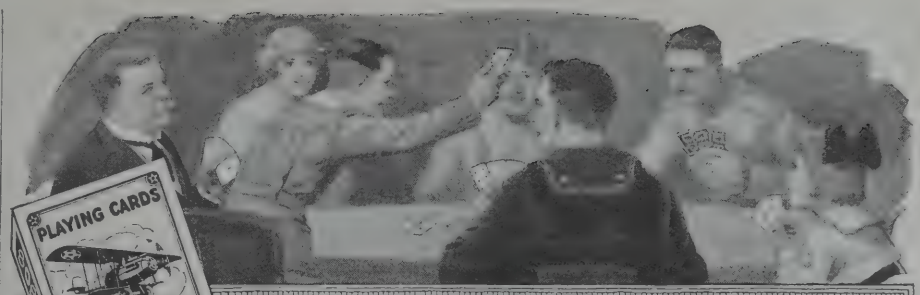
Her father laughed. It was ten minutes before five.

"But never you mind, Pussy," he said, encircling her with his arm, as she came, hurt and dignified, to stand beside him, stung by her parents' unfeeling laughter. "You've done your share to make this a merry Christmas." And, under his breath, his wife heard him add, "The happiest Christmas of my life!"

Judge Ben Lindsey

(*Concluded from page 71*)

and enthusiastic as he was when he began. His sympathy is still as quick as it was for the first childish victim of social injustice brought into his little county court in Denver so many years ago, in spite of all that he has seen and suffered since that day. He is now, as he was then, merely a local judge with a meager jurisdiction. All the powers of furious politicians, of revengeful corporations, of the outraged barons of industry and finance have been unable either to drive him out of his famous court or seduce him from it. He went to Europe with no formal appointment, and he was received as if he were the envoy of a whole people. He had the entrée to everybody's trust, and he spoke in England or in Italy with equal credit in the minds of all hearers. He spoke for a moral alliance of the nations in their struggle with the social problems which the war has increased, and he returns to America as an agent still of that alliance, with a message which America will listen to as she has listened to him in the past.





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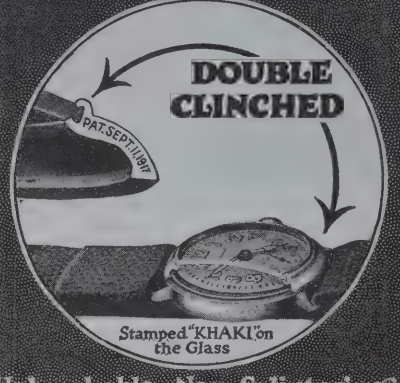
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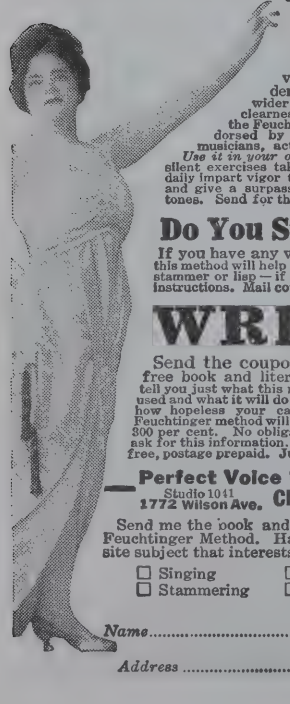
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The France We Are Learning To Know

(*Continued from page 41*)

stupidly silent; responsiveness is their rôle, and they must know how to guide the conversation by putting the right question or making the right comment. But above all they are not to air their views in the presence of men worth listening to. The French care passionately for ideas, but they do not expect women to have them; and since they never mistake erudition for intelligence (as we uneducated Anglo-Saxons sometimes do), no woman can force her way into the talk by mere weight of book-learning. She has no place there unless her ideas and her way of expressing them put her on an equality with the men; and this seldom happens. Women (if they only knew it!) are generally far more intelligent listeners than talkers; but the rare quality of the Frenchwoman's listening contributes not a little to the flashing play of French talk.

Here, then, is an almost religious ritual, planned with the sole purpose of getting the best talk from the best talkers; but there are two malicious little tabus that delight in upsetting all these preparations.

One of them seems incredibly childish. It is a rule of French society that host and hostess shall sit exactly opposite each other. If the number at table is uneven, then, instead of the guests being equally spaced, they will be packed like sardines about one-half the board, and left on the other with echoing straits between them thrown.

If the number is such that, normally seated, with men and women alternating, a lady should find herself opposite the hostess, that unthinkable sacrilege must also be avoided, and three women be placed together at one side of the table, and three men at the other. This means death to general conversation, for intelligent women will never talk together when they can talk to men, or even listen to them; so that the party, thus disarranged, resembles that depressing dish, a pudding in which all the plums have run into one corner.

The plums do not like it either. The scattered affinities grope for each other and vainly seek to reconstitute a normal pudding. The attempt is always a failure, and the French hostess knows it; yet many delightful dinners are wrecked on the unrelenting tabu that obliges host and hostess to sit exactly opposite each other.

"Precedence" is another obstacle to the idealization of the perfect dinner. Precedence in a republic! It is acknowledged to be an absurd anomaly except where official rank is concerned; and though its defenders argue that it is a short cut through many problems of vanity and *amour-propre*, it might certainly be disregarded to the general advantage when a few intelligent people have been brought together, not to compare their titles but to forget them.

But there it is. The French believe themselves to be the most democratic people in the world—and they have some of the democratic instincts, though not as many as they think. But an Academician *must* sit on his hostess's right, unless there is a duke or an ambassador or a bishop present; and these rules, comic enough where peer meets prelate, become more humorous (and also grow more strict) when applied to the imperceptible differences between the lower degrees of the immense professional and governmental hierarchy.

But again—there it is. A hostess whose papa helped to blow up the Tuileries or pull down the Vendôme column weighs the relative claims of two Academicians (always a bad stumbling-block) as carefully as a duchess of the Old Régime, brought up to believe in the divine right of kings, scrutinizes the genealogy of her guests before seating them. And this strict observance of rules is not due to snobbishness; the French are not a snobbish people. It is part of *les bienséances*, of the always-have-beens; and there is a big bullying tabu in the way of changing it.

In England, where precedence has, at any rate, the support of a court, where it is, so to speak, still a "going concern," and works automatically, the hostess, if she is a woman of the world, casts it to the winds on informal occasions; but in France there is no democratic dinner-table over which it does not permanently hang its pall.

II

It may seem curious to have chosen the instance of the blackberry as the text of a homily on "Reverence." Why not have substituted "Prejudice" or simply "Stupidity"?

Well—"prejudice" and "reverence," oftener than one thinks, are overlapping terms, and it seems fairer to choose the one of the two that is not what the French call "*péjorative*" (depreciatory).

As for "stupidity"—it must be remembered that the French peasant thinks it incredibly stupid of us not instantly to distinguish a mushroom from a toadstool, or any of the intermediate forms of edible funguses from their death-dealing cousins. Remember that we deprive ourselves of many delicious dishes, and occasionally hurry whole harmless families to the grave, through not taking the trouble to examine and compare the small number of mushrooms at our disposal; while the French avoid blackberries from a deep and awesome conviction handed down from the night of history.

There is the key to my apologue. The French fear of the blackberry is not due to any lack of curiosity about its qualities, but to respect for some ancient sanction which prevents those qualities from being investigated.

There is a reflex of negation, of rejection, at the very root of the French character: an instinctive recoil from the new the untasted, the untested, like the retracting of an insect's feelers at contact with an unfamiliar object; and no one can hope to understand the French without bearing in mind that this unquestioning respect for rules of which the meaning is forgotten acts as the perpetual necessary check to the idol-breaking instinct of the freest minds in the world.

It may sound like a poor paradox to say that the French are traditional about small things because they are so free about big ones. But the history of human societies seems to show that if they are to endure they must unconsciously secrete the corrective of their own highest qualities.

"Reverence" may be the wasteful fear of an old tabu; but it is also the sense of the preciousness of long accumulations of experience. The quintessential is precious, because whatever survives the close filtering of time is likely to answer to some deep racial need, moral or esthetic. It is stupid to deprive oneself of blackberries for a reason one has forgotten; but what should we say of a people who had torn down their cathedrals when they ceased to feel the beauty of Gothic architecture, as the French had in the seventeenth century?

The instinct to preserve that which has been slow and difficult in the making, and into which the long associations of the past are woven, is a more constant element of progress than the Huguenot's idol-breaking hammers.

Reverence and irreverence are both needed to help the world along, and each is most needed where the other most naturally abounds.

In this respect, France and America are in the same case. America, because of her origin, tends to irreverence, impatience, to all sorts of rash and contemptuous short cuts; France, for the same reason, to routine, precedent, tradition, the beaten path. Therefore it ought to help each nation to apply to herself the corrective of the other's example; and America can profit more by seeking to find out why France is reverent, and what she reveres, than by trying to innoculate her with a flippant disregard of her own past.

The first thing to do is to try to find out why a people so free and active of thought as the French are so subject to traditions that have lost their meaning.

The fundamental cause is probably geographical. We Americans have hitherto been geographically self-contained, and until this war did away with distances, we were free to try any social and political experiments we pleased, without, at any rate, weakening ourselves in relation to our neighbors. To keep *them* off we did not even have to have an army!

France, on the contrary, has had to fight for her existence ever since she has had any. Of her, more than of any other great modern nation, it may be said that from the start she has had, as Goethe puts it, to "reconquer each day the liberty won the day before."

Again and again in the past, she has seen her territory invaded, her monuments destroyed, her institutions shattered; the ground on which the future of the world is now being fought for is literally the same as that Catalaunian plain (The "Camp de Châlons") on which Attila tried to strangle France over fourteen hundreds years ago.

In the year 459 all Gaul was filled with terror; for the dreaded Attila, with a host of strange figures, Huns, Tartars, Teutons, head of an empire of true barbarians, drew near her borders. Barbarism . . . now threatened the world. It had levied a shameful tribute on Constantinople; it now threatened the farthest West. If Gaul fell, Spain would fall, and Italy, and Rome; and Attila would reign supreme, with an empire of desolation, over the whole world.*

"The whole world" is a bigger place nowadays, and "farthest West" is at the Golden Gate and not at the Pillars of Hercules; but, otherwise, might we not be reading a leader in yesterday's paper?

*KITCHIN, "History of France." Vol. I.

How Old Are You?

If you are over

60—have you lost all of your teeth?
50—have you lost some of your teeth?
40—are some of your teeth loose?
30—have you sore, bleeding, receding gums?

NOW take a mental glance at the condition of your mouth, teeth and gums.

THEN think of your age.

AT YOUR AGE, if your teeth and gums are in a state of health, you are in luck.

We say "luck" because you are an exception to the rule.

You are in luck because you are not a victim of

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(RIGGS' DISEASE)

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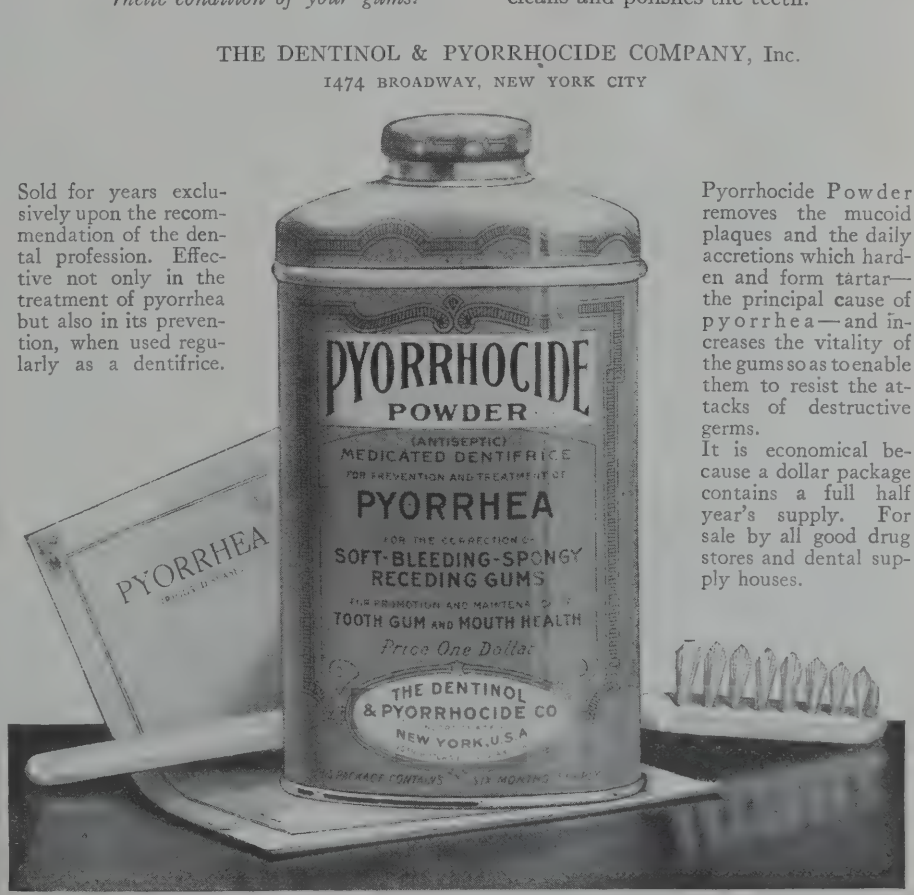
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Pious love of every yard of the soil and every stone of the houses.

Intense dread lest any internal innovations should weaken the social structure and open a door to the enemy.

There is nothing like a revolution for making people conservative; and that is one of the reasons why, for instance, our Constitution, the child of Revolution, is the most conservative in history. But, in other respects, why should we Americans be conservative? To begin with, there is not much as yet for us to "conserve" except a few root-principles of conduct, social and political; and see how they spring up and dominate every other interest in each national crisis! In France it is different. The French have nearly two thousand years of history and art and industry and social and political life to "conserve;" that is another of the reasons why their intense intellectual curiosity, their perpetual desire for the new thing, is counteracted by a clinging to rules and precedents that have often become meaningless.

III

REVERENCE is the life-belt of those whose home is on a raft, and Americans have not pored over the map of France for the last four years without discovering that she may fairly be called a raft. But geographical necessity is far from being the only justification of reverence. It is not chiefly because the new methods of warfare lay America open to the same menace as continental Europe that it is good for us to consider the meaning of this ancient principle of civilized societies.

We are growing up at last; and it is only in maturity that a man glances back along the past and sees the use of the constraints that have irritated his impatient youth. So with races and nations, and America has reached the very moment in her development when she may best understand what has kept older races and riper civilizations sound.

Reverence is one of these preserving elements, and it is worth while to study it in its action in French life. If geographical necessity is the fundamental cause, another, almost as deep-seated, is the instinct of every people to value and preserve what they have themselves created and made beautiful.

In Selden's "Table-talk" there is told the story of a certain carver of idols. Being a pious man, he had always worshiped his own idols till he was suddenly called upon to make one in great haste, and, no other wood being available, had to cut down the plum tree in his own garden and make the image out of that.

He could not worship the plum-tree idol, because he knew too much about the plum tree. That, at least, is Selden's version; but how little insight it shows into human processes! Of course, after a time, the carver came to worship the plum-tree idol, and to worship it just because he had grown the tree and carved the image, and it was therefore doubly of his making. That is the very key to the secret of reverence: the tenderness we feel for our own effort extending to respect for all fine human effort.

America is already showing the instinct in her eagerness to beautify her towns and to preserve her few pre-Revolutionary buildings—part of her European heritage. But there are whole stretches of this heritage that have been too long allowed to run to waste: our language, our literature, and many other things pertaining to the great undefinable domain of Taste.

A man who owns a waste field does not care for that field half as much as after he has sweated over its furrows and seen the seeds spring. And when he has turned a bit of it into a useless, bright flower garden, he cares for that useless bit best of all.

The deeper civilization of a country may in a great degree be measured by the care she gives to her flower garden—that is, to the corner of her life where the supposedly "useless" arts and graces flourish. In the cultivating of that garden, France has surpassed all other modern nations; and one of the greatest of America's present opportunities is to find out why.

Mrs. Wharton's next article will appear in ***March Cosmopolitan.***

J. Rufus on the Jury

(Continued from page 83)

all you want's money, you're asking for my best friend. Thousand dollars do you?"

Again the light of kindliness beamed in Mr. Thackett's eye.

"Very satisfactory."

Mr. Daw started to whistle cheerfully as he wrote, and at that instant the door opened and in walked a big, raw-boned, red-faced man.

"Is Mr. Thackett in?" he asked.

"I'll see you right away," returned Theophilus, correctly gaging the newcomer as a person of no great profit.

"Here's your deposit, neighbor." And Blackie tossed over the check. "Now write me a receipt for my thousand, since we're making no finger-bets. Say it's the first instalment on twenty thousand feet of bird's-eye maple, ten thousand feet of mahogany, and fifteen thousand of walnut, all guaranteed to be first-class."

Quite agreeable to that suggestion Theophilus wrote the receipt and gave it to Mr. Daw, who bestowed on him another mysterious wink and went out.

The other visitor only enjoyed one minute of Thackett's valuable time. He was an agent for a patent window-ventilator and Theophilus had other things than patent window-ventilators to think about. Principally that dam; but the next morning's paper removed that worry and gave him back his old one. Yesterday's Washington despatch had been a mistake. The dam was to be built! And his property was worth a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. And he might have to sell it for fifty! Theophilus was cast into the depths of despair. The only thing he wanted in life was to win that case, and it seemed hopeless!

III

"Go 'way from me!" ordered juror Wallingford, as he sat at his lone breakfast-table in his own room. "I don't want to hear anything you have to say."

"You bloated soft-shell crab!" retorted Blackie indignantly. "You're as particular about your vinegary virtue as a fifty-year-old spinster with a harelip! Nobody wants to push you from the path of purity. Of course, I would like a little advice about my labors in the case of Cutey versus Cutey; but I'd die before I'd ask for it."

"Keep away from that stuff!" And J. Rufus rubbed his corrugated brow. The restraint of this trial was beginning to wear on him, and as his eyes strayed to the morning paper, those eyes gleamed.

"Oh, yes, Jimmy; I see you saw what it says about the fluctuations of the dam. The dam thing, as you have noticed, is still on. The dam which was to be dammed, and then was not to be dammed, is to be dammed after all. It cost me two hundred to get that undamming stuff in yesterday's paper, Jimmy, and now what I'd like to know——"

"Will you close your trap?" J. Rufus jumped up and slapped his napkin in his chair. "Why can't you let me alone? Now you've spoiled my breakfast. You got a devil in you, you long-legged Beelzebub! You know that I have an itch clear through me to find out what fool trick you're trying to work! You know that I'm crazy to go into the thing, and see some little point that you've overlooked! You know that, as I've sat in that jury-box, I've framed not less than twenty ways to cop out that seventy-five thousand dollars, and yet you come around here and try to tempt me out of the only chance I ever had to sacrifice pleasure for principle!"

"All right, Jim; if you feel that way about it." Blackie was slightly crestfallen, and there were creases of anxiety in his own brow. "I'll just keep plugging along in the dark, all by myself, and take my gamble on my first hunch; but the case looks rough to me, and if it don't go the way I want it to go——"

"Look here, you!" And Wallingford was extra savage as he felt himself weakening. "As I told you before, there's going to be only one thing that'll influence me when I go into that jury-room, and that's my conscience; but if there's any little thing I can do for you, or any little advice I can give you that won't interfere with justice and my oath as a juror, why, I'll slip that far."

"Now you got me going!" And Blackie began to pace the floor in deep thought. "I got a conscience myself, you know, if you force me to it, and since you put me on my honor, I won't ask you to do a thing you can't do inside of your oath."

"Shoot, then!" J. Rufus sat down and put his plump hands on his fat knees and leaned forward eagerly.

"There's one innocent thing you can do, and only one—keep that jury out four hours!"

J. Rufus pondered that condition seriously, but study it as he would, he could find no trick by which that would help Blackie get the seventy-five thousand dollars—or by which it would interfere with his abnormally acute conscience. So he promised, and took the condition to court with him, and puzzled over it all through the speeches by which each attorney set forth how pure was his client and how putrid the other man. The puzzle was still with him when the judge concluded his soporific charge, and was with him still when the twelve men tried and true filed into the dim, bare jury-room.

"Well, gentlemen, I reckon we'll make short work of this," said the foreman, as soon as the bailiff had locked the door. It was about fifteen minutes to lunch-time. "Suppose we start with a vote. All those in favor of a verdict for Prinley, the plaintiff, hold up their right hands."

Up came the hands—all of them. It was unanimous. No! The huge, well-dressed man with the round pink face was not voting.

He was leaning against the window with a corrugated brow. One by one, the jurors, as they noticed this, turned accusing eyes on him until he was the focus of all his eleven compeers.

"Gentlemen, I am for the defendant," stated Wallingford, coming out of the worry as to how his attitude might affect Blackie, and he grit himself for the battle; for justice must be done though the heavens fall.

"On what grounds can you be for Thackett?" demanded an impatient voice.

"The right," announced Wallingford, taking his stand at the end of the table. "I have but one thought in my mind, gentlemen, and that thought is justice."

"'Justice!'" It was a howl of derision, and the youngest juror bristled in front of Wallingford with,

"Didn't you hear the testimony?"

"Oh, yes, I heard the testimony; but I didn't hear any proof. Did you?"

"Aw, come on; let's get through wit' it!" broke in a man with a weather-beaten countenance. He was a taxi-driver. "This guy Thackett's map was enough for me."

"Theophilus's face is a black mark against him," chuckled Wallingford, "but I want to be on the level about this property."

"There is only one thing which will convince me," said a high-school professor of mathematics, wrinkling the five lines in his brow until they were blended into one. "I want the absolute right and wrong of this case as deduced from the evidence. I am open to conviction, but, so far, the logic of the evidence seems against the defendant, Thackett, and I'm willing to stay here all night to secure justice."

"And I'm willing to stay here till tomorrow night!" J. Rufus Wallingford was fierce in his determination. He was bound that his sacrifices should not be in vain. His convictions must and should win, and those convictions were that Thackett was in the right. "Gentlemen"—and his voice shook with emotion—"I'll tell you what you're doing. You're allowing your personal opinions that Theophilus Thackett is a crook and a scoundrel to sway your judgment! I shall not permit this! I cannot permit this! I am a worshiper of justice, a defender of abstract right, a champion of fair play! And, gentlemen, I will not allow you to punish this poor worm for the fault of another! Now, sir, you wanted the cold logic of the testimony. You shall have it. We'll begin at the beginning and——"

"Oh, that isn't necessary," interrupted





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a full-faced banker, looking at his watch. "We can take up the most important points and——"

"No, sir!" J. Rufus rose in his earnest enthusiasm and threw back his coat. "We'll stay right here till we've thrashed out every point of the trial."

Never had justice a more ardent advocate than J. Rufus Wallingford. He never gave up a point; he never let go of a man, and, as the time wore on, first one voice and then another dropped wearily out of the discussion until the debate became a monologue. J. Rufus himself was nearly exhausted, but still his mellifluous inflections rose and fell; for justice must be done though the heavens fall. He knew his men now, knew them inside and out, their weaknesses and their strength, and, one by one, he made them see the light. Oh, he had them! All he needed to do now was to propose a verdict for the defendant and—suddenly he thought of Blackie and looked at his watch. By George, he had forgotten! His enthusiasm had carried him too fast! They had not been in the jury room two hours!

"Gentlemen, I'm convinced," admitted the hungry foreman, looking at his own watch. "If anybody will propose a vote for the defendant, and we get a second——"

"I move a verdict for the defendant," interrupted the professor.

"I second!" shouted the youngest juror.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, not so fast!" implored the gasping Wallingford, mopping his brow and gathering up his remaining strength. "We must not rush too hastily into a verdict. Now we'll take up the arguments for the other side."

At half-past four, twelve fagged and perspiring jurymen filed limply into the court-room, with juror number five pale with fatigue and unable to speak above a whisper, but happy in the triumph of justice; for the foreman, in a hollow voice, announced a verdict for the astonished defendant, Thackett!

IV

Theophilus Thackett, in a most beatific state of mind, rushed down to the public telephones in the court-house rotunda. His property was his own now, and that seventy-five-thousand-dollar profit was his also, and he could not get word quickly enough to the Wharf Terminal Company that he was free to sell and ready to sell. He was just popping into a booth when he was hailed by a lean, lank man who had raced after him—a man in a silk hat and a black frock suit.

"Hey, Mr. Thackett!"

The recent defendant gazed a moment in puzzled retrospection. Where had he seen those beady black eyes and those pointed black mustaches before?

"Oh. Mr. Daw!" But where were the gaudy clothes, the mysterious wink? Theophilus turned again to the booth. "I'll see you in a few minutes."

"No time like the present, Mr. Thackett," urged Mr. Daw. "I want to close our little deal in a hurry."

"Oh, yes; for the lumber," returned Thackett, remembering, even in his excitement, that there was a pleasant profit in Mr. Daw.

"'Lumber?'" repeated Daw. "I don't understand."

"Oh, there can't anybody hear us in this corner." Thackett remembered how mysterious Daw had been. "Your lumber is ordered, and——"

"What are you handing me?" Horace G. Daw leaned forward and gazed Mr. Thackett incredulously in the eye for a moment; then his face flushed with indignation.

"Look here: I've heard about your sharp practises, but if you try any of your little old-fashioned tricks on me, you'll get the worst of it. Now, let's don't waste time, Mr. Thackett. I've come to pay you the fifty-four-thousand-dollar balance on that river property of yours; so——"

"'River property!'" gasped Theophilus.

"So get the bill of sale I left you——"

"'Bill of sale?'"

"Of course—bill of sale!" hotly insisted Mr. Daw. "I had it drawn up by a regular lawyer before I came to you. You wouldn't sign it until after the trial, but you took my thousand dollars to bind the bargain, and I have the check returned from my bank. I——"

"Wait a minute!" Thackett pulled at his collar—it seemed to be choking him. "Not another word!" he husked. "Stop right where you are till I get my lawyer!"

"Look here, you!" Blackie shook a lean finger at him and snarled with all his white teeth. "I've already sold that property to the Wharf Terminal Company for a hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and they want their deed as quickly as I can give it to them. If you don't——"

"Shut up!" Theophilus waved his hand frantically for silence, then suddenly dashed across the rotunda. "Puckett! I say, Puckett! Come here! Quick!"

The smallish, grayish, waspish lawyer came hobbling across, followed far up the corridors by the largest juror, and the round pink face of the largest juror was glowing with eagerness. Thackett ran to meet Puckett, and there was a hurried and horrified conference, while the huge juror went over to Blackie, his eyes glistening.

"I declare myself in," he chuckled. "I've done my duty, and I've had myself discharged from the jury. What do I do next? What's the game?"

"Stick around," ordered Blackie. "Shush! Here they come."

"What is this high-handed outrage?" Puckett's hair was on end as he came over.

"I shall tell you gently but firmly," stated Mr. Daw, with a cold, hard look in his eye. "Your client verbally sold me his water-front property for fifty-five thousand dollars, if he should win this case, and he took a thousand dollars of my money to bind the bargain. Now he refuses to complete the deal, just as he did with Prinley."

J. Rufus Wallingford suddenly choked and turned purple in the face.

"It's a lie!" shrieked Theophilus, beside himself with rage, and aghast at the monstrous charge. "There wasn't a word said about my property. Not one word! He bought a big bill of lumber and gave me a check to open an account with him. I got it on my book right now—a thousand dollar credit and no debit."

"My heavens, can such things be?" groaned Mr. Daw.

"Not quite so handy as in Prinley's case," suggested the largest juror dryly. "You didn't have to open an account to cover Prinley's thousand."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Mr. Puckett, and, sitting in the telephone booth, he glared in great disapproval at his client, Thackett. "Why did you open that account?"

"It was for lumber, I tell you! I——"

"That's three times you've said 'lumber,'" interrupted Mr. Daw. "I don't get it. If you can bring one reputable witness in this town to say that I ever mentioned the word 'lumber,' I'll forfeit my thousand dollars. I'm well-known in this town as a commercial speculator, and I can bring any number of witnesses of unimpeachable character, who will certify that my specialty is in real-estate opportunities. I can——"

"But answer this!" And Puckett fairly quivered in his eagerness to get over his triumphant point. "Where would my client have a motive in agreeing to sell his property for fifty-five thousand dollars while he was fighting to keep it because it was worth a hundred and twenty-five thousand?"

"Yes! Tell him that! Tell him that!" shrilled Theophilus.

"'Motive?' Money!" shrilled Mr. Daw, and snapped both fingers alternately and together. "He wanted to pull himself out of a hole, didn't he? I saw in the morning paper that the dam was a fluke and figured you'd be glad to get out. I was willing to take a gamble, so I saw my lawyer and came right over to it. My check is dated the same as that newspaper article, and what do you think of that?"

"And I fought for a verdict for this man!" marveled the largest juror, wiping his eyes.

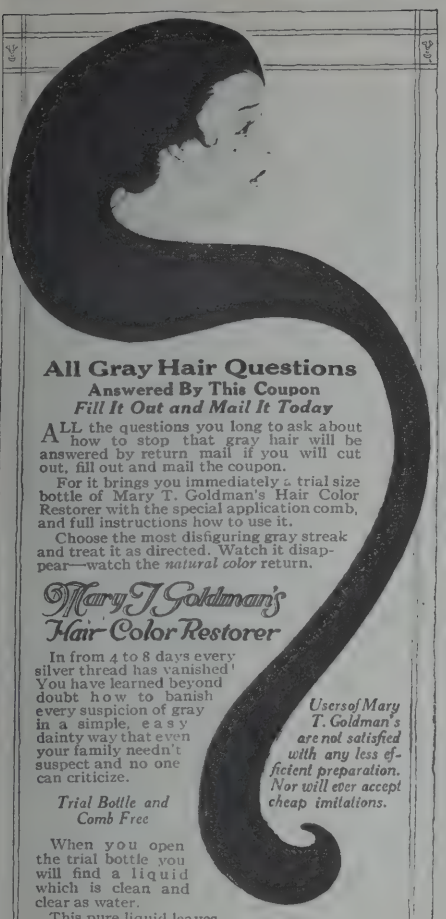
"Is this your affair?" squeaked Puckett.

"Now you pretend ignorance, you hoary old skinflint!" shouted the indignant Mr. Daw. "Why, you had the paper right in front of you while I was there, and you wished me well of my gamble."

Thackett jumped as if he had sprung in him, while Mr. Puckett looked at him coldly.

"Lie! Lie! Lie!" he yelled. "You bought lumber! I'd swear it with my dying breath. I was sitting right there and— Why, say; there was a witness there! A sandy-complected man that was selling some fool window-fixings! I got his card right—wait!" He searched his pockets. "I always keep cards for scribbling and figuring. Here it is. Tim Measen, his name is. He heard you say 'lumber.' He——"

"Oh, that fellow!" And Daw brightened with pleasure. "I forgot about him, Mr. Thackett, if you are fool enough to make me sue you. Why, that stranger heard the whole discussion about the wharf property, the terms of payment, the fact that the Wharf Terminal Company wouldn't want it then, and the fact that you were afraid you wouldn't win the Prinley case."



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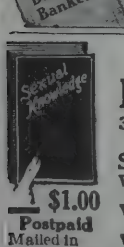
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"Yaaah!" It was an inarticulate screech which came from Theophilus Thackett; then he regained his speech, and paced up and down the corridor, swinging his arms in a paroxysm of rage that everybody in the world was a crook, and after the money of him, Theophilus.

"You might just as well sit down," counseled Mr. Puckett, jerking his client into the deep window-seat. "How can I think, with you acting like a fool? Either this witness was a put-up job, Thackett, or I'm not getting the straight of it from either side, and, anyhow, there's a lie out some place."

"I'm an innocent man, I tell you!" yelled Thackett.

Huge and impressive J. Rufus Wallingford stepped forward then, his eyes still moist, and shook a solemn forefinger at the owner of the river property.

"You may be an innocent man, Mr. Thackett, but I don't think you can make another jury believe it. And let me tell you another thing—and I speak as a conscientious juryman, Mr. Thackett. The thing that will go hardest with you, if you bring this case to trial, will be the fact that this jury was out four hours before it could agree on a verdict for you!"

The case of Daw versus Thackett was not slowly dragged out, for the town was up in arms against any delay to the commercial improvements promised by the Wharf Terminal Company. The jury was out seven minutes, and when the jury filed in with its verdict, which was based on the psychological conviction that no man should get away twice with the same trick, Theophilus Thackett's nerves passed out of his control, and, in a fit of temper which was almost apoplectic, he screeched his opinion of the law, the jury, and the judge until he was sent to a cell for contempt of court.

It was there he completed his unfinished business with Mr. Daw, accepted his check, and signed over his property, after which Mr. Daw had the effrontery to go back in the cell, lean over Theophilus Thackett, wink mysteriously, and say, "And you might add a few slabs of ebony to my lumber order, Mr. Thackett."

The rest of Mr. Daw's transaction was concluded in the recorder's office, with J. Rufus as witness to the sale of Blackie's property to the Wharf Terminal Company; and out of that room Blackie brought a certified check for seventy-six thousand dollars, net profit.

"All your own work, Blackie! You did it all by your little self," chuckled Jim, as hugely delighted as if Blackie had been his son who had given great evidence of a precocious brain. "Only, nobody but an idiot jackass would have thought of that trick."

"Yea, bo," grinned Blackie; "and what do you think of your old friend Justice now?"

Wallingford was thoughtful as he put their check in his pocket for safekeeping.

"Just the same as ever, you crook! But I wasn't on this jury."

The next ***Wallingford*** story will appear in ***February Cosmopolitan.***



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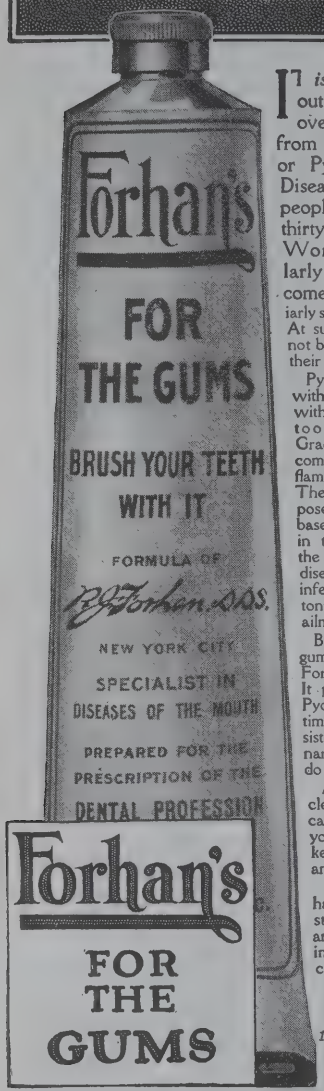
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☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R	☐ Railway Accountant
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Pyorrhea commences with tender gums, or with gum-bleeding, at tooth-brush time. Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame and then shrink. The teeth become exposed to decay at the base and tiny openings in the gums become the breeding places of disease germs which infect the joints—or tonsils—or cause other ailments.

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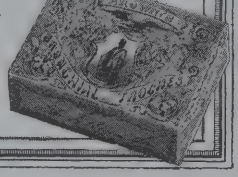
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"'Retreat?' Hell!"

(*Continued from page 23*)

up beside the road, leaving a clear space.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est, donc?*" she asked the driver wearily.

"*Sais pas, mam'selle,*" he answered. "I don't know. An order——"

They had stopped at a bend in the road. The highway stretched on, rising to the crest of a little hill, and Mary Standish, her eyes obeying the impulse given by those about her, stared toward the crest. The road, as it rose, was still clogged with troops. But now officers began to clear it. The men were herded to the sides of the road. Camions drove into the ditch. Some strange thing was in prospect. But it was her ears, not her eyes, that first gave Mary Standish a clue.

She heard singing beyond the crest of the hill. Incredulous, she started to her feet, her hands caught to her breast, and stared. Frenchmen did not sing so. And then her staring eyes saw a drab wave break over the crest of that hill and come pouring down as a comber breaks over a rock. The sun shone down upon rifle-barrels. And on the drab wave swept. Another wave came—first, a wave of sound. Mary Standish's breath came in great, choking gasps as she listened and stared. And now she could hear the words:

"Send the word, send the word
Over there
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming——"

The roar of the guns from behind continued. But, in spite of their thunder, a sort of awed silence was upon that place, that stretch of the countryside of France. The din of the retreat had died down. Only the rhythmic beat of the marching men and the swelling chorus of the song:

"Over there, say a prayer;
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over; we're coming over,
And we won't go back till it's over over HERE!"

Mary Standish stood up and screamed. She waved her arms. On came the column of men in olive drab. She could see the faces of the men of her own race and breed now—clear-eyed, smooth-skinned, confident, alert. And young—so young, and fresh! Behind her came the roar of a racing motor. A car sped up. A French staff-officer, his face white, drawn, lined with care and weariness, sprang out. He approached an American officer upon whose shoulder-strap there was a silver leaf. Mary Standish heard their words.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Wise," said the Frenchman, saluting, "of the United States Marines?"

"Yes, sir," said Colonel Wise, returning the salute. But, though he had paused, the marines went on, singing.

"You are welcome, Colonel. You are in time to cover the retreat. I am instructed to request you to hold the Germans, when you get in touch with their advance, as long as you can. You will then retreat to the trenches we shall have prepared for you."

"'Retreat?'" said Wise. "'Retreat?' Hell! We've just come. We'll let the *boches* do the retreating."

Mary Standish thinks she screamed again. Brown-faced boys looked at her and grinned and waved their hands. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks. And then she found herself joining, in a sort of croak, the chorus of the song:

"The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
Over there, say a prayer;
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over; we're coming over,
And we won't go back till it's over over HERE!"

And now, all about her, marvelous things were happening to the souls of men. Shoulders were straightening. And, here and there, *poilus* were stooping to retrieve abandoned rifles, were slipping into the olive-drab ranks that opened to admit a splash of the horizon blue. And the marines went on—went forward, singing, boasting, toward the hell she had been leaving.

Swiftly they passed. Eight thousand of them there were—she had learned to reckon the numbers of marching columns of troops. Pitifully few—yes! But she was sure of them, as, suddenly, mysteriously, the French were sure of them. They were going to stop the Germans, to make the *boches* do the retreating, as Wise had promised they would. Her eyes strained after them, melting into the long road, long after the ambulance had resumed its journey. Her eyes and her heart and her prayers followed them. She wished, as never in all her life before she had wished for anything, that she might see and know what they would do.

The marines went on. Singing, marching to the lilt of their song, they went on. And near the little town of Meaux they came into contact, for the first time, with the Germans. They had sped a hundred and twenty-five miles from Verdun in the night, in great motor-trucks, to reach this field. And they had come at the fifty-ninth minute of the last hour. If they did not stop the Germans, the Germans would not be stopped. Paris would fall, and, with Paris, the Germans would hold the heart and soul of France. France, in 1914, might have survived the loss of Paris—in 1918, the fall of Paris would mean the fall of France.

Off to the right were supporting batteries of seventy-fives, manned by Americans of two regiments of field-artillery. But the work that lay ahead was work for infantry, not guns. And it was the marines, the Fifth and Sixth Marines, the commands of Catlin and of Neville—both of whom for what they did near Château-Thierry are now brigadier generals—upon whom the fate of Paris and of France and of the world depended.

It was the first day of June. That day must never be forgotten. Upon it the sun rose in gloom and black disaster. The end was at hand. But the sun set that night upon a world redeemed.

The marines spread out in a thin skirmish-line. They held their fire with rifle and with their machine guns. The Germans came on, serene, confident, blatant in their arrogance and pride of conquest. And then the marines began to fight. Time after time the Germans rushed, only to be sent staggering back, seared, withered. They came to grips, and the marines blistering their hands with the hot barrel

their rifles, beat them back with the butts of their guns. The work was too close, too hot, even, for the bayonet.

Those marines, those "devil-dogs"—*Teufelhunde,*" the Germans named them that day—did not know how to fight in the German way. A score of times they were beaten, wiped out, and lacked the brains to know it. They fought on. And, last, the Germans gave before them—wavered, broke, fell back. And the marines went on. They drove the Germans, incredulous, dazed, before them.

Three days there were in which Catlin and Neville and their marines held that new Thermopylæ. Eight thousand of them went into that fighting—and *six thousand two hundred of them were hit!* Catlin and Neville were both wounded. But they saved Paris, and, with Paris, France and the world!

For all along the front the word of what the marines had done went blazing. The Yanks had come! These were the Americans, of whom such hopes had been had. If eight thousand Americans could fight like that, what could not a million accomplish?

Victory had been snatched from defeat. Dawn had followed, indeed, the darkest hour of the night. Paris was safe. The French had gained the time they needed to recoil.

In the days that followed, glory was piled upon glory for the marines. They won Belleau Wood, in the outskirts of Château-Thierry — Belleau Wood, known now, and forever to be known, as the "Wood of the American Marines." They played their deathless part in the great advance that began on July 18th, when Foch began his great series of victories.

But it was on June 1st that the marines saved France and ended Germany's last chance to win the war. Then victory was trembling in the balance. The Germans did to be stopped—and the marines stopped them and drove them back.

France knows the truth. And France has hailed the survivors of the men who met the Germans that day near Meaux as their saviors. It was on the Fourth of July that Paris strewed her streets with flowers beneath the marching feet of the men who had saved her. And have you heard the tale of how the marines who carried the Stars and Stripes through Paris that day were chosen?

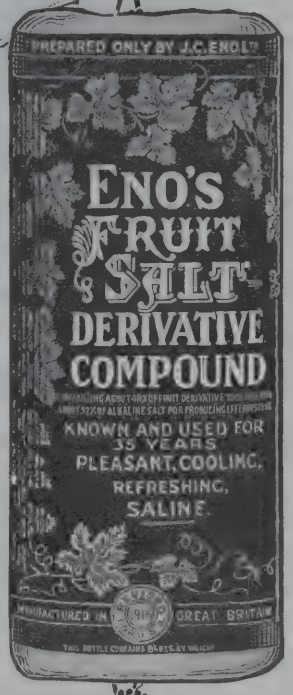
There were three thousand of them, wounded, but still able to be about, pining to get back to the front. They were assembled, and a general spoke to them. He told them that they had done all that could be asked of them, but that now another service still was needed. He told them that this new task called for a heroism such as even they had not displayed, and that it might well be that few of them could survive. And then he asked for volunteers among such of them as were physically fit, despite their wounds, to march.

Twenty-six hundred of them stepped forward from their ranks. Twenty-six hundred out of three thousand—and the others were on crutches!

And then he told them what this new task was. It was to march through Paris on Independence Day and to receive the thanks of the city they had saved.

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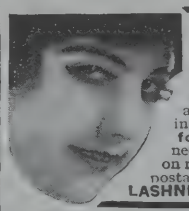
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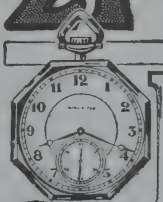
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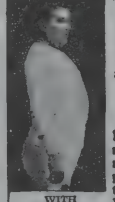
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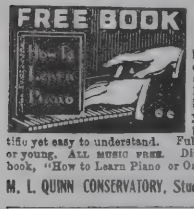
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Saint's Progress

(*Continued from page 48*)

eyes blank of pupils, all livened and whitened by the moonlight—an embodiment of the marvelous, unseeing energy of life, twisting and turning hearts without mercy. He gazed into those eyes with a sort of scared defiance. The great clawed paws of the beast, the strength and remorseless serenity of that crouching creature with human head, made living by his imagination and the moonlight, seemed to him like a refutation of human virtue.

Pierson recoiled from it, and resumed his march along the Embankment, almost deserted in the bitter cold. He came to where, in the opening of the underground railway, he could see the little forms of people moving, little orange and red lights glowing. The sight arrested him by its warmth and motion. Was it not all a dream? That woman and her daughter, had they really come? Had not Noel been but an apparition, her words a trick which his nerves had played him?

Then, too vividly again, he saw her face against the dark stuff of the curtain, the curve of her hand plucking at her blouse, heard the sound of his own horrified: "Nollie!" No illusion; no deception! The edifice of his life was in the dust. And a queer and ghastly company of faces came about him—faces he had thought friendly, of good men and women whom he knew, yet at that moment did not know, all gathering round Noel, with fingers pointing at her.

He staggered back from that vision, could not bear it, could not recognize this calamity. He felt suddenly that he must hurry back, go straight to Noel, tell her that she had been cruel to him, or assure himself that, for the moment, she had been insane. His temper rose suddenly, took fire. He felt anger against her, against everyone he knew, against life itself. But by the time he reached home, his anger had evaporated; he felt nothing but utter lassitude. It was nine o'clock, and the maids had cleared the dining-table in despair. Noel had gone up to her room. He had no courage left, and sat down supperless at his little piano, letting his fingers find soft, painful harmonies, so that Noel perhaps heard the faint, far thrumming of that music through uneasy dreams. And there he stayed till it became time for him to go forth to the old year's midnight service.

When he returned, Pierson wrapped himself in a rug and lay down on the old sofa in his study. The maid, coming in next morning to "do" the grate, found him still asleep. She stood contemplating him in awe—a broad-faced, kindly, fresh-colored girl. He lay with his face resting on his hand, his dark, just grizzling hair unruffled, as if he had not stirred all night; his other hand clutched the rug to his chest, and his booted feet protruded beyond it. To her young eyes, he looked rather appallingly neglected. She gazed with interest at the hollows in his cheeks, and the furrows in his brow, and the lips, dark-mustached and bearded, so tightly compressed, even in sleep. Being holy didn't make a man happy, it seemed! What fascinated her were the cindery eyelashes resting on the cheeks, the faint movement of face and body as he breathed, the gentle hiss of breath escaping through th twitching nostrils. Something in his fac and the little twitches which passed ov it, made her feel "that sorry" for hir He was a gentleman, had money, preache to her every Sunday, and was not so ver old—what more could a man want? An yet—he looked so tired, with those cheek She pitied him; helpless and lonely h seemed to her, asleep there instead of g ing to bed properly. And, sighing, sh tiptoed toward the door.

"Is that you, Bessie?"

The girl turned.

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry I woke you, si 'Appy new year, sir."

"Ah, yes. A happy new year, Bessie.

She saw his usual smile, saw it die, an a fixed look come on his face; it scare her, and she hurried away. Pierson ha remembered. For full five minutes he la there, staring at nothing. Then he ros folded the rug mechanically, and looke at the clock. Eight! He went up-stair knocked on Noel's door, and entered. Th blinds were drawn up, but she was st in bed.

"A happy new year, my child!" h said; and he trembled all over, shiverin visibly. She looked so young and inn cent, so round-faced and fresh, after h night's sleep, that the thought sprang u in him again: "It must have been dream." She did not move, but a slo flush came up in her cheeks. No dream no dream! He said tremulously:

"I can't realize. I—I hoped I ha heard wrong. Didn't I, Nollie?" Sh just shook her head. "Tell me everything he said, "for God's sake!"

He saw her lips moving, and caught th murmur:

"There's nothing more. Gratian an George know, and Leila. It can't b undone, daddy. Perhaps I wouldn't hav wanted to make sure if you hadn't tri to stop Cyril and me—and I'm gla sometimes, because I shall have som thing of his." She looked up at hi "After all, it's the same, really; onl there's no ring. It's no good talking me now, as if I hadn't been thinking this for ages. I'm used to anything y can say; I've said it to myself, you se There's nothing but to make the best it." Her hot hand came out from und the bedclothes and clutched his very tigh Her flush had deepened, and her ey seemed to him to glitter. "Oh, dadd you do look tired! Haven't you been bed? Poor daddy!"

That hot clutch and the words: "Po daddy!" brought tears into his ey They rolled slowly down to his beard, an he covered his face with the other han Her grip tightened convulsively; sudden she dragged it to her lips, kissed it, an let it drop.

"Don't, daddy!" And she turned awa her face.

Pierson effaced his emotion, and sa quite calmly,

"Shall you wish to be at home, my dea or to go elsewhere?"

Noel had begun to toss her head on th pillow, like a feverish child.

"Oh, I don't know. What does matter?"

"Kestrel—would you like to go there? our aunt—I could write to her."

Noel stared at him a moment; a struggle emed going on within her.

"Yes," she said; "I would. Only, t uncle Bob."

"Perhaps your uncle would come up re and keep me company."

She turned her face away, and that ssing movement of the head and limbs neath the clothes began again.

"I don't care," she said; "anywhere—doesn't matter."

Pierson put his chilly hand on her fore-ad.

"Gently," he said, and knelt down by r bed. "Merciful Father," he mur-ured, "give us strength to bear this eadful trial. Keep my beloved child fe and bring her peace, and give me to derstand how I have done wrong, how ave failed toward thee and her. In all ings chasten and strengthen her, my ild and me."

His thoughts moved on in the confused, articulate suspense of prayer, till he heard r say:

"You haven't failed; why do you talk failing? It isn't true; and don't pray me, daddy."

Pierson raised himself and moved back m the bed. Her words confounded n, yet he was afraid to answer. She shed her head deep into the pillow, and looking up at the ceiling.

"I shall have a son; Cyril won't quite ve died. And I don't want to be given."

He dimly perceived what long, dumb ocesses of thought and feeling had gone in her to produce this hardened state mind, which, to him, almost seemed sphemous. And, in the very midst of is turmoil in his heart, he could not lp thinking how lovely her face looked. iat flung-back head, moving restlessly m side to side in the heat of the soft low, had such a passion of protesting e in it! And he kept silence.

"I want you to know it was all me. it I can't pretend—I— Of course I'll and not let it hurt you more than I ssibly can. I'm sorry for you, poor ddy—oh, I'm sorry for you!" With movement incredibly lithe and swift, e turned and pressed her face down in e pillow, so that all he could see was her mbled hair and the bedclothes trembling ove her shoulders. He tried to stroke at hair, but she shook her head free, and stole out.

She did not come to breakfast; and ien his own wretched meal was over, e mechanism of his professional life ught him again at once. New Year's y! He had much to do. He had, fore all, to be of a cheerful countenance fore his flock, to greet all and any with air of hope and courage.

X

I

THIRZA PIERSON, seeing her brother-in-w's handwriting, naturally said,

"Here's a letter from Ted."

Bob Pierson, with a mouth full of usage, naturally responded,

"What does he say?"

In reading on, she found that to answer at question was one of the most difficult

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(Continued from page 8)

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tasks ever set her. Its news moved and disturbed her deeply. Under her wing this disaster had happened! Down here had been wrought this most deplorable miracle, fraught with such dislocation of lives! Noel's face, absorbed and passionate, outside the door of her room on the night when Cyril Morland went away, started up before her. So her instinct had been right—an instinct she had tried to smother! She began backward.

"He wants you to go up and stay with him, Bob."

"Why not both of us?"

"He wants Nollie to come down to me; she's not well."

"'Not well?' What's the matter?"

A second's struggle took place within Thirza. To tell him seemed disloyalty to her sex; not to tell him, disloyalty to her husband. As is usual in life, a very simple consideration of fact and not of principle decided her. He would certainly say in a moment: "Here! Pitch it over," and she would have to pitch it. She leaned forward, looked him full in the face, and said tranquilly:

"You remember that night when Cyril Morland went away and Noel behaved so strangely. Well, my dear, she is going to have a child at the beginning of April. The poor boy is dead, Bob; be gentle—he died for the country."

She saw the red tide flowing up into his face. There came a gasp and the word: "What!"

"Poor Edward is dreadfully upset. We must do what we can. I blame myself." By instinct she used those words.

"Blame yourself? Stuff! That young—" He stopped.

Thirza said quietly:

"No, Bob; of the two, I'm sure it was Noel. She was desperate that day. Don't you remember her face? Oh; this war! It's turned the whole world upside down. That's the only comfort—one feels that nothing's normal."

Bob Pierson had risen and was pacing the room. He possessed beyond most men the secret of happiness, for he was always absorbed in the living moment to the point of unself-consciousness. His griefs, angers, and enjoyments were simple as a child's or as his own somewhat noisy slumbers. They were a notably well-suited couple, for Thirza had the same secret of happiness, save that her absorption in the moment did not—as became a woman—prevent her being conscious of others; indeed, such formed the chief subject of her absorptions. One might say that they neither of them had philosophy or wisdom, and yet they were as wise and philosophic a couple as one could meet in this earthly paradise of the self-conscious. When, once in a while, some literary work of the new school came their way, with its self-conscious exhortations to complete self-consciousness, its doctrine of pure and utter selfishness or of a hopelessly self-conscious unselfishness, with the querulous and thin-blooded passionateness of its young heroes and heroines, bent on nothing but realizing their unrealizable selves through a sort of brain-spun arrogance and sexuality—they would read it with their habitual absorption, and put it down with a sigh and the thought: "Well, I suppose it's very clever and interesting, but I don't know what they want." Daily life to these two was still of simple savor. Bob Pierson, indeed, wa something of a hot-brained simpleton, bu Thirza certainly was not. She under stood people's thoughts and feelings ver well; but what she could not follow wa that utter modern preoccupation wit self which produced in some folk suc perfect disgruntlement. To be absorbed i life—the queer, endless tissue of moment and things felt and done and said an made, the odd, inspiriting conjunctions countless people—was natural to thos two; but they never thought whether the were absorbed or not, or had any pa ticular attitude to life or death—a grea blessing to them at the epoch in whic they were living.

Bob Pierson, then, paced the room, s absorbed in his dismay and concern tha he was almost happy.

"By Jove," he said; "what a ghastl thing! Nollie, of all people! I fe perfectly wretched, Thirza—wretched wretched!" But with each repetition of th word his voice grew cheerier, and Thirz felt that he was already over the worst.

"You're coffee's getting cold," sh said.

Bob Pierson resumed his seat.

"What do you advise?" Shall I g up, eh?"

Thirza, who had already thought ou her campaign, answered:

"I think you'll be a godsend to poo Ted; you'll keep his spirits up. Ev won't get any leave till Easter; and I ca be quite alone and see to Nollie her The servants can have a holiday; nurs and I will run the house together. I sha enjoy it."

He rose again at that.

"You're a good woman, Thirza. And taking his wife's hand, he put it t his lips. "There isn't another woman lik you in the world!"

Thirza's eyes shone.

"Pass me your cup; I'll give you son fresh coffee." It was decided to pu the plan into operation at mid-month, an she bent all her wits to instilling into h husband the thought that a baby mo or less was no great matter in a worl which already contained twelve hundre million people. But he, with a man keener sense of family propriety, could n see that this baby would be the same any other baby. And in all those days h was liable to come up to her at any m ment and pour out his soul.

"By heaven," he said, one day, simply can't get used to it—in our famil And Ted a parson! What the devil sha we do with it?"

"The same as we did with our ow Bob; if Nollie will let us, why shouldn we adopt it? It'll be something to tak my thoughts off the boys."

"By George! That's an idea! But don't know—Ted's a funny fellow. He have some doctrine of atonement or som thing in his bonnet."

"Oh, bother!" said Thirza, with son asperity.

"Yes, yes; Ted will have to toe th line."

The thought of sojourning in town f a spell was not unpleasant to Bob Pierso His tribunal work was over, his ear potatoes in, and he had visions of worki for the country, even of being a speci constable, and dining at his club. T nearer he was to the front, and the mo

I could talk about the war, the greater
e service he felt he would be doing.
e would ask for a job where his brains
uld be of use. He regretted keenly
at Thirza wouldn't be with him—a
ng separation like this would be a great
al. Still, for the country, and for
llie, one must put up with it. Damna-
n—yes!

When Thirza finally saw him into the
in, tears stood in the eyes of both, for
y were honestly attached, and knew
ll enough that this job, once taken in
nd, would have to be seen through—a
ree months' separation at least.

"I shall write every day," he said.

"So shall I, Bob."

"You won't fret, old girl?"

"Only if you do."

"I shall be up at five-five, and she'll
down at four-fifty. Give us a kiss,
d damn the porters. God bless you!
suppose she'd mind if I were to come
wn now and then?"

"I'm afraid she would. It's—it's—
ll, *you* know."

"Yes, yes; I do." And he really did,
, underneath, he had true delicacy.

Thirza's last words: "You're very
eet, Bob," remained in his ears all the
y to the Severn Junction, and made him
l quite choky in the throat.

She went back to the house, which
med gutted without her husband, or
e, or the boys, or her maids, with only
e dogs and the old nurse, whom she
d taken into confidence. Even in that
eltered, wooded valley, it was very
d this winter. The birds hid them-
ves; not one flower bloomed, and the
l-brown river was full and swift. The
nd of trees being cut down for war-
rposes in the wood above the house
ounded all day long in the frosty air.
e meant to do the cooking herself; and
the rest of the morning and early
ernoon she concocted nice things, and
ought out how she herself would feel
she were Noel and Noel she, so as, if
ssible, to smooth out of the way any-
ng which would hurt the girl. In the
ernoon, she went down to the station
the village car, the same which had
rne Cyril Morland away that July
ght, for their coachman had been taken
the army and the horses were turned
t.

Noel, in a long, fur-collared coat, looked
ed and white, but calm—too calm.
r face seemed to Thirza to be collected,
it were, from within, fined, and, with
se brooding eyes, more beautiful.
the car she possessed herself of the
l's hand and squeezed it hard; this
s the only allusion made between
em to the situation, except Noel's
mal:

"Thank you so much, auntie, for having
e. It's been most awfully sweet of you
d uncle Bob."

"There's no one in the house, my dear,
cept old Nurse. I'm afraid it'll be very
ll for you; but I thought I'd teach you
cook. It's rather useful."

The smile which slipped onto Noel's
e gave Thirza quite a turn.

"That'll be splendid!" she said.

She had assigned the girl a different
om, and had made it extraordinarily
eerful.

She went up with her at bedtime, and,
nding before the fire, said:



"You know, Nollie, I absolutely refuse to regard this as any sort of tragedy. To bring life into the world in these days, no matter how, ought to make anyone happy. I only wish I could do it again; then I should feel some use. Good-night, dear; and if you want anything, knock on the wall. I'm next door. Bless you!"

She saw that the girl was greatly moved underneath her pale mask, and went out, astonished at her niece's powers of self-control. But she did not sleep at all well, for, in imagination, she kept on seeing Noel turning from side to side in the big bed, and those great eyes of hers staring at the dark.

2

THE meeting of the brothers Pierson took place at the dinner-hour, and was characterized by a truly English lack of display. They were so extremely different, and had been together so little since early days in their old Buckinghamshire home, that they were practically strangers, with just the potent link of far-distant memories in common. It was of these they talked, and about the war. On this subject, they agreed in the large and differed in the narrow. For instance, both thought they knew about Germany and other countries, and neither had any real knowledge whatever of any country outside his own. Again, both assumed that they were democrats, but neither knew the meaning of the word or felt that the working man could be really trusted; and both revered Church and king. Both disliked conscription, but considered it necessary. Both favored home rule for Ireland, but neither thought it possible to grant it. Both wished for the war to end, but were for prosecuting it to victory, and neither knew what they meant by that word. So much for the large. On the narrow issues, such as strategy, and the personality of their country's leaders, they were opposed. Edward was a Westerner, Robert an Easterner, as was natural in one who had lived twenty-five years in Ceylon. Edward favored the fallen government, Robert the risen. Neither had any particular reasons for his partisanship except what he had read in the journals. After all, what other reasons could they have had? Robert thought poor Ted looking like a ghost; Edward thought Bob looking like the setting sun. Their faces were indeed as curiously contrasted as their views and voices—the pale-dark, hollowed, narrow face of Edward, with its short, pointed beard and the red-skinned, broad, full, whiskered face of Robert. They parted for the night with an affectionate hand-clasp.

So began a queer partnership which consisted, as the days went on, of half-an hour's companionship at breakfast, each reading the paper; and of dinner together perhaps three times a week. Each thought his brother very odd, but continued to hold the highest opinion of him. And behind it all, the deep tribal sense that they stood together in trouble grew. But of that trouble they never spoke; though not seldom Robert would lower his journal and, above the glasses, perched on his well-shaped nose, contemplate his brother, and a little frown of sympathy would ridge his forehead between his bushy eyebrows. And once in a way he would catch Edward's eyes coming off duty from his journal, to look, not at his brother but at—the skeleton. When that happened, Robert would adjust his glasses hastily, damn the newspaper-type, and apologize to Edward for swearing. And he would think: "Poor Ted! He ought to drink port, and—and enjoy himself, and forget it. What a pity he's a parson!"

In his letters to Thirza, he would deplore Edward's asceticism.

He eats nothing; he drinks nothing; he smokes a miserable cigarette once in a blue moon. He's as lonely as a coot; it's a thousand pities he ever lost his wife. I expect to see his wings sprout any day, but—dash it all!—I don't believe he's got the flesh to grow them on. Send him up some clotted cream; I'll see if I can get him to eat it.

When the cream came, he got Edward to eat some the first morning, and at tea-time found that he had finished it himself. Again he wrote:

We never talk about Nollie; I'm always meaning to have it out with him and tell him to buck up, but when it comes to the point, I dry up, because, after all, I feel it, too; it sticks in my gizzard horribly. We Piersons are pretty old, and we've always been respectable ever since St. Bartholomew, when that Huguenot chap came over and founded us. The only black sheep I ever heard of is cousin Leila. By the way, I saw her the other day; she came round here to see Ted. I remember going to stay with her and her first husband, young Fane, at Simla, when I was coming home, just before we were married. Phew! That was a queer *ménage*—all the young chaps fluttering round her, and young Fane looking like a cynical ghost. Even now, she can't help setting her cap a little at Ted, and he swallows her whole—thinks her a devoted creature reformed to the nines with her hospital and all that. Poor old Ted—he is the most dreamy chap that ever was!

He wrote a little later:

We have had Gratian and her husband up for the week-end. I don't like her so well as Nollie—too serious and downright for me. Her husband seems a sensible fellow, though, but a devil of a freethinker. He and poor Ted are like cat and dog. We had Leila in to dinner again on Saturday, and a man called Fort came in. She's sweet on him, I could see with half an eye, but poor old Ted can't. The doctor and Ted talked up hill and down dale. The doctor said a thing which struck me: "What divides us from the beasts? Will-power—nothing else. What's this war, really, but a death-carnival of proof that man's will is invincible?" I stuck it down to tell you, when I got up-stairs. He's a clever fellow. I believe in God, as you know, but I must say, when it comes to an argument, poor old Ted does seem a bit weak, with his: "We're told this," and "We're told that." Nobody mentioned Nollie. I must have the whole thing out with Ted; we must know how to act when it's all over.

But not till the middle of March, when the brothers had been sitting opposite each other at meals for two months, was the subject broached between them, and then not by Robert. Edward was standing by the hearth after dinner, his eyes fixed on the flames, when he said,

"I've never asked your forgiveness, Bob."

Robert, who was lingering at the table over his glass of port, started, looked at Edward's back, and answered,

"My dear old chap!"

"It has been very difficult to sp of this."

"Of course—of course!" And th was a silence, while Robert's eyes trave round the walls for inspiration. T encountered only the effigies of P Piersons—very oily works—and fell b on the dining-table. Edward went on

"It still seems to me incredible; in a few weeks it will be. Day and ni I think of what it's my duty to do."

"Nothing!" ejaculated Robert. "Le the baby with Thirza. We'll take c of it, and when Nollie's fit, let her go b to work in a hospital again. She'll s get over it." He saw his brother sh his head, and thought, "Ah, yes; there's going to be some dashed c scientious complication!"

Edward turned round on him.

"That is very sweet of you both, bu would be wrong and cowardly for me allow it."

The resentment which springs up fathers when other fathers dispose young lives rose in Robert.

"Dash it all, my dear Ted; that's Nollie to say! She's a woman now."

A smile went straying about in the sh ows of his brother's face.

"'A woman?' Little Nollie! Bob, made a terrible mess of it with my gir He hid his lips with his hands.

Robert felt a lump in his throat.

"Oh, hang it, old boy; I don't th that! What else could you have do You take too much on yourself. A all, they're fine girls. I'm sure No is a darling. It's these modern notion and this war. Cheer up! It'll all straight."

He went up to his brother and pu hand on his shoulder. Edward seer to stiffen under that touch.

"Nothing comes straight," he s "unless it's faced—you know that, Bo

Robert's face was a study at t moment. His cheeks filled and collap again, like a dog's when it has been buked. His color deepened, and he tled some money in a trouser pocket.

"Something in that, of course," he gruffly. "All the same, the decisi with Nollie. We'll see what Thirza s Anyway, there's no hurry. It's a th sand pities you're a parson; the troub enough without that."

Edward shook his head.

"*My* position is nothing; it's the thou of my child, my wife's child. It's s pride, and I can't subdue it. I c fight it down. God forgive me, I reb

And Robert thought: "By God, does take it to heart! Well, so shoul Why, I do, as it is!" He took out pipe and filled it.

"I'm not a man of the world," he h his brother say; "I'm out of touch many things. It's almost unbearabl me to feel that I'm joined with the w now to condemn my own daughter; for their reasons perhaps—I don't k I hope not, but, still, I'm against her."

Robert lighted his pipe.

"Steady, old man!" he said. "It misfortune. But if I were you, I sh feel, 'She's done a wild, silly thing, hang it—if anybody says a word aga her, I'll wring his neck!' And wh more, you'll feel much the same, whe comes to the point."

He emitted a huge puff of smoke, which scured his brother's face, and the blood, zzing in his temples, seemed to blur the ınd of Edward's voice.

"I don't know; I've tried to see clearly. ıave prayed to be shown what her duty and mine. It seems to me there can be peace for her until she has atoned by en suffering; that the world's judgment ıer cross, and she must bear it, especially these days, when all the world is facing fering so nobly. And then it seems hard—so bitter—my poor little Nollie!" There was a silence, broken only by the rgling of Robert's pipe, till he said:

"I don't follow you, Ted. No; I don't. hink a man should screen his children he can. Talk to her as you like, but n't let the world do it. Dash it; the rld's a rotten, gabbling place! I call my- f a man of the world, but when it comes private matters—well, then I draw the e. It seems to me—it seems to me in- man. What does George Laird think out it? He's a wise chap. I suppose u've—no; I suppose you haven't—" For eculiar smile had come on Edward's face.

"No," he said; "I should hardly ask orge Laird's opinion."

And Robert realized suddenly the stub- rn loneliness of that thin black figure, ıose fingers were playing with a little gold ss. "By Jove," he thought, "I believe l Ted's like one of those Eastern chaps ıo go into lonely places. He's got him- f surrounded by visions of things that n't there. He lives in unreality—some- ng we can't understand. I shouldn't surprised if he heard voices, like—who s it? Tt, tt—what a pity!" Ted was ceptive. He was gentle and all that—a ıtleman, of course, and that disguised n; but underneath, what was there—a ular ascetic, a fakir? And a sense of wilderment, of dealing with something ich he could not grasp beset Bob Pier- n, so that he went back to the table and down again beside his port.

"It seems to me," he said rather ıffly, "that the chicken had better be tched before we count it." And then, ry for his brusqueness, emptied his ss. As the fluid passed over his palate, thought: "Poor old Ted! He doesn't en drink—hasn't a pleasure in life, so far I can see, except doing his duty, and esn't even seem to know what that is. ere aren't many like him—luckily! And : I love him—pathetic chap!"

The "pathetic chap" was still staring at e flames.

3

And at this very hour, when the brothers re talking—for thought and feeling do ss mysteriously over the invisible wires space—Cyril Morland's son was being rn of Noel, a little before his time.

The next instalment of ***Saint's Progress*** vill appear in ***February Cosmopolitan.***

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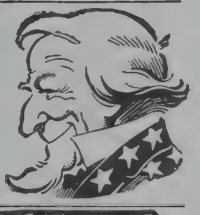
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The Passionate Pilgrim

(Continued from page 31)

"The *News* isn't the only paper—" she began hotly.

"Oh, but you know," he said, "after this——"

"But there are other cities."

He looked about the room and drew a hand across his eyes.

"But all this—the nurse, and the doctor, and the food and all——"

"Please!"

"I can't help it. You see—I'd used all my money." He sank again to the arm of the Morris chair. "I haven't a thing of any value. I—I want you to tell me what it's all come to."

"Of course I'll tell you. It won't run over fifty dollars. And what's that? It isn't the important thing now." She was trying to hold herself to that casual manner. But it was difficult. "You're taking it hard, Hugh. I don't wonder. It *is* hard. But the thing now is to get you well. Get your feet back on the ground, and you'll handle it. I'll help you all I can—all you'll let me."

Now was her moment. She kept her voice under control, but her color would rise and her eyes were shining more than she knew. She came gradually closer to him; finally, with a curious sense of shock that made it seem like a violent act, laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Listen! Let's be sensible. We're not children. We're not in a money-making business. It's incidental—money. I've got some—a few hundred. I'm independent. Let me help you. Let's work it out together while you're getting hold of things. You're gifted. You're sensitive. Somebody's got to take care of you. We've drifted into it by accident, but—well, it seems to work pretty well. I'm not the sort to make demands."

He was getting up. Her hand trailed rather awkwardly from his shoulder down his sleeve and caught there as she followed him. He fumbled at the knob of the outer door.

"Don't look like that!" she said sharply. "Please come back. I can't let you go this way."

But he had the door open now.

She could have thrown her arms round his neck—but not here in the corridor. She lowered her voice.

"You mustn't go like this, Henry."

But he broke away and walked swiftly along the dim corridor and down the stairs. She started after him, then turned back to close the door. Then, in the shadows just beyond, she saw a man, a portly figure, and an unlighted cigar in a wide, familiar face. She stood motionless.

"Sorry, Marge." He removed the cigar.

White of face, cold of eye, she looked him up and down.

"Spying?" she said.

"No, Marge; not spying. Looking for the bell. You never made me look for it before, you know. Then I heard you, and—well, I stepped aside. It was a little surprising." They stood there. He chewed his cigar. "Wanted to catch you before you got down to the paper," he added. Then, "Well, I caught you."

She drew him into her own hallway and closed the door.

"He's been ill," she said. "And he's down on his luck. It's—it's Hugh Stafford."

"You called him 'Henry,' Marge."

There was another long silence.

"Come in," she said then. "He is Henry Calverly."

"Not——"

"Yes. It isn't what you think. I *am* interested in him." He spread his hands. "I see it's no use trying to talk with you, Abe."

"I'll go, Marge. We used to say, if a change came, we'd be frank about it."

"It isn't that sort of a change."

He turned away, but not before she caught the twist in his usually placid mouth.

"Perhaps we'd better not try to talk now," she said.

"Perhaps we'd better not," said he.

"He doesn't think I know who he is, Abe."

"But you called him——"

"He doesn't know what I called him. He's beside himself, Abe. It's pretty serious. I'm sorry—sorry you won't—or can't—see this as it is. At least, you may as well help me keep his secret."

"Marge," he said, coldly deliberate, "you're lying to me. You're in love with him. It's an affair. You're——"

"Well, say I am! I can't help it, can I? You don't expect me to——"

"But, my God, Marge——"

This wouldn't do. He was catching at her with both hands. She eluded him and hurried away.

XIV

EBB—AND THE TURN

CALVERLY was in the writing-room of the Cantey Square Hotel until sometime after noon. He wrote a long letter to Humphrey, trying to explain the steps that had brought him down to the final act. It seemed to him that Humphrey was entitled to know. But he found the explanation difficult. More than once he considered tearing up all he had written and saying simply that life had proved too strong for him. The trouble with that sort of note was that it was just the sort they usually left. And it seemed to him that his case was different from the others. This point he felt strongly impelled to make clear. He wanted Hump to know that he was giving up quietly, in a sense sweetly. He was sane; indeed, his perceptions, like his feelings, seemed keen to a point above rather than below normal. The world had thrown him aside. It had nothing for him; he had nothing for it. He had done his best; his best was, it seemed, peculiarly the thing that was not wanted. His solitude had finally become intolerable.

His feelings surged high. He wanted Hump to know—in some words or other he must make it clear—that he admired and loved him. He thought, with a curious, almost impersonal tenderness, of Mary Maloney. He finally wrote to her—a friendly note, wishing her luck.

He didn't want Hump to know of the money Margie had spent. So he wrote direct to Mr. Guard about that. He a him to pay her the first fifty dollars might come in on account of royal and then turn whatever might be left to Hump. It wouldn't be much. Ro ties, even on "Satraps of the Simple," dwindled of late years nearly to not

He wandered out then, caught a st car, rode to the river. The river seemed the thing. He was takin rather for granted. But now, as he le on the bridge rail and stared down at dimpling current, he thought less we it. The temptation might come to s out. And he didn't want to wea He might weight his pockets, of co

He wandered on along the bri Beyond the south bank it continued the railway-yards. He stopped Looked down. A new thought cam him—to jump down there.

Not now. He shrank from the spicuous act. But at night. When yard would be all twinkling points of l red and green and white, and the h lights of the locomotives made the shine, illuminated the precise spot. would be quick, sure. A good way.

A bitter exaltation was rising in now. But it wasn't the old fee Three years, two years ago—even a ye he would have killed himself for Ci to be with her. Now—subtly, curious there were other considerations. The stood out that when he was thinking of Cicely, however great his suffering had never come down to it. He ha touched bottom—not quite. He going now because, having lost somet of Cicely, something of his vivid mer of her, nothing had come to take place. Because they hadn't liked his work on the *News*—the work that brought, for a few thrilling moments old feeling of godlike power; though because they had discharged him. seemed incidental. No; because, a wrote Humphrey, he had offered his and his best wasn't wanted. It had his last great effort. After four a years.

"A fellow's got to have a *little* su once in a while," he muttered now.

He decided on ten o'clock in the ning. The Chicago Flier left the st then, and would reach the viaduct w two or three minutes. If it wasn't Though that wouldn't matter. He w wait.

With his eyes he marked the pr spot, directly over the westbound t He decided to let himself over the ra and drop carefully, so as not to just as the locomotive was reaching farther side of the viaduct. Of co if people were near, he might have to for a later train. That would be a m of luck, one way or the other.

He wandered back into the city, r awhile on a bench in a west-side p playing with the squirrels. He p up a late-afternoon meal in a conve Buffalo Lunch.

At eight o'clock, he went to his ro Margie was sure to be at the office He put on a clean collar and his b tie, and brushed his suit and his sho

He found the key to Margie's roo

ocket, considered sealing it in an
p addressed to her and leaving it
on the table. They would find it.
med hardly to matter. People in the
ng assumed, of course, that they
living together. Others in the build-
or that matter, were pretty clearly
same boat.
reconsidered, took the key down-
, listened at her door, let himself in,
he key on her table, looked about
a sudden choke in his throat. She
after all, been extraordinarily kind.
yes filled. It seemed as if he weren't
ng her well. Of course he hadn't
d her. In little ways, she had
akingly made it clear that he
n't feel responsible for her. She
that a decent man shrinks from
ning responsibility for a woman if he
carry it through. And Calverly
ensed her attitude. It was one of
nings about her, paradoxically, that
ed him.
walked the streets for a time, then
d at his watch. It was twenty-five
es to nine. Nearly an hour and a
Time was dragging now.
thrust his hands into his coat pockets
ound the letters there. It occurred
n that they might be destroyed with
He decided then to take off his coat,
it on the viaduct.
fingers settled on a crumpled bit of
and drew it out. He straightened
ld it up to the light. It was the
go cashier's check for twenty thou-
dollars. He stared at it. He couldn't
the money. But it was wrong to
go with him. It would be a godsend
nebody. It didn't occur to him to
it to Margie as he had to Mary.
was a different case. What had
r written?

would be even better, if you feel, on re-
n, that you cannot accept it for yourself,
e it to some deserving charity.

ker was right. The money must be
o some use. He grew excited about
took to walking very fast, thinking
muttering. There was no one he
consult. Oh, he might send it to
p! Then he thought of Mr. Listerly,
as he considered him, bent his steps
d the *News* building. I don't think
relt at all on Mr. Listerly as the man
had discharged him, publicly, in
craven retraction. There was no
tment in him. He saw the publisher
simply as an older man, a man of wide
ess experience, who was kindly
gh in manner, was, in fact, accessible.
he went up, without a personal
ght, to the editorial floor.
e girl at the switchboard said that
Listerly would see him in a few
tes. He sat on one of the benches.
rs were sitting there.
. Listerly came out, hat on, stick in
, hurrying toward the elevator.
lverly, confused, rose. The switch-
l-girl called Mr. Listerly's attention
m.
h!" remarked the chief. "Oh, yes,
rd—er—how are you? You wished
e me?"
Vell—if I might—for a moment——"
. Listerly glanced up at the clock,
ne way into his office, sat on a corner
s desk, leaving his caller standing.

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"This is a good deal of money, Mr. Stafford."

"I know, and that's why—it's no good to me, you see——"

"I don't see why it's no good to you."

"Oh, well, there are personal reasons. I don't want it. But I'd hate to think of it's not being used in some way."

"Naturally." Mr. Listerly kept his face straight. But with that check actually in his hand, he couldn't wholly conceal his interest. The young man glanced hurriedly at his watch.

"I've only got a minute, Mr. Listerly. But I wondered—isn't there some deserving charity here—you know, some place where they do things for children, or a hospital that—suppose I just indorse it, and you can——"

"Are you really determined to give this money away, Mr. Stafford?"

"Oh, yes; I can't touch it. But I'd like it—you know—to do some good."

"Of course there are institutions enough that need money. One occurs to me—the plan for a public bath for children."

"That would be all right. Let's do that!"

"With this amount in hand it would be easy enough to raise the balance. We might offer it conditionally on the giving of an equal amount. Full credit would be given you, of course, Mr. Stafford. For that matter, we could easily arrange to put your name on the building——"

"Oh, no, no! I can't have that! My name musn't appear at all." He looked again at his watch. It was twenty minutes to ten. "I must go. Let me indorse it to you."

"But I can hardly let you do that. Don't you see that you'll be putting the money in my hands without any check on the use of it."

"But you'll use it for the baths. I have your word for that."

Mr. Listerly looked up at the wall, chewed his mustache. In that curious moment, he decided that Guard was right. The boy was a genius. Something must be done about him.

"No," he said gravely and kindly; "I'm afraid we can't do it quite so offhand. It's possible, of course, if you still feel that you don't want to appear in it, after you've thought it over——"

Henry interrupted now. He was on his feet, glancing toward the door, nervously fingering his hat-brim.

"I *have* thought it over!" he cried.

He suddenly snatched up a pen and wrote his name across the back.

"There!" he cried. "Just do good with it, that's all. Help somebody!" And turned to go. Mr. Listerly sprang up and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Stafford," he said, "you're in trouble. Unless I miss my guess, you need help yourself. Some sort. Tell me this: Have you any other money?"

"No," muttered the young man, struggling away.

"Have you work—plans?"

"No—no work. I don't need——"

The hand on his shoulder was firm, strong. It felt friendly, like the voic was unnerving. He thought—until moment he hadn't weakened—"I ca like this." And sat down.

It was hard to evade Mr. List keen questions. And the warmth th voice and the touch of his strong had stirred in Henry's heart spre through his thoughts, fanned by his swift imagination, brought conf in which the publisher, could he known the glowing image of himself was rapidly growing up in the tho of the pale, dispirited young man wh limp, moody, curiously difficult i leather chair, would have shared.

In the end, he agreed to go to the in the morning; beyond that, he wa to be known as a party to the transa And he further agreed to begin wo the biography of James H. Cantey.

He left in weak bewilderment. H had been saved. He was to have an chance, not miserably alone this tim with kindly support.

He got out of the building wi meeting Margie and stole into his ment. He couldn't have faced her slept like a child, and slipped out i morning, bags in hand, down past Ma door before she was up. He sa morning paper lying there.

He had refused to go again to the he and Mr. Listerly were to meet City Trust Company at eleven.

He checked his bags at the hotel would find quarters later, somewh the hill. They were paying him e And he would put aside something week toward Margie's fifty dollars

XV

THE HONORABLE TIM IS PERTURBED POINT OF PROTEST, AND MR. QUALT JOINS THE HUNT

HARVEY O'RELL was on the bo the City Trust Company. Like Ha Simmons, first vice-president of City he was an ardent golfer. The tw interrupted while playing the eight by a passing shower. They hole then stepped over to the county hig which bounded the course on the we sat in a three-walled trolley-shelter.

Mr. Simmons, who, like so bankers and mathematicians, was verse-writing, imaginative turn, g about quizzically at the hundr initials and inscriptions carved walls and on the bench, produced h knife, and set unsmilingly to work nearest smooth space.

Neatly he cut out the letters: " By way of embellishment, he ac decoration beneath them.

O'Rell, who was not whimsical in watched him in easy good humor, admired his neatness of hand. two leading citizens occupied ther during a not unpleasant half-hour. the shower over, they went on ninth tee.

Mr. Simmons, a little, gray-haire with the first horn-rimmed spectacl seen in the city outside the His Society Museum, reflected, as he w on the initials: "H. S.," and on cidence that, on its face, seemed worth a thought.

"An odd thing," he said.

erly opened a special account this ning. Twenty thousand. It was a cago cashier's check to a young fellow ed Hugh Stafford."

'Rell knit his brows a very little, then posed his face and walked on. For mons wasn't a man you told everyg to. He held quaint notions.

This Stafford just indorsed the check, k. Bob wrote his name on it, and a certificate of deposit. Said someg about it's being used toward the lic baths. An outright gift. Queer! l the young fellow is to write the tey biography at thirty-five a week. ned glad to get it. He starts working norrow, up at the house, in Jim's ly. Amme is to turn over the papers. re to make the weekly payments and rge to the estate."

'Rell's remark, by way of reply, came le the banker was teeing his ball. It :

My guess is that you'll come back to Conqueror ball, Han. You certainly n't getting the distance out of those ngs."

ut before half-past seven that evening, called up the mayor. Shortly after t, the city attorney called up Oswald lters. The attorney for the Painter rests suggested that the mayor come nd. At ten-thirty, say. After making ch suggestion, Qualters called O'Rell got the facts. He always got the facts. he mayor appeared at ten-twenty-. Qualters himself opened the door, after one glance at the wild person ore him, hurried him back to his ary.

Better have a cigar," remarked Mr. lters, whose method was that of al good humor. "And sit down. at's the matter?"

layor Tim sat down, then sprang up. Bob Listerly's double-crossed me!" he d dramatically.

What's he done?" Qualters made it a always to ask, never to tell.

He's put Stafford in to write the Jim tey book. That's what he's done!"

Stafford writes well enough, Tim." lters was unsmiling.

he mayor strode impatiently to the dow and back, thrust his fingers ugh his hair, sputtered angrily.

Sit down, Tim! Take it easy. This ation can't get away from us."

It can't? By God, it has! Look here, Qualters: I'm a plain-spoken man. talk to the point. I knew Jim Cantey. was my benefactor. We had things in mon. He was a man who kept a tight d on all his own affairs. You know ." Qualters nodded. "Oh, he used me and the rest. But he kept his own ers. I know about that. There's a up there in his study on the hill. It's of secrets, that safe. Jim Cantey's personal papers--business affairs—ls here in town—Harvey's secrets—senator's—yours—mine!" His voice to a climax.

ualters smoked, studied the ceiling.

I wonder who's got the combination to safe, Tim."

he mayor, gripping the arms of his chair, ted forward, in open amazement.

You don't mean to tell me——"

Oh, you think I've got it? Well, I en't, Tim."

You drew the will."



One of the 57

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED
BEANS

Beans, to be appetizing, brown and wholesome, must be baked—actually baked in dry heat in real ovens. That is the Heinz way. There is no short cut. Beans may be boiled or steamed and put into cans, and that is usually done because it is cheaper, but the result is very different.

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To suit all tastes, Heinz Beans are prepared in four ways:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
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Fig Pudding Vinegar
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"No. Wait a moment!" Qualters reached for the telephone, called a number. "Hello! Amme? . . . How about this man Stafford that Bob Listerly's putting in to write the book? . . . Don't know anything about him? Neither do I." Amme talked for some time. Then Qualters said: "Oh, well, that ought to be safe enough. An odd situation. Nothing we can do, I guess. Thanks. Good-by."

"Queer," he remarked, turning slowly toward his visitor.

"What is? What is it? Tell me!"

"It's all right, Tim. Mr. Cantey, you know, made a confidant of his daughter Miriam. Like all of us, he had to talk freely to somebody out of hours. At least, he wasn't careless with women, like so many. Certainly not of recent years. And he didn't use clairvoyants, like the senator. Well, all his personal papers are in that safe—the whole inside Cantey story. For either blackmail or biography, it would be a gold mine. But——"

"Well, see here, why can't Amme——"

"Amme's as helpless as the rest of us."

"Yes; you're helpless."

"My dear fellow, we are! Mr. Cantey left the safe and everything in it, along with the Cummings Avenue property, to Miriam. He gave that new property on Chase Avenue to the other daughter when she was married. But the old place is Miriam's outright. And she and her father were the only ones that ever had the combination to that safe."

Qualters was interested then in studying his caller. Plainly enough, the man was frightened almost to death. He was talking again, excitedly, gathering head for a speech.

"It ain't for myself, Mr. Qualters. But think what it means to—to the city!"

"Of course, letting an irresponsible young fool like that——"

"That's it! You've said it! He's an irresponsible fool. Who is he, anyway?"

"But Miriam Cantey isn't going to hand over to a hired stranger documents that would damage her father's——"

"But they're putting him right into the house! What if they're thrown together? What if she fell in love with him? It's happened before now that——"

"But she's an invalid, Tim."

Qualters had really a bit of a time getting the mayor quieted and headed homeward. He kept coming back to it. Something was certainly in that safe that Tim knew a lot about.

Tim would simply have to keep his shirt on for a day or so. No help for it. Until Bob could be called off. And, meantime, it oughtn't to be difficult to put the Canteys a little on their guard. There was no immediate danger, really.

What interested him more sharply was the curious business of the check for twenty thousand dollars. Giving it away. Tim evidently didn't know about that.

He decided to look Stafford up. There were ways.

XVI

OF SHIPS, A NARROW DOOR, AND A YOUNG WOMAN IN A WHEELED CHAIR. ALSO (BRIEFLY) OF MR. AMME

CALVERLY was shaky on the second morning, whitely sensitive, his eyes large and unusually dark, with a blazing light in them. But he appeared, promptly at nine, at the huge old Cantey residence.

A man in livery conducted him up a long flight. He glanced shyly, in passing, at the heavy old furniture, the ornate ceilings and chandeliers, a great marble mantel. There were glimpses of spacious drawing- and dining-rooms, and paintings in heavy frames with hooded lights above them. However confused in taste, it was a home; it had grown up into magnificence with the rise to power and fame of James H. Cantey. Comfortable old sofas and arm-chairs mixed in on the second floor with the slimmer chairs and tables of the recent Colonial renascence—an expression, perhaps, of the taste of the younger generation of Canteys. Of these present Canteys, Calverly knew only vaguely. There were two or three sisters—two, he recalled now; one married and living somewhere on the hill, another, an invalid, gifted in some way, at least much talked about. James H. Cantey had been dead two or three years.

The servant led Calverly up another flight. Up here, in the hall, there were more paintings, but the several doors were closed, except one at the rear, at which the man left him, saying merely:

"You are to use the study, here, I believe, sir. Mr. Amme is expected at any moment."

The "study" proved to be a large room lined with book-shelves. On a table at one side lay a pile of atlases. Opposite, stood the largest globe Calverly had ever seen. Behind it was the black-and-gilt front of a safe. On either side of the door were filing-cabinets of steel. The flat-top desk stood at the farther end, where the light from the two windows fell on it. Between the windows, above the swivel chair, hung a wall map of the Pacific General Railway System, such a map as might have hung in any ticket-office.

But the feature that drew Calverly slowly into the room was the line of ship-models along the top of the book-shelves. These were perfect miniatures of the Cantey liners, complete to the last derrick and block, glass in every port, shining brass-work, and on each bridge brass binnacle and engine-room signals. The hulls were a glistening black with bright-red bottoms, the rails in natural teak, the cabins, ventilators, and life-boats white, and the funnels black, with the one white ring between two red that marked a Cantey ship anywhere in the world.

The sight of these ships opened to Henry Calverly, unexpectedly, the door of romance which he had thought forever closed to him. He moved eagerly from model to model, studying out the fine details of construction with delighted eyes. All the more famous of the ships were there—the Mississippi, Missouri, Columbia, Hudson, Amazon, Yangtze, Volga, Congo. He even, after a quick glance back into the hall, mounted a chair to examine the most widely advertised of all, the Congo.

He stepped down and moved circumspectly toward the desk, noted the wire baskets of documents arranged across it in an orderly row (placed there, very likely, for himself), dropped into the swivel chair, stirred by the thought that he was to sit and work at the very desk, in the very chair, where Jim Cantey had sat and worked. Then he heard—or f a presence, and swung round.

Recessed between the shelves and end wall was a narrow door. Beyon in a wheel-chair, a young girl sat startled. She was slender. Her hands, ing on the wheels, were long, with q sensitive fingers. The face was deli yet not overthin; the mouth fine and sitive, not, had he known it, unlike his the forehead white, broad. All this he or sensed, in his first startled look, sensed, though more vaguely, the long of the filmy costume she wore and her slippered feet on the foot-board o chair; but what arrested him, held during that curious instant befor could spring to his feet with the con explanations and apologies, all in a br that were so characteristic, was her ing. Not of face, but of eyes and The eyes were bluer, richer in pigm than any he had ever seen. The hai thick, fine, wavy beyond the possi of smoothing, of a chestnut brown with an undertone of red and with shine of gold in every straying, wa thread of it. There was, he saw a faint tinge of color in the face i it hadn't, certainly, the pinched loo the invalid. But framed in that wond hair and lighted by those vital eyes, but a ruddy, outdoor coloring w have seemed white.

He was on his feet, murmuring s thing in the way of an apology.

A book lay in her lap, bound in miliar green-and-gold cover—his Stafford book. This strangely thi young person was looking him up. wall behind her, like the walls of the he was in, was lined with books. A by the window was littered with paper books. Among these—his eyes p it out unerringly—was his other "Satraps of the Simple," by Henry verly.

Did she know?

It was a curiously long moment.

She said, with some hesitation,

"I must ask you to close the door

He shut it without a word. Ther that the key was on his side, and op again. He heard her catch her breat

"It's the key," he explained. He coloring now. "I thought pe you'd——"

"That isn't necessary," said she.

But he fitted it into her side of the He hesitated then. It was pai difficult to shut it again. He felt cl stupid; he was groping through a mind for something to say that leave a decent impression of him, least, explain him. He had never such hair or such eyes; they reached with a sort of force. And the wheel touched him. It was the invalid Cantey, of course. His throat was his hands unsteady, and swimming of light moved in and out of the rim vision. It was a spiritual blow, so v as to unnerve him.

He couldn't shut the door. H faint from his illness. He sank bac Jim Cantey's swivel chair and co his eyes.

Her underlip slipped in betwee teeth; she glanced about, clearly in fusion, then impulsively rolled her forward to the door.

"You are ill?" she asked.

low a $2.00 Book Brought Fortune to One Family

Read What Mr. Fullerton Says About the Affairs of a Young Couple Almost Stranded on the Reefs of Home Finance

By Hugh S. Fullerton

HIS is the story of how $2.00 invested in a book prevented a divorce, averted bankruptcy and made a home happy rosperous. It was told to me by the nd and father as we sat on the porch ir home in Orange, N. J. Six years ago s bankrupt, in danger of losing his job hreatened with divorce proceedings be- of his financial situation. His business was damaged and even tradesmen were ious.

brought out a neatly bound volume and d it proudly. In it were printed head- rows of neat figures in a feminine hand, nany red and blue lined columns. At the of the columns were such words as t," "Light and Heat," "Groceries," or," "Charities" and others. It was so e that even a busy farmer's wife or a ithout knowledge of bookkeeping could stand it instantly and keep it posted up day in two minutes.

hat book was worth $28,000 to me," he "It made, saved and invested that for me in six years."

as puzzled and inquired how.

hen Ella and I were married, eleven ago," he said, "I had $10,000 and she $5,000, a wedding gift. My job paid a year and small investments added $850 to that. My wife's father was ed wealthy. His income was large, his y expensive, and Ella, the only daughter, brought up ignorant of housekeeping, eting, cooking or finance. She had charge nts at the stores and bought what she d. Sometimes her father kicked on the but he always paid them. The mother n society and spent money the same way l the boys. Ella and I had a big wedding ook an expensive apartment uptown in York.

was a good salesman and a poor buyer. formed expensive bachelor habits, liked clothes, cigars and drinks. Of house- management I was as ignorant as my Marriage made little change in my s. I ate at expensive restaurants, bought s and cigars, paid for lunches for others, ipped freely. We entertained, my wife ills at stores, and six months after mar- I found expenses exceeding salary and of my reserve fund gone. I was startled ttributed it to 'extraordinary expenses' al to establishing a household. A year we still were drawing on our reserve to 'extraordinary expenses.' The end of econd year brought our first baby, and I uted the deficit for that year to 'extraor- y expenses.' The third year brought econd baby and more 'extraordinary ex- s.' Our entertainment bills were cut, loctors, nurses, etc., and 'extraordinary ises' ate up the small reserve.

ess than a year later my father-in-law leaving only a few thousand dollars when were paid. His death alarmed me se I had felt that, if we came a cropper, uld help us. My wife had expected an itance. For the first time I was seri- alarmed. Expenses still exceeded salary my reserve was wiped out. I told my and discovered that she had checked out ically all her $5,000 for trifles.

commenced to economize on lunches, s, cigars and clothes and avoided the ex- travagant fellows. My clothing looked shabby. I commenced to lose my grip in business. Debts were pressing and even the grocer was hesitating about credit.

"The climax came when the monthly bills from the stores came. I was bankrupt and my wife's charge accounts were larger than ever, and her bank account was overdrawn. I scolded, stormed, told her that her extravagance had ruined us. She retorted that I drank and was wasteful and perhaps worse. Each saw the extravagance of the other. The quarrel became so serious, that she left me and went to her mother. I realized that I had been wrong and determined to borrow and pay debts, try to reconcile my wife and make a new start. I went to my employer and asked him to advance $1,000 on my salary.

"'So it has come?' he asked. 'I've been expecting it. No, I won't advance you money. Fight it out yourself.'

"I was hurt and angry. He checked me as I started out, and took this book from a drawer.

"'Here is something that will help you to help yourself,' he said. 'It will help more than lending you money would.'

"The idea of a book full of red and blue lines helping me when I needed money seemed ridiculous.

"'Your father-in-law died broke because he let his family waste money,' the boss said. 'He was a good business man in the office and bad at home. He let a fortune be frittered away. Your wife is like him and you are as bad. Neither of you know what becomes of your money. My wife and I have kept home accounts ever since we were married. We spend less money than you do and get more out of it. Take this book to your wife. Both of you study it and have her keep it. You'll find what becomes of your money and if you have any sense you can stop the waste.'

"I took the book without enthusiasm or hope and with some disgust, but that evening I studied the simple instructions and looked over the headings of columns. They did not interest me until I wondered idly how much we spent under each division. Even rough mental calculation startled me. 'Amusements,' for instance, cost three times as much as I would have guessed. I roughly estimated each item and began to see what the boss was driving at when he gave me the book. I studied the book until midnight, made a resolution and early the next morning I went to my wife, admitted I had been wrong, and we made up. I explained about the book. She was interested in ten minutes and in half an hour was excited.

"'Let's call a taxi, go to the apartment and figure the old bills,' I suggested.

"'No, let's take a street car,' she corrected.

"We studied bills and the book all Sunday. Monday she started to keep the accounts. She never even had kept a diary, but found the book so simple and so interesting that it took only a few minutes a day. We both were amazed to find how much money we had spent uselessly and often for things without value and for amusements that bored us. In a month we were living within our income and paying debts. My wife was rather rigid in her economies. We sublet our apartment and rented this house with the privilege of buying. Entertainment, amusement, dress, bills came down, useless and wasteful spending stopped. We were amazed to find that we had better times, had more and enjoyed things more than we ever had done.

"In six months we were clear of debt and we have gone right ahead from that. The book contains space for four years' accounts and when it was filled we had new investments, had the house half paid for and our income was larger and expenses smaller. My wife had forgotten extravagance and developed into a good manager. When the old book was full we bought another.

"The book is Woolson's Economy Expense book and we both attribute our change of fortunes to it because it showed us just where our errors were and what leaks to stop. It revealed to us the necessity of a radical change in mode of living to avert ruin.

"This year alone the book saved me the price of two dozen like it. I was stumped in making out my income tax schedule and borrowed the book from my wife to get exact data. In the first schedule I had overestimated my income $100 and I discovered items that entitled me to deductions.

"I have presented copies of the book to all our young friends and to every boy and girl in the firm who gets married. I think it is the best wedding gift possible and I advise every man who thinks his wife is extravagant or wasteful to buy one for her, although I warn him that he will find a big part of the extravagance is his own."

* * * *

Woolson's Economy Expense Book was designed by an expert accountant to enable his wife to keep their household accounts and details of income and expense without waste of time. It is so simple that any woman or girl can keep it and two minutes a day is ample to record the accounts of the average family. The book contains space for four years so that its actual cost is fifty cents a year.

No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary and at the end of each day, week, month or year the family can see each penny of income or expense.

The average family has trouble in economizing because no one knows which of the little expenses is sapping the income and no one knows where to turn to check needless spending. Men who are careful in business ordinarily are careless as to home expenditures and few, either of men or women, realize the necessity of careful household management. Woolson's Economy Expense Book shows where each penny goes and makes it easy to locate financial leaks and stop them. It shows just how much is being spent for dress, food, fuel, allowances, amusements, etc., and all at a glance. Instead of being complicated and tiresome the keeping of this book soon becomes a pleasure and frequently prevents or settles family arguments over money matters. Once started the keeping of the book becomes a fascinating game.

Income taxes must be paid next June. This book will help you plan to meet your tax and reduce it to a minimum. For it will supply you with a record of certain disbursements, such as taxes, interest, charities, etc., which may be deducted from your income.

This is the year for the presenting of useful gifts. Present this book to a young couple just starting in the serious business of marriage and you will confer on them a lasting benefit. Present a copy to any man or woman who believes in correct living and you will also confer a similar benefit.

The publishers are desirous while the interest of the American public is fastened on the problem of high-cost-of-living, to distribute several hundred thousand copies of the new greatly improved edition and are doing it in this way:

Merely write to them and ask that a copy be sent you without cost for a five days' examination. If at the end of the time you decide to keep it, send $2.00 in payment, or if you wish to return it, you can do so without further obligation. Send no money ($2.00) unless you prefer to do so. In either case the book is sent on approval. Merely fill in the coupon, supply business reference, mail, and the book will be sent you immediately.

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"Oh, no— Please! I'm sorry." He managed to sit up. "I've been ill. Grippe."

"You're Mr. Stafford, of course. I've just started your book—" She didn't know! "It's interesting to think that you're to work on father's life. I'm Miss Cantey."

"Yes; of course."

"Father and I were together a great deal. That's why we fitted up this den for me next to his, and cut the door through."

"I don't know that I can ever do this job. I've never tried biography. And the ones I've read—except Boswell—have bored me."

"Of course," said she, quoting some early instructor, " 'autobiography's what biography ought to be.'" She waited a moment, reflecting. He sat staring moodily at the floor. "Father was wonderful. He wasn't like the statue in the square."

He waved a hand at the ship-models.

"I feel that. He was alive. He felt those ships. If only I could have known him—talked with him——"

"You'd have loved him." Her voice was low in pitch, of a contralto quality. There was a slight edge to it now, a thrill. He felt this. "And he would have talked to you. Because you have imagination, too."

"I know. That's another sign. It's the little men that are formal and cautious."

She gave an odd, self-conscious little laugh at that.

"Father was hardly that."

"Now this—" He waved at the row of wire baskets and threw open a box of varicolored index-cards—"all this! Files! Indexes! System! I've never worked that way. I—I'm afraid they've got the wrong man."

She was studying him intently.

"That," she said slowly; "oh, that's Mr. Amme. He used to be one of father's secretaries. He's one of the lawyers now."

"Oh, yes; the man said a Mr. Amme was coming." Calverly's nervous hand tapped the desk.

"Father wasn't like that," said she thoughtfully. "But he—why, he was the most romantic man that's lived for a century, a man like Columbus, or Cecil Rhodes, or Napoleon. He had to use these careful little people, of course."

"But he isn't here, and they are. I see it now. I know what they want—the sort of nice little plaster image that modern biographers make. And what earthly good is it? Building up a cheap, conventional picture of a man, a wooden thing, all hollow—not a line of real life in it. Say a man has a big dream—" He sprang up; there was a ring in his voice; his color was rising. She watched him with fascinated eyes, her own sensitive face working in unconscious sympathy with his facile changes of expression. "A man has a big dream. He tries to work it out. Other men with other dreams, or with none, try to block him. He fights them. It's war—hot, rough war, with blunders and disasters in it. He leaves wreckage behind him. He sacrifices an outpost here and there, and hardly knows or cares. He can't. He's too close to it. He couldn't quit if he wanted to. So he fights on. Through dust and blood. You know—in a sense. Maybe there's women in it. Love. Passion. Hatred. Because he's got the fire in him—because it's war—he protects himself with every trick he knows, seizes every advantage he can. It's primitive, and strength and cunning count. Finally—after years and years of it—he wins. He's a victor. And then his biographer comes along and works out a funny little lie about habits of industry and correctness of deportment and the importance of saving burnt matches while you're young—qualities that would land a man at forty-five as a head bookkeeper."

He didn't seem to know that he was pouring out a torrent of eloquence, that he was fascinating the girl.

"And a man that's big like that has himself to fight. He's full of tremendous forces—passions that he must convert into work or they'll turn on him and tear him to pieces. If he's a real man, he does fight himself. He turns these forces into achievement, gets them out of his system, builds big, beautiful things—a bridge or a book, a symphony or a ship—and then his biographer again! It was because he studied the classics or the Bible—because he was a cautious little person about pennies—because he never drank. God! Likely as not he was working his heart out just to keep from drinking! It's the worst kind of lying. Because it gives a false picture. The important thing is to learn what life is, and why. It's the families that object, of course. Oh, you can't blame them. They're victims of the same universal lie. But it would be wonderful, just once, to find an honest, brave family and get the truth told!"

He paced down the room and back. Her slim fingers were gripping nervously the wheels beside her.

"Wait!" she cried, in a radiant eagerness. "I've something to show you. Father would have—it's in the safe there." She wheeled forward. "I can't get through, but I must show you—it's sheer providence that a man like you should come!"

She caught her breath, gave a quick little laugh that might have been clear excitement. He was staring at her chair, that was just too wide for the door.

Far off, an electric bell sounded.

Their eyes met.

There were men's voices, faint, far below.

"Mr. Amme!" she breathed.

The men were coming up-stairs.

"I'll close the door," he said.

She wheeled back without a word.

Mr. Amme was small, precise in feature, in dress, in movement. He was almost completely bald; the entire top of his head was a glistening dome. His graying beard was trimmed to a point. Between his brows was a permanent furrow. Calverly's heart sank as he took the cold, unresponsive hand.

The man's voice was dry and small.

"I have arranged my digests of the principal departments of Mr. Cantey's life in these six baskets, Mr. Stafford. You will doubtless have your own method, but these will serve as a guide at the start. I have had a selection made of all correspondence that seemed of value under the various heads, which you will find in two steel files by the door. Alphabeti arranged, by writers. The cross-ind general subjects is in this box." indicated the colored cards.

"Like the public library," though younger man vaguely.

"You understand, of course, Mr. ford, that any clerical assistance you require will be provided. You have to call me at the office."

Again their hands met. Each consi the other during a sober moment.

Calverly broke away.

"I—I—" he began falteringly; picked up with this: "I'm not good at all this business"—he wav nervous hand—"filing—indexing. I I'll—oh, well, I'll just have to fu at it in my own way. You know really——"

On what he really might be his m clamped shut, and he colored.

The pucker deepened between Amme's brows. His beard, or the beneath it, set disapprovingly. Wh dry, hard little man he was!

"You will naturally use your method," he said. "Good-morning." he walked out neatly, firmly.

Calverly followed irresolutely, fingering the door-knob, listening t sound of his heels on the stairs, stood the street door faintly slammed; suddenly all alive, all blazing again, himself in and hurried back to the n door in the recess. He reached u knock, faltered, turned away, turned and tapped.

She answered rather faintly. He op the door. She looked up with a brightening. The Hugh Stafford lay just as it had in her lap; she h stirred.

"I—" he began; "I—you said wanted to——"

"Yes!" she cried. The chair was r forward. "It's in the safe. I can' through." She glanced doubtfully t the hall door.

"Could I?"

Her eyes, like his, were overb the contralto voice was none too st

"Father used to put me in tha chair, by the safe—" she was expla quickly, confusedly. "It was my re place. He told me everything. N knew the combination but us two; body but me now. They've tried t it." She laughed a little. "You I have to open it——"

He was looking from her chair t safe and back. Suddenly the color r full, red, into his face.

"I could—I could——"

"You see, if I——"

"I could carry you in."

"Father always carried me. We wonderful friends."

"If you——"

His soul was stepping out across He lifted her—she was unexpectedly —and placed her in the big chair, gently.

She leaned hurriedly toward the He could hear the roll of the lock, a clicks. He stood straight, head t back, and looked up wildly, exultant the model of Jim Cantey's master-pr the Congo, on the bookcase.

The next instalment of ***The Passionate Pilgrim*** will appear in ***February Cosmopolitan.***

"Young men should study business thoroly. As to opportunities, there are ten today where there was one sixty years ago."
—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



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ut Yourself In a Bigger Job In 1919

nce taking my course with lle Extension University my ng capacity has increased 400 ent." H. S. W.

our course has benefited me so that it netted me a 500 per cent in a year." F. H.

lary increased 288 per cent with- ear from enrollment." L. C. R.

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ave received additional remun- n enough to cover cost of six es. Am now Business Manager orporation with assets of over ,000." W. M. C.

n now one of the officials of the any with increased salary be- I am able to present statements directors, showing the true con- of affairs at any time." C. A. E.

ave been advanced five positions taking LaSalle Course." H. C. L.

nce taking the LaSalle Course I increased my salary nearly 300 ent." E. J. M.

ave successfully passed bar ex- ition." G. L. B.

ave received three raises and am t a 10 per cent bonus payable three months." P. O. B.

less than a year's time my ng is paying the handsome pro- 57 per cent a month." G. M. R.

ave tried cases with some of the awyers here and lost but one." G.

lary has been increased 185 per " H. E. B.

n drawing 100 per cent more r than six months ago." A.R.D.

ave had salary increase of 150% studying your course." C. P. M.

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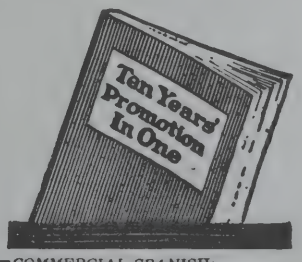
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e..... Address..... Present Position.....

United States Government Utilizing the Movies to Inform the People

By W. J. Mac Innes

THE United States Government is one of the largest producers of films in the world. In becoming a producer of motion pictures, the United States Government has also become a "showman" on a large scale. The primary purpose of the U. S. Official Films, however, is not merely to entertain the public. They are intended pictorially to supplement the news of America's activities in the World War and the reconstruction of stricken Europe, and in this way to enable the public to visualize just what the United States has done to make the world safe for Democracy.

The parent of the Government's film industry is the Committee on Public Information, composed of George Creel, Chairman, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. In order to centralize the work and give it individuality, the Division of Films was organized and placed under the supervision of Charles S. Hart as Director of all activities. Today the Division of Films utilizes three entire floors of one of the big New York office buildings, and its representatives and branches are reaching out into all parts of the world.

The U. S. Official Films produced by and for the Division of Films are fundamentally war pictures, although they are very comprehensive in their scope. They show our fighting men in France; they depict scenes in the camps, and they visualize American soldiers "going over the top"; they also show the activities of the U. S. engineers and the men of the Quartermaster's corps behind the lines; the laying out of the cantonments, the building of great docks and the erection of mammoth refrigerating plants and storehouses; the field and base hospitals; the railroads, built of American materials by American soldiers and utilizing American cars and locomotives; the great salvage shops, where hats and shoes and clothing are renovated and made over, and actual scenes from the big battles which decided the war; and many other activities, all essential for the prosecution of the war.

To the lay mind a billion dollars is an immense sum of money. Twenty billions is almost inconceivable. And yet the expenditure for war by these United States of America—this descendant of the thirteen original poor and struggling colonies—for the new fiscal year will reach and surpass the second figure. How, asks the uninitiated, is it possible to raise, or even expend, so vast a budget? The Government's film stories of the war—wonderful pictorializations of historic facts—answer the question.

It is only fair to assume that up to the time that Chairman George Creel, of the Committee on Public Information, conceived the idea of reinforcing the work of the committee as disseminator of helpful propaganda in contradistinction to the insidious propaganda of the Hun in the United States, by utilizing the motion picture screen, even the most sanguine advocate of the film did not realize its possibilities as an educator or in influencing public opinion.

Mr. Creel's vision comprehended greater and more effective uses for the motion pictures. The most eloquent and vivid description of a battle falls short of actuality. It is only by seeing a battle depicted upon the screen that one can get any conception of it. It is next door to seeing the real thing. Stories of our men in the trenches are commonplace in comparison with a film picture showing the actual moving, breathing fighters waiting for the word to "go over the top." The statement in print that from seven to fourteen billions of dollars will be required to keep the American Army at the top-notch of efficiency during the coming year, even during an armed peace, means something to the tax-payer who sees visualized upon the screen the long lines of marching khaki-clad doughboys; the miles of storehouses back of the fighting lines jammed with mountains of supplies, the hundreds of American-built trucks and lorries and American locomotives and cars keeping the French coast in intimate touch with the battle front; the acres of shells and artillery, the splendidly equipped hospitals, and the myriad other enterprises that the modern war of Titans made essential. The film gives the facts, and drives them home.

In pictorializing what was done at home in the prosecution of the World War the motion picture film, as utilized by the Government, has also performed a splendid work. It is only recently that the public has come to realize in any measure just what was done in the United States to make good President Wilson's insistence on "force—force to the utmost." And this knowledge has come to the people largely through the picturization of our varied war industries on the official films. Pictures of our fighting planes in the air, singly and in squadrons in battle formation, show how America finally succeeded in getting into its aerial stride. Busy scenes of war industrial activity—in shipyards and in munition plants—the building of great guns—the manufacture of millions of shoes and other millions of soldier-uniforms—the life of the doughboys in the cantonments—the training of the brawn and courage of Young America to meet in battle shock armies that were considered the greatest fighting machine in Europe—all this, revealed by the Government films, brings the American public into closer contact with the actualities of the war than would have been possible through any other agency.

So much for the film-stimulation that impels the payment of war-taxes with a smile. Necessity may have no law, but patriotism has a law of giving that needs only intelligent direction. There is another psychological side to the Government's utilization of the film for purposes of pictorial information that the Committee Public Information through its Divisi Films has been quick to take advantag There are thousands upon thousand Americans upon whom fall no direct t tion—who were brought into pers contact with the war through the incre cost of living and the giving of boys to swell the millions in Uncle S armies. The increased difficulty of m ing the grocer's bill and the expansi the monthly rental, together with denial in certain foods essential for e tation, have been easier to bear wi knowledge of the Government's needs the picturized necessity for country- conservation. In this direction the ernment's film propaganda has been in uable.

Beyond this is the strictly hu equation. Mingled with the patriotic in having one's flesh and blood fightin war for humanity under the Stars Stripes has been the inevitable sens loss—the loneliness and heartache separation—the periods between lett the fear of the unknown—the possib of dangers leading to "life's greatest ad ture"—the daily scanning of the casu list, with its alternating dread and ela To the hundreds of thousands of pa and wives and sweethearts in the U States the official war film has brough message of cheer and helpfulness. It s the American soldiers in camp and o march. Many of the figures are bro so close to the audience that their fea and expressions can be seen. And i of those soldier boys is recognized as very own, space is annihilated, and a hope and promise is born— And s official film gets very close to the h of the people, cheering and uplifting t and in that way also does its "bit."

The Division of Films has a pro which comprehends, periodically, ar portant feature picture showing the a ties of America in the war, grouped u the subsidiary title, "Following the to France." The first and second "Pershing's Crusaders" and "Ame Answer." The latest feature pic "Under Four Flags," is broad in s and depicts many of the war activiti the Allies as well as the activities o United States on the firing line. But from this the Division has many film a ties. It is responsible for the very lar Official War Review, which is i weekly and is shown in motion pi houses all over the country. It has i "Our Colored Fighters," showing wha negro race has done in the war. The announcement is the "U. S. A. Se which consists of twelve two-reel pic two of which will be issued mon These special pictures are carefully fil follow the lines of scenarios based on lute facts, and are remarkably effe in stimulating the kind of interest i Government that makes employer employed willing, and even desirou sharing the burdens of the war.

COSMOPOLITAN

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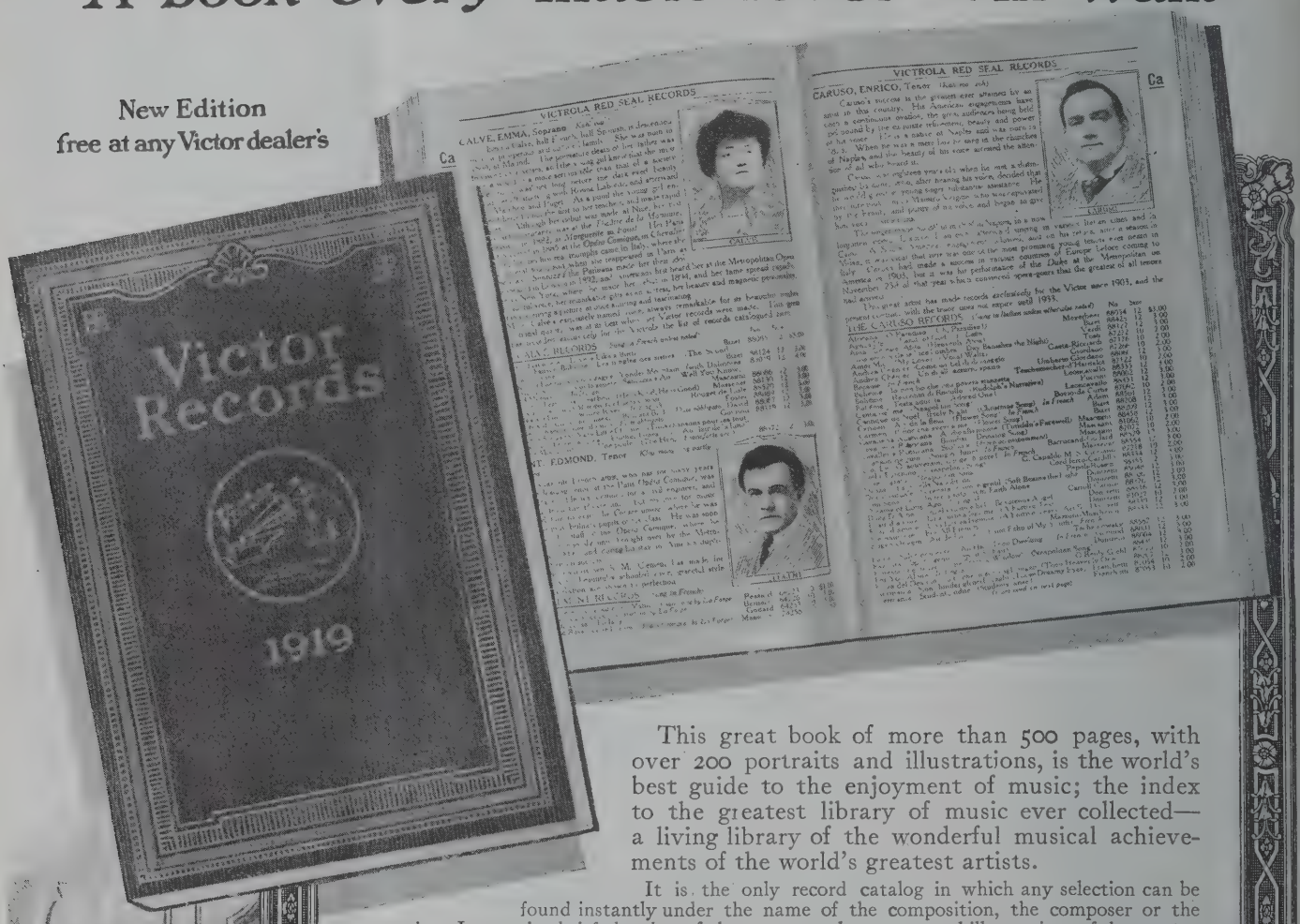
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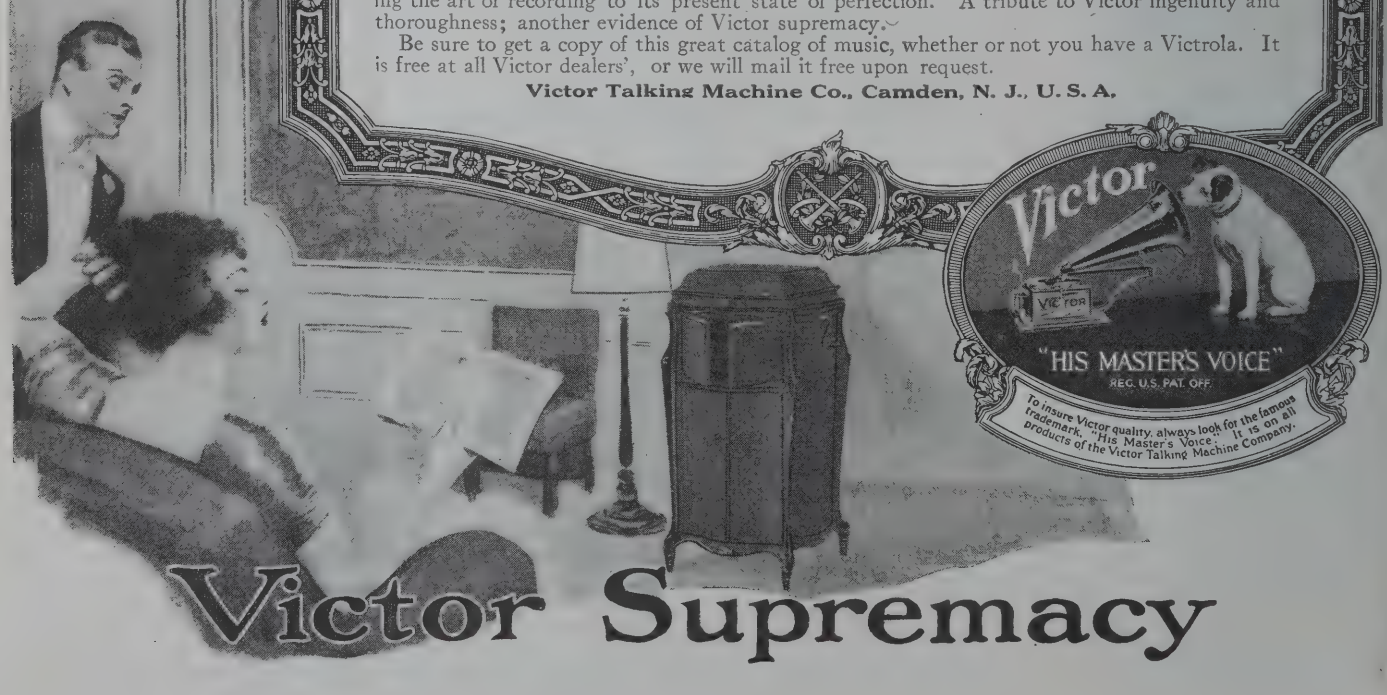
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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVI FEBRUARY, 1919 NO. 3

They Did Not Die Too Soon

By Herbert Kaufman

PROGRESS, no longer blackmailed by crowned ruffians, will promptly meet the war-debts.

Imagination, free to exploit all domains, knows where the salvaging wealths are hid.

Microscope, retort, and crucible will find more billions than guns have lost.

The increased energy and enthusiasm of peoples, liberated from fear and restriction, will soon finance the future. Faith and hope have feathered their dreams and sent ambition winging to the stars.

Never again shall they cower before doubt—or let expediency counsel their souls.

We know at last that justice is invulnerable—that the Right is God's eternal will—that conscience and courage are impenetrable panoplies.

Prejudice and caste have yielded the highroad, and insolent minorities no longer thwart popular weal.

Civilization is resolved that parasitic classes shall pass.

Future opportunity, earth over, is reserved to merit.

These things have we brought humanity from the battle-field. Such is our victory, and our children shall not regret the cost.

The world-machine shall never again be smashed by fanatic or greedy swords.

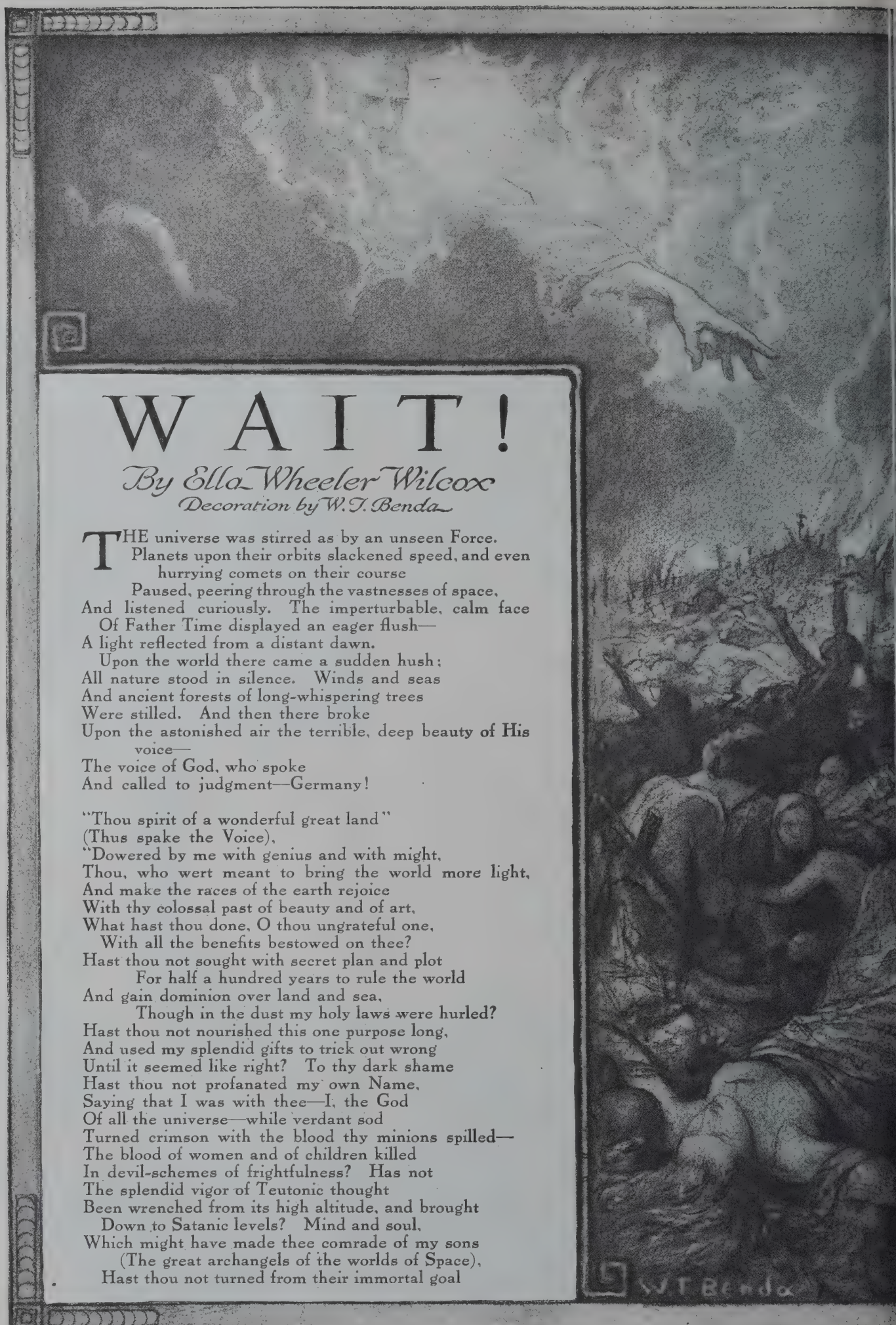
Now and ever after we shall be builders, and our conflicts shall only be against darkness and disease and the wantonness of nature.

To-morrow shall not miss the millions resting on the breast of France—man is but a measure of minutes. They were marked to perish by the bayonets of the clock. Time would have slain them had the Prussian not.

They did not die too soon who held the Front for Christendom.

What equal glories could their further years have won?

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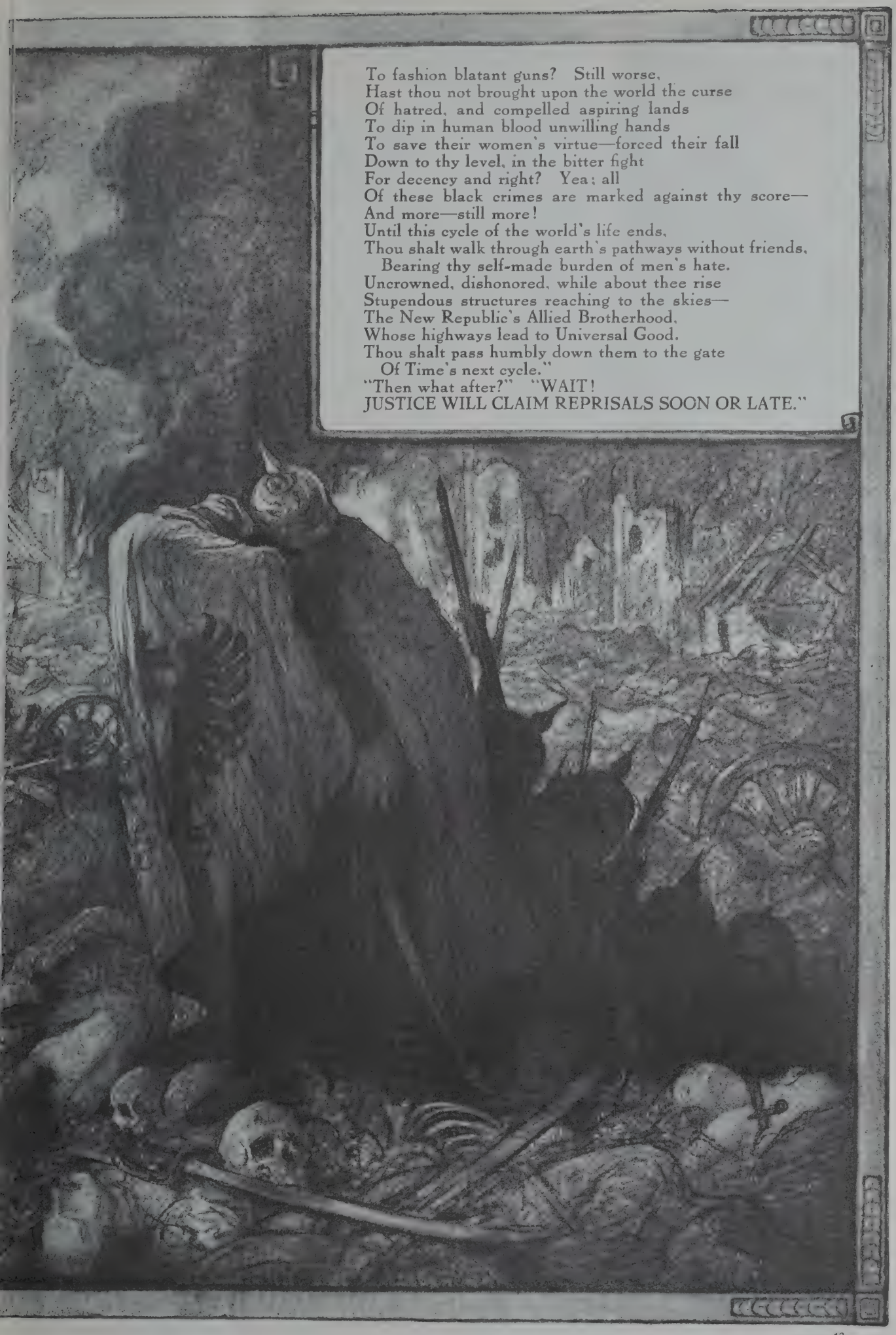
WAIT!

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. T. Benda

THE universe was stirred as by an unseen Force.
Planets upon their orbits slackened speed, and even
hurrying comets on their course
Paused, peering through the vastnesses of space,
And listened curiously. The imperturbable, calm face
Of Father Time displayed an eager flush—
A light reflected from a distant dawn.
Upon the world there came a sudden hush;
All nature stood in silence. Winds and seas
And ancient forests of long-whispering trees
Were stilled. And then there broke
Upon the astonished air the terrible, deep beauty of His
voice—
The voice of God, who spoke
And called to judgment—Germany!

"Thou spirit of a wonderful great land"
(Thus spake the Voice),
"Dowered by me with genius and with might,
Thou, who wert meant to bring the world more light,
And make the races of the earth rejoice
With thy colossal past of beauty and of art,
What hast thou done, O thou ungrateful one,
With all the benefits bestowed on thee?
Hast thou not sought with secret plan and plot
For half a hundred years to rule the world
And gain dominion over land and sea,
Though in the dust my holy laws were hurled?
Hast thou not nourished this one purpose long,
And used my splendid gifts to trick out wrong
Until it seemed like right? To thy dark shame
Hast thou not profanated my own Name,
Saying that I was with thee—I, the God
Of all the universe—while verdant sod
Turned crimson with the blood thy minions spilled—
The blood of women and of children killed
In devil-schemes of frightfulness? Has not
The splendid vigor of Teutonic thought
Been wrenched from its high altitude, and brought
Down to Satanic levels? Mind and soul,
Which might have made thee comrade of my sons
(The great archangels of the worlds of Space),
Hast thou not turned from their immortal goal



To fashion blatant guns? Still worse,
Hast thou not brought upon the world the curse
Of hatred, and compelled aspiring lands
To dip in human blood unwilling hands
To save their women's virtue—forced their fall
Down to thy level, in the bitter fight
For decency and right? Yea; all
Of these black crimes are marked against thy score—
And more—still more!
Until this cycle of the world's life ends,
Thou shalt walk through earth's pathways without friends,
Bearing thy self-made burden of men's hate.
Uncrowned, dishonored, while about thee rise
Stupendous structures reaching to the skies—
The New Republic's Allied Brotherhood,
Whose highways lead to Universal Good.
Thou shalt pass humbly down them to the gate
Of Time's next cycle."
"Then what after?" "WAIT!
JUSTICE WILL CLAIM REPRISALS SOON OR LATE."

"What I told you Saturday night stands pat, Hefty. I wouldn't marry you if you was making fifty a week, heaving. But I'd marry you to-morrow if you was earning fifteen a week from the neck up—drafting. It's not tonnage counts with a fellow's future, Hefty; it's brainage. Look at old man Giles—where'd he be if he'd been satisfied fitting parts all his life? That's why, Hefty, with your talent for figures and drawing, if you take the night course in drafting they're offering free at the works——"

"I'd be a fine one—wouldn't I?—starting in school again. I got a picture of myself!"

"Which is worse, I'd like to know, to have a few of them rough-neck heavers down at the works guy you for a few days, or to go through life like my poor dad—a good head on him but a houseful of mouths to feed, a blue shirt and a corn-cob pipe about all he can ever hope to get out of it? Your own dad was another sample of it, if mine isn't enough."

"I—my dad wasn't ashamed of his blue shirt."

"Oh, I know why I had the ambition to study bookkeeping nights to work myself up from testing tool-edges. I've had a broken-down mother and a tin-pail daddy in front of me all my life to prove to me how far you can depend upon yourself from the neck down to get you."

"You better go up there on the hill, Lyle, and get yourself one of them college-professor chaps. I am what I am. I'm not cut out for—brainage."

"You are, too, Hefty; you've got a good head. With your talent for drawing—those T squares and things your mother says you always got hidden around your room—and the way you can calculate like lightning—you've got a head on you, Hefty!"

"I like to tinker with drawing a little bit—sure I do, but——"

"Didn't Joe himself down in the shops tell me you got the makings of a fine draftsman—if only you'd quit your playfulness and buckle down? That's what you're fit for Hefty, brain-work—and here's the works so hard up for brains it's willing to train men free of charge. Every man has got the chance to build himself beyond what he was born to I want to build higher for us than—overalls. No man ever got to be President of the United States with his hands. I don't care how much brawn you got or how proud you are of it. Brain, not brawn, is what I say!"

"Well, just the same, I don't see myself throwing over no twenty-dollar job in the hand for no stiff-collar position in the future."

"Night work, Hefty—take the course at night and keep your job until——"

"Yes; and in a few weeks they'll be sticking me over in the drafting-room at six per. Not much! Ever since we been kids testing tool-edges together, I've been working for this. Making a home for us, Lyle, on decent wages. What have I got the biggest chest-expansion and pair of biceps in this town for if it's not to turn them into good stiff pay? I'm ready to take care of you now, Lyle. I'll tackle the other after we get our start."

"Yes; that's what my poor old dad kept saying to my mother for twenty years with us kids coming so fast he couldn't leave off heaving freight long enough to even give his brain a Sunday airing, much less train it. I say again what I told you Saturday night, Hefty: I'll marry you on the first fifteen-dollar-a-week head job you land, but no man living is ever going to earn my support for me from his neck down. Not if the court knows it, and I think she does!"

They were well into Ludlow Street now, the dinner-pails and the eight-dollar heels turning in at this and that picket gate.

Before one of the double houses, a great bulge of clematis vine over its porch and a ruffle of mill-work from its peak of roof, Mrs Sims, with the youth flowed out of her skin so that it hung sapless and cleft with little dried-up rivulets, her hands full of knuckles and the thin gray hair moist as if from a sudden drench of perspiration, leaned over the saw-toothed top of her gate, the *Commercial Appeal* trembling in her hold.

"Hefty?"

"Hi, ma!"

"Son, what is the number they're after givin' you on your registration card?"



Hers was the slightest whir of a brogue, like a humming-bird winging it through her words.

"Huh?"

"Your card, son, they give you down at Bauer's."

"Huh?"

"Your mother means for the draft, Hefty. What's your number?"

"What, son, quick? It's a bad time I've had waitin'."

"Oh—my—classification card—let's see—whilikens—where'd I put it—oh—here——"

Fumbling then, Hefty Sims withdrew it—a dirty bit, broken at the edges.

"Son?"

"Let's see—two hundred—sixty-one. Two hundred and sixty-one, ma."

"Hefty—son—you're drafted!"

For twelve fighting months, the sharp actuality of war had cut deep and deeper into Adalia, paring her to the quick of her youth. Service-flags began to glow from strange windows. From the MacCardell shack; Cissie Meyer's jewelry store. On Ludlow Street were three stars fluttering from the peak of widow Brodie's porch. The Second Presbyterian flung its banner of fourteen stars out mid-street, where it hung against the sky. The Buckeye Stove Foundry was manufacturing gas-masks. Ray Backrack broke his neck in a test aeroplane flight at Dayton. The Adalia Baseball Nine dissolved into service. The local primaries were of page-four importance. The erstwhile Four-Leaf Clover Whist Club continued through the summer its gauze-and-bandage headquarters in an empty pool-room on High Street. The Second Presbyterian strawberry festival netted an ambulance. Mrs. Giddings-Giles gave over her spacious residence in West Adalia to first-aid classes on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The Giles Tool Works advertised in the local, Newtown, Cincinnati, and Cleveland papers for draftsmen.

On an evening when to more than one aching heart making its brave show behind a front-window service-flag, the August sunset



"Let's see—two hundred—sixty-one. Two hundred and sixty-one, ma"

was a bloody smoke seen through prismatic tears, the first of Adalia's fighting sons, spewed out one-armed by the gigantic dinosaur of war that had swallowed him whole, came home.

Like a woman hovering on the ticklish edge of hysteria, and trembling to laugh and cry through a throat too tight for either, so Adalia, eager to fling off emotional steam, floated banners out from High Street, unearthed from the town-hall basement the wreath of immortelles for the foot of the park statue of Columbus, closed its schools, shops, and ledgers at noon. At four-thirty, Poepping's Band and a procession that reached beyond the viaduct led the way to the station, headed by a protuberant mayor, an invited governor's representative, an invited statesman's aide, and an overawed and -wrought Mrs. Denny Sims, titillating of nerves and a spray of jet on her little black bonnet, holding, and perspiring through oh such infinitesimally mended silk mittens into the pink, the immaculate palm of an unmoist, snug-of-collar, and slick-of-hair Miss Lyla Doane.

The "Star-Spangled Banner," played after Poepping's best manner, streamed with the peculiar cutting quality of a blade of grass blown between fingers through the down-town streets of Adalia. Mrs. Prothero, worn from a day at the gas-masks, clutched at her weeds and was assisted out of line and into the Cut-Rate Drug Store. The Giles tool-workers, under a banner of forty-eight stars, gave the foundry yip-yip. The Home Guard marched with sidelong glances at the curbstone crowds. Twenty-five little parochial-school girls in red, white, and blue hair-ribbons sang, "Oh, say, can you see—" The mayor assisted Mrs. Sims, still damp and unrelenting in her clutch of Miss Doane, to a bunting-draped bench on the station platform.

"Oh, sir, it's you should be a sittin' and me a standin'."

"No, no, mother Sims. Sit down like his honor, the mayor, wants you to."

The five-twenty gave her soprano halloo; a surge of mothers lifted their little ones shoulder-high; the strength seemed suddenly to flow out of Mrs. Sims, trembling so now that she was for crumpling up on the platform beside the bench except for the sustaining lift of the mayor, the statesman's aide, and Miss Lyla Doane.

"My boy! It's a cripple they're sendin' home to me! My boy that stood up six feet in his socks like his father before him!"

"Sh-h, mother Sims; you don't want the mayor to hear! You're the mother of a soldier, dear!"

"To live to see myself a-walkin' the streets of the town with his honor, the mayor—and them bringin' my boy home a cripple—my——"

"Mother Sims! Please! See—here's the train! Keep your nerves, dear. Here's Lyla next to you, holding your hand. You're the mother of a soldier, darling! A brave soldier who bled for his country! Keep saying that to yourself—'the mother of a soldier!'"

"My boy—my baby boy——"

The limited shot then round the curve. Poepping's Brass Band broke into the "Marseillaise," and the blood of Adalia sparkled into vichy. A shout rose that was three tiers high. A twenty-car train drew up on hot wheels, swinging down three black-faced, white-coated porters and their stools, and from the platform of the fourth coach, the first and only to dismount, appeared the signal—the khaki-clad figure of Private Hefty Sims.

There was a silence then under the flopping of bunting that had the roar and beat of the inside of a shell; then Private Sims stepped down, blinking, the late sunshine quick to find him out. It undulated in the heavy sunburned waves of his bared hair; it picked out even to detail the cross on his breast, and, somehow, the silence held long enough to show up two deep corduroy lines bracketing his older-looking mouth, and, not so horrible after the first shock of it, Hefty Sims had come home with his right eye an almost imperceptible quarter-inch below the normal left, and, last, empty quite from the shoulder, his left sleeve was tucked into his pocket.

There was a sob then burst through the tight-throated silence—one sob that left its quivering trail upon the beating air, and through the clearing roped off for her, Mrs. Sims, her almost pathetically decent black bonnet back off her head, face twisting and suppressing, claimed back her own. Little body strained to

tiptoes by the leverage of her embrace, lips famished and clinging, tears racking and gagging her words, she was as primordial as Antigone, her hands, with all their divine capacity for motherhood, pressing unrevolted the empty sleeve to her lips, feeling for and adoring the peculiar slant of eye that gave so saliently to the left half of his face the slightly startled look of a faun.

"My boy—my baby—home to me! O God—it's his arm they took—his eye they've ruint—my boy—my baby——"

"Ma! Aw, say, now—little ma! It's time for laughing! What's an arm or an eye—for the flag? Look up, ma! Y'ain't afraid to look at me, are yuh? Look—they turned me out pretty neat, eh, for a piece of goods damaged by shrapnel? Now—now—little ma—easy—Lyle—Lyle, girl—say—why—boys—say—is this turnout for me? I—why—ma—Lyle—me? I—boys—hi!"

And then Adalia broke loose into shouts and tears too long suppressed. Women to whom each day's casualty list brought its stoppage of heart, bleeding vicarious tears; men husky of form and throat; the mayor patting the right arm its entire length. The twenty-five little girls in red, white, and blue hair-ribbons, tossing gathered-that-morning and slightly withered field-daisies, burst into their slightly off-key query, "Oh, say, can you see——"

Began then the mayor, mounting a bunting-draped platform, clearing his throat three times, mopping his brow and the rear of his neck, clearing his throat three times:

"Fellow citizens, honored guests of Adalia, friends: We are assembled—are assembled—here to-day to do honor to the first of Adalia's hero-citizens to return from war, having covered himself, his country, his proud mother here, the raging fields of France, and his home city of Adalia with glory!" Cheers. "With glory. Proud to receive him back into citizenship—into citizenship, Adalia is honored to welcome you home—you home, Private Sims, after you have given to your country—your—country—the—highest testimony of a man's loyalty and bravery—loyalty and bravery——" Cheers. And so, on and on, until Adalia began to shift of crick in the neck, and women, with the sudden exhaustion of after-tears, to wind back through the crowd and line up on curbs, dandling the rising fretfulness of babies or cup-eared toward the mayorial voice pitched to the immemorial key of oratory.

Erect on the bunting-draped elevation beside the mayor, the invited governor's representative and the statesman's aide, in all his Hellenic blondness stood Private Sims, the left side of his face to the crowd, and in no wise betraying his right, the right arm dangling full of its latent power, body honed to a sword-edge and a flush, a rising, rioting flush climbing back to his tingling, his redly transparent ear-lobes.

A cheer rose off of the crowd when the mayor, wiping his brow and the back of his neck and clearing his throat three times, abdicated in favor of the invited governor's representative and the invited statesman's aide. More cheers after each of them, and then a tossing of hats and the little girls' voices lifted in song like an undercurrent of the small sub-melodies that occur so often in Schubert.

"Hefty—Hefty—speech—speech-ch—Hefty—Sims!"

"Hold me, Lyla; I've a faintness on me!"

"No, no, mother Sims; not now! See—he's ready! He's stepping out. Hold my hand, darling. Keep saying to yourself, darling, 'I'm the mother of a soldier.' See—it's your own boy, darling, with the cross on his chest! Keep looking—don't let yourself go!"

Her arm sustaining the old form that would lean heavier and heavier, her profile up and listening like a little gazelle when it stands pointy-eared, Miss Doane bent into the crowd, nostrils quivering and widening at the flanges.

"I've a faintness—Lyla——"

"No, no, ma Sims! Hefty'll get by. He's never stood on a platform in his life except as a kid once for pea-shooting, but he'll get by!"

"My boy—my crippled boy——"

"No, no darling! Hefty's not a cripple—he's all there where it counts most!"

"Ruint my boy—it's proud I am to be givin' him for his country, but to have ruint the face of him—the baby face of him—the beautiful face of my boy——"

"Sh—h—h—h, darling—he's going to talk!"

"Speech—Hefty Sims—speeech—Hefty——"

To the whispered importunities of the mayor and governor's aide and the foreshortened shouting faces surging up at him like a sea, Hefty Sims stepped out, the agony of red diffusing high and higher. The shout died then on air that seemed to wait.

"I—I—er——"

Silence.

The mayor leaned forward with still another reassuring word. A farmer's wagon with a family of nine, all standing, rumbled noisily up to a curb. The mayor whispered again, this time patting the filled shoulder.

"It's a paralysis is on him—my boy—he's—they're killin' him!"

"Sh-h, mother Sims—see! See!"

"Ladies—and—and folks—" began Private Sims and, then, clearing a gulp: "It's sure fine to see you all here. I'm sorry to be discharged from serving my country, but it's sure fine to be home. I wish they'd let me have my arm long enough to land another wallop on those Huns." Cheers. "We're beatin' 'em, boys—slow but sure." Cheers. "I'm sure proud of my cross, and sure much obliged to the French government, but what I done is no more than thousands of the other fellows are doing over there this minute. It's a fine country over there, and I sure hope you all see Paris some day. Some town, boys, believe me!" Cheers. "But say, little old U. S. A. is good enough for me." Cheers. "I—er—I—this is some war, and, believe me, we're out to win." Cheers. "There's not much left of me, but what is left is much obliged. I'm sure glad to be home. Excuse me."

And then, to straining of throats and of Poepping's Band, was young Hefty Sims carried literally and like Empedocles of old on the shoulders of his townsmen over the same streets he had run barefoot through the long Ohio summers of his youth.

Far back in the squirm of followers, caught and held there, Mrs. Sims, her hand so deeply and warmly into Miss Doane's cool pink one, struggled after.

"They're takin' him from me—my boy! It's a minute of privacy I'm after wantin' with my boy. They've had the first of him. His poor arm—his supper we're waitin' at home, Lyle—his stew-a-beef—your flowers."

"No, no, mother Sims; not to-night. We'll have to save our little party for him. Didn't you hear they're having a dinner for Hefty up at the Giles's place to-night? Swells! We'll have ours to-morrow night."

"My stew-a-beef for him—my——"

"Don't get in that crowd, dearie. We'll drop out here. We'll go home—we've got to wait."

At High Street and Park Square they suddenly elevated Private Sims up beside the Christopher Columbus monument, swinging the wreath of immortelles across his shoulders.

Thus did Adalia welcome home the first of her warriors—Private Harold H. Sims—honorably discharged.

For three weeks there ran in the *Commercial Appeal*, bi-weekly instalments of "How I Bagged a Boche," as told by Private Harold H. Sims to the cub reporter. The Newtown Ladies' Forum announced: "Private Harold H. Sims, Ohio's fighting son, will speak Friday night at the Opera House. Subject: 'How I Bagged a Boche.' Tickets, fifty cents. Only two to each purchaser." For three mornings, Master Ferdinand Giles and governess sat in the Sims' front parlor, drinking in home-brewed grape-juice and the personal recital of "How I Bagged a Boche." The men at the works chipped in for a gold watch suitably engraved. The old barrel-straddling crowd at Algahr's Five Points House presented a box of six-cent Havanas.

Item from the *Commercial Appeal:*

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Andrew Giles entertained thirty members of the Cincinnati Yacht Club at a Hoover dinner at her spacious home in West Adalia. The only outsider present was Private Harold H. Sims, who delivered an interesting after-dinner address entitled, "How I Bagged a Boche."

On Friday evening, the car of Aloysius Sessinghouse, of the First National Bank, tremendous of speed, length, and horse-power, and hood back to reveal gold-topped bottles, depth of summer upholstery, and monogram-embossed rugs, drew up at the curb, Ludlow Street spellbound and impaled over its picket fences.

In her neat strip of side yard and at the business of carrying from outdoor hydrant to a flaming border of purple and magenta asters a sprinkling-can of proportions, and blinking back little rivulets of perspiration from out her eyes, Mrs. Sims glanced up, her back, even when erect, bulged to the curve of those who stoop too much. Then, apron up round her waist-line, scurried on bunion-bulging feet into the little chromo of front room, opening without introduction of hallway off the porch.

"Hefty, old Sessinghouse has sent his automobile again for you to drive out in! Son, son, what is it next they'll be doin' for you—



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

"I'm sure proud of my cross, and sure much obliged to the French government, but what I done is no more than thousands of the other fellows are doing over there this minute"

an hour every night to do as you will with the Sessinghouse automobile? See—look out!"

From a carpet-covered sofa drawn up beside the front window, one knee flung up over the other and smoking an impassive six-cent Havana ceilingward, Private Sims swung to one elbow, lifting himself for a peer out of the window.

"Let it wait," said Private Sims, slumping back deeper and cocking his cigar to an oblique.

"I see poor old daddy Howe is chauffin' up to the Sessinghouse's, Hefty. They tell it on him he's never been the same since he give up his depot cab. Poor Mrs. Howe, up to the week she died, she cried it to me over more than one cup of tay how his appetite was a-goin'."

"He don't need your pity, ma; he's holding down a better job than I can land."

"Don't be talkin' that way, son; there's many a way lays before you."

"Now—now—no waterworks, ma! I didn't mean a word. I shouldn't have said it. I'm fit and fine for any job I want to tackle. Now, now—little ma!"

"If—if only you could keep 'em in your heart, son, Father Dempsey's words to you how a lad that shows himself a hero in battle must face just as bravely the battle of life."

"Yes, yes, ma; I know all that."

"It's the——"

"I wish to God they'd send me back!"

"Son!"

"The one thing I'm fit for they keep me out of. I'm not afraid to fight one-handed. I got plenty service left in me yet. Why don't they let me go back to where a—a fellow hasn't got time to be a cripple?"

"You ain't got time either, son. Here's the Sessinghouse automobile will take you up to the Giles house in half the time you could walk it. You're goin' there this evening to do what you promised, son? Just tell old man Giles it's a job at night-watchin' you're after, and——"

"'Night-watching!' God, ain't that a man's job for you!"

"Son, son, ain't it your own choosin', above we could think out for you? There's many an openin' for night-watchin' at the works, or—like I was sayin', Hefty, maybe it's a bit of indoor calculatin' old man Giles would throw in your way, like your father before you—it's a fine head you've got for figures and drawin'."

"Sure, ma; they're just waiting for a one-handed guy like me to come along!"

"But, son, with the new arm the government is makin', you'll have your own five fingers back again."

A slow wash of red rose to Private Sim's face, seeming to sting it.

"'S all right, ma. All right. I won't be a burden on you long. I'll find a job somehow, if I got to sling a pickax——"

Her lips, ever ready to tremble to tears over him, began to quiver again, and she reached up, drawing down the shag of his great head, pressing her already wet lips to the flattened sleeve.

"Son, son, I didn't mean it about the calculatin'. It's done for my lad, they have—done for as hefty a lad as ever stood six feet in his stockings. It's not an hour's calculatin' I'd have you bother your head with. It's old man Giles will fix you up son—it's the rich who stay home must help out the poor who go. A bit of night-watchin' is all I have in mind for you, son, with your own mother to sit down with you through the lonesome hours."

He was all for conciliation, scooping against him the little bunchy figure, her face all foreshortened and up to him, the wrinkles crawling so deeply into it and the tears flowing down over them.

"It's my arm, ma. Once in a while a twinge in it that makes a devil of me! Watch me fix things up for us, ma—fine! I'm sorry, little ma—I didn't mean to snap."

"I wouldn't be for lettin' you turn a hand, son, if I'd—I—I'm not what I used to be, son. It's not that I mind to be back at plain sewin,' but it's my joints, son—and the work comin' back on me for crooked seams——"

"You leave it to me, little ma; the government owes me a living, and my pension is not all I'm expecting of it."

"All this fine eatin'-out, Hefty, and fine doin's and fine honors don't bring in the Saturday envelop, son. A pension sounds



fine when you talk it over the fence with a neighbor; but—it's not making our ends meet. I've been keepin' it back—but we're runnin' low. It—it—it gets me afraid, lad—so that I wake up nights of a tremble—that's why if—if you'd up and visit old man Giles about the night-watchin'—a steady job, Hefty, to help with the income——"

He rose then and, because he was crowded for breath and his throat tight, held her in silence until he found voice. In the little low-ceilinged room of fringed-draped mantel held in festoon with two conch-shells, horrific easel and crayon enlargement, gilded chair, plush album inlaid with a diamond-shaped mirror, dried cattails, low chair hewn to his mother's round-backed tiredness, there was something Promethean about him, something trapped.

"Now—now—now—just don't you worry, little ma. I've always took care of you, haven't I?"

"You have that, son—from the day the child-labor law would let you."

"I'm not going to quit now, am I?"

"If I had the strength I used to have, son, I——"

"You and me's going to sit back and take things easy as you please, ma. You're going to have as fine a silk dress as sells over Stilow's counter——"

"No—no—it's not that I'm wantin', son; it's to see you——"

"I'm going up there to-night, ma, and strike old man Giles for a night-watching job. I'm going to get him to start something in Washington on my case. They can't get off with just handing me out a wooden arm and then filling me up with how they'll train me, free of charge, to be President of the United States. My living's been taken away from me. I want to see what they're going to do to make up for it. My leggings, ma."

"Is it your good ones you'll be wearin' to-night?"

"Fetch em—I'll get the wear of 'em before they take away my uniform, too."

"I'll touch up your shoes a bit."

Over his extended foot, her little figure bent almost face to his boot, Mrs. Sims set up a juggling of flannel strip across the broad arches, until, finally, a shine came out, reflecting her face, screwed with exertion, the lips bit inward and the red rising.



"A man's worth a dollar and a half a day from his neck down. There's no limit to his value from the neck up"

"Some little ma!" said Private Sims, standing erect and clicking heels together to gaze down. "Some little ma, for a poor old has-been!"

"Aye; but, as I put it to Mrs. Doane to-day over a cup of tay, it's ten times worse I would be feelin' with one slacker on me than with ten cripples."

"Not cripple, ma! Lyle says no man's a cripple till he owns up to it."

"It's easy to talk for the young that's never felt even the twinge of a joint. Stoop down, Hefty, while I brush up your hair."

"Let me, ma. Lyle calls that mollycoddling."

"She'll be doin' it herself for you some day, and proud in the doin'. Lyla's a good girl, son, with all her—notions. I—I'm sometimes fearin', Hefty, it's her on your mind that gives you the nerves. She's got her own ideas—big ideas for you, Hefty, but she'll stand by—she will, son."

"She'd got a darn funny way of showing it," said Private Sims, feeling for his collar-button and, without sense of handicap, fastening the loose ends of his collar.

"It's her fine ideas, son, of what you can do for yourself if you put your mind to it."

"I—it—ain't that, ma. Lyle—Lyle's human—that's all."

"How do you mean, Hefty?"

"I—well, I—I'm not such an eyeful, my face and—all—a girl like Lyle—a good-looking girl like Lyle is human—ma—I—I'm not blaming her—but—I—my—I'm not an eyeful——"

Holding his coat for him, her face up at him and quivering, Mrs. Sims paused, trying to keep down tears.

"You're not meanin' what you say, son, about our Lyla—it's your nerves—your shell-shock—son."

He patted her then, forcing a smile through wry lips.

"Of course it's my nerves, little ma! I'm sorry—I'm sorry. They make a devil of me. Quick—get my cane and your bonnet, and we'll have a little spin before I take a look in on old man Giles."

"No, no, son——"

"Get your bonnet, little ma, we'll give Ludlow Street some high life!"

"I couldn't, Hefty. For the life of me it's more than I could do to put my foot in one of 'em. I was made for dodgin' 'em, not ridin' in 'em. I'm that a-way, son; it's my heart would be in my mouth. There's them that is made for it and them that is not."

"You're looking peaked, ma."

"I couldn't, Hefty, fit myself to the sittin' in one of 'em—the noise-makin' devils!"

"You—you're looking so little to me, ma—somehow like—like you're littler than I ever remember seeing you."

"It's from not havin' enough of my boy, all the West Adalia swells having the first pick of him. I want him like the old days—him and me and maybe Lyla over and sittin' of an evening in the lamplight. Stop down-street, son, for Lyla. It's easy for the young to get used to easin' their feet. Please your old ma, Hefty, and stop by to give the girl an airin'."

"Sure and I'll stop to give her an airing," said Private Sims, simulating his mother's furry inflection of voice and stooping to kiss her old hands so crazy of joints and of veins. "Sure and I'll give her an airing." And, squaring his back to the lay of khaki, walked out.

On the Doane patch of porch, rocking as she knitted, a litter of younger Doanes up and down the steps and one under cover of perambulator, Miss Doane glanced up to a shout that rose off the litter and the sudden black gleam of a car at the curb. Her hair, when she wore it uncovered, lay with the smooth-painted look of the Rossetti ladies, enhancing her slimness. Her father, sucking his pipe and soaking bare feet in the cool of evening grass, shuffled off rearward, coughing springily. A head in curl-papers shot out from an upper next-door window. Porky Doane, aged eleven, and, by virtue of a newly missing front tooth, long-distance spitting for a group of less gifted Doanes, rose to the arrival with a whoop and a clearing jump of five steps.

"It's Hefty! Hi—Heft! Gimme lift? Looky—whatta you know—Hefty Sims in skinflint Sessing-

(*Continued on page 84*)

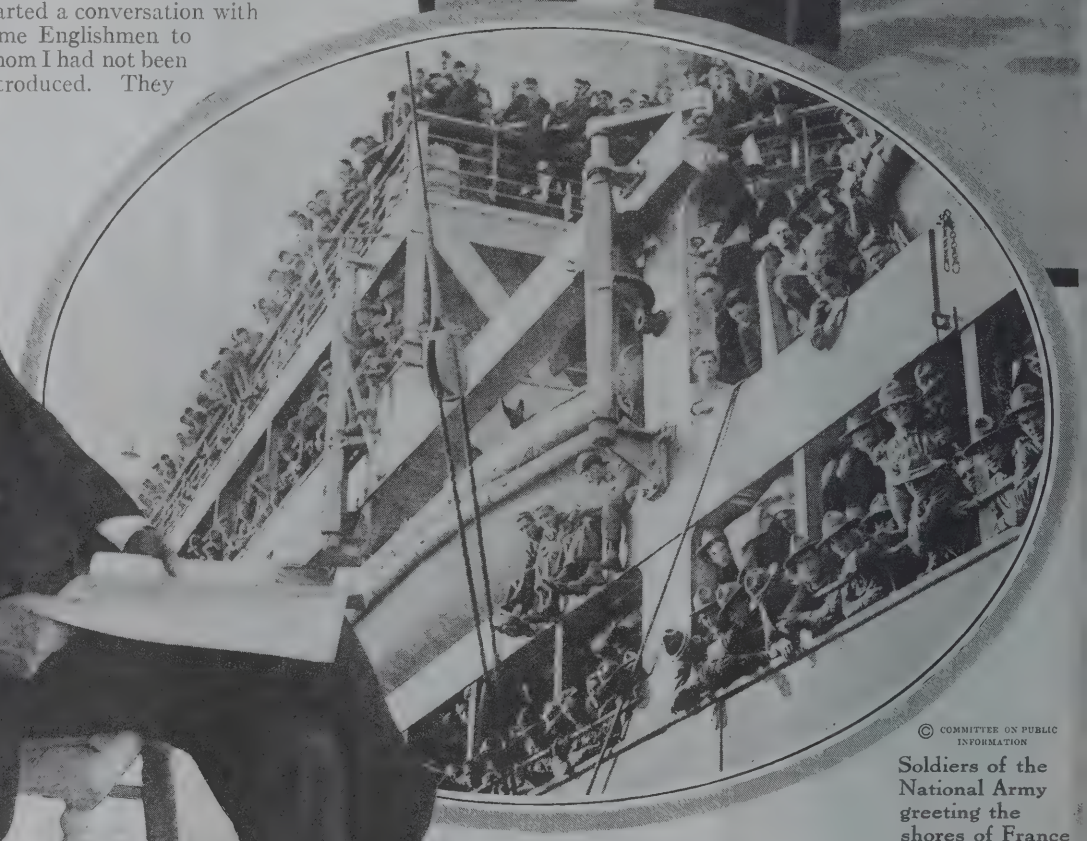
"Uncle Sam, *meet* John Bull!"

By Ben B. Lindsey

This is the first of Judge Lindsey's articles on how the comradeship in arms among the peoples who won the great fight for democracy will be followed by closer relations and better understanding. There are problems, however, in the achievement, and these are what this eminent social reformer will discuss.

BY blood and ancestry I should have been friendly to England. My four grandparents were born either in or trace their ancestry to one of the four countries of the British Isles. Yet, I am frank to say, I was never enthusiastic over the English. I was not sure that I liked them. I had never been to England. Once, in traveling, I had, after our Western fashion, started a conversation with some Englishmen to whom I had not been introduced. They gave me, what we would call in good American "the icy stare," and drew away with a superior air, as much as to say, "How dare you—you worm!" Feeling insulted, I hated the whole breed.





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Soldiers of the National Army greeting the shores of France



Judge Ben B. Lindsey—1918

But I did not know then the story, learned since in England, told by one of their own writers, of two Englishmen who were on an ocean voyage. Neither spoke to the other as they met at table or passed each other on deck. Afterward, wrecked and cast up on an island, they still made no advances toward each other until, one day, the wind blew a letter out of the pocket of one into the lap of the other. It proved to be an introduction, and they fell on each other's necks and wept. I remembered the story of the Britisher who was



American troops marching before the British royal family, Buckingham Palace, London

accosted in the compartment of an English passenger-train by one of our Westerners, and was, in spite of himself, dragged into conversation. Introduced to this same Britisher later, he explained to me, "The frankness" (not the impudence, mind you) "of your Westerners at first fairly startled me." And had the Westerner understood, he never could have interpreted surprise or timidity for snobbishness, for my English friend concluded: "This breezy American at first fairly took my breath away, and really I couldn't escape talking to him. When I came to know him, I was jolly glad I hadn't escaped him."

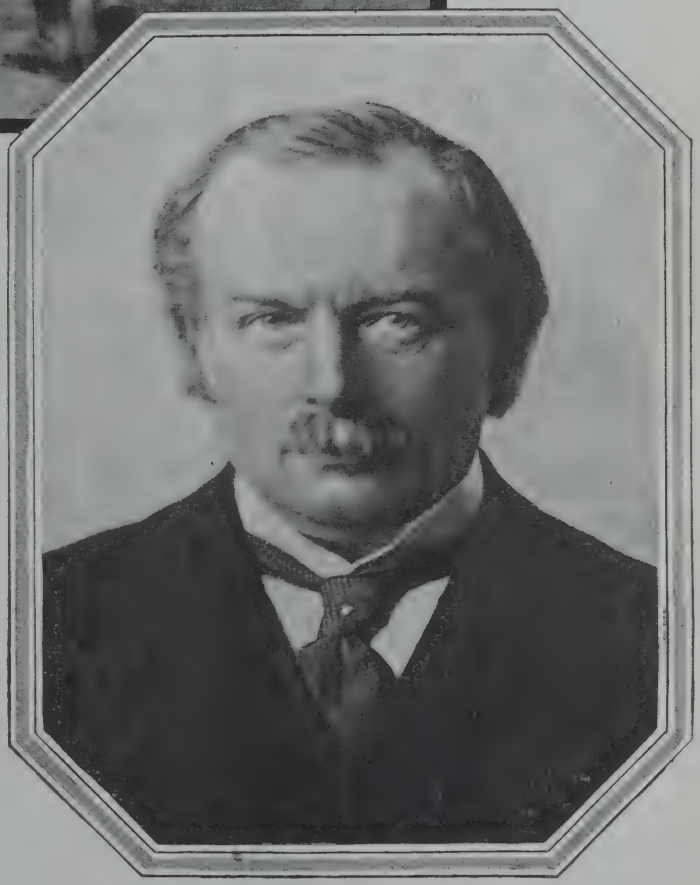
How often we judge people by the exceptions! And then I had, upon several occasions, come in contact with minor English officials who reveled in lording it over others. But when I stopped to think about it, hadn't we had the same experience with some Americans?

When I came to really know England, I found most of its officialdom, from the courteous, good-natured "bobby" on the London streets—who seemed more your slave than your master—to some of the highest officials in the realm, the most approachable, simple, and democratic persons that it was possible to imagine. And my trip to England taught me the lesson that so many of us persist in refusing to learn—the injustice of judging another people or another race by experiences that are exceptional.

If it be more characteristic of the Englishman than of the American to value his privacy and to extend the favors of his personality to only those of his own choice, it may, when properly understood by the American, be a virtue that, at times, we might well emulate. I found that it did not necessarily follow that the Englishman was either cold or snobbish merely because he took seriously our own accepted English doctrine that every man's house is his castle, free from invasion at the mere invitation of the intruder.

Of course, the Englishman has a very good opinion of himself, but—hasn't the American? Perhaps, if we left it to individuals of our respective countries, we would find in both the very human trait, not without its value, that our own particular country is the divinely appointed, if not anointed, to be the first and foremost of all the world.

How this war has taught us all to have charity for human traits and failings, and especially if those failings are, as they have been, with our two countries on the side of right and justice! Surely the Englishman, if he lacked understanding of America, might justly accuse us all of boasting. There may be virtue even in boasting, but when carried to the extremes and employed in such manner as I heard it among some of our own soldiers in England, it becomes a trait as unbearable as it is uncharacter-



David Lloyd-George, prime minister of Great Britain

istic of real Americans. Shorn of its offensive features—as indulged in by exceptional Americans—the Englishman is coming to understand that what he formerly thought was boastfulness is only the American way of expressing unbounded enthusiasm.

Neither of us is without our simpletons, fools and idiots.



FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

George III, who lost his American subjects

Hadn't I heard the vulgar boast of a loud-mouthed American lieutenant, telling a lot of Tommies, "You fellows have been at this job for four years, and now *we* have come over here to finish it up for you"?

And had I not seen a report of one of America's social agencies as to how our boys were met with certain coldness by the Tommies at their meeting-places in English towns; and hadn't I read the letter of a British Tommy burning with strong references to the "Americans who hadn't done anything yet but thought they were doing it all"? And this was after Château-Thierry!

And hadn't we silenced an American army officer in Paris in the presence of a group of Frenchmen and Americans who had blatantly boasted how he hated the English?

How like children we are! I saw in this chiefly the humor that, in my court, I came to find in neighborhood rows or the backyard boastfulness of a lot of noisy kids, and we must remember that people are only children grown up, and childish traits sometimes endure with nations as well as individuals—for what are nations but individuals in the aggregate?

We journeyed to London with some American officers whom we met a few days later in Piccadilly. One of them said:

"I have been all over this darn town and haven't seen an American flag yet. I heard the British didn't like us, and now I know it. Just look at old New York—from Wall Street to the Bowery, and from the Bowery to Fifth Avenue, you can see British flags everywhere."

"But," I replied, "neither have I seen a French flag nor an Italian flag nor a Belgian—why, I haven't seen a British flag!"

"By jingo, that's right!" chimed in the other officer. "What's the matter with these Britishers—don't they know there's a war?"

"Well," I answered, "if anybody in Europe ought to know, it certainly is England, for I haven't met anyone here who hasn't suffered bitterly—who hasn't lost a son, a brother, or a father."

"You would never know it, would you?" queried another of the little group of Americans who had gathered to "understand" the English.

"No," I replied; "not if you had to find it out from them or from service-flags."

They serve without flags in England, without ostentation. They have their own way of expression. They sacrifice without fuss but not without sorrow. Because their method of expression may be different, it does not follow that one nation is any more or less enthusiastic, or that one holds more than the other in loving remembrance or pardonable pride its deeds of heroism, sacrifice, and devotion. This difference is essentially the result of tradition, training, and temperament. I was frequently told that a part of the education of British youth is to control his emotions. This accounted for more than one experience that might have been misunderstood. For example, when, standing on the deck of a great liner, we watched with excited interest and loud hurrahs the passing of an American convoy of fifteen great ships loaded to the gunwales with our khaki-clad boys. From deck to crow's-nest, where foot could find a hold, they waved their hats with wild cheers, sang with mad joy the tune of "Over There" until it seemed as though a pandemonium of gladness had broken loose—all because they had just crossed the bar and approached the shores of England. We were with a small group of Americans on an outward-bound steamer carrying mostly English officers to Canada and America as training instructors. Most of them regarded this inspiring scene with dumb amazement. In the midst of it all, one of them near us, who had calmly looked on, turned to his companion and quietly commented,

"A most extraordinary waste of energy!"

What may have seemed to us Americans as indifference was, on better acquaintance, easy to understand, for when it came to the big things that we comprehend under



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George V decorating an American soldier on French soil



Millions of dollars were spent for a few hours' bombardment on the physical side of war

the terms of liberty, justice, and democracy, we are at heart one people, with the same aspirations, hopes, ideals, and destinies. And one of the lessons I learned in England was not only how important it is but how refreshing and splendid that we are beginning to understand each other better. That meant a very sincere appreciation of the good qualities and virtues of each other.

With the three thousand soldiers on the great ship that brought us safely through the submarine-infested Atlantic was a little English cabin-



Hot work for the gunners



An informal session of the Children's Court, Denver, Judge Lindsey presiding

boy. When we parted at Liverpool, I said,

"William, what do you think of these American boys?"

"I like them very much, sir," he replied enthusiastically, "but I don't understand them, sir."

I remember reading somewhere in my ancient-history lessons of that wise old general who refused to meet on friendly terms the leader of a possible foe lest, as he reported to his king, "I may understand him, and then I shall never want to fight him."

Speaking of these human frailties and difficulties so applied to all the Allies, a brilliant American woman who had spent much time in England, France, and Italy said to me: "Of course, we are going to win. We have got to



Free speech in England —a meeting of radicals in Hyde Park, London

win. But when we do win, what is going to be done to keep some or all of the Allies from winding up by hating each other?"

In this war, we have concentrated mostly on the physical side of things. By comparison, we have neglected the spiritual elements of war, for war, after all, is mostly a condition of mind, because the menaces and causes of war reside in the minds of men. The tendency to conflict is increased or decreased as the minds and hearts of people are affected by the things and people with which they come in contact, or, rather, with which they do not come in contact.

Looking to the future for that lasting friendship between Britain and America, upon the success of which mostly depends the end of war and the future peace and happiness of the world, we must not fail to marshal and organize the spiritual and moral forces of our respective countries. We shall be more willing to make mutual sacrifices—as we shall have to make—just in proportion as we come to a better understanding of each other. And this way, also, we must look for harmony instead of discord.

The British and American bureaus of public information have done much to bring about this mighty purpose—a work as worthy of the employment of national genius as that which martialed the physical means of war upon the battle-fields of France. Both are important, but the former has to do with the higher art of understanding and kindly living after war is over. If we are to excel



Lady Henry

in this great art of humanity—greater than the art or skill of war, as nations—we must not neglect the means and ends of not only understanding each other but of seeing rather with charity if not good humor, instead of rancor, the faults and failings of each other.

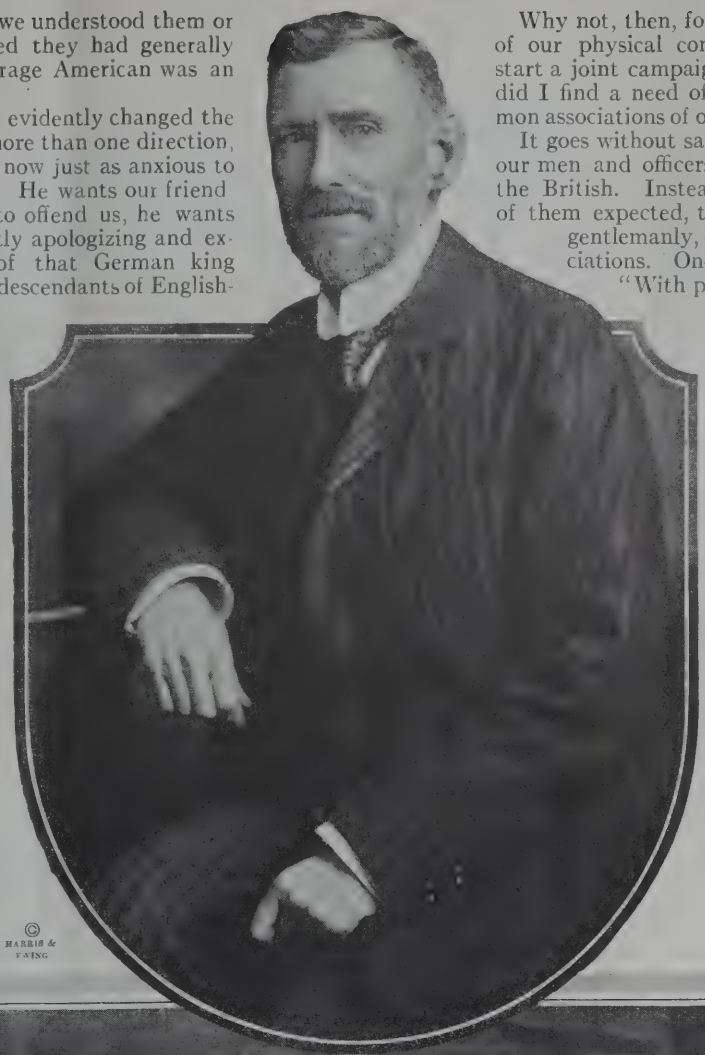
We think nothing of spending millions of dollars for a few hours' bombardment on the physical side of war, but how often we meet with the short-sighted policy of questioning expenditures on the mental, moral, and spiritual side of a nation's problems! Yet the entire expenditure from that angle by the American and British bureaus of information would not equal the cost of one week's physical battle in this world-war that the art of understanding, that the art of kindly living might have prevented and is the chief and certain hope against its future recurrence.

I cannot leave the question of understanding England without its complement—the understanding of America by England—that, in the end, we may both rise above childish things, that we may both escape the end to which our respective idiots would so cheerfully lead us. It is not a concession to them or a reflection on our own determination and ability to escape them, but a plain acknowledgment of the fact that they constitute an element not without its dangers. For it was clear to me, after six months in Europe, that if our comradeship in arms is to be carried over from a glorious military alliance into an enduring moral alliance and an interest in each other which shall be as sympathetic as it is just, we must cultivate each other.

Constantly was I told by Britons themselves that, before the war, one of their striking traits was a

smug indifference as to whether we understood them or not, even though they admitted they had generally found that one trait of the average American was an earnest desire to be understood.

But I found that the war had evidently changed the disposition of Great Britain in more than one direction, for I believe that the Briton is now just as anxious to be understood as the American. He wants our friend ship. If he ever did anything to offend us, he wants to be forgiven. He is constantly apologizing and explaining about the stupidity of that German king (George III) and that what the descendants of Englishmen as Americans did against his stupidity has, in the end, been as helpful to England as America; and so they point with pride to the most democratic colonies in the world, and so, at last, we are merging into the same emotions. We all want to be appprecíated, which doesn't mean or include palavering or flattering, though a good old slap on the back with, "Bully boy! Put her there; you have certainly put it over on the Hun, and we are glad to be with you!" is not only submitted to without offense but now with almost an American satisfaction. For both nations are courting investigation, knowing and glorying in the fact that there can be only one report on the magnificence of achievement—glory of sacrifice and splendor of accomplishment.



Why not, then, for one-millionth part of the cost of our physical contact with a common enemy, start a joint campaign of interpretation? Nowhere did I find a need of it more than in just the common associations of our boys with the English people.

It goes without saying that the great majority of our men and officers have endeared themselves to the British. Instead of bluff and bluster, as some of them expected, they have found us modest and gentlemanly, charming and kindly in our associations. One English officer said to me: "With plenty of ginger but with no brag, they are active, quick, and clever. We like them because they are all that could be expected of gentlemen and soldiers."

Heretofore, American marriages have been largely between the British nobility and our American heiresses. I talked to many of our boys in England as well as lovely English girls, and the confidences of some of these young people reminded me again of the eternal youth I had dealt with at home. They exposed the trail of many a love-match through the American boy's strong appeal of romance to the English girl, and reminded me that hereafter the union between American and English families will not be limited so completely to the aristocracy, which not only gives (*Continued on page 105*)



(Above) Sir Horace Plunkett, president of the Irish Convention. (Below) A social center for the American boys in France

Saint's

By John

Author of

Illustrated by

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters—Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie) an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen.

In July, 1916, Noel and her father visit Pierson's brother, Robert, and his wife, Thirza, at their home, Kestrel, in Monmouthshire. Here Noel meets a young officer, Cyril Morland, and they fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Pierson refuses his consent on the grounds of Noel's youth and the short acquaintance. Morland is summoned to join his regiment, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever gives herself to him.

Returning to London, Noel, to fit herself to be a nurse, enters a hospital where Pierson's cousin, Mrs Lynch (Leila), is in charge of two wards. Leila has had two husbands and a somewhat adventurous career, and just now she is the mistress of Jimmy Fort, an army captain, whom she first met in South Africa. Fort is incapacitated for service and employed in the War Office. He takes a great liking to Noel, and Leila is much disturbed thereat.

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until news comes that Morland has been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds. She confides in Leila and Gratian and Doctor Laird. They say they will do all they can to help her. Finally, at New Year's, an opportunity comes to tell Pierson. He is completely stunned, and reproaches himself with failure in his duty toward his motherless child. But Noel defends her action, takes all the blame upon herself, and refuses any pity or sympathy. She goes down to Monmouthshire to be alone with her aunt Thirza, uncle Robert coming up to London to stay with his brother, and there, at Kestrel, in the early spring, a son is born to her.

Before leaving London, Noel meets a Belgian refugee painter named Lavendie, and he often goes to see her and her father. He paints Pierson's portrait and wants to do the same with Noel, but she will not permit it.



"I am a prisoner here, *mademoiselle*." And she

PART III

I

1

DOWN by the river Wye, among plum trees in blossom, Noel had laid her baby in a hammock, and stood watching. She was fast getting strong again, and looked, if anything, younger than before, for anticipation had been worse than realization. She had said to her aunt, as soon as she was able to get up:

"Why doesn't uncle Bob come down? I don't mind now."

The good man had returned on the first of April. After a sight of his niece, still fragile, he had gone out and blown up the one remaining gardener.

"By George," he said that night to Thirza, "the look of Nollie quite affected me! Never mind, old girl; you've done wonders for her. You're a remarkable woman, and not a day older than when we were married."

And he had meant it; for both he and she—like so many attached couples—saw in each other the lineaments of the past. He was extremely happy at getting home, and made much of Noel in his boisterous but not insensitive fashion. True, he did not like the look of the baby, but Thirza did, and he was prepared to take her judgment on such a matter.

"It's such an object! Is she really fond of it?"

"She actually is, Bob."

"Well, it's always a wonder to me—at that age."

After consulting deeply with Thirza, he wrote a letter to his brother, the wording of which he believed to be entirely his own, offering from them both to adopt the child if Noel would consent, and urging Edward to leave her entirely free in the matter.

Noel had the answer to this letter in her hand, while she stood there gazing at her sleeping baby.

MY DEAREST NOLLIE:

Now that you are strong again, I feel that I must put before you my feeling as to your duty in this crisis of your life. Your aunt and uncle have made the most kind and generous offer to adopt your little boy. I have known that this was in their minds for some time, and that they have thought it over day and night for weeks. In the worldly sense, it would be the best thing, no doubt. But this is a spiritual matter. The

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plucked nervously at a fold of her red gown

Progress

Galsworthy

"Beyond," etc.

Fanny Munsell

future of our souls depends on how we meet the consequences of our conduct. And painful, dreadful, indeed, as they must be, I am driven to feel that you can only reach true peace by facing them in a spirit of brave humility. I want you to think and think—till you arrive at a certainty which satisfies your conscience. If you decide, as I trust you will, to come back to me here with your boy, I shall do all in my power to make you happy while we face the future together. To do as your aunt and uncle in their kindness wish, would, I am sore afraid, end in depriving you of the inner strength and happiness which God only gives to those who do their duty and try courageously to repair their errors. I have confidence in you, my dear child.

Ever your most loving father,

EDWARD PIERSON.

She read it through a second time and looked at her baby. Her father seemed to think that she might be willing to part from him! As if she could! Why should she be ashamed of having brought this wonderful creature into the world? Sunlight falling through the plum blossoms, in an extra patchwork quilt over the bundle lying there, perched on the baby's nose and mouth till he gave a funny little sneeze. Noel laughed and put her lips close to his face. "Give you up?" she thought. "Oh, no! And I'm going to be happy, too. They sha'n't stop me. And I sha'n't have you baptized; but I shall call you Ted."

In answer to the letter, she said simply that she was coming up; and a week later she went, to the dismay of her uncle and aunt. The old nurse went, too.

Everything had hitherto been so carefully watched and guarded against by Thirza that Noel did not really come face to face with her position till she reached home.

Gratian, who had got herself transferred to a London hospital, was now living at home. She had provided the house with new maids against her sister's return; and though it was a relief to Noel not to meet the old familiars, it was a strain to encounter the stolid curiosity of new faces. That morning before she left Kestrel, her aunt had come into her room while she was dressing, taken her left hand, and slipped a little gold band on to its third finger.

"To please me, now that you're going," she had said; "just for the foolish, who know nothing about you."

Noel had suffered it with the thought: "It's all very silly!" But now, when the new maid was pouring out her hot water, she was suddenly aware of the girl's round blue eyes wandering, as it were, mechanically to her hand. This little hoop of gold, then, had an awful power! A rush of disgust came over her. All life seemed suddenly wretched, a thing of forms and shams. Everybody would look at that little ring, and she would be a coward, saving herself from them! When she was alone again, she slipped it off, and laid it on the wash-stand, where the sunlight fell. Only this little shining band of metal, this little yellow ring, stood between her and the world's scorn and hostility. Her lips trembled. She took up the ring and went to the open window to throw it out. But she did not, uncertain and unhappy—half realizing the cruelty of life. A knock at the door sent her flying back to the wash-stand. It was only Gratian.

"I've been looking at him," she said softly; "he's like you, Nollie."

"Really and truly?"

"Except for his nose."

"He's hardly got one yet. But aren't his eyes intelligent? I think they're wonderful." And she held up the ring. "What shall I do about this, Gratian?"

Gratian flushed.

"Wear it. I don't see why outsiders should know. For the sake of dad, I think you ought. There's the parish."

Noel slipped the ring back on to her finger.

"Would *you*?"

"I can't tell; I think I should."

Noel laughed suddenly.

"I'm going to get cynical; I can feel it in my bones. How is daddy looking?"

"Very thin. Mr. Lauder is back again from the front for a bit, and he's taking some of the work now."

"Do I hurt him very much still?"

"He's very pleased that you've come. He's as sweet as he can be about you."

"Yes," murmured Noel; "that's what's dreadful. I don't feel penitent. Imagine being penitent about *that* angel! It's absurd. I'm glad daddy wasn't in, though, when I came. Has he told anyone?"

Gratian shook her head.

"I don't think anybody knows—unless—perhaps Captain Fort. He came in again the other night, and somehow I thought——"

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Noel flushed.

"Leila," she said enigmatically. "Have you seen her?"

"I went to her flat last week with dad—he likes her."

"Delilah is her real name, you know. All men like her. And Captain Fort is her lover. Of course he is. She has no friends; her sort never have—only lovers."

Gratian gasped. Noel would say things sometimes which made her feel the younger of the two.

"Why do you think he knows about me?" said Noel, in a hard voice.

"I don't know. Only, when he asked after you, he looked——"

"Yes; I've seen him look like that when he's sorry for anything. I don't care if he does know. Has Monsieur Lavendie been in lately?"

"Yes; he looks awfully unhappy."

"His wife drugs."

"Oh, Nollie! How do you know?"

"I saw her once. I'm sure she does; there was a smell, and she's got wandering eyes, and then they get all fixed and glassy. He can paint me now if he likes. I wouldn't let him before. Does *he* know?"

"Of course not!"

"He knows there was something; he's got second sight, I think. But I mind him less than anybody. Is his picture of daddy good?"

"Awfully powerful; but it hurts somehow."

"Let's go down and see it."

The picture was hung in the drawing-room, and its intense modernity made that old-fashioned room seem lifeless and strange. The black figure, with long, pale fingers touching the paler piano keys, had a frightening actuality. The face, three-quarters full, was raised as if for inspiration, and the eyes rested, dreamy and unseeing, on the face of a girl painted and hung above the piano on a background of wall.

"It's the face of that girl," said Gratian, when they had looked at the picture for some time in silence.

"No," said Noel; "it's the look in his eyes."

"But why did he choose such a horrid, common girl? Isn't she fearfully alive, though? She looks as if she were saying, 'Cheery-o!'"

Noel turned her back on the picture.

"It's awfully pathetic, I think. It makes me want to cry. Poor daddy!"

"It's a libel," said Gratian stubbornly.

Noel shook her head.

"No; it's true. That's what hurts. He isn't quite all there. I don't want to look at it. Will he be coming in soon?"

Gratian took her arm and pressed it hard.

"Would you like me at dinner or not? I can easily be out."

Noel shook her head.

"It's no good to funk it. He wanted me, and now he's got me. Oh, why did he? It'll be awful for him."

Gratian sighed.

"I tried my best, but he said: 'I've thought so long about it all that I can't think any longer. I can only feel the braver course is the best. When things are bravely and humbly met, there will be charity and forgiveness.'"

"There *won't* be charity and forgiveness," said Noel. "Daddy's a saint, and he doesn't see."

"Yes; he is a saint, and I wish I were better to him. But one must think for oneself—one simply *must!* I can't believe as he does any more; can you, Nollie?"

"I don't know. When I was going through it, I prayed; but I don't know whether I really believed. I don't think I mind much about that, one way or the other."

"I mind terribly," said Gratian; "I want the truth."

"I don't know what I want," said Noel slowly; "except that sometimes I want—life—awfully."

And the two sisters were silent, looking at each other with a sort of wonder.

2

Noel had a fancy to put on a bright-colored blue frock that evening, and at her neck she hung a Breton cross of old paste which had belonged to her mother. When she had finished dressing, she went into the nursery and stood by the baby's cot. The old nurse was sitting there beside him. She got up at once and said:

"He's sleeping beautiful—the lamb! I'll go down and get a cup o' tea, and come up, ma'am, when the gong goes."

In the way peculiar to those who have never to initiate but only to support positions in which they are placed by others, she had adopted for herself the theory that Noel was a real war-widow. She knew the truth perfectly, for she had watched that hurried little romance at Kestrel; but, by dint of charity and blurred meditations, it was easy for her to imagine the marriage ceremony which would and should have taken place, and she was zealous that other people should imagine it, too. It was so much more regular and natural like that, and "her" baby invested with his proper dignity. She went down-stairs to get a "cup o' tea," thinking: "A picture they make—that they do, bless his little heart! And his pretty little mother—no more than a child, all said and done."

Noel had been standing there some minutes in the failing light, absorbed in the face of the sleeping baby, when a sound made her raise her eyes, and she saw in a mirror the reflection of her father's dark figure by the door. She could hear him breathing as if the ascent of the stairs had tried him, and moving to the head of the cot, she rested her hand on it and turned her face toward him. He came up and stood beside her, looking silently down at the baby. She saw him make the sign of the cross above it, and the movement of his lips in prayer. Love for her father and rebellion against this intercession for her perfect baby fought so hard in the girl's heart that she felt suffocated, and glad of the dark, so that he could not see her eyes. Then he took her hand and put it to his lips, but still without a word; and, for the life of her, she could not speak, either. In silence he kissed her forehead; and there mounted in Noel a sudden passion of longing to show him her pride and love for her baby. She put her finger down and touched one of his hands. The tiny sleeping fingers uncurled and, like some little sea-anemone, clutched round it. She heard her father draw his breath in, saw him turn away quickly, silently, and go out. And she stayed, hardly breathing, with the hand of her baby squeezing her finger.

II

1

When Edward Pierson, afraid of his own emotion, left the twilit nursery, he slipped into his own room and fell on his knees beside his bed, absorbed in the vision he had seen. That young figure in the Madonna's blue, with the halo of bright hair; the sleeping babe in the fine dusk; the silence; the adoration in that white room! He saw, too, a vision of the past, when Noel herself had been the sleeping babe within her mother's arm, and he had stood beside them, wondering and giving praise. It passed with its other-worldliness and the fine holiness which belongs to beauty, passed, and left the tormenting realism of life. Ah, to live with only the inner meaning, spiritual and beautified, in a rare wonderment such as he had experienced just now!

His alarm-clock ticked out the seconds while he knelt in his narrow, monkish little room—ticked the evening hour away into darkness. And still he knelt, dreading to come back into it all, to face the world's eyes, and the sound of the world's tongue, and the touch of the rough, the gross, the unseemly. How could he guard his beloved child? How preserve that vision in her life, in her spirit, about to enter such cold, rough waters? But the gong sounded; he got up, and, bathing his face in cold water to brace himself, went down-stairs.

But this first family moment, which all had dreaded, was relieved, as dreaded moments so often are, by the unexpected appearance of the Belgian painter. He had a general invitation, of which he often availed himself; but he was so silent, and his thin, beardless face, which seemed all eyes and brow, so mournful that all three felt in the presence of a sorrow deeper even than their own family affair. During the meal he gazed for the most part silently at Noel. Once he said, "You will let me paint you now, *mademoiselle*, I hope?" and his face brightened a little for the first time when she nodded. There was never much talk when he came, for any depth of discussion, even of art, brought out at once too wide a difference. And Pierson could never avoid a vague irritation with one who clearly had spirituality, but of a sort which he could not understand. After dinner, he excused himself and went off to his study. *Monsieur* would be happier alone with the two girls. Gratian, too, got up. She had remembered Noel's words: "I mind him less than anybody." It was a chance for Nollie to break the ice.

2

"I have not seen you for a long time, *mademoiselle*," said the painter, when they were alone.



DRAWN BY FANNY MUNSELL

The tiny sleeping fingers uncurled and, like some little sea-anemone, clutched round it

Noel was sitting in front of the empty drawing-room hearth, with her arms stretched out as if there had been a fire there.

"I've been away. How are you going to paint me, *monsieur?*"

"In that dress, *mademoiselle*—just as you are now, warming yourself at the fire of life."

"But it isn't there."

"Yes; fires soon go out. *Mademoiselle,* will you come and see my wife? She is ill."

"Now?" asked Noel, startled.

"Yes—now. She is really ill, and I have no one there. That is what I came to ask of your sister; but now you are here, it's even better. She likes you."

Noel got up.

"Wait one minute."

She ran up-stairs. Her baby was asleep, and the old nurse dozing. Putting on a cloak and cap of gray rabbit's fur, she ran down again to the hall, where the painter was waiting, and they went out together.

"I do not know if I am to blame," he said. "My wife has been no real wife to me since she knew I had a mistress and was no real husband to her." Noel stared round at his face, which was lighted by a queer smile. "Yes," he went on; "from that has come her tragedy. But she should have known before I married her. Nothing was concealed. *Bon Dieu,* she should have known! Why cannot a woman see things as they are? My mistress, *mademoiselle,* is not a thing of flesh; it is my art. It has always been first with me, and always will. She has never accepted that—she is incapable of accepting it. I am sorry for her. But what would you? I was a fool to marry her. *Chère mademoiselle,* no troubles are anything beside the trouble which goes on day and night, meal after meal, year after year, between two people who should never have married because one loves too much and requires all and the other loves not at all—no; not at all now; it is long dead—and can give but little."

"Can't you separate?" asked Noel, wondering.

"It is hard to separate from one who craves for you as she craves her drugs—yes; she takes drugs now, *mademoiselle.* It is impossible for one who has any compassion in his soul. Besides, what would she do? We live from hand to mouth in a strange land. She had no friends here—not one. How could I leave her while this war lasts? As well could two persons on a desert island separate. She is killing herself, too, with these drugs, and I cannot stop her."

"Poor *madame;*" murmured Noel; "and poor *monsieur!*"

The painter suddenly drew his hand across his eyes.

"I cannot change my nature," he said, in a stifled voice, "nor she hers. So we go on. But life will stop suddenly, some day, for one of us. After all, it is much worse for her than for me. Enter, *mademoiselle.* Do not tell her I am going to paint you; she likes you because you refused to let me."

Noel went up the stairs shuddering; she had been there once before and remembered that sickly scent of drugs. On the third floor they entered a small sitting-room whose walls were covered with paintings and drawings; from one corner a triangular stack of canvases jutted out. There was little furniture save an old red sofa, and on this was seated a stoutish man in the garb of a Belgian soldier, with his elbows on his knees and his bearded cheeks resting on his doubled fists. Beside him on the sofa, nursing a doll, was a little girl who looked up at Noel. She had a most strange, attractive, pale little face, with pointed chin and large eyes, which never moved from this apparition in gray rabbits' skins.

"Ah, Barra!" said the painter. "*Mademoiselle,* this is Monsieur Barra, a friend of ours from the front; and this is our landlady's little girl. A little refugee, too; aren't you, Chica?"

The child gave him a sudden brilliant smile and resumed her grave scrutiny of the visitor. The soldier, who had risen heavily, gave Noel one of his podgy hands, with a sort of sad and heavy giggle.

"Sit down, *mademoiselle,*" said Lavendie, placing a chair for her; "I will bring my wife in." And he went out through some double doors.

Noel sat down. The soldier had resumed his old attitude, and the little girl her nursing of the doll, though her big eyes still watched the visitor. Overcome by strangeness, Noel made no attempt to talk. Then, through the double doors, the painter and his wife came in. She was a thin woman in a red wrapper, with hollow cheeks, high cheek-bones, and hungry eyes; her dark hair hung loose, and one hand played restlessly with a fold of her gown. She took Noel's hand, and her uplifted eyes seemed to dig into the girl's face, to let go suddenly and flutter.

"How do you do?" she said in English. "So Pierre brought you to see me again. I remember you so well. You would not let him paint you. *Ah, que c'est drôle!* You are so pretty, too. *Hein,* Monsieur Barra, is not *mademoiselle* pretty?"



"I wonder if daddy was ever in

The soldier gave his heavy giggle and resumed his scrutiny of the floor.

"Henriette," said Lavendie, "*assieds-toi près de Chica*—you must not stand. *Asseyez-vous, mademoiselle, je vous prie.*"

"I'm so sorry you're not well," said Noel, and sat down again.

The painter stood leaning against the wall, and his wife looked up at his tall, thin figure with eyes which had in them a sort of anger and a sort of cunning.

"He is a great painter, my husband, is he not?" she said sud denly to Noel. "You would not imagine what that man can do. And how he paints! All day long—and all night he is painting in his head. And so you would not let him paint you, after all?"

"No," murmured Noel.

Those black eyes traveling so ceaselessly from his face to hers gave the girl the fantastic feeling that they were weaving a kind of web about them both.

Lavendie said impatiently,

"*Voyons, Henriette; causons d'autres choses*"

"I am a prisoner here, *mademoiselle.*" And she plucked nervously at a fold of her red gown. "I never leave the house. Here I live day after day—my husband is always painting. Who would go out alone under this gray sky of yours, and the hatreds of the war in every face? No; I prefer to keep my room. My husband goes painting; every face he sees interests him, except that which he sees every day. But I am a prisoner. Monsieur Barra is our first visitor for a long time."

The soldier raised his face from his fists.

"*Vous parlez d'être prisonnier, madame.* What would you say if you were out there?" And he gave his thick giggle. "We are the prisoners, we others. What would you say to imprisonment by explosion day and night, never a minute free. *Bom! Bom! Bom! Ah, les tranchées!* It's not so free as all that—there."

"Everyone has his own prison," said Lavendie bitterly. "*Mademoiselle,* even, has her prison—and little Chica, and her doll. Everyone has his prison, Barra. Monsieur Barra is also a painter, *mademoiselle.*"

"*Moi?*" said Barra, lifting his heavy, hairy head. "I paint puddles, star-bombs, horses' ribs—I paint holes and holes and holes, wire and wire and wire, and water—long, white, ugly water. I paint splinters, and men's souls naked, and men's bodies dead, and nightmare—nightmare—all day and all night—I paint them in my head." He suddenly ceased speaking and relapsed into contemplation of the carpet, with his bearded cheeks resting on his fists. "But their souls are as white as snow, *les camarades,*" he added suddenly and loudly; "millions of Belgians, English, French, even the *boches,* with white souls. I paint those souls."

A little shiver ran through Noel, and she looked appealingly at Lavendie.

"Barra," he said, as if the soldier were not there, "is a great painter, but the front has turned his head a little. What he says is true, though. There is no hatred out there. It is here that we are prisoners of hatred, *mademoiselle.* Avoid hatreds—they are poison."

His wife put out her hand and touched the child's shoulder.

"Why should we not hate?" she said. "Who killed Chica's father and blew her home to rags? Who threw her out into this horrible England—*pardon, mademoiselle,* but it is horrible. *Ah, les boches!* If my hatred could destroy them, there would not be one left. Even my husband was not so mad about his painting when we lived at home. But here—" Her eyes darted at his face again, and then sank as if rebuked.

Noel saw the painter's lips move with the words:

"*C'est de la manie.*"

"'*Manie*'—certainly it is mania, your painting!" Her whole figure had writhed; then she seemed to make a great effort, and looking at Noel, with a smile which caused the girl's blood to creep—it was such a travesty of the conventional smile—she added: "Will you have some tea, *mademoiselle?* Monsieur Barra, some tea?"

The soldier said thickly:

"No, *madame;* in the trenches we have tea enough. It consoles us. But when we get away—give us wine—*le bon vin, le bon petit vin!*"

"Get some wine, Pierre!"

Noel saw from the painter's face that there was no wine, and perhaps no money to get any; but he went quickly out. She rose and said,

"I must be going, *madame.*"

Madame Lavendie leaned forward and clutched her wrist, and a sweetish scent rose from her.

"Wait a little, *mademoiselle.* Sit down. We shall have some wine, and Pierre shall take you back presently. You cannot go home alone; you are too pretty—is she not, Monsieur Barra?"

The soldier looked up:

"What would you say," he said, "to bottles of wine bursting in the air, bursting red and bursting white, all day long, all night long? Great steel bottles, large as Chica; bits of bottles, carrying off men's heads? *Bsum—garra-a-a!* And a house comes down, and little bits of people ever so small, ever so small, tiny bits in the air and all over the ground. Great souls out there, *madame!* But I will tell you a secret." And again he gave his heavy giggle. "All a little, little mad; nothing to speak of—just a little bit mad, like a watch, you know, that you can wind forever. That is the discovery of this war, *mademoiselle,*" he said, addressing Noel for the first time; "you cannot gain a great soul till you are a little mad." And, lowering his piggy gray eyes at once, he resumed his former attitude. "It is that madness I shall paint some day," he announced to the carpet; "lurking in one tiny corner of each soul of all those millions, as it creeps, as it peeps, ever so sudden, ever so little, when we all think it has been put to bed, here—there, now—then, when you least think; in and out like a mouse with bright eyes. Millions of men with white souls, all a little tiny atom mad. A great subject, I think," he added heavily.



a place like this," she said

Involuntarily Noel put her hand to her heart, which was beating fast. She felt quite sick.

"Sit down, *mademoiselle,*" said Madame Lavendie, and her eyes gleamed.

Resuming her seat, Noel saw the woman's thin hand steal to her mouth, and thought: "Yes; perhaps we are all mad. I, too, I dare say."

"How long have you been at the front, *monsieur?*"

"Two years, *mademoiselle.* Time to go home and paint, is it not? But art!" He shrugged his heavy round shoulders, his whole bearlike body. "A little mad," he muttered once more. "I will tell you a story. Once in winter, after I had rested a fortnight, I go back to the trenches at night, and I want some earth to fill up a little hole in the ground where I was sleeping; when one has slept in a bed, one becomes particular. Well, I scratched it from my parapet, and I came to something funny. I strike my *briquet,* and there is a *boche's* face all frozen and earthy and dead and greeny white in the flame from my *briquet.*"

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, but yes, *mademoiselle;* true as I sit here! Very useful in the parapet—dead *boche.* I talked with him all night—once a man like me. But in the morning I could not stand him; we dug him out and buried him, and filled the hole up with other things. But there I stood in the night, and my face as close to his as this"—and he held his thick hand a foot before his face. "We talked of our home; he had a soul, that man. *Il me disait des choses*—how he had suffered; and I, too, told him my sufferings. Dear God, we know all; we shall never know more than we know out there, we others, for we are mad—just a little, little mad. When you see us, *mademoiselle,* walking the streets, remember that." And he dropped his face on to his fists again.

A silence had fallen on the room—queer and complete. The little girl nursed her doll; the soldier gazed at the floor; the woman's mouth moved stealthily, and in Noel the thought rushed continually to the verge of action: "Couldn't I get up and run downstairs?" But she sat on, hypnotized by that silence, till Lavendie reappeared with a bottle and four glasses.

"To drink our health, and wish us luck, *mademoiselle,*" he said. "*Henriette, ça te fera du bien! Barra! Il faut toujours espérer, n'-est-ce-pas, mademoiselle?*"

Noel raised the glass he had given her.

"I wish you all happiness."

"And you, *mademoiselle,*" the two men murmured.

She drank a little, and rose.

"And now, *mademoiselle,*" said Lavendie, "if you must go, I will see you home."

Noel took Madame Lavendie's hand; it was cold and returned no pressure; her eyes had a glazed look. The soldier had put his empty glass down on the floor, and was regarding it, unconscious of her. Noel turned quickly to the door. The last thing she saw was the little girl nursing her doll and gazing after her.

In the street, the painter began at once in his rapid French:

"I ought not to have asked you to come, *mademoiselle.* I did not know our friend Barra was there. Besides, my wife is not fit to receive a lady; *vous voyez qu'il y a de la manie dans cette pauvre tête.* I should not have asked you; but I was so miserable."

"Oh," murmured Noel, "I know."

"In our home over there she had interests. In this great town, she can only nurse her grief against me. Ah, this war! It seems to me we are all in the stomach of a great coiling serpent. We lie there, being digested. In a way, it is better out there in the trenches. They do not hate; they have attained a height that we have not. It is wonderful how they are all for going on till they have beaten the *boche;* that is curious, and it is very great. Did Barra tell you how, when they come back—all these fighters—they are going to rule and manage the future of the world? But it will not be so. They will mix in with life, separate—scatter, and will be ruled as they were before. The tongue and the pen will rule them; those who have not seen the war will rule them."

"Oh," cried Noel, "surely they will be the bravest and strongest in the future!"

The painter smiled.

"War makes men simple," he said, "elemental. Life in peace is neither simple nor elemental; it is subtle, full of changing environments, to which man must adapt himself. The cunning, the astute, the adaptable will ever rule in times of peace. It is pathetic—the belief of those brave soldiers that the future is theirs."



"I mustn't keep you crawling along at this pace"

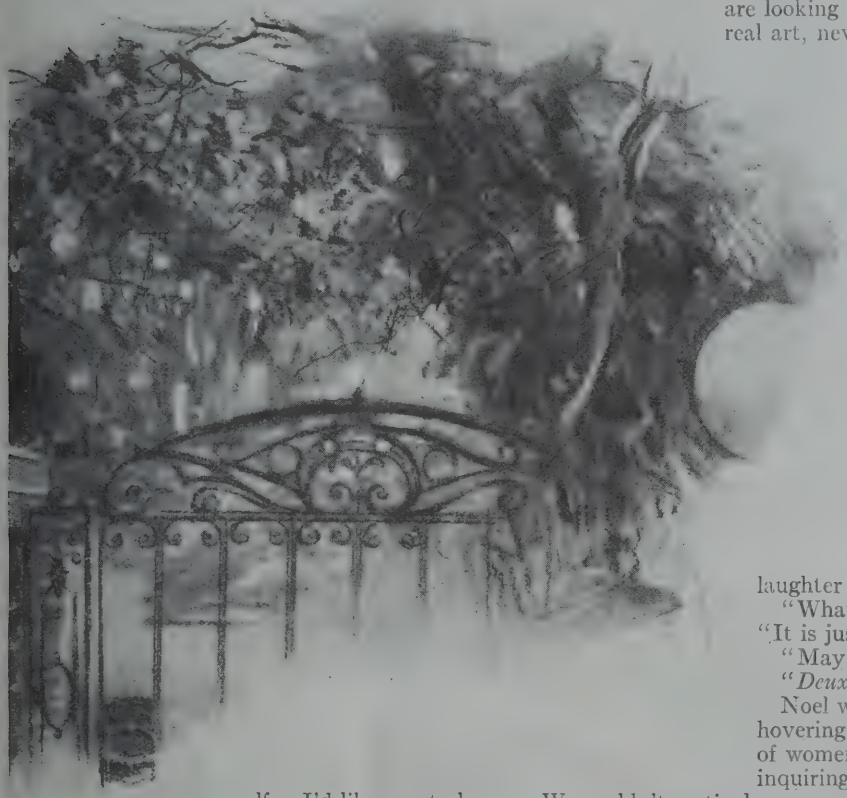
"He said a strange thing," murmured Noel; "that they were all a little mad."

"He is a man of queer genius—Barra; you should see some of his earlier pictures. 'Mad' is not quite the word, but something is loosened, is rattling round in them. They have lost proportion; they are being forced in one direction. I tell you, *mademoiselle,* this war is one great forcing-house; every living plant is being made to grow too fast, each quality, each passion; hate and love, intolerance and lust and avarice, courage and energy, yes, and self-sacrifice—all are being forced and forced beyond their strength, beyond the natural flow of the sap, forced till there has come a great, wild, luxuriant crop, and then— Phut! Presto! The change comes, and these plants will wither and rot

and stink. But we who see life in form of art are the only ones who feel that; and we are so few. The natural shape of things is lost. There is a mist of blood before all eyes. Men are afraid of being fair. See how we all hate not only our enemies but those who differ from us! Look at the streets, too—see how men and women rush together, how Venus reigns in this forcing-house! Is it not natural that Youth about to die should yearn for pleasure, for love, for union, before death?"

Noel stared up at him. "Now!" she thought.

"Yes," she said; "I know that's true, because I rushed myself. I'd like you to know. We couldn't be married—there wasn't time. And he was killed. But his son is alive. That's why I've been away so long. I want everyone to know." She spoke very calmly, but her cheeks felt burning hot.



The painter had made an upward movement of his hands, as if they had been jerked by an electric current; then he said quite quietly:

"My profound respect, *mademoiselle*, and my great sympathy. And your father?"

"It's awful for him."

The painter said gently:

"Ah, *mademoiselle*, I am not so sure. Perhaps he does not suffer so greatly. Perhaps not even your trouble can hurt him very much. He lives in a world apart. That, I think, is his true tragedy—to be alive, and yet not living enough to feel reality. Do you know Anatole France's description of an old woman: '*Elle vivait, mais si peu.*' Would that not be well said of the Church in these days: '*Elle vivait, mais si peu?* I see him always like a rather beautiful dark spire in the night-time when you cannot see how it is attached to the earth. He does not know, he never will know life."

Noel looked round at him.

"What do you mean by 'life,' *monsieur?* I'm always reading about life, and people talk of 'seeing life.' What is it—where is it? I never see anything that you could call 'life.'"

The painter smiled.

"To *see* life," he said; "ah, that is different! To enjoy yourself! Well, it is my experience that when people are 'seeing life,' as they call it, they are not enjoying themselves. You know when one is very thirsty one drinks and drinks, but the thirst remains all the same. There are places where one can 'see life,' as it is called, but the only persons you will see enjoying themselves at such places are a few humdrums like myself, who go there for a talk over a cup of coffee. Perhaps at your age, though, it is different."

Noel clasped her hands, and her eyes seemed to shine in the gloom.

"I want music and dancing and light, and beautiful things and faces; but I never get them."

"No; there does not exist in this town, or in any other, a place that will give you that. Fox-trots and ragtime and paint and powder and glare, and half-drunken young men, and women with red lips—you can get them in plenty. But rhythm and beauty and charm—never. In Brussels, when I was younger, I saw much 'life,' as they call it, but not one lovely thing unspoiled; it was all as ashes in the mouth. Ah, you may smile; but I know what I am talking of. Happiness never comes when you are looking for it, *mademoiselle*. Beauty is in nature and in real art, never in these false, silly make-believes. There is a place just here where we Belgians go; would you like to see how true my words are?"

"Oh, yes!"

"*Très bien!* Let us go in."

They passed into a swing door which confined them in little glass compartments and shot them out into a shining corridor. At the end of this, the painter looked at Noel and seemed to hesitate; then he turned off from the room they were about to enter into a room on the right. It was large, full of gilt and plush and marble tables, where couples were seated—young men in khaki and older men in plain clothes, together or with young women. At these last Noel looked, face after face, while they were passing down a long way to an empty table. She saw that some were pretty and some only trying to be, that nearly all were powdered and had their eyes darkened and their lips reddened, till she felt her own face to be dreadfully ungarnished. Up in a gallery a small band was playing an attractive, jingling, hollow little tune, and the buzz of talk and laughter was almost deafening.

"What will you have, *mademoiselle?*" said the painter. "It is just nine o'clock; we must order quickly."

"May I have one of those green things?"

"*Deux crêmes de menthe*," said Lavendie to the waiter.

Noel was too absorbed to see the queer, bitter little smile hovering about his face. She was busy looking at the faces of women, whose eyes were fixed on her furtively cold and inquiring, and at the faces of men, whose eyes were furtively warm and wondering.

"I wonder if daddy was ever in a place like this," she said, and put the glass of green stuff to her lips. "Is it nice? It smells of peppermint."

"*Les cocoites l'aiment*," said Lavendie savagely. "A beautiful color. Good luck, *mademoiselle!*" And he clinked his glass with hers.

Noel sipped, held it away, and sipped again.

"It's nice, but awfully sticky. May I have a cigarette?"

"*Des cigarettes*," said Lavendie to the waiter. "*Et deux cafés noirs.* Now, *mademoiselle*," he murmured, when they were brought, "if we imagine that we have drunk a bottle of wine each, we shall have exhausted all the preliminaries of what is called 'vice.' Amusing, isn't it?" He shrugged his shoulders.

His face struck Noel suddenly as tarnished and almost sullen.

"Don't be angry, *monsieur;* it's all new to me, you see."

The painter smiled at once, his bright, skin-deep smile.

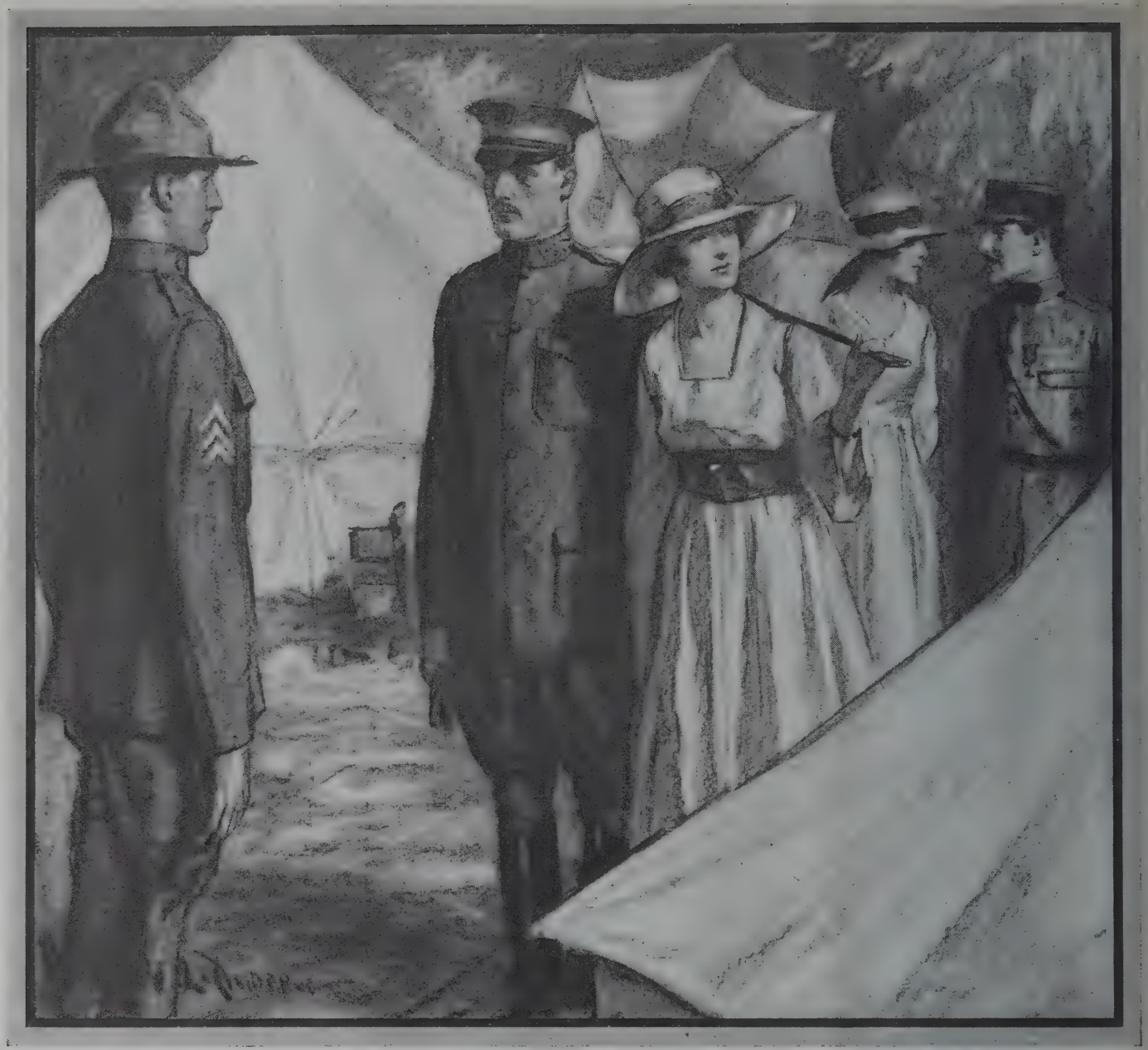
"*Pardon;* I forget myself. Only, it hurts me to see Beauty in a place like this. It does not go well with that tune, and these voices and these faces. Enjoy yourself, *mademoiselle;* drink it all in! See the way these people look at each other; what love shines in their eyes! A pity, too, we cannot hear what they are saying. Believe me, their talk is most subtle, *très spirituel.* These young women are 'doing their bit,' as you call it—bringing refreshment to all these who are serving their country. Eat, drink, love, for to-morrow we die! Who cares for the world simple or the world beautiful in days like these? The house of the Spirit is empty and to let."

He was looking at her sidelong with an expression as if he would enter her very soul. Noel got up.

"I'm ready to go, *monsieur*."

He put her cloak on her shoulders, paid the bill, and they went out, threading again through the little tables, through the buzz of talk and laughter and the fumes of tobacco, while another hollow little tune jingled away behind them.

"Through there," said the painter, pointing to another door, "they dance. So it goes; London in (*Continued on page 119*)



Without lifting a lash in recognition, Jean listened carelessly, all the while resenting that Ned should be put through his catechism

Mutiny

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

IT was nearly daylight. Morn came pulsing across the hills and dallied in the valleys. Creeping through dimmer glades, it roused a breeze that brought the warm, sweet perfume of the pines. Brightening skies revealed a world cluttered with haystacks, built square at the base, and tapering to a conical peak of canvas—an Aladdin city, created by American genius for the training of American troops.

A long-legged sentinel paced jerkily back and forth, pausing at each turn to consider the signs of the east. Rosy glows and pulsing morns never pestered Sid Mosby. Sid had jumped his job of firing on a locomotive and joined this man's army to fire on the *boche*. He was sick of pine smells, and tired of six months' digging trenches for artillery ginks to demolish in six seconds. Sid hankered to chuck such tomfoolery and buckle down to business in France, where fighting was good. Furthermore, Sid figured that if he didn't get over there right away, there'd be no sense in going at all. Americans were mopping up the *boche*, and this squabble might play out before he could arrive with both feet and settle it.

Private Mosby now observed the sun preparing to rise. Which meant that everybody else must rise—without delay, if Sid could prevent. He strode into a tent and shook the bugler.

"Get up, Flanny!"

"Turn loose! You needn't snatch my leg off."

"Get up! Toot yo' horn! We're burnin' daylight."

Flanagan grabbed his bugle, stepped into the company street, and stirred things with a racketing reveille:

Can't get 'em up!
Can't get 'em up!
Can't get 'em up this morn—ing!

But Flanagan did get 'em up—every man of them except those who slept in the cedared graveyard over the hill. Men tumbled from their bunks; men hurried as they buttoned their shirts; men knelt to lace their leggings; men sputtered and clattered over the tin basins—all tingling with electrical expectancy of what was going to happen.

Ordinarily, when sentinel Mosby had turned out everybody else, he turned in himself. This morning, he waylaid the sandy-haired sergeant, Bloxum, before he could get out of his tent.

"Sergeant, got any dope?"

"Sure, War Department wired me confidential to pack my vanity-case and catch my palace special."

"Honest? No kiddin'—are we goin'?"

"Sure! Nothin' can't stop *this* regiment."

Bloxum shook loose from Mosby and struck a bee-line for Sergeant Faison's quarters. He had soldiered side by side with Faison in France, and now looked up to him as the one infallible oracle and friend. Ned Faison was already departing on a hasty scout for news when Bloxum halted him.

"Hold on, Ned! I've got a hunch that we're fixin' to hit the big road. What you think?"

"Think so, too. Our regiment is ready, and ought to be moving." Faison himself kept moving toward Lieutenant Ewing's tent.

"Beg pardon, Lieutenant; but what have you heard?"

"Nothing official; I'll go and ask the captain."

Ewing questioned Captain Woodward; the captain sounded Major Sprague, and the inquisitive major picked his chance to place himself courageously in front of Colonel Nolan.

"Good-morning, Colonel."

"Morning, Major."

"Did the orders come this morning?"

"Not yet, sir; not yet."

The colonel returned Major Sprague's salute, and double-quicked to headquarters, for such information as he might extract from somebody higher up.

Major Sprague paused to digest and construe. Under normal pressure Colonel Nolan would have answered, "No, sir," using the fewest syllables. But the colonel had gone farther and said, "Not yet." He had even repeated, "Not yet"—which was highly significant.

"Not yet" could mean only one thing. The deduction was simple. So Major Sprague hinted to the captain; Woodward confided in the lieutenant; the lieutenant whispered to Sergeant Faison; Faison shared his glad tidings with Rafe Bloxum; Rafe gave Private Mosby the wink; Mosby tipped off the bugler, and, of course, whatever Flanny knew, he bugled all over camp.

"Hey, fellers! Pack yo' plunder—quick! Straight tip from the colonel!"

Cooks whooped up the breakfast; men gobbled their chow, polished their mess-kits, and put every piece of equipment in its proper place. Then nothing happened. Camp-routine simmered down into the same old humdrum. Men hiked and dug and drilled. Nothing happened. Bloxum's detachment engaged in a make-believe trench-raid. Sergeant Faison put his squad through vicious exercises, annihilating *boche* dummies with a bayonet. No news came in the morning; orders failed to arrive at dinner. And here it was, nearly supper-time, with four sergeants growling in front of Faison's quarters—everything just as usual.

Sergeant Satterfield—called "Bigfeller" for short—towered high above the others.

"Now, listen, Faison: I'm an old regular, of twelve years' service—twelve *long* years, understand me—in Mexico and the Philippines. And listen: This government won't give me a dog's chance to fight."

Rafe Bloxum sprang up.

"Aw—quit your bellyachin'! You've traveled, whilst I worked in a sawmill all my life, and never saw nothin' till I went to France. Look at me—and Faison—for a case o' hard luck. We was already *in* France, an' they sent us home. Why? 'Cause we got shot—little scratches—didn't amount to shucks. *Now* look where we are! Look!"

"Yes; but you fellows had your taste."

"Sure!" Bloxum grinned. "That's where the hard luck comes in. We was tastin' right along, an' believe me, it tasted good. Then we got choked off like a pair o' suckin' calves."

A sweep of Bigfeller's powerful arm brushed aside that contention.

"Now listen: My old regiment is in France right now, scrappin' like hell-a-beatin'-tan-bark. An' the men asks continual, 'Where's our big sergeant?' Here I am! This is me—havin' four fits a minute tryin' to teach a bunch of hoboes how to guess their right foot from their left foot—in two guesses."

"Same here." Sergeant Mitchell announced his ultimatum. "I'm willing to give Uncle Sam *just one more week* to send me over. *One week!* Then I'll hop a freight-train and go anyhow."

"Me and you both." Bigfeller slapped Mitchell on the back. "This government can't lasso *me* for no kindergarten job; I'll quit 'em cold. I'll borrow a wooden bill an' pick bugs with the chickens."

Young Faison had never said a word. Five years of military training in college, together with nearly three years' experience in the present war, had taught him self-restraint. Like Bloxum, he wore the striped ribbon of the *Croix de Guerre*. Different from Bloxum, he spoke quietly,

"Bigfeller, you are a most competent trainer of recruits, and —and——"

"Hell-a-mile—I'm itchin' to *fight*."

"Naturally, we all want to go. But you'd be only one man in the trenches, and you are sending hundreds."

"Now, listen: I am an American through and through——"

"Yes; and that's the way Americans have always acted. If you can't do your *own* way, you don't want to do *any* way. Too much individualism, and not enough team-work."

"Aw! Hush preachin' like a Sunday-school parson."

"I'm not preaching; it's a fact." Faison rose. "For the first time in the history of the United States, we now have an army composed of soldiers—trained, disciplined *soldiers*. They've started to Berlin, and, by the grace of God, they'll get there!"

"Sure! And I'll be with 'em—or desert."



"Six millions wouldn't signify. *I'm a-goin'!*"

"Dry up!" Rafe Bloxum warned him. "Here comes the colonel."

Three sergeants wheeled, and sobered their faces. Ned Faison also wheeled, but did not sober his face. On the contrary, he smiled. An auto had stopped near D kitchen. Colonel Nolan and Lieutenant d'Avray, of the French Mission, were assisting five ladies to alight. Four of the ladies did not matter; but the fifth carried a big parasol with white-and-green stripes and a target-center. Ned's glance shot straight to that target and hit the bull's-eye.

All of Colonel Nolan's kitchens displayed the "E X C E L - L E N T" sign as a badge of honor. Proudly he led his committee of critical housekeepers from one to the other for inspection.

Jean Merrill—she of the target parasol—was not a critical housekeeper. Jean had other things to think of besides recipes and centrifugal potato-peelers. After dutifully inspecting three kitchens, she straggled behind at the third screen door and made a tactful getaway. Faison reconnoitered for the expected maneuver, and joined her at the car, standing with a foot on the running-board while the girl bent down and whispered:

"I can arrange it nicely. Colonel Nolan and Lieutenant d'Avray are dining with us to-night. You must come, too. Then I'll have the lieutenant invite you to tea at the French Mission to-morrow afternoon—five o'clock. You and Colonel Nolan will like each other, and he can hurry up your commission. Isn't that diplomatic?"

The girl spoke persuasively, but Faison shook his head.

"Can't do it, dear. The regulations——"

"Bother the regulations! You are just as good as anybody else."

"That is not the point, Jean; the army is no social affair."

"But, Ned, you don't realize how humiliating it is when I visit camp with officers and you keep out of my way." The smiling sergeant held up both hands, with fingers crossed. "You needn't cross your fingers!" the girl snapped. "I *will* talk! It makes me mad."

Their discussions always reached this point, and here they always quarreled. So Jean shifted her base.

"Your father ought to do something."

"Do what?"

"Get your commission *right now.*"

"How?"

"His influence can accomplish anything. And with his money——"

The lad frowned.

"Jean, you certainly would not have my father bribe anybody."

"Of course not!"

"And money won't buy a commission."

"Well—all I know is this: That a man of his prominence ought to find some way to help his son."

"Father has nothing to do with it. If I deserve my commission, I'll get it."

"Very well. You won't help yourself; then I'll show you what a *woman* can do. Watch me jolly the colonel, and——"

"Indeed you won't!" The clear-eyed boy looked straight at her. "I'd be ashamed of my commission if it were wheedled out of an officer by a woman."

" 'Ashamed!' 'Ashamed!' Look how ashamed *I* am of *you!* There you go, sneaking away because the colonel's coming."

As his colonel stepped out of the kitchen door and approached the car, young Faison quietly withdrew, while anger reddened the girl's face.

Colonel Nolan extended his hand.

"Come, Miss Jean; we shall now inspect the company street."

Jean didn't want to inspect the company street. She preferred not to look at Ned Faison; yet the colonel was leading her straight to where he waited, erect, with three other sergeants at attention.

"Miss Jean, I have the best set of non-coms in the service—glance at those four huskies!" Jean glanced. One of the four "huskies" was Ned Faison. Her lip curled scornfully. "And they are highly intelligent. Observe how this young sergeant will answer. Sergeant Faison!"

"Yes, sir." Ned stepped forward and saluted.

"Sergeant, I desire to commend you for efficient work with your bayonet-squad."

"Thank you, sir."

"Where did you get your experience?"

"I had six months, sir, with the British, near Arras."

"I suppose you were with the French?"

"I was, sir, at first, driving an ambulance; then with the British, and afterward a sergeant with our expeditionary forces."

"Wounded and sent home, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's when you received your cross?"

"Yes, sir—with Sergeant Bloxum."

"And detailed here as an instructor?"

"Yes, sir."

Without lifting a lash in recognition, Jean listened carelessly, all the while resenting that Ned should be put through his catechism and dismissed.

For the colonel forgot his sergeant altogether when a motorcyclist dashed up with a paper.

"Ladies, my regiment will parade at once. Wait and see what happens."

At a curt order from the colonel, men began to move swiftly and without confusion. Each seemed to act independently, but to know what he was doing. From her car, Jean watched them assemble, first in small groups that marched a little way and halted. Other groups joined them, forming platoons. Companies shaped themselves. Battalions swung into mass. Rank after rank, company after company, the men marched with the precision of clockwork, then halted like a stone wall. There stood the regiment. It was marvelous.

Jean sprang up and waved her parasol.

"Oh, Lieutenant, aren't they splendid?"

"Remarkably good troops—and they came here a mob."

D'Avray nodded his appreciation.

The band hushed. Stalwart and sturdy and silent, the regiment fronted its colonel. Every man could hear him.

"You will be given opportunity to volunteer for service overseas." Rafe Bloxum glanced at Faison and suppressed a yell. "At command, volunteers will step forward three paces."

Faison had already picked out the exact spot to which he would step.

"Volunteers, forward!"

A movement of men, which ceased immediately. Apparently the regiment had not stirred. No single uniform advanced three paces beyond the others; not a solitary man stepped ahead of his comrade. The entire regiment had volunteered.

Their commander nodded his intense satisfaction.

"You will be at ease. Five minutes."

Dazed by this suddenness of good fortune, the organization held intact, unmoving, and silent until Bigfeller turned a solemn handspring, rose on tiptoe, flapped both arms like a rooster, and crowed:

"Hurray! Three cheers for Christmas!"

Instantly the formation crumbled apart into yelling individuals—men gone mad with ecstasy. Pandemonium broke loose; soldiers tossed up their hats and laughed; they sat down and cried; they danced around, hugging each other. No officer could stop them. Nobody tried.

"Glorious morale!" ejaculated the French lieutenant.

Colonel Nolan did not smile. He must stay behind, and would not be privileged to lead his splendid regiment on the battle-field.

"Attention!"

A whirl of dust, a swarm of men, a reforming into order. There stood the regiment. Again the colonel announced:

"Privates will hand their names to the adjutant. Enlisted men only. No officers or non-coms will be sent abroad."

"Not be sent!" The sergeants stared at each other.

"Ain't a-goin'!" Bloxum gasped.

"Stay here!" Bigfeller's jaw clenched savagely.

And Ned Faison, after his five minutes of exuberant jubilation, felt weak and stupefied and flabby. Without glancing at Jean, who chattered vivaciously to the Frenchman, Ned trudged off with his regiment. Each company wheeled into its own street and broke ranks. Hilarious privates capered round their tents and vanished within to begin packing. Officers stood gloomily apart and envied the happy men.

Lieutenant Ewing dashed his cap to the ground and stamped upon it; then he dived into Private Mosby's tent. Sid had immediately got busy, polishing his bayonet for active service. The lieutenant shucked his coat.

"Here, Mosby; swap with me."

"What for?"

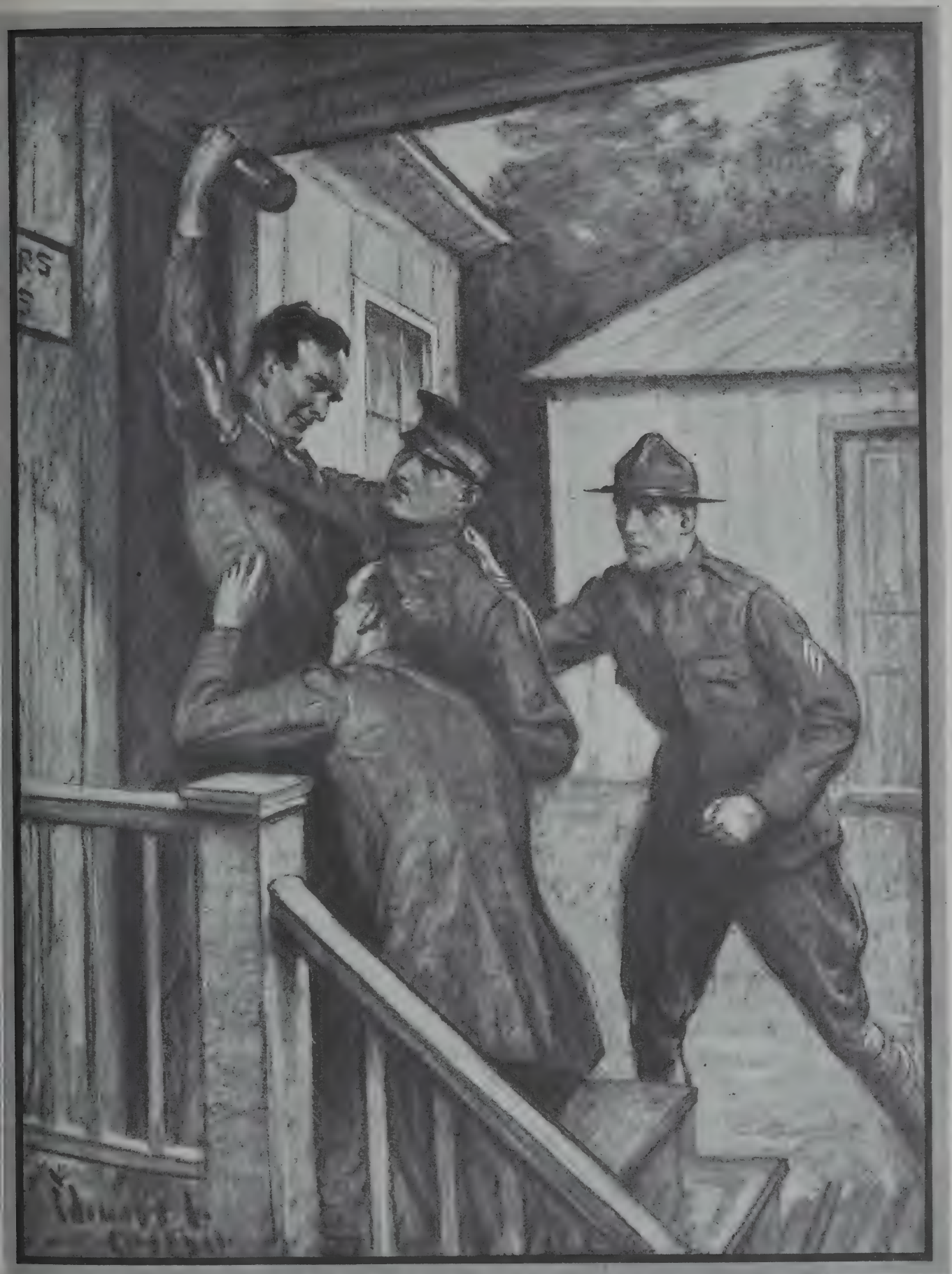
"Let me go in your place."

"No, sirree."

"You'll find six hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds in this pocket."

"Six millions wouldn't signify. *I'm a-goin'!*"

The lieutenant glared, abandoned his coat, and raced off like a crazy man.



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

Bigfeller kept grinning, and held the bottle high above his head—like the torch of Liberty—where his five-foot-eight superior could not reach it. The colonel failed to pull down his arm, clung on, and got red in the face. "Orderly! Sergeant Faison! Help me get this bottle"

Striding up and down the street, Bigfeller raved and tore his hat into bits. He wouldn't stand it; he would desert; he would spend the balance of his life in Leavenworth. Ned Faison listened dully, then stumbled into his own tent and flung himself, face downward, across the cot. Rafe Bloxum blew in behind him, furiously as a cyclone.

"Say, Ned—they ain't goin' to leave *us* here?"

"You heard the orders."

"To drill another bunch of left-handed yaps—left-handed in both feet?"

"That's our job, Rafe."

"May be your job; 'taint mine. It'll be a mighty swift train that leaves this camp without me."

Faison glanced up as an orderly appeared at his door.

"Sergeant Faison will report to Colonel Nolan at once."

From the sheer habit of obedience, he rose and braced himself, with eyes front and chin held high in air; he could not endure for others to know that his very soul was dragging in the dust.

Colonel Nolan occupied a two-room shack, garishly unpainted, with knot-hole decorations, and a skimpy porch where his orderly sat. As Ned Faison approached, he noticed a man go reeling and staggering up the colonel's steps. At first he could not believe that it was Bigfeller, holding a quart-bottle of liquor in his hand.

The orderly advanced and blocked the colonel's door.

"What do you want?"

"Don't want nothin', an' got it already." Bigfeller toted an excessively amiable souse. "Just dropped in to be sociable. Take a drink?"

"No! Get away quick!"—with an apprehensive glance toward the colonel at his desk.

"Say, pard; try 'some. Genuwine article, and hard to get. No? Bigfeller, will you sample the red eye? Thanks, don't care if I do take a little snifter." Up went the flask, and down went the liquor, a full half-pint.

"You better move." The orderly gave him a shove—futile as trying to budge a pine tree.

Bigfeller grinned.

"Pard, I craves company when I drinks."

By a surprise maneuver, he hooked an arm round the orderly's neck and forced the bottle to his lips. Colonel Nolan heard the scuffle and called,

"What's that?"

"Nothing, Colonel," his orderly reassured him.

"'*Tis* somethin', Colonel," Bigfellow sang out cheerfully. "It's powerful good licker, but this striker of your'n must be a prohibish."

The amazed officer hurried to his porch.

"Satterfield, you are drunk!"

"Not yet, Colonel, but on my way."

Again he upturned his fluid refreshment, and the colonel reached for it. Bigfeller snatched it back.

"Not on yo' life."

"Here, Satterfield; give me that bottle!"

"Not me. It's agin' regulations to give licker to a man in uniform."

"Hand—me—that—bottle!"

Bigfeller kept grinning, and held the bottle high above his head—like the torch of Liberty—where his five-foot-eight superior could not reach it. The colonel failed to pull down his arm, clung on, and got red in the face.

"Orderly! Sergeant Faison! Help me get this bottle."

With a quick movement, Bigfeller shifted the flask to his free hand and smashed it to splinters on the bricks.

"There now," he chuckled craftily; "there goes three dollars an' six bits. But I'd rather bust a quart than break the law."

Sweat dappled the colonel's forehead as he stepped back.

"Orderly, call the provost. Satterfield, you are under arrest, reduced to ranks, and will be sent abroad with the other privates."

"Busted! My God, Colonel! I didn't mean no harm."

"Sit down!"

Bigfeller sank in a huddle on the top step and masked his face behind two huge hands while the orderly was telephoning for a guard.

Disgustedly the colonel turned away.

"Sergeant Faison, come with me."

As Faison passed him on the steps, Bigfeller nudged his elbow and whispered:

"Sh! I hope his nibs won't smell that bottle. 'Twant nothin' in it 'cept tea."

"'Tea?'"

"Sure—tea. Now I'm goin' to France."

"'Going to France.'" Faison repeated under his breath as he entered the door.

Colonel Nolan's mustache bristled over some papers on his desk. The day was hot—the colonel hotter.

"Sergeant Faison"—he picked up a large envelop which contained Edward Marr Faison's commission—"Sergeant Faison, my old regiment leaves to-morrow afternoon at six. The new draft arrives here next Monday. You will be in general charge of bayonet instruction. Make all necessary arrangements, and——"

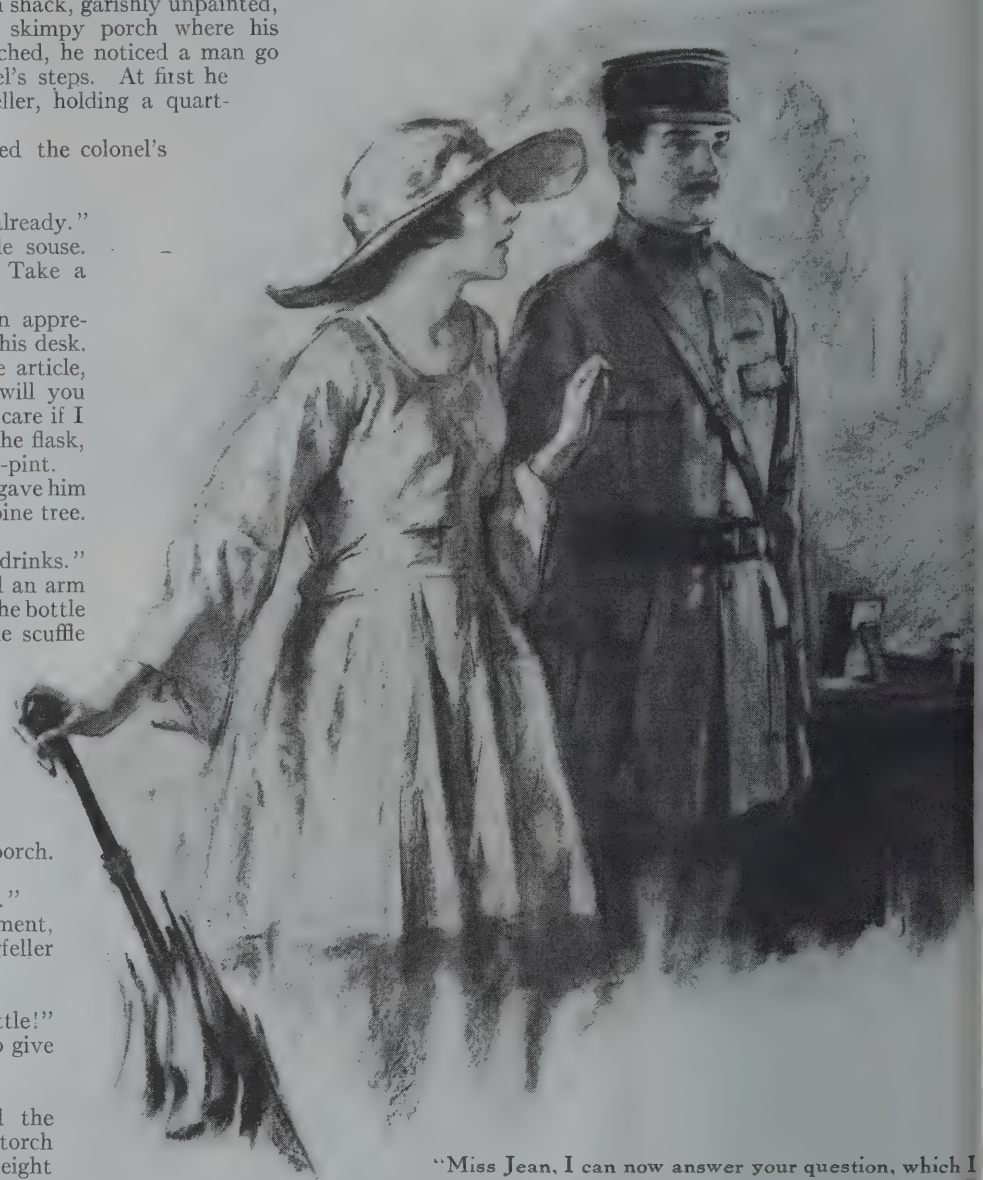
"Like ——I will!"

He had not consciously framed the words, yet Faison heard his tongue pronouncing them with a startling clarity.

The colonel bounced up straight and slapped his palm upon the table.

"What did you say?"

"I think you got me."



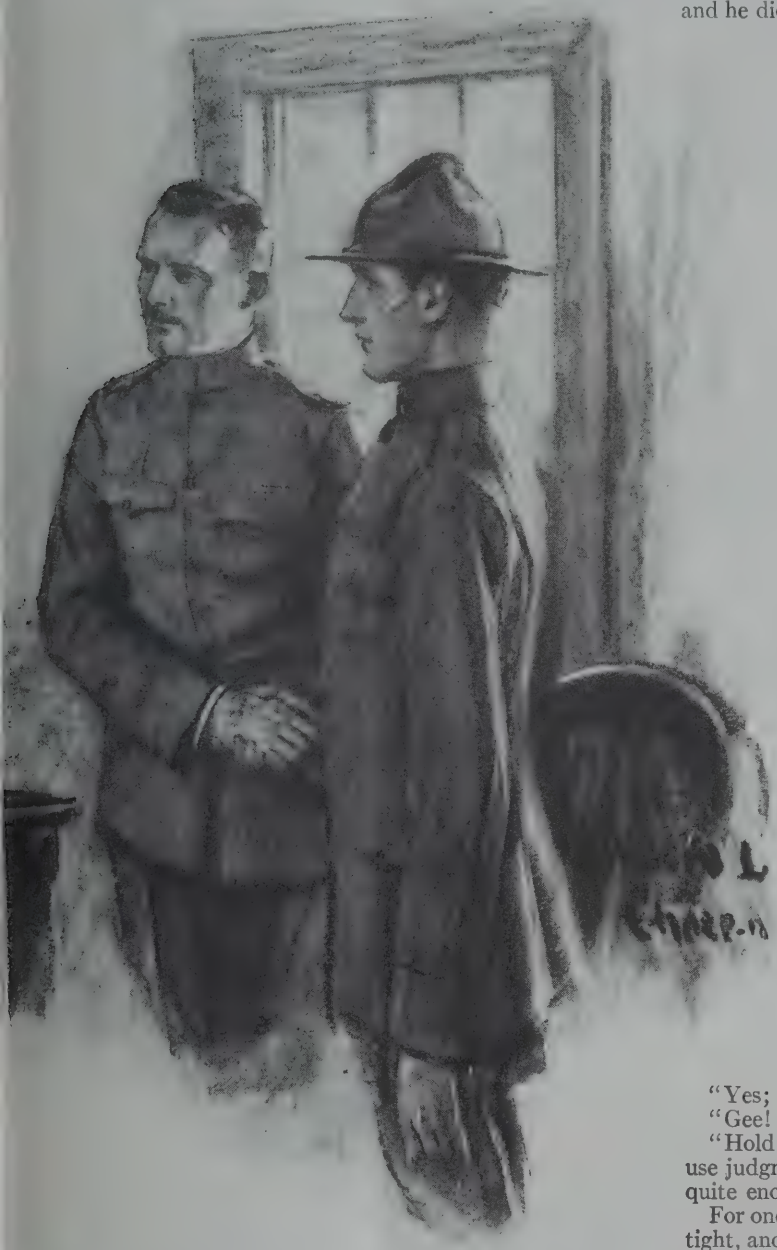
"Miss Jean, I can now answer your question, which I

Deliberately and negligently, the sergeant leaned against his lonel's desk, crossed a couple of careless legs, stuck one hand to his pocket, and fished out a cigarette. Never had he been ore keenly at himself. Could he put it across? It was no pre-editated *coup*, but a sizzling inspiration that came out of the r—or out of Bigfeller's quart of tea. A shiver of excitement ent chasing up and down his back as the colonel whirled and ored a hole straight through him with two glittering gray eyes.

"You said, 'Like —— I will!'"

"Or words to that effect."

Nolan tossed aside the envelop.



eclined to answer last night"

"Orderly."

"Yes, Colonel."

"Remove this man's chevrons. Faison, you are reduced to nks. Report at once for foreign service."

"Why, certainly—if you insist."

To camouflage his delirium of joy, the ex-sergeant very onchalantly selected an eraser from the desk and ripped off is own chevrons.

Grape-vine telegraph flashed the news, and Rafe Bloxum was the st to hear it. Rafe had flocked off in a grouchy crowd all by him-lf, and Sid Mosby hunted him where he sat on a secluded stump.

"Rafe, that's mighty tough about Sergeant Faison gettin' busted."

"Aw—shut up! Can't a fellow have no peace without you hoboes comin' to kid him?"

"Gospel! The colonel busted him a while ago."

"Gee! But I'm sorry." Rafe forgot his own calamity, and went straight to commiserate his friend. But some way or another, as he entered the tent, Rafe got the correct hunch that Faison was not whining for any sympathy. Instead, he was kneeling amid a scatteration of equipment, and whistling,

"Be a hot time in the old town to-night."

Rafe had never seen a busted non-com behave quite so grittily, and he didn't know which end of the condolences to take hold of. Ned's blouse lay on the bunk; so Rafe took hold of that and saw where the chevrons had been ripped off.

"I ain't meddlin', Ned; but what's this about you getting broke?"

"Not entirely broke—only a trifle bent—'hot time—hot time——'"

That puzzling whistle gave Rafe another and a longer spell of thinking. He sat down on the cot, observed his friend, and considered.

"Ned, what you packin' up for?"

"Got fired from this camp."

"Transferred to Texas?"

"Nope."

"Georgy?"

"No—to France."

"'To France?' The —— you are!" The sandy-haired sergeant jumped up; then he took notice of what Faison was dumping into his kit—woolen socks, boots, steel shaving-mirror, gas-mask—old familiar articles which made Rafe homesick for the trenches. Slowly his mind cleared.

"Ned, honest to God—how'd you work it?"

"Work what?"

"To get sent over."

"Oh, I never thought of that." Faison sat back on his haunches, looking so utterly blank that Bloxum caught both shoulders and shook him.

"Quit yo' lyin'. What made the colonel reduce you?"

The other sergeant glanced round cautiously.

"Man to man, Rafe, I can trust you not to blab. Here's how the play come up: Colonel was six and I was two. He dealt, turned a club, and I begged. The colonel gave one—made me three. I played high, low, caught his jack, made the game, and went out—at five dollars a corner. Sure I joshed him. He got peevish and fired me. Shame, ain't it?"

Rafe Bloxum stared down at him.

"Ned Faison, I wouldn't lie that way to a hound dog—let alone a comrade. Tell me the truth."

"Oh, well; since I come to think about it, maybe I did cuss, too."

"What! Bawled out the colonel? Right off the bat?"

"Yes; lost my temper."

"Gee! Never thought o' that. *I'm* going to try it."

"Hold still, Rafe. Don't stampede yourself. You've got to use judgment. Cuss him strong enough to get reduced, but not quite enough to get shot."

For one moment, Rafe Bloxum hesitated, then pulled his hat on tight, and tore out of the tent, while Faison sat back and laughed.

He was still chuckling and packing when Rafe thrust in his close-cropped head.

"Will it do just as well to cuss a lieutenant?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"Because I hiked up to headquarters and squinted at his nibs. Honest, Ned, I ain't got the grit. Suppose I bawl out a lieutenant?"

"'Twon't do. They'll clap you in the guard-house, and hold court martial after the regiment leaves. For quick action, you've *got* to cuss a colonel."

"How about a captain? I'm *bound* to do something." And Rafe was gone to do it.

No loyal comrade should have goaded the bull-headed Bloxum until he rushed away in a frenzy, pawing up the sand and bellowing for combat—especially when every other non-com was of the same belligerent mind. It was calculated to start something. And possibly Faison did not intend to let (*Continued on page 90*)

A YOUNG New York bachelor, Robert Hervey Randolph, has an income of ten thousand a year left him by Brewster Thornton, banker, which is to be his so long as a niece of the banker's, Imogene Pamela Thornton, who disappeared when a child, does not turn up. Randolph wants to marry Madge Van Tellier, but not only does she realize the precariousness of his fortune but she thinks that he does not look on life with sufficient seriousness and would never be able to earn his living. Randolph resolves to show her that he can. Leaving her home, he enters a taxi-cab, unknown to the chauffeur, and is driven to the stage-door of a theater, where he sees a friend of his trying to bully a chorus-girl. He knocks the man down and takes the girl off in the cab. They ride through the park, and Randolph discovers her to be the heiress, now known on the boards as Vivienne Vivierre. He takes her to his apartment on Fifty-ninth Street and installs her there, making her promise to remain until ten o'clock the following morning. He then returns to the cab and, with sufficient money, induces the chauffeur to exchange clothes with him, agreeing to be responsible for the vehicle. Early the next day he goes to the home of Borden Milyuns, Thornton's lawyer, and sends word to him that Imogene Pamela will receive him that morning between nine and ten at the Fifty-ninth Street address. He then takes the cab back to the garage, whose proprietor, delighted at the reading of the taxi-meter, readily agrees that he replace the chauffeur, who, Randolph explains, lost his job to him shooting craps.

Mr. Milyuns goes to the apartment and satisfies himself in regard to the girl's identity. Learning of her good fortune, she declares she will take only half the income. Under the chaperonage of Mrs. Milyuns, Imogene Pamela becomes a great favorite in society.

Meanwhile, there is nothing more heard of Randolph, in spite of Mr. Milyuns' strenuous efforts to find him. One day, Miss Van Tellier telephones the lawyer that she is sure the chauffeur of a taxi-cab she had used the night before was none other than the missing Robert. When Imogene Pamela hears of this, she immediately begins a careful inspection of every taxi-driver she sees, and one slippery evening her search is rewarded in front of the Poppy Club. Unrecognized by Randolph, she enters the cab and gives directions to be taken home. But the vehicle skids into the curb and she is thrown out. Going to her rescue, Randolph sees who his fare is, and takes to flight. But Imogene Pamela has the cab-number and informs Mr. Milyuns.



During the next half-hour, Mr. Milyuns he could have sold on the market

Part III

THE ASCENT TO MARS

WHEN Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, chauffeur, vice Patrick O'Reilly, ex-driver of the Village Cab Company's No. 1898, skidded that vehicle disastrously to the curb in front of the Poppy Club and, as a result of his criminal negligence, in conjunction with Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton's reprehensible peeking occupation, hurled that young lady to the middle of the sidewalk on her hands and knees, he leaped from his seat on a spontaneous impulse to help her to her feet and administer every kind of first comfort that the occasion seemed to demand.

Two considerations, however, shot from the double-barreled blunderbuss of Ridicule and Honor, caught him on the wing, as it were, and deflected his flight from west to east with a sharp turn due south at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue. In the first place, out of the corner of his eye he had seen his one-time friends, Mr. Nearcrost, Mr. Kittens, and Mr. Berry descending the shallow club front steps in an avalanche; in the second place, he suddenly recollected that Miss Thornton was an heiress, high above his present station and intent, as he had gathered from between the lines in various advertisements in the local press referring to the location of his person, on thanking and otherwise recompensing him for turning to the right in a matter of ten thousand dollars a year, unearned increment.

As he gazed for one too brief second down into the pleading eyes and adorably eager face of this lovable vision on her hands and knees, which it seemed unbelievable he had once held in his arms, only the oft-repeated favorite poem of his nurse:

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more,

kept him from facing the avalanche of ridicule and giving the eternally searching Diogenes with his lantern a run for his money. As previously stated, it was not to be. Mr. Randolph turned from the waiting arms of the sweetest temptation ever reniged by man and made his swift way to the sanctum of Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy, foreman-manager of the Village Cab Company.

"Tourke," said Mr. Randolph, "I'm through. Smashed up the two off wheels of my wagon on the curb in front of the Poppy Club. Dock me thirty, please, and make out my pay-check."

"Through, Slim? Whadda ya mean?" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Think I'm goin' to sack you for a skid on a day like this? Pay for your fun, kid, but take another wagon."

Robert Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, shook his head.

"You don't understand," he said. "I—I've lost my nerve."

"Lost your nerve!" gasped Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Whadda ya mean by tellin' me a lie like that? Come on, now; draw a map! Did ye kill the inside?"

"Oh, no," said Slim; "that's just it. I mean, the young lady is very much all right."



delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading that almost any day for fifty thousand dollars

"Taxi!"

An Adventure-Romance

By

George Agnew Chamberlain

Photographic Illustrations by

Lejaren A. Hiller

"I begin to get you," murmured Tourke. "Skirt on your track, eh?" A look of pity followed by one of loyalty crept into his eyes. "Look here, Slim," he continued: "I know that tryin' to trick a female is like playin' hockey with a stick o' dynamite, but we got a lot o' high cards to draw to. First shot out o' the box, all the boys here is for you. Then there's your frien's, the Force. I want to tell you, Slim, you're the first driver I ever had that could flatten out a cop on a busy day an' make him think it was a joke."

"Thanks," said Mr. Randolph, but shook his head sadly.

"Now, listen," resumed Mr. O'Shaughnessy: "I'm goin' to have the boys up here as they come in an' put 'em on. In the enteract, you slip out for a make-up. Get Sally Painter round the corner to tone your face down to the color of your freckles, do a little job on yer eyebrows, an' fix a deep scar in the upper lip of yer speakin'-tube. Get me?"

Mr. Randolph's widely placed blue eyes narrowed in an effort to examine the proposition shrewdly from all angles, and the light of hope was just beginning to dawn across the trouble in his honest face when there came a sharp knock on the door, followed promptly by the rattle of the loose knob and the unceremonious entry of one birdlike, bald-headed, dapper corporation lawyer and two corpulent gum-shoe plain-clothes men.

"Yere! Wot the—" exclaimed the outraged Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

The legal light paid him no heed and advanced on the fast-wilting Slim Hervey with outstretched hand.

"Robert!" he cried beamingly. "My dear boy, I'm glad to see you!"

"Don't take the glad hand, Slim," warned Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "The little runt may be tryin' to serve papers on yer. Now, gents, show yer warrant er I'll call the boys an' you take the consequences."

"I guess it's all right, Tourke," said Slim weakly. "They aren't going to pull me, exactly."

"I don't care whether they think they're goin' to pinch you er not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy, fixing malignant eyes on the two heavy flanking forces of the small lawyer. "I never did like the smell of fat." Suddenly he roared: "Hey! Boys!"

The two bulls, strayed into inhospitable pastures, turned, stepped cat-footed to the door, and took the flight of steps in three. They cannot be blamed, for they had recognized in Mr. O'Shaughnessy the man who had once been arrested for pushing over with one hand a Ford that had crowded him.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his supports, "I just want to talk with you. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, Mr. Milyuns," said Robert apathetically.

"Excuse *me*," murmured Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Did I, or didn't I get the name correct?"

"I beg your pardon, Tourke," said Robert, 'Mr. Borden Milyuns; Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy." He pronounced it "O'Shockenssy," to the delight of the owner's ears, long unaccustomed to the correct intonation of the exotic patronymic.

"I *did* hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tiptoed from the room. "I leave you gents to your family affairs," he added from the door, his eyes drinking a last view of the brain-king he had dared to call a runt.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Milyuns delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading that he could have sold on the market almost any day for fifty thousand dollars, but the sole judge and object of his efforts still sat swinging one putteed leg in mid-air, as though fanning aside the valuable stream of golden words, and continued puffing at one cigarette after another, each lighted from the butt of its predecessor.

"It's no use, Mr. Milyuns," said Robert, at last. "The truth is, and you know it, that a meeting between myself and Pam—Miss Thornton, at the present time and under the exceptional conditions, could only bring about complications beyond the capability of any one of us to handle. Her proposal that she divide her income with me is so absurd that I am amazed at your imper—at your hardihood in even mentioning it."

Mr. Milyuns wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me 'impertinent,' Robert," he said meekly. "Call me anything you please. Only"—and his voice rose gradually to a surprising volume—"don't forget that I promised one of the dearest, most unspoiled, lovable, and wholly adorable young persons that it's ever been my privilege to assure of the impossible that I would bring you to her, and, by the holy mackerel, I will—if I have to hold you by one ear with my teeth!"

Mr. Randolph took his latest cigarette from his mouth during this strictly illegal peroration, and allowed his lips to spread into a broad smile.

"Mr. Milyuns," he said, "I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love. I admit to the human end of you that the only thing that keeps me from rushing straight away to call on the lady you have so accurately described is the fact that I haven't money and she has."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Milyuns.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph. "I'm not keen on charity from you any more than from Miss Thornton, but—more than that—I wouldn't bury myself in your stuffy old sky-scraper at any cash price known to man. In the first place, you belong to the most unoriginal of all professions, and, in the second, you make money too slowly."

"'Make money too slowly!'" gasped Mr. Milyuns, forgetting Mr. Randolph, Miss Thornton, and their affairs for the first time in three weeks, and remembering, for a change, and with a twinge of his hardened conscience, the size of his last retainer. "Ha!"

But Mr. Randolph allowed him no time for indulgence in vocal mirth.

"That's what I said," he continued, unmoved. "To meet Miss Thornton face to face and unashamed, I feel that I must have a capital of at least a hundred thousand."

He sank his head in thought for a moment. When he raised it again, the widely placed blue eyes were there. So was the saddle of faint freckles across his nose; so was the guarantee of honesty in his open face, but superimposed over all was a new look of sudden resolution.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he resumed, "that I shall do myself the honor of calling on her one week from the day after tomorrow at four in the afternoon. There is a condition, however, and it is that I be left alone without any mental reservation by her and you and your agents during the intervening time."

"One hundred thousand in nine days," murmured Mr. Milyuns skeptically. His great brain hung poised in thought for some time, but finally he nodded his acceptance of Robert's terms of capitulation and promptly left the room.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy presently returned and found his favorite driver sunk in strenuous reverie.

"Well, Mr.—er—Robert, are you goin' back to the folks?"

Mr. Randolph raised his head and smiled.

"Call me 'Slim,' please, Tourke—'Slim Hervey' for a while yet. I've decided to accept your offer of another wagon for a week or two—that is, if you realize you'll be doing me just a plain, unornamental favor."

"Sure, kid!" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, flushing, as does all his kind on the verge of gratitude. "That's all right."

"Thanks a lot!" said Mr. Randolph. "And do you mind if I take the Wall Street beat for a while? I need money."

"Why, Slim, what's got ye? Ye know that's the rottenest short-run stand in town. Now, ef it's money you want—" Mr. O'Shaughnessy reached slowly down into his capacious trousers pocket, his eyes, meanwhile, studying Mr. Randolph's physiognomy with a shrewd glint that had forestalled many a clever attempt at a touch in years gone by.

"Yes, money," said Mr. Randolph pensively; "a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

Tourke's face underwent a startling change, as though it had tumbled down a whole ladder of emotions until it landed with a jolt on a solid platform of infinite pity.

"Take any beat ye like, boy, while ye c'n hold the wheel," he said, at the same time jambing the brakes down on his too generous hand. "An' be sure your ol' frien' Tourke ain't goin' to forget to come to the hospital to see you"— he finished almost with a sob—"often."

For five, restless, heart-breaking days, Mr. Randolph and his cab were at the beck and call of every short-horn curb-broker that wanted his friends and customers to see him start away from the scene of others' labors in a taxi. The vast assurance that had graced him when he allowed Mr. Milyuns to infer that nine days was plenty in which to pick up a hundred thousand and that had also tinged a remark made some weeks before to a Miss Madge Van Tellier to the effect that the great thing nowadays was to avoid having too much money had been gradually worn to a ragged frazzle.

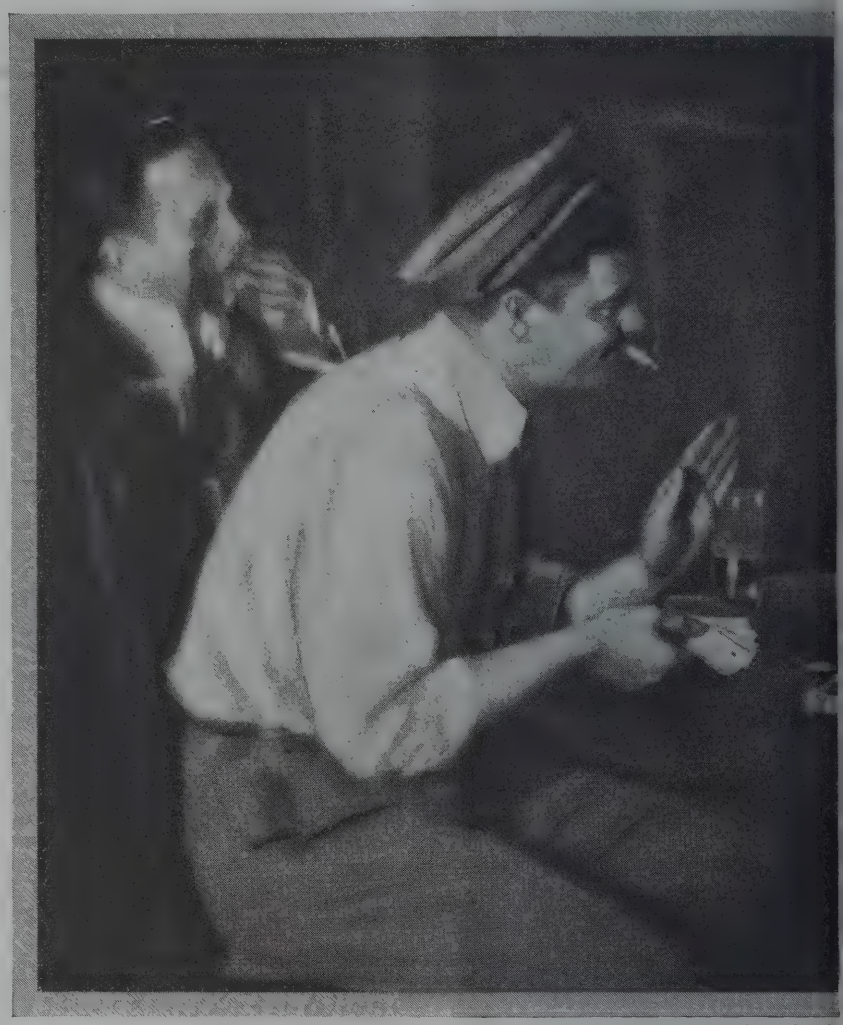
Mr. Randolph was on the point of trying to persuade himself that he was giving way to the too constant strain rather than to any defect in his philosophy of the easiness of wealth when an excited and hatless elevator-boy rushed up and said:

"Here, youse! Mr. Embonpoint Morgum's car has froze. Ring your ol' fire-alarm."

Mr. Randolph almost knocked over a fare that was attempting to get inside.

"Engaged!" he growled, as he stooped to "turn her over."

Five minutes later, his cab was carrying, in the persons of Mr. Morgum, above-mentioned, and another, the potential pivots of very tight-vested interests to the tune of twelve billion dollars.



"Pardon me," corrected Mr. Randolph.

It may be thought that it was Slim Hervey's intention to waft this precious pair to some bosky retreat, cover them with leaves, and hold them for ransom, but such was not the case. He desired nothing from these two potentates among a race of lucre giants beyond what might come to him through his ever-open speaking-slot.

This is all he heard:

"Lewisfader is getting kind of fresh."

"That's what I been thinkin'."

"When?"

"What about Friday, when the Bunkers-Bollweevil report comes out?"

"Good idea! Friday it is."

Not another word, but, as it happened, it was enough to start Mr. Randolph honking up-town the moment he had dropped his laconic fares at their next board meeting. No one had to tell him who Lewisfader was; he had been to college with that financier's son, and if there was one thing above all others that said offspring was good at, it was blowing his father's horn. Lewisfader was this and Lewisfader was that, but principally and especially he was the central rock in the money maelstrom known to the stock-market as "Amal. I. S. & C.," which had only lately dared to swell its portentous belly in the company of the most developed and vicious saurians of the financial world.

All the way up-town, Mr. Randolph's face was concentrated in the nearest approach to a frown of which it was capable. He

is not, however, weighing the substance of what he had heard is way and that, for the simple reason that the moment the one ord, "Lewisfader," had reached his ears, he had seen the great ht and grasped his hunch beyond any thought of looking back. at part of it was settled; what worried him now was the ount of ways and means in his pocket. By thinking very hard, added up his capital without bringing it forth to the light of y. The exact sum was sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents. No sooner had he passed the test in mental arithmetic than he ew up a little beyond the front door of the Rocket Club. He rted to leave his cab, paused, considered, and then deliber-



straight flush—a small one, but my own"

ely lowered the flag. As he entered the lobby of the club, four andalized fronts leaped to bar his way. They asked him a riety of biting questions: Did he think it was a night lunch- gon? Which chambermaid was he calling on? Was he looking r Mills's Hotel?

"Herbert!" roared Mr. Randolph.

The functionary named, head doorman for the Rocket Club ce first it started on its appropriately meteoric career, leaped m his dignified seat on the somnolent side-lines and stared de-eyed at the servile apparition that had dared shout the en sesame to that inviolate portal.

"Mr. Randolph!" he gasped at last, and the stunned fronts rted to slink away.

"Hold on, there!" said Mr. Randolph, and divested himself cap to one, overcoat to another, gloves to the third, and asked e fourth for a light. "Herbert," he continued, in modulated nes, "the cab outside is waiting for Mr. R. H. Randolph. It ay be there for some time. Have an eye kept on it."

"Yes, Mr. Randolph. I'll see to it, Mr. Randolph. George, r. Randolph's letters."

"Never mind the letters," countermanded the oft-named one, id proceeded to thread his way to a certain small room strategi- lly placed well within the depths of the edifice and far from the addening tumult of the streets. The said apartment at the oment of his arrival contained five occupants seated round a rcular table of convenient height and clothed in pale green, kindest of all shades to the eye of man. There were no mirrors on the walls.

Mr. Randolph's entry was greeted first with consternation and then with three shouts.

"Bobby, you old scout!"

"Herv, by great balls of sweat!"

"Randy, from where the devil?"

The speakers arose and pump-handled Mr. Randolph's arm.

"Ye gods, man, where you been? Strayed in from a fancy-dress?"

"Never mind the glad rags, fellows," said Mr. Randolph. "I was just feeling lonely for the sound of chips. Room for another?"

"The surest thing! You don't know these two chaps, do you? Mr. Seegar, passed on to us from 'Frisco, and Mr. Bowling-True, our latest new member. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Randy Randolph, of New Haven and New York, in disguise but still the best ever."

"Table-stakes?" murmured Mr. Randolph, as he took his place, apparently at random, but at the left of the two comparative strangers.

"Of course! Same old ante. Same old game. You talk as though you'd been away for a month."

For a moment, but for a moment only, Mr. Randolph was dazed. Was it possible that the last three weeks hadn't been a year? He drew out his sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents nonchalantly, as though they were merely the loose change he had on his person, bought fifty in chips, and laid the small heap of what was left of his cash on the board. The strain on his nerves during the next half-hour put that of the five days' wait for a hunch on the Street to the blush. There came a moment when all his chips were gone, and he was forced to see with a full house for his small pile of change only.

"Serves you right, Randy," said Mr. Mein. "For forgetting to pile up the ready in a table-stake game, there are two and a half million walking the streets——"

"Oh, stow it!" murmured Mr. Randolph, as he counted out his share, amounting to ninety-two dollars and fifty cents, and pushed across the rest of the fat pot to the next-best hand. He looked up and smiled. "Boys," he remarked frankly, "I'm riding a hunch with four legs. Watch me."

Five spectators did, but got little excitement for their pains. Mr. Randolph was playing that most difficult and uninteresting of poker corollaries—a tight game. Mr. Seegar turned impatient as the conviction grew upon him that he had run up against the original hard-shell who never drew to less than a pair of tens, never bluffed, and could surrender three kings without a sigh to a low straight unseen. He began to make facetious remarks in connection with the safety-first campaign which was then at its height.

Mr. Randolph suffered in silence, and ignoring as well the puzzled looks on the faces of his three old-time friends, nursed his pile through five long hours up to eighteen hundred dollars. Then it was that he suddenly met a raise of two hundred on the part

of Mr. Seegar, tacked on three hundred more, waited for that individual to throw in his very good hand, face up, with the resigned smile of a wise one, and then carelessly displayed in the same manner, his own three-flush, so bobtailed that the attention of the S. P. C. A. should have been called to the case.

The roar of laughter that went up from all but Mr. Seegar was more full and free than even such occasions usually produce. Mr. Mein pounded Mr. Randolph on the back.

"Bobby, old boy," he said, "that was the eternalest, patientest, and deepest-laid trap I've ever witnessed in a lifelong pursuit of the only national pastime!"

The light merely flickered in Mr. Randolph's blue eyes, and he returned to his old job of sawing wood. Not for nothing had he made that grand-stand flourish, and his object had been gained. A new seriousness, masked in cold-edged, classic poker-smiles, settled upon the table as a whole. The idea that they were gathered together merely to while away an idle evening faded into the background, and, one by one, like stars coming out at evening-time, supper-trays began to make their appearance. All but Randolph, they had been toying with poker; now they began to play it.

That gentleman continued for the nonce the even tenor of his stride except for a Lenten concession to his insides. He ordered placed on a stand at his elbow a large jug of ice-water and a platter containing four dozen sandwiches. No added touch could have done more toward persuading his friendly antagonists that he, Randolph, was out for thick blood. If any one of the five had joyed in the knowledge that two slices, thin, of buttered bread embracing a sliver of meat had been named eternally after the Earl of Sandwich on just such an epochal occasion as this, he would probably have seen the high sign and beat it for home and bed.

Night was fast joining the discard when the weary Herbert dared to interrupt.

"Please, Mr. Randolph, the officer on the beat says the grass is lifting your cab, sir, and he thought he ought to report anything like that."

"Tell him to undo the check and let it feed itself down again," howled Mr. Randolph.

The day passed; night fell. Now one and then another of the six devotees of a science which even in the youth of this nation had forestalled all the wonders of the submarine, the flight of man, and wireless telegraphy withdrew just long enough to connect with the Daily Night Bank round the corner or some other convenient base of supplies and returned to set new money to catch old. But Mr. Randolph had no occasion to do this. His heap of chips and cash of the realm rested on too solid a base of its own.

There may be recorded an amusing diversion from the serious business in hand. It was ushered in by the crestfallen Herbert, who confessed that actual physical exhaustion had driven him to forty winks, during which time a professional purloiner of motor-car accessories had stopped, spellbound by the gigantic sum registered on Mr. Randolph's taximeter, had promptly stolen the preposterous clock, and was now on the club steps offering to settle with whoever was the interested gent on a fifty-fifty basis.

Great was the consternation of the enterprising speculator in theft when he was confronted by two persons in one; namely, Mr. R. H. Randolph, lessee of Car No. 1898, and Mr. R. H. Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, the irate driver of said cab. His glib tongue, loaded to the gills with arguments as to how much the fare would save through the sudden exit of the clock from the ken of man, tripped hopelessly on this vision of wrath in the shape of a driver in whose interests the ticker had been faithfully slaving.

It took Mr. Randolph just thirty-two precious minutes to force the crestfallen one to replace and readjust the busy bee of meter-readings. When he returned to the fray up-stairs, he noticed a strange phenomenon of poker—age, unmistakable age, had settled on the faces of the five youths. He put his fingers to his own countenance; he could feel the added years. Something was overdue to happen.

It came in the next half-hour. Mr. Mein, taking advantage of a double straddle, made it an even hundred to draw cards; his left-hand neighbor withdrew; Mr. Seegar expressed an opinion that two hundred suited better his monetary fancy; Mr. Bowling-True cascaded his small stack of chips before his narrowed eyes for three solid minutes and then chucked in his cards. In the mean time, Mr. Randolph had been cautiously "skinning his hand."

This is what he saw: Triplets, the ace of hearts, the ace of clubs, the ace of spades—tailing off sharply and weakly to a three-spot and a five, both of hearts. When it was his turn to decide, another favorite poem of his nurse beginning,

Once to every man and nation——

came insistently to his mind.

"Five hundred in all," he murmured. The two remaining aspirants resigned at once; Mr. Mein paused a long while and then met the raise.

No sooner had he done so than Mr. Seegar pushed into the rapidly fattening pot the call-money and five hundred on top. Having taken the initial plunge, Mr. Randolph was no longer for hesitating. He met the raise promptly and turned slow eyes on Mr. Mein's stubborn face. That gentleman also stepped up the steep grade without noticeable pause.

Three things were now evident to Mr. Randolph: he and Mr. Mein each held a nucleus too good to lay down in the face of the money; Mr. Seegar was possessed of a hub with all the spokes attached, and at this stage would have preferred a shut-out; the dealer was mercifully sitting at Mr. Randolph's left.

"Cards!" he barked.

"Two, please," said Mr. Mein. He received the couple, shuffled them into his three, but was too old a hand to steal even a glance at their skinned edges. He rested a benign gaze on Mr. Seegar's face until that gentleman tapped the table, signifying his intention to remain with those, and then turned it on Mr. Randolph's countenance.

Mr. Randolph, holding the best threes in the pack and having noted a faint shade of eagerness in Mr. Seegar's gesture, immediately eliminated Mr. Mein from the running and concentrated his entire attention on the probabilities of the pat hand. He considered that if Mr. Seegar had really desired to kill the draw, sitting on a pat straight, a flush, or even a full house, he would have advanced much more sharply at the start. The indication was that he held fours or better. Having come to that conclusion, Mr. Randolph passed in mental review his own hand. There seemed to be no room for doubt; he would, of course, draw to his three aces.

"Two from the very top," he remarked, but even as the words left his lips, a still, small voice whispered in his ear, "Hearts are trumps."

Mr. Randolph raised his original five cards and skinned them carefully to determine beyond peradventure whence had been born that potent hunch. The ace, the three-spot, and the five of hearts blinked at him in measured succession. His eyes wandered to the two cards the dealer had tossed, face down, before him. Tiny globes of cold sweat formed on his brow. Suddenly he remembered that he had been riding hunches for thirty-six hours and the end was not yet. He threw into the discard the two black aces.

Mr. Mein bet a single seed of infamous denomination; Mr. Seegar covered it, and added a cool thousand. Without looking at his draw Mr. Randolph pushed his entire pile, amounting to something over six thousand dollars, into the center of the table.

"It's getting a bit late," he remarked, "so I'll cut the game short as far as I am concerned."

"Is that your bet, Bobby?" asked Mr. Mein, thin-lipped and serious.

Mr. Randolph nodded; Mr. Mein threw in with a sigh; Mr. Seegar saw. Robert Hervey Randolph turned up his cards with fingers that quivered in a first display of weakness. The game was irretrievably over as far as he was concerned.

"Flush, eh?" said Mr. Seegar, a greedy gleam in his eyes. "Fortieth Street." He laid down four tens and reached for the monster pot.

"Pardon me," corrected Mr. Randolph. "A straight flush—a small one, but my own."

Mr. Seegar's wan face turned ashy; Mr. Randolph encircled the money with his arm and drew it in. The game ended, as do all titanic battles, in absolute silence. Mr. Randolph sorted, stacked, tabulated his winnings, and stuffed them into all the pockets on his person. He then noted the hour—eleven o'clock of a bright Thursday morning—and, proceeding to the nearest telephone-booth, called up Mr. Charles Kittens, of Kittens & Cats, stock-brokers.

"That you, Charlie? This is Bob Randolph."

"Why, hello, Randy! When did you stop running?"

"Never mind all that, Charlie. Try and remember you have to earn a living. Will you tend to business? I'm serious."

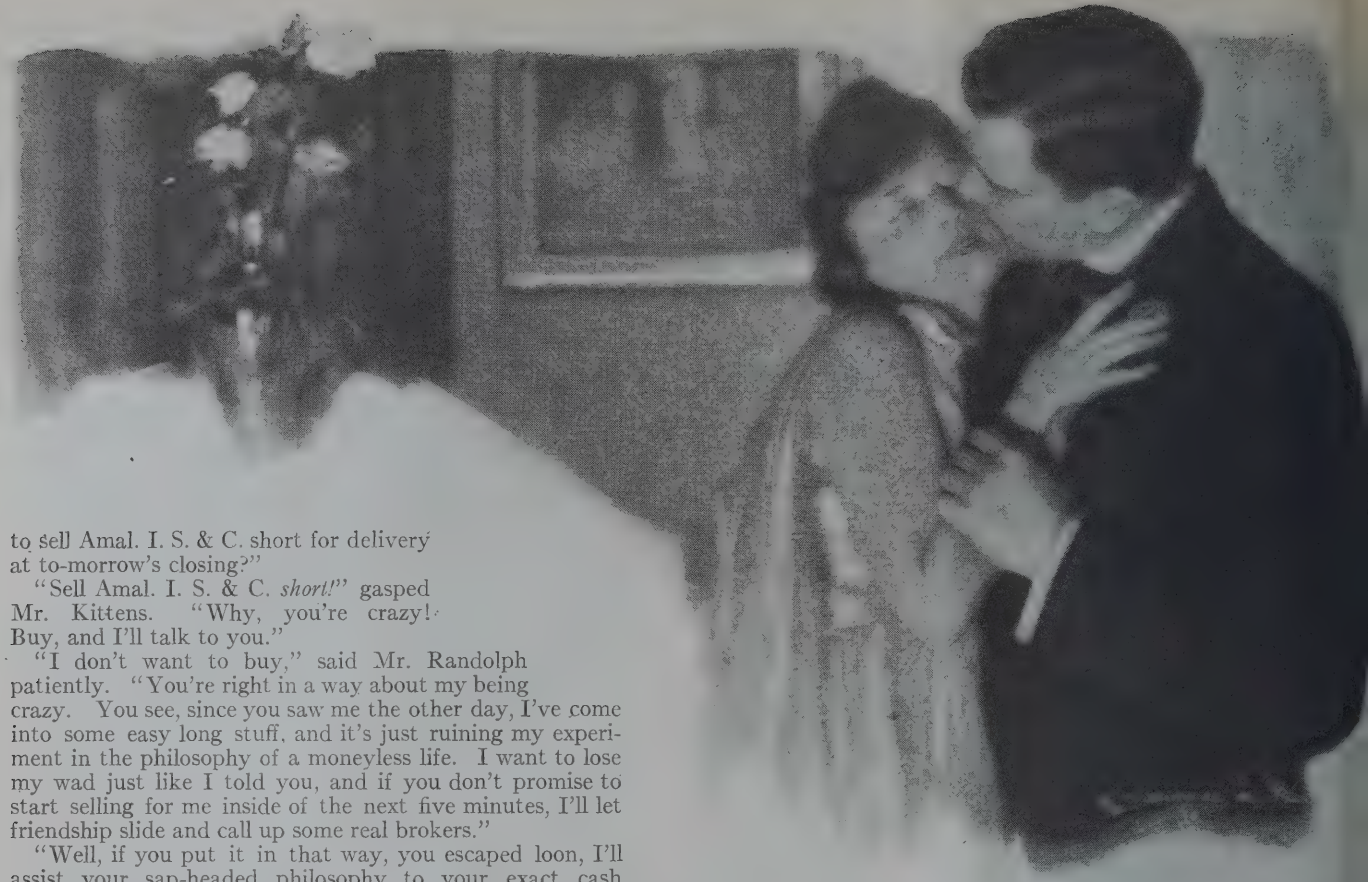
"Sure, old man. Shoot!"

"Charlie, I've got sixteen thousand dollars in my jeans at the moment of speaking. What's the lowest margin you'll give me



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY LEJAREN A. HILLER

They sat on the floor, face to face, and matched a treble: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" with a heavy male: "Haw! Haw! Haw!"



And then they kissed each other—one of those long, unhurried marriages of the lips in which eye meets wondering eye so closely that the barriers of flesh and space and time are pushed aside

to sell Amal. I. S. & C. short for delivery at to-morrow's closing?"

"Sell Amal. I. S. & C. *short!*" gasped Mr. Kittens. "Why, you're crazy! Buy, and I'll talk to you."

"I don't want to buy," said Mr. Randolph patiently. "You're right in a way about my being crazy. You see, since you saw me the other day, I've come into some easy long stuff, and it's just ruining my experiment in the philosophy of a moneyless life. I want to lose my wad just like I told you, and if you don't promise to start selling for me inside of the next five minutes, I'll let friendship slide and call up some real brokers."

"Well, if you put it in that way, you escaped loon, I'll assist your sap-headed philosophy to your exact cash limit! When will you pony up?"

"In twenty minutes by the clock," said Mr. Randolph cheerfully, and rang off.

The historic pounding drive on Amal. I. S. &. C. that started with the opening of the market on the following day was of such Homeric proportions that the advance sale made by Messrs. Kittens & Cats on behalf of Mr. R. H. Randolph during the Thursday afternoon next preceding was a mere drop in the bucket of oblivion to the public at large—a mere flea-bite lost in the shuffling of epidermises to the monster saurians involved in the combat; but to Mr. Randolph it was a matter of transcendent importance. To his brokers, it was destined to become one of those mysteries whose ultimate solution is forever buried in the wilds of far Missouri, for Mr. Randolph took his small revenge by refusing to show them.

With a feeling of great relief over an order that he had placed with his tailor nine days previously for complete new afternoon and evening outfits, the successful hunch-buster collected one hundred and thirty-two thousand, thirty-eight and no hundredths dollars and proceeded to turn in his wagon to the Village Cab Company, together with the highest clock-reading ever known in the history of Manhattan. He then chartered one of the vehicles for hire of that concern and directed it to carry him to his new clothes.

At ten minutes to four, he emerged from his tailor's, garbed in the very latest thing in slim-line morning coats, a top-hat, pearly striped trousers, gloves, spats, a mottled, platinum-handled, snakewood stick, and a gardenia in his buttonhole. Ignoring the wise and friendly sneering look on the face of the cab-driver, who was none other than our old friend of saturnine visage, Patrick O'Reilly by name, fallen on evil times, and reengaged that very day on Mr. Randolph's recommendation, he gave a certain address in Fifty-ninth Street.

Let us now break one of the cardinal rules of narrative for cash by ruthlessly switching the objective point of view. Behold Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton dressed in a ravishing, modestly modern tea-gown effect that would have cost her great-great-grandmother a ducking in the pond off Bleecker Street if she had dared to wear it in her day at a fancy-dress ball, pacing up and down Mr. Randolph's recent sitting-room and counting off nine on her fingers for the hundred and eighty-sixth time.

"Tomlinson, to-day *is* the ninth since Mr. Milyuns called, isn't it?"

"Yes, miss. As I've been telling you all morning, it you will pardon me, it is."

"Well," said Pamela; "*don't forget.* I'm not at home to any one but Mr. Randolph."

Tomlinson passed a thin hand across a wearied brow.

"I won't forget, miss. Them words will ring in my ears to my dying day."

And then, at last, something else rang—the bell! Pamela fluttered hither and thither like a bird just caged, snatched up a book, opened it at random, and finally came to a perch on one end of the big couch before the fire. Tomlinson, his jaw set grimly, advanced upon the door. For an agonizing small moment, Pamela held her breath, and then let it go with a rush as she heard the old valet's sonorous voice tinged, nay, reeking with the joy of welcome.

"Glad to see you back, Master Robert. Miss Thornton will receive you in the sitting-room." Followed jingling sounds as Tomlinson disconnected the door-bell. He was right in surmising that his former employer did not require a guide, but, as it turned out, there was no reason why he should not have witnessed the very proper meeting which took place between the two outwardly cool young members of society who were inwardly, nevertheless, seething with more emotions than there are fumes in a lime kiln.

"Miss Thornton!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, as, from force of long habit, he laid hat, stick, and gloves on a side-table and then advanced with a tentatively outstretched hand.

"Oh, how do you do?" asked Pamela, rising and offering her hand. "Wo—won't you sit down?"

"Thank you; I will."

He took the other end of the couch, crossed his legs in an effort to appear thoroughly at home, and gazed almost furtively at the apparition before him. Ye gods and heaps of daffodils! What vision of loveliness, of charm, grace, breeding, carriage, and nurtured beauty! What a bubbling well of mirth; what a source of the light of youth that never fails; what an armful of divine delight! If seven men with seven hearts should serve for seven years, would they, at the end of that time, have attained sufficient collective virtue to justify their approaching on bended knees to lick her swaying, maddening, slippered little foot?

"Er—I—er—told Mr. Milyuns I'd call," said Mr. Randolph.

"Yes?" eagerly countered Miss Thornton.

"Er—I—said I'd be here at four," supplemented Mr. Randolph.

"Yes; he told me," murmured Miss Thornton, not quite so ardently.

(*Continued on page 8*)



Graceful Emilie Lea

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

EMILIE LEA is an American-born girl brought up in Australia, where she learned both to sing and to dance. Her American début was made at the New York Folies-Bergère, and her double talent has since brought her many engagements. She now has a congenial and graceful rôle in an attractive new play with music, "Glorianna."



An Eurasian Dancer

MARION SAKI'S piquant dancing is one of the chief delights of the New York Hippodrome show, "Everything." She is of Japanese-Scandinavian origin, and a daughter of Nippon by birth. After early training by her father, she perfected her art in the free ballet-class conducted by Madame Pavlowa at the Hippodrome two years ago.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBE



LORRAINE FROST is always in demand whenever there is a rôle of the "motherly" type of girl to be played. She has no need to resort to the technique of her art when portraying a sympathetic nature, and the part she has in "The Unknown Purple," one of the present season's dramatic hits, fits her to perfection.

538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



The Girl Behind the Gun

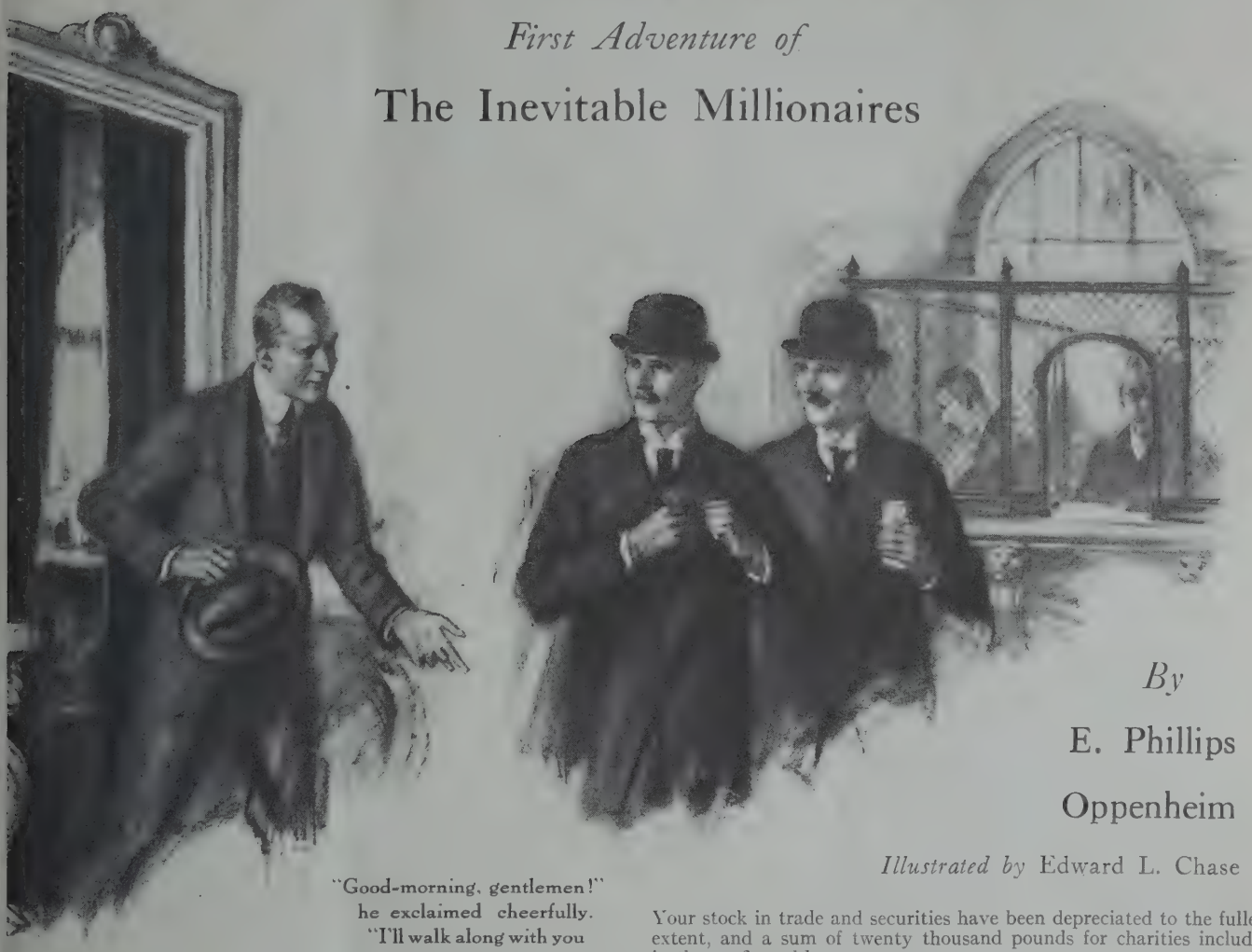
PHOTOGRAPH BY GRISLER & ANDREWS

WILDA BENNETT studied for grand opera, but decided for musical comedy when the chance came to sing the title-rôle of "Sybil" in Chicago—a decision that quickly gave her a high place in that line of work. She has repeated last year's success in "The Riviera Girl" with the present season's "Girl Behind the Gun."

"The Singing Bird"

First Adventure of

The Inevitable Millionaires



"Good-morning, gentlemen!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "I'll walk along with you to Prosser's"

By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

THE document was brought in by the head clerk himself, while the brothers, Stephen and George Henry Underwood, were in the act of clearing up their respective desks preparatory to leaving the office for the midday meal. They opened the envelop together, turned over the rustling pages, and gazed at the final result with joint and breathless awe.

"We are millionaires," George Henry murmured.

"With a few thousands over," his brother pointed out. "We have made a profit of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds this last year."

"Incredible!" George Henry gasped.

"It is, nevertheless, true," Stephen asserted.

They looked at one another with the shamefaced air of schoolboys convicted of a misdemeanor. Thoughts of luncheon had, for the moment, left their minds.

"After all," George Henry, who was the optimist of the firm, pointed out hopefully, "we are only half a millionaire—I mean, we are only a millionaire between us."

"It is impossible to escape from the fact," Stephen groaned, "that we are worth exactly five hundred and three thousand pounds each."

There was an awkward silence. The possession of such wealth was without doubt criminal. George Henry peered once more into the envelop.

"Here is a letter from Mr. Duncan," he announced.

"Read it," his brother begged.

George Henry adjusted with precision a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses upon his nose, cleared his throat, and read:

17 Throgmorton Street,
May 9th.

"DEAR SIRS:

"I enclose your annual balance-sheet, upon which I will make no comment save to offer you—shall I say my wondering congratulations? Your stock in trade and securities have been depreciated to the fullest extent, and a sum of twenty thousand pounds for charities included in the profit-and-loss account.

"I feel that the time has now arrived when it is my duty to forward to you the enclosed letter, left in my care by your late father, with instructions to pass it on to you under certain contingencies which have now arisen. I feel sure that you will realize your obligations in the matter.

"Sincerely,
"THEODORE DUNCAN."

"A letter from our father," Stephen murmured, gazing at the envelop.

"It is certainly his handwriting," George Henry declared.

They lingered for a moment over it, as one does over a communication from the dead. Then Stephen reverently cut the flap of the envelop and drew out the enclosure. He read out its contents in a low tone.

"MY DEAR SONS:

"I am leaving you a business which, barring any great changes in the commercial world, seems to me likely to make you both, in a very short time, exceedingly rich men. I send you a few words of advice, begging you to avoid a certain mistake into which I feel that my perhaps too frugal habits have led me. You know the conditions under which you spent your boyhood—pleasant, I trust, but governed all the time by the most rigid economy. Up to these last days, I believe I am correct in saying that I have never drawn from the business more than fifteen hundred pounds a year. I have had no expensive tastes to gratify; our charities are fixed by an ancient deed of partnership, and I have been happiest in the modest way of living to which I have been accustomed. Of late, however, I have seriously questioned the wisdom, the policy, and the integrity of living upon the twentieth part of one's income. I have been convinced of a new truth. It is the duty of the man enjoying a large measure of prosperity to spend a reasonable proportion of it.

"I charge you, therefore, Stephen and George Henry, without waste, yet with a certain lavishness, to disseminate among your fellow creatures a considerable portion of the income which I feel will accrue to you. Avoid the Stock Exchange or gambling upon horses. In



It was, perhaps, not altogether to be wondered at that, when the two brothers pushed open the swing doors and stood upon

other ways do not neglect speculations likely to bring good to others. Without undue extravagance, try to find pleasures which need money to gratify them. The art of spending is as difficult as the art of saving. I beg you both to cultivate it, so that, if your wealth should at any time become known to the world, you will avoid the, to me, entirely opprobrious epithet of 'miser.'

"These are my last words to you, my sons, and I conclude with all love.

"Your affectionate father,

"STEPHEN UNDERWOOD."

"Our dear father is right," Stephen observed gloomily.

"Without a doubt," George Henry assented, in a tone of abject misery. "Even if he were not, the charge upon us is one which we must accept."

As men confronted with an unexpected crisis, they stood looking at one another helplessly. George Henry, who was two years the younger, waited, as was his custom, for his brother's initiative.

"We must spend more money," the latter declared firmly.

"A great deal more," George Henry echoed.

"We must change our life and our habits," Stephen continued dolefully.

"Entirely," his brother acquiesced, with kindred dejection.

The senior partner in the firm of Underwood Brothers took down a small bowler hat from its peg and handed a similar article of apparel to his brother.

"We will begin with luncheon," he declared firmly.

The healthy color faded from George Henry's cheeks. He was momentarily aghast.

"You mean that we are not to lunch at Prosser's?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly not," was the firm reply. "We will lunch at—at the Milan."

It is probable that George Henry had never admired his brother more.

"We shall need money," he reminded him, in an awed tone.

"That shall be arranged."

A few minutes later, the swing doors of a neighboring bank were pushed open, and Stephen, followed by George Henry, entered. They were neither of them of commanding presence. Their attire was ordinary, their bearing unassuming. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of the bank for the next few minutes can only be described as one velvety purr. A payer hurried to greet them with welcoming smiles; the commissionaire raised his hat a whole foot away from his head; the manager himself waved his hand from behind the curtains of his private office and embarked upon a desperate struggle to get rid of an importunate client. Meanwhile, Stephen produced a check-book from his pocket, carefully filled in the counterfoil first, and, in a reasonable space of time, handed across the counter a check for a thousand pounds.

"In tens and twenties, if you please," he directed.

The cashier received the check with an unctious smile, drew



the threshold of the restaurant, they were conscious of a certain confusion

a glass receptacle filled with water to his side, wetted his forefinger, and commenced the business of counting. Stephen and George Henry Underwood stood patiently watching. At first sight, the two brothers might have been taken for twins. They were both about five feet five inches in height; they both had kindly if insignificant faces, shrewd gray eyes, and tight, firm lips. Stephen's brown mustache, however, was scantier than his brother's, and the intruding note of gray was more obvious. His hair round the ears was a little more grizzled, and there was a little less color in his somewhat thinner cheeks. They both wore broad-toed shoes made to order by a boot-maker in the City, dark business suits of unfashionable cut, collars of antiquated shape, inoffensive ties, and black bowler hats.

"Five hundred pounds in tens, Mr. Underwood, and five hundred in twenties," the cashier remarked urbanely, as he pushed the two little piles of notes across the counter. "Wonderful weather we are having."

"Extraordinary for the time of the year," Stephen assented.

Then there was a brief silence. Both brothers had produced very similar brown-morocco pocketbooks and were absorbed in the task of dividing the money. Finally this was accomplished, and they turned to leave the bank. Before they reached the door, however, they were overtaken by the bank-manager, who had got rid of his client.

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "I'll walk along with you to Prosser's. You've left us a little money to be going on with, I hope?"

Neither brother replied to the time-honored joke. They exchanged glances, and George Henry nodded slightly. It was Stephen who accepted the onus of disclosure.

"We are not going to Prosser's this morning, Mr. Lawson," he said deliberately.

"Not this morning," George Henry echoed.

Mr. Lawford stopped short upon the pavement. His appearance indicated shock.

"Not going—to Prosser's?" he faltered. "God bless my soul!"

He glanced feverishly at the date upon the newspaper which he was carrying. It was Tuesday, beyond doubt—a common, ordinary week-day. Reassured, he sought for enlightenment.

"You are both all right, eh?" he asked anxiously.

"Perfectly," George Henry assured him.

"The fact is," Stephen announced, with an elaborate air of unconcern, "we are lunching in the West End."

"Having just a snack at the Milan," George Henry put in airily.

"God bless my soul!" Mr. Lawford murmured again, thereby displaying a pitiful lack of originality in his emotional outlets. "Ah—a customer, perhaps?" he added, seizing eagerly upon a possible explanation. "I thought you always left that sort of thing to Mr. Hanworth?"

"We do," Stephen acquiesced. "If you are going to Prosser's, perhaps you will be good enough to tell William not to reserve our places to-day."

Mr. Lawford had found himself. He understood that any further expression of astonishment would be out of place.

"Certainly—certainly," he agreed. "You haven't forgotten that this is boiled-beef-and-dumplings day?" he added jocularly. "Well, well—good-morning. Prosser's won't seem itself without you."

The two brothers hailed a taxi-cab, and Stephen gave the address. There was a brief silence after they had started on their pilgrimage westward.

"Mr. Lawford seemed quite surprised," George Henry observed presently.

"Unreasonably so, I thought," Stephen assented severely. "Mr. Lawford is a man of the world. He should realize that one's movements are subject to—er—derangement."

George Henry coughed.

"Except on holidays," he ventured, "and the week when you had a bilious attack, we have lunched at Prosser's, at the same table, every day for eleven years."

Stephen frowned.

"It is too long," he declared. "I am very glad that Mr. Duncan thought the time had arrived to send on our dear father's letter. If we are not careful we shall get groovy. We must make changes—in other directions as well, perhaps. We must not get into a rut."

George Henry shivered a little with excitement as he listened to his brother's words. The taxi-cab driver leaned backward and addressed them through the window.

"Café Parisien or restaurant?" he inquired.

George Henry was, by the accident of places, the recipient of this inquiry. Vaguely excited by his brother's words, he was all for adventure. The Café Parisien sounded foreign and mysterious. His voice almost shook as he replied.

"The café, driver."

He leaned back in his seat with the air of one who has performed a great deed. Stephen smiled approvingly.

"The Café Parisien sounds most attractive," he admitted. "This, I suppose, is it."

The taxi-cab had turned into the Milan courtyard, and pulled up outside the glass-covered portico on the left-hand side. A liveried servant opened the door. Gorgeous persons in silk coats and knee-breeches relieved them of their hats and umbrellas in a little lobby crowded with a most reassuringly cosmopolitan throng. It was, perhaps, not altogether to be wondered at that, when the two brothers pushed open the swing doors and stood upon the threshold of the restaurant, they were conscious of a certain confusion. The room was full, and there was no one to recognize in them new and important patrons. They missed the obsequious approach of the head waiter at Prosser's, the respectful greetings of City men to whom their name was holy, the urbane smile of the frock-coated manager himself.

At Prosser's, too, the feminine element was entirely absent; here it was insistent and amazing. A dark-eyed Frenchwoman, wearing a military-widow's veil, carrying a small dog under her arm and displaying more ankle and leg than either Stephen or George Henry had seen for a great many years, enveloped them in a little cloud of perfume and pushed past with a muttered, "*Pardon, messieurs!*" And at every table— The brothers exchanged doubtful glances. George Henry coughed.

"These young ladies seem rather young to be lunching in a public restaurant," he murmured.

"They are perhaps older than they seem," Stephen replied, with an air of wisdom.

It was at this precise moment that Providence intervened on behalf of the Underwood brothers. The high priest of the café, gazing round him for a means of escape from an undesirable but persistent client, saw them blocking the way. His necessity invested their presence with a new significance. He bore down upon them like a whirlwind. His bow and smile were such as were usually reserved for patrons of the highest distinction.

"We should like some luncheon," Stephen confided. "We have been recommended here by a friend."

Monsieur Louis looked round the place long and searchingly. He would have been glad to have found a retired table for these quaint but opportune patrons. The place, however, was packed.

"If you could wait for a quarter of an hour, gentlemen," he suggested.

The faces of the two brothers fell simultaneously. It was obvious that the suggestion was unwelcome.

"We are used to lunching punctually at a quarter past one," George Henry explained. "My brother's digestion——"

"There is a table here," Stephen interrupted, pointing to one just inside the door.

The *maître d'hôtel* hesitated. It was true that he had the table in question at his disposal, for it had only that morning been given up by a regular patron who had returned to America. It was one of the most desirable in the room, and he had been reserving it as a *bonne bouche* for some special client. Like all great men, however, confronted with a crisis, he made up his mind quickly. With a shrug of the shoulders, he withdrew the "reserved" card from its place and invited his new patrons to be seated.

"It was reserved," he explained; "but no matter. And for lunch?"

Stephen took up the menu and George Henry looked over his shoulder. The result was chaos and distress. Once again, however, the pioneer of this enterprise was equal to the occasion.

"We do not understand the French language," he observed simply, laying down the *carte*. "What joints have you ready? Or we should be glad to try the dish of the house."

The lips of Monsieur Louis twitched. It was the affair of a moment, however.

"Allow me to serve the table-d'-hôte luncheon," he suggested. "And to drink?"

"A little Perrier water with lemon in it," Stephen replied. "Afterward, two glasses of port."

Monsieur Louis made his escape, and paused for a moment by his desk to recover himself before he plunged once more into the fray. The brothers were served with their luncheon, and enjoyed it. They vied with one another in their praise of everything that was set before them. Each was anxious to proclaim the experiment a success.

"A most delicious omelet," Stephen declared.

"Those little things in small dishes were most savory," George Henry proclaimed.

"And the thin steak—'*entrecôte minute*,' they called it"—his brother continued, "had a most agreeable flavor. I sometimes wonder"—Stephen paused to take another sip of his port, and proceeded with vinous confidence—"I sometimes wonder whether Mrs. Hassall is quite as good a cook as she used to be."

"It is melancholy to have to contemplate a change," George Henry sighed, "but her cutlets last night were floating in grease."

"We will give her a fair chance," Stephen decided jesuitically. "We will dine here one night and compare the result."

George Henry shook with excitement.

"We should have to wear evening dress," he murmured.

"We are provided in that respect," Stephen reminded him, with dignity. "I remember thinking last year, at the dinner to Mr. Ferguson, how well your dress coat looked."

"It is eighteen years old," George Henry remarked.

"I see no reason why a dress coat should not last for a lifetime," Stephen declared. "It is a garment for use on rare occasions—George Henry!"

"What is it, Stephen?"

"The youth at the table opposite, with the exceedingly well-favored young lady. It seems to me—yes—it is Harold!"

The recognition appeared to be mutual. The fashionably dressed youth indicated arose, muttered something to his companion, and somewhat sheepishly approached the table at which his uncles were seated. He wore a black lounge suit with a thin white stripe running through it, a white-flannel collar, and a long, carefully arranged tie. His hair was brushed sleekly back, and a monocle dangled from a cord round his neck. His coat curved in at the waist exactly as the coats of all the other young men. The sight of him and the consciousness of their relationship seemed to bring the brothers into more human touch with their surroundings. They welcomed their nephew, therefore, with unexpected cordiality.

"This is indeed a surprise, Harold," Stephen declared.

"Mutual—what?" the young man declared nervously. "What price Prosser's, eh?"

"We are seeking a change," George Henry remarked. "It is our first visit here."

"Top-hole grub," the young man murmured, with a sidelong glance back toward his table.

"We have lunched excellently," Stephen admitted. "We are pleased with the place. How is your mother, Harold?"

"Ai. She is down at Bournemouth for a few days."

The uncles tactfully avoided any reference to a possible connection between that fact and Harold's luncheon companion. Stephen became suddenly inspired.

"Since you are probably accustomed to the ways of this place, Harold," he said, "you can possibly advise us upon the subject of the remuneration ordinarily tendered to the waiter. At Prosser's——"

"Ten per cent. of the bill," Harold interrupted. "Same everywhere at these places."

Stephen smiled a well-pleased smile, and nodded understandingly at George Henry.

"That is easy to calculate," he remarked. "And, Harold?" The young man, who was becoming more at his ease under the influence of this unexpected geniality, assumed an air of interest. "The head waiter with the dark mustache, coming up the room now, was very civil to us on our arrival. Would it be in order if we were to tender him also some recognition—say a shilling?"

Harold glanced behind, and his face was transformed by a beatific grin.

"Monsieur Louis!" he exclaimed. "Lord love us, uncle Stephen—a shilling! My hat!"

Stephen's forehead was puckered and he became contrite. Obviously he had been on the point of a *faux pas*.

"Advise us, if you please, Harold," he begged simply. "We wish to do the correct thing."

"Monsieur Louis," Harold explained, with bated breath, "is a pedagog, a mandarin, a—er—the big bug of the place. He gets about two thousand a year salary, and commission. You could send him a check for fifty pounds at Christmas-time, perhaps, or give him a sure Stock Exchange tip, or make him a present of that pearl pin you are wearing. But to offer him money—and a shilling! Phew!"



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

"Mayn't I give you a kiss?" she asked. "For God's sake—no!" he stammered, in terror. "Forgive me, my dear Miss Whitney, do you realize where we are—and—and——"

The young man seemed suddenly hot. His uncles were both humble and penitent.

"We are very much obliged to you, Harold," Stephen said. "You have probably saved us from committing a grave mistake."

"One moment!" George Henry intervened, as Harold showed signs of backing away. "Our curiosity has been somewhat excited by the—er—dissimilarity between the faces of the young ladies who seem present here in such large numbers and their attire. They seem mostly to be still in short skirts, but to have an older appearance so far as regard their features and deportment. One hears that at boarding-schools nowadays——"

"Fluff," the young man interrupted laconically. "It's a great place for it."

"'Fluff?'" George Henry repeated gravely.

"I am afraid," Stephen admitted amiably, toying with his last drop of port, "that the phrase conveys nothing to us."

"Chorus-girls," Harold explained patiently, "young actresses—what? Those short skirts are all the go now. Fetching, too—ain't they?—with white-silk stockings and black patent shoes."

"And the young lady who is your companion?" George Henry inquired diffidently.

"Oh, she is on the musical-comedy stage," Harold explained. "Jolly clever, too! Blanche Whitney, her name is. She's looking out for some guy to boom her. So long!"

The young man departed, and his uncles exchanged somewhat furtive glances. Stephen cleared his throat.

"It is very kind of Harold, no doubt," he declared. "The lives of these poor girls who are forced to work for their living are doubtless dull and strenuous, and a little change may be desirable. But I cannot think that he is quite wise in entertaining this young lady for luncheon in the middle of a business day. I am afraid that Amelia would disapprove."

George Henry coughed. He had the air, somehow, of sympathizing with his recalcitrant nephew.

"We must remember," he said, "that we are in bohemia. Until we appreciate the conditions a little better, perhaps we had—er—we should be wiser not to worry Amelia."

"I quite agree," his brother assented, unfolding the bill which had just been brought to him. "Amelia would doubtless wonder at our own presence here."

Stephen, with great care, added up the items of his bill, calculated the ten per cent. and received the waiter's bow and thanks.

"I think, George Henry," he said, with an air of satisfaction, "that we have made a move in the right direction. The cost of our luncheon was enormous—fully three times as much as the charges at Prosser's."

"Capital!" George Henry exclaimed cheerfully.

"At the same time," Stephen reminded him, "it will take a great many lunches to help us to any real extent toward our object."

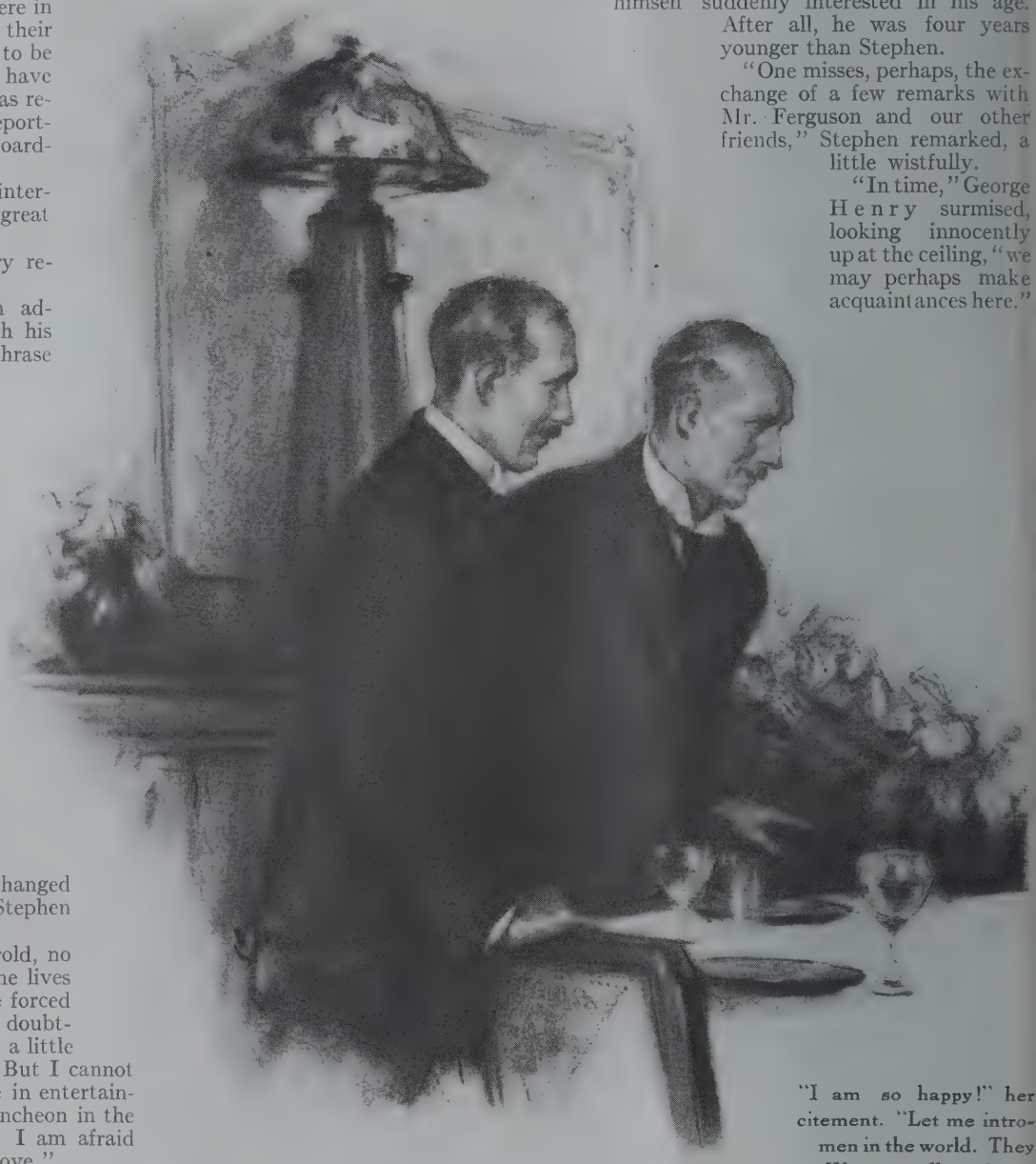
"I fear," George Henry sighed, a little hypocritically, "that we must look upon this change in our midday meal as the first step toward changes all round."

"You are right," Stephen agreed. "You are very right indeed."

The room now was overhung with a faint cloud of cigarette smoke. The hum of conversation had grown louder; a general air of relaxation prevailed. George Henry found himself glancing often at a couple of fair-haired young ladies who were lunching at an adjacent table. He was conscious of a peculiar elevation of spirits, a sense of suppressed excitement, pleasurable but most unusual. He found himself suddenly interested in his age. After all, he was four years younger than Stephen.

"One misses, perhaps, the exchange of a few remarks with Mr. Ferguson and our other friends," Stephen remarked, a little wistfully.

"In time," George Henry surmised, looking innocently up at the ceiling, "we may perhaps make acquaintances here."



"I am so happy!" her
citement. "Let me intro-
men in the world. They
We are really going to

"Quite possible. Quite possible," his brother assented. "I think, George Henry, if you are ready, we will go. We have the export accounts this afternoon, you know."

They rose, George Henry with much reluctance. It was absurd, of course, but the taller of the two fair young ladies had certainly glanced more than once lately in his direction. He straightened his tie, stood up, and wished that he were a little taller. Monsieur Louis, passing down the room, paused before their table.

"The luncheon all right, I hope, gentlemen?" he inquired, with one of his famous bows.

A cold shiver passed down Stephen's spine at the reflection that a short time ago he had actually contemplated offering this august being a shilling. He remembered that it was his nephew who had saved him—the boy should never lose by it. Then inspiration came. He would atone for the unoffered insult.

"The luncheon was excellent," he replied. "My brother and I would like you to accept this little offering," he added, drawing his pearl pin from his tie. "We should like this table reserved for us every morning, except on Saturdays and Sundays, at

one-fifteen, and for dinner to-night at eight o'clock. Our name is Underwood. Good-morning."

However timid their entrance to the hallowed precincts of the café had been, the honors certainly remained with the brothers on their departure. Monsieur Louis, with the pin in the palm of his hand, was speechless. His bow was automatic, and his murmured word of thanks inaudible. He drew a little breath and straightened himself.

"Charles," he directed an adjacent waiter, "that table is reserved for dinner to-night at eight o'clock, and every day except Saturdays and Sundays for luncheon for those two gentlemen. Their name is Underwood."

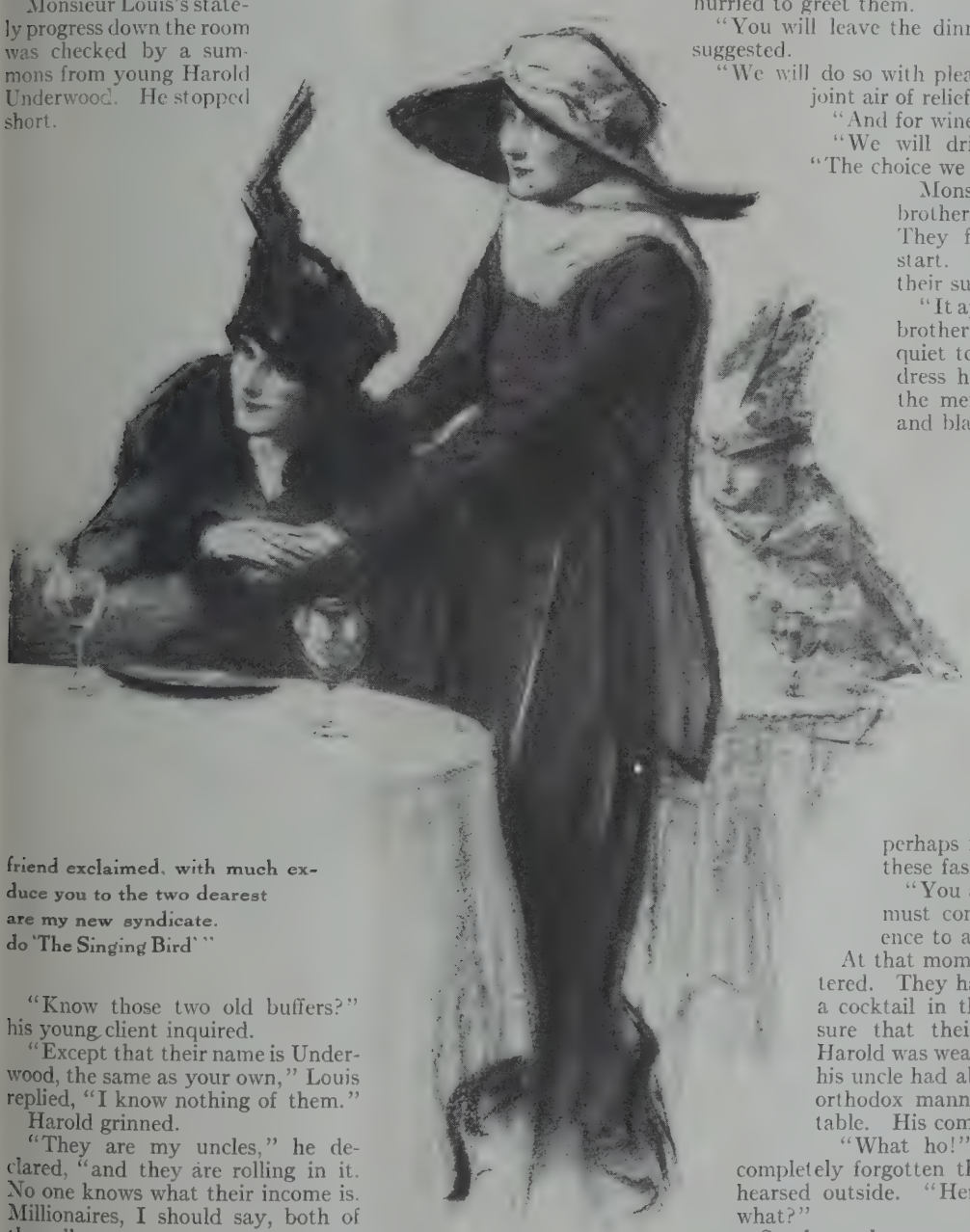
The waiter hesitated.

"There have been a great many inquiries for it, sir," he reminded his chief.

Monsieur Louis waved him away.

"We have here," he said, "a new order of patron. Where they come from or what they may be, I do not know, but the table is theirs."

Monsieur Louis's stately progress down the room was checked by a summons from young Harold Underwood. He stopped short.



friend exclaimed, with much exduce you to the two dearest are my new syndicate. do 'The Singing Bird'"

"Know those two old buffers?" his young client inquired.

"Except that their name is Underwood, the same as your own," Louis replied, "I know nothing of them."

Harold grinned.

"They are my uncles," he declared, "and they are rolling in it. No one knows what their income is. Millionaires, I should say, both of them."

"Dollars or pounds?" the young lady by his side asked quickly.

"Pounds—good English pounds," her escort assured her.

Miss Whitney's very beautiful eyes glistened. She became thoughtful.

"The gentlemen will lunch here every day," Louis announced. "I have promised them Mr. Higgins's table."

"By Jove, Louis," the young man exclaimed, with a faint whistle, "they've got round you all right!"

"Your uncle is very generous," the *maître d'hôtel* murmured, opening his palm. "He has just given me this."

The two young people stared at the pin.

"It's worth a cool fifty," Harold muttered.

Miss Whitney's manner was no longer abstracted. She laid her hand upon her companion's.

"I must know your uncles," she declared firmly. "When did you say that they were coming again, Louis?"

"They dine to-night at eight o'clock, madam."

"So, then, shall we," she insisted. "Not a word, Harold, or we shall quarrel."

The young man grinned.

"You're as clever as paint, Blanche," he declared, "but——"

"There aren't going to be any 'buts' about this," the young lady decided.

At precisely eight o'clock that evening, the brothers Underwood reentered the restaurant and took their places at the table which had been reserved for them. Monsieur Louis himself hurried to greet them.

"You will leave the dinner in my hands, gentlemen?" he suggested.

"We will do so with pleasure," they both assented, with a joint air of relief.

"And for wine?"

"We will drink claret," Stephen said firmly. "The choice we leave to you."

Monsieur bowed and retreated. The brothers exchanged congratulatory glances. They felt that they had made a good start. They began an interested study of their surroundings.

"It appears to me, Stephen," his younger brother remarked, in a somewhat disquiet tone, "that the fashions in evening dress have changed somewhat. Most of the men seem to be wearing short coats and black ties."

"Our own attire," Stephen replied, with bland confidence, "is perfectly in order. Nevertheless, if you would feel more comfortable we will call at Mr. Hogge's to-morrow and discuss the matter with him."

George Henry stroked his mustache a little nervously.

"I am wondering," he confessed, "whether these City tailors are quite the people."

"We have dealt with Hogge for twenty-five years," Stephen reminded his brother.

"An excellent man, no doubt," George Henry admitted, "but perhaps not quite used to clients who visit these fashionable places."

"You are right," Stephen decided. "We must consult one of our friends with reference to a West End tailor."

At that moment, Harold and Miss Whitney entered. They had, as a matter of fact, been having a cocktail in the lounge outside until they were sure that their projected victims had arrived. Harold was wearing one of the short coats to which his uncle had alluded, and a black bow tied in the orthodox manner. He paused before his uncle's table. His companion paused, too.

"What ho!" he exclaimed cheerfully, having completely forgotten the little speech which he had rehearsed outside. "Here again, eh? Seeing life some—what?"

Stephen, whose manners were of the old school, rose to his feet, displaying an unexpected length of tail coat. George Henry followed his example.

"The dears!" Miss Whitney murmured under her breath. "Harold, won't you introduce me to your uncles?" she asked, laying her hand upon his arm.

The introduction was duly performed. Miss Whitney smiled very sweetly, and was almost shy. She was wearing a black gown, and the absence of any color upon her cheeks—a source of much comment among her acquaintances—(*Continued on page 94*)

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy



HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress, who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years, but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soon finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cecily's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest particularly of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and Margie Daw, a special writer, a woman who has already had two husbands. By searching among Henry's effects she penetrates the "Stafford" disguise and resolves to get the story from his own lips.

Through Humphrey Weaver, Madame Watt's lawyers get in touch with Henry. *Madame* is anxious to see him. He decides to go to her, and gets leave from Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper. He finds the woman mentally deranged, but anxious to make atonement, by the payment of money, for the suffering she has caused him. Henry indignantly rejects the proposition and rushes away. On his return to his post, he finds a check for twenty thousand dollars from Madame Watt's lawyers, with a strong plea not to send it back. He offers it to Mary Maloney, who has a man waiting to marry her. She will not accept it. He takes an apartment in the building where Margie Daw lives. Mr. Winterbeck, the city editor, gives him his first reportorial assignment—to interview the mayor, Tim MacIntyre, about the arrangements for the unveiling of the Cantey Memorial. James H. Cantey was a power in the city, and his estate is chief owner of the County Railways system.

Henry finds the mayor drunk, and grossly indiscreet in regard to some proposed manipulation of County Railways stock. He writes a full exposé of this, which the paper publishes, and then is compelled to brand as false. Henry is discharged. Just then he is taken ill, and is cared for by Margie Daw. On recovery, learning that his job is gone he resolves on suicide. He offers the twenty-thousand-dollar check to Mr. Listerly, and asks that the money be devoted to some charity. Listerly sees that Henry is in trouble, and the upshot of their talk is that the young man is assigned to write a proposed biography of Cantey. This news creates consternation among MacIntyre and his friends—O'Rell, manager of County Railways; Qualters, attorney for the Painter interests, and Amme, a lawyer for the Cantey estate. They resolve to stop Henry, but he goes the next day to the Cantey home and meets the younger daughter, Miriam, who has been her father's confidant. She is an invalid and unable to walk. She gets Cantey's private papers from a safe, while Henry examines some models of ships built by Cantey.

XVII

IN WHICH JIM CANTEY SPEAKS FROM THE GRAVE, AND CALVERLY FINDS THAT HE HAS GOT TO CARRY MIRIAM BACK

HENRY'S gaze came slowly down from the model ship. He was trembling with emotion—more than a little frightened at the discovery that his feelings could slip so unexpectedly and so far out of control. Mary Maloney was but a passing memory in this uprush of feeling. Of Margie Daw he thought not at all. He was thinking: "I mustn't carry her again. But what can I do? She'll have to get back, somehow. I must be natural. I mustn't stand here like this. But I can't look at her! I can't!"

The discovery that she wasn't looking at him made it easier. She was leaning over the arm of the big chair, trying to reach the things in the safe. The inner compartments were stuffed with documents, many of them yellow about the edges. There were packets of letters, piles of manila folders full of papers, a heap of old note-books.

What hair she had! It had loosened a little when he carried her. The glint of red in it was stronger now. Hardly aware, he

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moved a step to get the light on it. He was striving to remember her eyes—vivid-blue, stirring eyes. In only a moment he had lost the feeling they gave him. He knew blindly that he would have to see them again. And she seemed so fragile; she had felt so light in his arms!

She sank back in the big chair, wan. He sprang forward, dropped on one knee by the safe.

"The top three or four of the folders," she said, low of voice, a little breathless. "And some of the books. Just let me have them."

He put them on her lap. She picked out one of the note-books at random, handed it to him without lifting her eyes. It was dog-eared; the old red leather was worn and curved from long wear in a pocket.



She was lying back in the big chair, her cheek on her hand. There was moisture in the blue eyes

Glad of any small activity to cover the thumping of his heart, he turned the pages, then, in a moment, forgot himself. The book was a part of an alert, highly colored personality. The bold hand, the rough pencil sketches of faces, the diagrams, apparently of business problems, the columns and groups of figures, estimates of this or that, the curious bits of writing (much of this scratchy, as if done on a moving train)—confessions apparently, or attempts to jot down a personal philosophy—all this was like a picture of a mind. You could feel the human pulse in it. It smelled of a man.

"Father would have liked to write," he heard her saying. She was fingering the papers, still looking down. "Some of the notes in these books were for his autobiography."

"Then he meant to write that himself?"

She smiled faintly.

"Oh, yes. There's a lot of it here—oh, disconnected notes and beginnings of chapters. It would have made a stir. You see, he was determined to tell the truth. That's why, when you —what you said about biography and life—it was almost like having him here again. It startled me. That's why I——"

She stopped, caught her breath, drew her delicate underlip in between her teeth. She glanced up uncertainly then at the note-book he held, moved her hands as if to replace the papers in the safe, hesitated again, looked toward the narrow doorway and her wheeled chair waiting just beyond. He didn't see. He was stalking about the room now, devouring the book.

"Here!" he cried, so abruptly that she started. "Here you have it!" And read aloud:

"We're moral cowards, of course. We're governed through our prejudices and our fears. By a kind of blackmail. We're none of us what we pretend to be. Life isn't what we want to think it. I never could see much in the fallen-angel theory, anyway. We were never angels. We were animals. We're animals yet, struggling up. But we daren't let on. The smart man sees what we are, winks at it, talks copy-book buncombe. What we're afraid of is that he'll give us away, give life away. We can't have that.

"If we could be honest with ourselves—all of us—for one day, a lot of the trouble in life would fall away, I think. If we could let on, just for that one day, that we're struggling animals, tortured by a vision of something higher and finer than the animal, every one of us guilty—downright guilty—of occasional sin, why, the scoundrels that flourish now wouldn't have a leg left to stand on. Take a cheap little rascal like Tim MacIntyre—he lives by blackmailing me. Because I, like the others, put a high price on reputation, Tim thrives. And I let him go on robbing a whole cityful of hard-working people. That's part of the price——"

Calverly looked at her now. She felt that he hardly saw her. He was flushed; his eyes shone.

"Fine big man!" he cried. "Saw right into things!"

Calverly didn't see that the hand was now unquestionably reaching for the book. He read:

"Yes; I'm afraid, too. Because I know that the rank and file can't stand the truth. I wonder how it would work to be honest with children. Could they stand it? Custom, tradition are powerful things. But, on the other hand, I find it hard to believe that lies are sound things. We don't find them much use as governing principles in business. Suppose I were to bring the girls here into my study and explain to them that Tim runs and robs the city because I can't bear to hurt them——"

Calverly, at this, came to himself.

"I'm sorry," he said simply, and brought her the book.

She let it drop on the others in her lap, pressed a hand to her eyes.

"You're tired," he said very gently.



"You ought to give up this big place, Miriam. Though goodness knows I don't want the care of it myself"

"No—oh, I am, of course; but that isn't what it is. I was trying to think. I don't quite know how we got where we are. But since we have—" She was looking swiftly through one of the folders.

"MacIntyre meant something like that, of course," said he, "when he told me—how did he put it?—oh—'I've got a toe in the crack of the Cantey door. That's where I was smart, twelve years ago.'"

"Timothy MacIntyre said that to you?"

"Yes. I was interviewing him. But they didn't put that part of it in the paper. He was drunk."

Her head drooped now. She fingered one of the papers.

"I'm trying to think," she said. "It seems to be rushing along faster than I—still—oh, well, I'm going to show you this." It was a half-sheet of paper, dated six years earlier. "Father wrote out the statement——"

"Yes; I can see it's in his hand."

"And made Mr. MacIntyre sign it."

He read:

"I hereby acknowledge the receipt on this day of ten thousand dollars ($10,000.00) in cash from Harvey O'Rell, general manager of County Railways, paid me as a bribe, in return for which sum I agree to veto the Mergenthal Three-Cent-Fare Bill passed this day by the City Council.

TIMOTHY J. MACINTYRE."

Calverly whistled.

"There are some others. Mr. MacIntyre knew one thing about father——"

"Yes; I—"

"And father simply decided to get the whip hand. He told me—before he—died." She watched him as she said this, a nervous alertness, almost an eagerness, in the blue eyes. Then she pressed on—he found her bewilderingly direct now; unquestionably there was in her a strain of the fighting Jim Cantey—with this: "And here's something else I want you to read, since we've——"

The document was in a long envelop, addressed:

To my daughter Miriam. Not to be opened until after my death.

JAMES H. CANTEY.

"Read it," she said, in that same low, breathless way. "It's an elaboration of the other. Father hated hypocrisy."

It was written, with many crossings-out and interlinings, in the now familiar hand.

MY DEAR GIRL:

I've just finished Phil Hemming's autobiography. You're asleep now. The nurse thinks I am. But this book has stirred me all up. And I find, as so often these last few years, I turn to you. I want to talk to you. I can do it this way, perhaps, with a pen. I don't seem to have the courage to say these things by word of mouth. Yet I hate to go leaving them unsaid. The end is very near, little girl—nearer than you know.

About Phil Hemming's book. From cover to cover the thing is one huge lie. In the first place, it isn't his. He hired a fellow to write it. That's the way it's usually done, you know. The only true statements in it are the dates of his birth and marriage. Phil was a drunkard, but had the physique to last through forty years of it and come out with something left. He was a thief—he stole the Summervale Western through a lawyer's trick, and then bought the judge that settled the case in his favor. That transaction broke old H. T. Delancey, wrecked the family, robbed something over two thousand stockholders.

He says he dropped out of Pacific Lines in '86 because of ill health. That's true, in a funny way. He was drunker than usual that year. And he was seriously entangled with women. That he pulled out of it somehow and went along in Wall Street and lived to make another fortune and give three millions to Hemming University before he died and six millions more afterward is due not to moral stamina but physical. He was crooked to his last breath.

Reading this poor stuff—the book is all rigged up to make you think Phil the kind of correct person everybody wants to be thought—makes me wonder about other autobiographies and biographies. It makes me wonder about a lot of the famous figures of history. It's clear to me—I've known great statesmen, business leaders, others—that they were none of them what people think. You've got to turn to the Old Testament, Shakespeare, Benvenuto, and Machiavelli to realize the human drama and the stuff men and women are made of. Reading Phil's mess of lies—written by a hired hand—I turn with a good deal of

affection to Benvenuto and Machiavelli. They were honest men. They didn't lie; they told what happened—as they saw it. If only we could all do that, we'd come a lot closer to a workable understanding of life.

Take my own experience. And God knows I've had a lot of that! Business, as I've found it, is lawless and cruel. It's warfare in which the shrewdest and strongest survive. Men are tricked, crushed, sometimes murdered outright. Governments—municipal, state, national—are confused, corrupted, sometimes virtually destroyed. It's a cynical, hard-headed fight to a finish, a battle royal. Political government isn't much more than a superstition anyway, nowadays. Labor is slavery—we admit it when we speak of the "labor market." It's no way to build a nation—to do that you've got to breed for sound citizenship, organize for it—but it's a cruel, beautiful game all the same. Like war. And I guess this country can stand it for another fifty years or so. Until the land is settled thicker, and the limits of our natural resources come in sight. Then, I suppose it'll become some kind of socialist state, but for the present, while the going's good, no power on earth can stop it. Law? That's what the judges make it. And business—our national habit, our work, our energy, our main concern—l reeds the judges. Congress? That's only a place. And a place can't stop anything or start anything. It's where the hired men of the great business forces meet and fight to neutralize one another. They can't tell me anything about Congress. I've put too many hired men in there myself, House and Senate. Government isn't a force, anyway. It isn't a cause of anything. It's a result. It's a focus of national forces, economic and sentimental. That's all I can see—forces, with strong men riding them, perhaps managing to steer them a little, more often dragged along by them. These forces gather, focus, in two places, at Washington and in Wall Street.

I've tried so many times, these last few years, to write down what I think or feel about all this puzzling business—the whole business of living, really. I've wanted to tell just what my experience has been. You know. We've talked about that. In a way, of course, my experience ought to be interesting. This business of developing and organizing a continent has been one of the most interesting things in the history of man. It's all happened, really, since the Civil War, forty years. And I've had a hand in it. But, to save my soul, I don't know what value my experience can have if I'm not to be allowed to tell it. I certainly would be no good as an imaginative writer. The facts, yes—I know some of those. They'd be valuable, too, if only as a study of the human critter riding forces that are too big for him. But if whitewash is what they want, they can't get it out of a pail. Or from Phil Hemming. I can't give it to them—that's sure.

It's been thrilling, you see—like war. But looked at close to, it's every bit as ugly as war.

These reformers that have sprung up so thick lately, attacking all our business leaders—everybody who's won a few fights and made a little money—they're right enough, as far as they really go. Oh, they get most of their facts wrong, but still they're right enough. Things are every bit as bad as they say. The trouble comes when they try to solve a problem. They all leave the ground there—go right up in the air. I've tried to work with them, you know. I've had scores of them speaking in our railway yards during the noon-hour, and in both the Eastern and Western shipyards—all over the place. After some years of listening to them, I've come to the conclusion that they haven't much to contribute. They're gadflies. Perhaps they're stimulants. Perhaps they'll finally prove to be destructive forces. Though I doubt that. As far back as I've read, there's always been about so many reformers to the thousand of population. They're always found through history in about the same attitude, saying about the same thing in the language of their particular time. About three-eighths of one per cent. of any people at any time are reformers, I should say.

The trouble with this present lot, I think, is that they mistake the man for the force he's riding. They attack the man and let the force alone. Now and then they even do for the man, but never stop the force. The deep laws of nature work on regardless. And it's just luck—they never know—whether the man they kill is a smart devil gambling with the forces or a constructive leader. At that, the crook—I mean the man whose personal motives are crooked—may be the man more than any other that is steering or combining forces in a way that will help everybody. And the man with the best personal motives may be working the deepest harm. History seems to record that Louis XI was the builder of modern France—a strong king, but he certainly was a crook.

I'm not so optimistic as I'd like to be about the whole game. I think you know pretty well how I feel. It comes down, with me, to something near fatalism. I can't follow the reformers, or the religious fanatics, or any of the talkers, because they always seem to me to run off into sheer opinion, or dogma, or some other place in the air. You know in modern business we don't care much about dogma—traditions of any kind—or about assertions of opinion. We can't. We're digging all the time for facts—for new facts, and evidences of change in the old ones. Such opinions as we do indulge in we draw from such facts as we can get hold of.



"No." Esther stood motionless, her shapely white arms about her head. "What young fellow? What do you mean?"

That's the attitude I've been trained to, the only attitude I have. That's why I'm so nonplused over this matter of the autobiography. The facts aren't wanted. And they're all I have to offer. As a people, we shrink from the facts about life and living. We live in a curious sort of play-world—make-believe. Sometimes it seems to me that we're going to come down some day with an awful bump. For we're up in the air, seventy millions of us. And you can't stay in the air. Not very long, as history runs.

Take my life now. I could no more open up every hour of it to the inspection of innocent boys and girls than George Washington could, or W. E. Gladstone, or Henry V, or any political bishop, or Robert Bruce. There are queer, strong strains in my nature, queer spots in my history. Yet I know that I'm certainly not below the average, as life runs. I've not been a lifelong drunkard, like Phil Hemming. I've never been out and out weak with women. I've not been a sniveling, cruel little beast. I've taken hard blows and I've given them. The moments of passion or weakness (I don't know what to call them) have been incidents. Yet any one of them—the Anna MacIntyre story, for instance—I'm going to tell you about it shortly—would, in the falsely trained public mind, outweigh a whole lifetime of conscientious hard work and some fairly solid achievement.

Even so, I'd rather, on the whole, they knew it. Because it's been a factor in my life. There's been a restlessness in me, and a passionate sort of brusqueness. They've called me rough. I've been a dreamer, too. All my life I've been torn between the two tendencies. As a boy, I felt the struggle. That's why I held myself down to school and college—it was a deliberate act of will. Perhaps it's why I've been such a reader. But we are what we are. It works out.

Certain things I've done. I put the Pacific lines together, after Phil Hemming wrecked them, and built up the system. It took sixteen years. That I did.

And I built up the Cantey Line. I put the flag back on the seas. You'll never know what a fight it was, or the punishment I had to take from '93 to '95. It was awful. I paid a good many prices for the Cantey Line, one way or another, gave hostages to fortune. There was bitter, ugly fighting. I was unjust to some men. I crushed others. I couldn't stop without facing destruction for myself and for the men who had stood by me; so I went on. They called me ruthless. I was.

That success turned my head. I went into politics, landed in the Senate. You thought that an honor. Esther is prouder of it to this day than of anything else. She likes to think of herself as a senator's daughter. Well, dear, I bought the senatorship. It was weakness, vanity. Worse, it was a mistake. I stepped out of my game into theirs.

They set traps for me and nearly got me. It became necessary to build up a strong political machine at home here. I did it, paying a lot more prices. By that time, I despised myself.

After your mother's death, I struggled a little, now and then, with drink. And there were several women in my life. I didn't care for them, but there they were. I won't try to build up excuses. You are to have the truth now. I've lost faith in everything else. These are facts, too—well-nigh universal facts. I can't ignore them in any human summing-up.

One of these women was a trap—Anna MacIntyre. Her brother was a cheap, crooked little lawyer. He is our mayor now, because of it. He has used me; I've used him.

And then, just about as I was groping out of this dark period, came your accident. It shook me to the roots of my life. The thought that you—you were the most beautiful child I ever knew, and the gayest and brightest—could never hope to walk again seemed more than I could bear. But it brought me up standing. When your mind runs back over all your dreadful suffering, at least remember that. It brought me up. God, how I've clung to you, how I've leaned on you! I've kept you with me, built the special car for you just so I could keep you with me. You know something of what these few wonderful years of our companionship have been. But you couldn't possibly know all they've meant to me. For they brought me out of the wilderness. I cut clear of the political mess and plunged back into my own work, the only work for which I was fitted, building up the Cantey Line, solidifying the railroad system, and knitting them more closely together. After finally coming back to my senses, I was frightened at seeing how far the old organizations had drifted. And strong young men were coming on to fight me. There was barely time to get a fresh grip. I want you to know that it was you—your fresh, clear young mind, your sympathy and faith—that saved me and all of us.

I've had luck. I must have started with gifts and opportunities above the average. And few men began with such a wife as mine or ended with such a daughter.

Now about the biography. Some day we're going to study human life as we study plants and animals and stones. We'll dig for the facts, and weigh them, and construct new dogma. It will be better than the old dogma. For a while, anyway. It will clear out this present growth of hypocrisy. Once we come to admit a few truths about life, about character, once we puncture for good and all this bubble of human perfection, it will at least be harder for scoundrels to rule us and rob us through blackmail.

So, if you feel that you can, have them tell the truth about me, Miriam. I've got to leave the decision with you now. But if you do try it, don't for a moment forget that they'll fight like rats. They'll see it means telling the truth about them, too. Don't let Amme have a hand in it, or O'Rell, or those. Perhaps Listerly would help. I tried to put the idea before him one night on the train, going to New York. He seemed then to sense what I meant. He's cautious, shrewd, a trimmer. But he's not hard-shell, like the others. His mind's fairly flexible.

Perhaps there is, somewhere in the English-speaking world, a man who can write fearlessly and sympathetically. Sympathy there must be. Real understanding. For I've not been a bad man, as men go. And I don't want the hypocrites to get off so easily.

It must be a man with power, and with great detachment of mind. No hack could do it.

I couldn't lay this before Esther. She'd fight us, too. No; as it stands now, with the thing still unwritten, you're the only person in the world that I can be honest with. An odd reflection on life, isn't it? And we talk so much about honesty! Too much! We haven't a glimmer of the true meaning of the word.

Am I too brusque with you, dear girl?

I've leaned on you so——

Calverly lowered the paper.

She was lying back in the big chair, her cheek on her hand. There was moisture in the blue eyes.

He came slowly toward her, with a curious, sudden touch of awe in his heart laid the document on the heap of other papers in her lap.

"You can see," she said, trying to smile, "why I was—well, what you said. It rather swept me off my feet—because, well, it was what father——"

"I would give anything in the world—" he began, then paused, reddened, leaned back, confused, against the desk, thrust his hands into his pockets.

"You're the man, of course," she said now. "It was the last thing he asked of me."

"But you don't know me well enough. You don't—you see——"

She moved a hand wearily.

"The surface-things don't matter. You said it. Before you read this. The identical thing. Of course you're the man!"

"I wonder if—if the surface-things don't matter," he breathed, staring up at the ships.

"No, they don't. You must do it—for me and for him. Just as he asked."

"We must think. All these other people——"

"I know. Up to now, I've felt pretty helpless. I was so alone. But you've come. You can do it. I don't want to think o consequences, all that. I want his wish carried out. Becaus it was—well, his faith."

"He was a great man."

"I felt that you would know that. He was."

Calverly, his eyes shining now, looked down at her.

"You're very tired," he said.

"Yes; it's been pretty stirring. And I'm not strong"—thi with a touch of impatience. "I must—" She glanced toward the door and the wheeled chair. His eyes followed hers. She colored and bit her lip. "Yes," she said; "I must go back."

"I—if you don't mind—I'll have to carry you——"

She lay back for a long moment with closed eyes.

Then, with an abruptness that startled him—it was the Jim Cantey strain in her again—she began replacing the papers in the safe. He helped with this, then pushed the steel door to for her and spun the knob.

And then—teeth set, pulse racing, the hot color suddenly flooding cheeks and temples—hesitating a little, hesitating too long, he bent to pick her up. She raised a hand.

"It's understood?" she asked, a note of timidity in her voice that he found unnerving. "You'll write it as he wished?"

"I'll try," he said huskily, and took her hand.

"It's understood?" she asked again.

"Yes—it's understood."

Then he lifted her and carried her back to her chair. And her hair brushed his cheek. He stood over her.

"There's one thing I must tell you—" he began, hotly.

"Please!" she breathed. She couldn't look up at him now. "I'm sorry—I must rest."

He sank down in Jim Cantey's swivel chair, stared at the narrow door that he had closed on her, sprang up and rushed toward it, came slowly back, sat again, staring now at the row of wire baskets set out so neatly by Mr. Amme, and then dropped his head on his arms and sobbed.

XVIII

HOW MR. GUARD'S STENOGRAPHER WENT TO CONEY ISLAND SATURDAY EVENING AND HOW MISS RUSSELL PICKED UP TEN DOLLARS

THE talk, that evening, between Qualters and Amme, was in the Qualters' home. Amme was well away before Mayor Tim came.

Amme was disturbed.

"Oswald," said he, when the study door was safely closed, "what was on your mind yesterday when you called up about this fellow Stafford?"

"Nothing much. Cigar?"

"No, thanks. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing at all."

"Nor I. What does Bob know?"

"Hardly more, I think. We've got to go a little easy with Bob."

"Yes, I know; but——"

"The publishers pressed him on Bob. Guard and he are old friends."

"Then they know?"

"Possibly. They published a book he wrote."

"Can't we run him down there?"

"I'll take it up. Have you talked with the man?"

"A little, this morning."

"How'd he impress you?"

"Very badly. Utterly incompetent, I should say."

"Hardly that. He can write."

"I know; but he's irresponsible— See here, Oswald: Hadn't we better lay the situation frankly before Bob? Really, we ought to know a little something about the man."

Qualters meditated, shook his head.

"No; let's not talk to Bob. We'd just ruffle him more. Leave it to me for a few days."

"Yes; but, meantime, there he is, with access to a considerable part of the correspondence."

"You went through it first, of course?"

"Oh, yes. But there are leads, here and there, among the business letters——"

"Which an utterly incompetent man would hardly have the brains to follow up."

"True enough! I suppose we needn't feel hurried. At best, a man could spend weeks—months—reading the things I set out for him. But can you keep Tim MacIntyre quiet?"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I love you!" he was whispering. "It's dreadful! I mustn't tell you. I'll go. That's why I didn't want——"
"Please!" she said gently. "Not that"

"Tim hasn't been to you?"

"Yes."

Qualters frowned.

"One thing," he remarked, casually: "When does Miriam come into the property?"

"She has the hill property now."

"Yes; but——"

"Oh, the whole thing, you mean?"

"Yes—Cantey estate."

"On her twenty-fifth birthday—October sixth."

"Next October?"

Amme bowed.

"We've got time enough to turn around, then. Who are the other trustees?"

"Beside myself? Harvey O'Rell and Bob Listerly."

"Esther gets only cash, doesn't she?"

"Yes; about a third. Mr. Cantey figured on her husband doing a bit of the providing."

A little later, when Qualters had again carefully closed the study door, he turned sharply on the flushed, slightly drunken mayor.

"Tim, I told you to keep your shirt on."

"Now, see here——"

"Don't talk that way to me! I'm attending to this little matter at the Cantey's. I don't want you running around talking."

"Really, Qualters——"

"Drop that bluff, Tim! You've been to Amme. Stop it! Keep still!"

"But that fellow——"

"I'm attending to that. I'm going to New York to-night. You've got to keep quiet. Don't go round reminding people of the contents of that safe, or you'll have them looking it up."

"See here!" The mayor was on his feet, standing over the quietly smoking Qualters, his voice rising to an oratorical pitch, a tremulous forefinger waving high. "What do you know about the contents of that safe? I'd like you to understand——"

"Sit down, Tim. I know more than you think. Let me see if I can make you understand this: Responsible business men aren't in the habit of telling their daughters of their little personal weaknesses. And invalid young ladies aren't given to studying business documents."

The mayor here spoke in a surprisingly sensible, if dejected, tone. He even sat down to it.

"Mr. Cantey," was his remark, "was honester than the rest of us—and more outspoken. He gave that girl the combination of the safe. And God knows what he didn't tell her! That's—that's why I'm scared, Qualters."

"But why didn't you stop at a little blackmailing, Tim? Couldn't you let well enough alone?"

"How could I help it, I'd like to know? It was years later. And Anna had to go and get married. Where was I then? Tell me that. She had a reputation of her own to look out for. And he saw it. He had me."

"But, at that, you needn't have put it in writing."

"Oh, I needn't!" Mayor Tim sprang up again. "A lot you know about it! I'd like to have seen you face him down. I had to have the money. Anna was stinging me hard then. She's never let up on me. And there we were, in Mr. Cantey's study. He stood over us—wrote it out with his own hand. Told me to sign or he'd break my neck, and, by God, he'd have done it!"

"But couldn't the two of you——"

"Would you have had us kill him? Jim Cantey? I tell you Qualters, he had us! Why, Harvey——"

He stopped short. His mouth sagged at the corners; his eyes bulged; his breath went short.

Qualters had risen. Perhaps he hadn't heard. He was going through some papers on his desk.

"I've got to make the ten-o'-clock, Tim. Be glad to talk longer with you, but not to-night."

Qualters had several important conferences and a directors' meeting or two to attend in New York; but he found time to take up, in his quietly offhand way, the Stafford matter. Not wishing to appear in it himself, he first called up the manager of a detective agency that had done much work for the Painter interests, and later took a friendly newspaper publisher into his confidence. The publisher passed the query along to his "literary editor." An operative from the detective agency took Guard's stenographer to Coney Island on the Saturday evening.

Meantime, Harvey O'Rell found occasion to remark to Hannibal Simmons that an outright gift to the city of twenty thousand dollars on the part of an unknown young man who was glad to pick up a hack literary job at thirty-five a week had a queer smell. Fishy. Might easily be that there were papers in Jim Cantey's study that the Pacific Northwestern people or the enterprising group that had lately bought into the Middle Seas Line would give a fortune to get hold of. Might even be blackmail along some new and clever line. And on a large scale. It would be rather interesting to know a little more about that check. Thirty-five-dollar-a-week men weren't commonly philanthropists.

He changed the subject there. But Simmons, his curiosity stirred, started an inquiry of his own. It was rather delicate; he couldn't press it far. But he was able to inform his friend, on the Saturday, that the man Stafford had no account in the Chicago



bank that drew the check to him. So far as could be learned, he had no bank-account at all—certainly none here in the city.

Mr. Amme took the matter up with Will Appleby, Esther Cantey's husband. This at the Town Club, over the high-balls. Will had fairly large manufacturing interests down along the river.

"It's a bit awkward, Will," he said. "In a way, the matter with Miriam, there in the— This thought has occurred to me: Couldn't Esther persuade her to take a trip? Run over to England, say. The sea air would be good. And it would give us time to get hold of the situation."

Will Appleby pursed his lips, slowly shook his head.

"Miriam's a strange girl," he said. "She and Esther have next to nothing in common. She oughtn't to live alone there with only Mrs. Bentley and Miss Russell and the servants. Esther has spoken of it. But Miriam just gets mad. We're helpless. She's been an invalid so long, and Mr. Cantey made so much of her those last years—The fact is, I doubt if Miriam can be managed at all. She'd never let Esther carry her off."



She was walking across the study, balancing with her arms and reaching out to catch a corner of the desk. Just before touching it, she sank to the floor

Mr. Amme's quick, neat little thoughts were darting keenly about as he listened. It was true enough—the two girls had little in common. Esther was pretty, ambitious, eager for money—an insatiable little spendthrift, if you came right down to it. Miriam was utterly careless of money—a girl who got excited over books and lived much in the creative world inhabited by her father. If it hadn't been for her accident, there was really no telling what she might or mightn't have done—gone into business, anything! The accident had shut her up, of course, turned her thoughts in. Illness, suffering, do that. Here she was now, distinctly, with all the romantic fire that had been in Jim Cantey—but with none of his experience and stability. In possession of God knew what secrets and documents. Strong-headed—wrong-headed, even—as her father. Through a queer caprice, it was Miriam who would hold the real power; Esther, the power-hungry one, who must take the smaller portion and work out her problems through her husband—a husband who was a nice fellow and a good business man but not a Jim Cantey. And all the while that mad young adventurer was loose in the house!

"Could Miriam be influenced at all through Mrs. Bentley?"

Will Appleby shook his head again, threw out a hand.

"Mrs. Bentley is, when all's said and done, a hired housekeeper. And she knows who's paying her."

"And Miss Russell's a hired nurse."

"Exactly."

There seemed to be nothing, at the moment, to be done.

Mr. Amme walked briskly to his office, brows knit, eyes intent on the pavement. Will Appleby smoked fast as he rode in his automobile to the factory.

Oswald Qualters was back Monday morning. Faintly smiling, he called up Harvey O'Rell and suggested lunch. Since Tim's little disclosure, he had smiled a good deal over Harvey.

Amme joined them, and offered his report concerning the check and the Stafford finances.

Said Qualters:

"That'll help some. We'll get this man. He's an out-and-out crook."

"I should hardly have thought that." This from Amme.

Qualters lighted a cigarette.

"The name 'Stafford's' an alias."

"You know that?"

Qualters drew from an inner pocket a typewritten document. It proved to be the Thursday-to-Sunday (*Continued on page 110*)

of the book was left in Bob's hands. But he shouldn't have gone ahead and put a man actually in there without so much as consulting the other trustees. He was touchy over the row with Tim MacIntyre."

"But who is this fellow?"

"That's what we can't find out. Except that he's the man that wrote the MacIntyre story in Bob's paper. A complete stranger."

"And Bob has put him in there? Turned him loose in Mr. Cantey's study?"

Mr. Amme bowed.

"But that can't be! That book is a job for an old friend, or, at least, for a tactful man known to the family. Bob spoke once of old Hitt——"

"One would naturally look for some one like that. We're a bit worried. For one thing, he's young. And presentable enough, in a way. An out-and-out adventurer, clearly. Now,



The Two Lobes

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Decoration by W. T. Benda

Probably no one of reflective mind has been compelled to witness the carnage of Europe's battle-fields without having any element of optimism in his philosophy of life put to a severe test. Such a man has brought his doubts and conclusions to M. Maeterlinck, and the master finds in them an occasion to show how immensely more the balance inclines in favor of hope than of despair.

A SOLDIER, writing from the front, sends me the following letter, of which I omit only that which was meant for myself alone:

There are quagmires and skeletons in the forest. I have discovered and wondered at the ruined gods under the still living and wonderful vegetation; their spirit has evaporated. The odor of Christ has little charm for me; I prefer that of Buddha. What I adore in him is the fundamental contradiction that seeks to assure us of our immortality by proving our inevitable annihilation. He taught, in the same breath, the illusion of the Ego and its periodical reincarnation, an obvious absurdity which implies a knowledge of the profoundest truth, of the very nature of being, at the same time and alternately collective and individual. This discovery, which he did not formulate, should have led him elsewhere than to Nirvana, that paradise of unripe fruits. . . .

Man is so fashioned as to perceive only one-half of the universe; and the mind of ordinary texture sees barely a hemisphere of truth. Afflicted with a congenital "nervous headache," humanity thinks only with one-half of its brain; with the Eastern lobe or the Western, the ancient or the modern; its mind nibbles its own tail; the antinomies pursue one another in an endless circle, which Kant believed that he had discovered but which Buddha had striven to open. He possessed the complementary virtues; he was religious and rational; while he summed up within himself the mysticism of the East, his was the most scientific of the minds of antiquity, at a time when science did not exist but was merged in philosophy. The moderns who have sought to condense into a system one collective and hardy initiated effort of science have pitiably failed, for they have thought only as Westerners, entangled in the contradiction of idealistic aspirations and materialistic

Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos



arguments; while the formula of Buddha might still, almost without giving way, contain this gigantic effort and yet not hamper it. From the death of the prince-philosopher down to the flights of contemporary science, true philosophy has not advanced one step; Arab or Christian spiritualism and its reagent, positivist or scientific materialism, are recoils in contrary directions, false monisms which, taking the extreme for the supreme, seek to fix the center of gravity on the circumference of the wheel. The explorers of the Beyond must set out from the crossroads of religious synthesis and scientific analysis and drag these rival sisters along by the hand.

Truth blazes at the center of a circle of onlookers, and we must pass through its flame to recognize a brother in the adversary opposite. We must reach the center of space to discern the identity of its cardinal points: "*Totum et Nihil; Alter et Ego.*" The longing to convert others must yield to the need of completing and balancing our own point of view. In the sacred forest, which pioneers have penetrated on all sides and in all ages, the more greatly daring must necessarily draw nearer one to the other. Even if they cannot meet, they can hear one another and give one another mutual encouragement. The most modest cry of discovery may be welcome in the solitude and silence in which the truth of the future is ripening. . . .

I thought it well to preserve this page. It sets forth, in a remarkable though perhaps too rapid summary, two or three of the great problems which, in reality, are only one, and to which, unless we give up everything, we are bound to attempt the answer: the problems of immortality or annihilation, of flux and reflux, of existence alternatively collective and individual, of exteriorization and interiorization, which make up the mighty rhythm of existence, of which our life and death are merely infinitesimal pulsations.

II

But let us begin by observing that the fundamental contradiction which seeks to assure us of our immortality by proving our inevitable annihilation is by no means to be found in Buddha, and that it is not true to say that he teaches in the same breath the illusion of the Ego and its periodical reincarnation. The doctrine of the reincarnation is not Buddha's. He found it ready-made; it existed before him and was so deeply rooted in his people that he does not even dream of disputing it. He tries only to disarm it, to deprive it of its sting, to render it harmless. He tries to reduce life to the point where nothing is left to be reincarnated. According to Buddha, life contains naught but suffering; and the sole aim of life is the redemption or, to probe his thought to the very bottom, the extinction of suffering. This extinction is to be found in death or annihilation. But mere death, by reason of the eternal reincarnation of the same individual, cannot suppress suffering. We must therefore find a sort of transcendental death, which makes any reincarnation impossible; and this transcendental death can be achieved only by the man who has been striving to die all his life long and who has deliberately cut off all the ties that bind him to existence—all love, all hope, all desire, all possession. When, at the end of this systematic and voluntary death, the actual death arrives, it will no longer find a living germ capable of achieving reincarnation. A living death, an incessant suicide—that is the essence of Buddhism. Buddha lives solely and exclusively to die, and to die more certainly, more wholly, more absolutely than any other creature, in order at length to enter Nirvana, that is, to-day, total extinction.

This doctrine, as we see, is exactly the reverse of that of Christ. With Buddha, life is only the gate of death; with Christ, death is the gate of life.

Here we have the solution offered to us by the most wonderful mind, the greatest sage that humanity has ever known, by one who knew things which we no longer know and which, it may be, we shall never recover. It is the foundation of the religion of five hundred millions of men. There is nothing more terrifying, but there is perhaps nothing that comes closer to the ultimate truth.

III

Let us observe, on the other hand—and this remark applies equally to the Buddhistic Nirvana, or extinction—that the problem of immortality or annihilation ought no longer to be set in these terms, since the word "annihilation" cannot be employed, save in a metaphorical sense, to denote a life which we no longer comprehend, seeing that *nihil*, or nothingness, is the one thing whose existence is utterly impossible and whose non-existence is absolutely certain

As for immortality, here again there is ambiguity, for, as annihilation cannot exist, immortality is inevitable; and the only question that remains to be solved is whether this immortality will or will not be accompanied by some sort of continuance of our present consciousness.

But, while it is probable that the problem of immortality, more or less accompanied by consciousness, will long remain in suspense, the answer to the problem of the "nervous headache," or, rather, of congenital hemiplegia, is doubtless (*Concluded on page 105*)



The Moonlit

XXV

A SILENT HOUSE

GARRET BARRES, a painter, lives in Dragon Court, a studio-building in New York city. The superintendent of the building is Lawrence Soane, an irresponsible and dissipated Irishman, who has a charming daughter, Dulcie, still a schoolgirl. The child is on a plane of refinement far above that of her father, and Barres, taking pity on her loneliness (her only companions are three cats), makes a friend of her, for which she is profoundly grateful, and she becomes his model.

One day, early in 1916, Barres meets a girl whom he had encountered just once, under somewhat unusual circumstances, two years before in France. She was then a famous dancer, known as Nihla Quellen, but her real name is Thessalie Dunois, and she is of Alsatian origin. She has risen to prominence under the patronage of Count d'Éblis, a senator of France who is involved in German plots against his country. Thessalie met him in Constantinople, through a friend of her father's, Ferez Bey, a Turk, who is also engaged in German intrigue. D'Éblis wants to marry her, but she does not love him and will not do so. Finally, the traitor accuses her of betraying him and, in fear, she escapes in disguise to New York. D'Éblis sends word to Max Freund, a German agent in America, to get rid of her at the first favorable opportunity, and she is closely watched by him.

Freund makes friends with Soane, a rabid hater of England. They become associated in a German-Irish plot against England, in which Murtagh Skeel, a sensitive and refined type of Irishman, is one of the leaders. Freund enlists the services of Soane in watching for Thessalie's visits to Barres's studio. The German agent attempts to seize from Dulcie a letter sent by Thessalie to Barres, but succeeds only in getting half of it.

Finally, Thessalie comes to Barres, asking protection from the German agents, saying that they are afraid of her on account of some knowledge she possesses and are representing her as a French spy. Barres arranges for her to occupy his studio, while he will go in with his neighbor, James Westmore, a sculptor, who has become much interested in Thessalie. Barres invited his three friends to visit at his father's place, Foreland Farms, in northern New York.

The night before they leave, Barres and Georges Renoux, a friend of his Paris days and now in the French secret service, with several of Renoux's companions, break up a meeting of German agents in a café. They secure some papers which refer to German schemes, including the Casement expedition to Ireland and a plot to destroy the locks of the Welland Canal. Adolf Gerhardt, a German-American banker, with a country place at Northbrook, near Foreland Farms, is mentioned as raising the funds for the latter scheme. Murtagh Skeel and Ferez Bey are also implicated. A wireless despatch sent by way of Mexico concerns the treachery of d'Éblis, and says the Nihla Quellen cannot be expected to serve the cause. Renoux has information from home that Thessalie is ready to betray France, but Barres takes him to the studio, and after a talk with the girl, the Frenchman admits his error.

Barres's friends are warmly received at Foreland Farms by his parents and sister Lee. The afternoon of their arrival, Westmore and Thessalie go for a walk. The latter expresses her hope that she will soon be cleared of the infamous charge made against her and will be able to return to her beloved France. Westmore declares his love, but Thessalie will go no further than to wish him luck in his courtship of her. The sight of Dulcie in this new environment awakens in Barres a passion for the girl, but she, still feeling that she can never win his love, tells him that she will never marry.

That night, the Gerhardts, accompanied by Murtagh Skeel, who is their guest, dine at Foreland Farms. Dulcie knows, from some letters she possesses, that her mother had known a man of that name. After dinner, she sings a song that her mother wrote, and Skeel asks her about it. It comes out that he is the one who had been in love with her mother, but, having gone to India, had lost track of her and knew nothing of her marriage. Dulcie tells him that, from things Soane has said when drunk, she now has reason to believe that he is not her father and that her real name is Fane (which was also her mother's maiden name). Dulcie's mother had died when she was a few months old, and the girl knows nothing more.

THE guests from Hohenlinden had departed from Fore land Farms; the family had retired. Outside, under sparkling galaxy of summer stars, tall trees stoo unstirring; indoors, nothing stirred except the famil cat, darkly prowling on velvet-shod feet in eternal search of thos viewless things which are manifest only to the feline race— sorcerers all, whether quadruped or human.

In various bedrooms up-stairs, lights went out, one afte another, until only two windows remained illuminated, one in th west wing, one in the north.

For Dulcie, in her negligée and night-robe, still sat by the ope

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He lay back in his chair, studying her, and she watched him in silence for a while. Presently she sighed, stirred, placed her feet on the floor as though preparing to rise. And he came out of his impersonal abstraction. "What is it you want to say, sweetness?"

Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

window, chin resting on palm, her haunted gaze remotely lost somewhere beyond the July stars.

And, in his room, Garry had arrived only as far as removing coat and waistcoat in the process of disrobing for the night. For his mind was still deeply preoccupied with Dulcie Soane and with the strange expression of her face at the piano—and with the profoundly altered visage of Murtagh Skeel.

And he was asking himself what could have happened between those two in such a few minutes there at the piano in the music-room. For it was evident to him that Skeel was laboring under poorly controlled emotion, was dazed by it, and was keeping self-possession only by a mighty effort.

And when Skeel had finally taken his leave and had gone away with the Gerhardts, he suddenly stopped on the porch, returned to the music-room, and, bending down, had kissed Dulcie's hand with a grace and reverence which made the salute more of a serious ceremony than the impulsive homage of a romantic poet's whim.

Considered by itself, the abrupt return, and quaintly perfect salute might have been taken as a spontaneous effervescence of that delightful Celtic gallantry so easily stirred to ebullition by youth and beauty. And for that it was accepted by the others after Murtagh Skeel was gone; and everybody ventured to chaff Dulcie a little about her conquest—merely the gentle humor of gentlefolk—a harmless word or two, a smile in sympathy.

Garry alone saw in the girl's smile no genuine response to the light badinage, and he knew that her serenity was troubled, her careless composure forced. Later, he contrived to say good-night to her alone, and gave her a chance to speak; but she only murmured her adieux and went slowly away up the stairs with Thessalie, not looking back.

Now, sitting there in his dressing-gown, brier pipe alight, he frowned and pondered over the matter in the light of what he already knew of Dulcie, of the dead mother who bore her, of the grotesquely impossible Soane, of this man, Murtagh Skeel

What had he and Dulcie found in common to converse about so earnestly and so long there in the music-room? What had they talked about to drive the color from Dulcie's cheeks and alter Skeel's countenance so that he had looked more like his own wraith than his living self?

That Dulcie's mother had known this man, had once, evidently, been in love with him more or less, doubtless was revealed in their conversation at the piano. Had Skeel enlightened Dulcie any further? And on what subject? Soane? Her mother? Her origin—in case the child had admitted ignorance of it? Was Dulcie now in possession of new facts concerning herself? Were they agreeable facts? Were they depressing? Had she learned anything definite in regard to her birth? Her parentage? Did she know now who was her real father? Was the obvious absurdity of Soane finally exploded? Had she learned what the drunken Soane meant by asserting that her name was not Soane but Fane?

His pipe burned out and he laid it aside, but did not rise to resume his preparation for bed. Then, somewhere from the unlighted depths of the house, came the sound of the telephone-bell—at that hour of night always a slightly ominous sound.

He got up and went down-stairs, not troubling to switch on any light, for the luster of the starry night outside silvered every window and made it possible for him to see his way.

At the clamoring telephone, finally, he unhooked the receiver: "Hello?" he said. . . . "Yes! Yes! . . . Oh, is that *you*, Renoux? Where on earth are you? . . . At Northbrook? . . . Where? . . . At the Summit House? Well, why didn't you come here to us? . . . Oh! . . . No; it isn't very late. We retire early at Foreland. . . . Oh, yes; I'm dressed. . . . Certainly. . . . Yes; come over. . . . Yes! . . . *Yes!* . . . I'll wait for you in the library. . . . In an hour? . . . You bet! . . . No; I'm not sleepy. . . . Sure thing! . . . Come on!"

He hung up the receiver, turned, and made his way through the dusk toward the library, which was opposite the music-room across the big entrance-hall.

Before he turned on any light, he paused to look out at the splendor of the stars. The night had grown warmer; there

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was no haze now—only an argentine clarity in which shadowy trees stood mysterious and motionless and the dim lawn stretched away to the distant avenue and wall, lost against their looming border foliage.

Once he thought he heard a slight sound somewhere in the house behind him, but presently remembered that the family cat held sway among the mice at such an hour.

A little later, he turned from the window to light a lamp, and found himself facing a slim, white figure in the starry dusk.

"Dulcie!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

"I want to talk to you."

"Why on earth are you wandering about at this hour?" he asked. "You made me jump, I can tell you."

"I was awake—not in bed yet. I heard the telephone. Then I went out into the west corridor and saw you going down-stairs. Is it all right for me to sit here in my night-dress with you?"

He smiled.

"Well, considering——"

"Of course!" she said hastily. "Only, I didn't know whether outside your studio——"

"Oh, Dulcie, you're becoming self-conscious! Stop it, sweetness! Don't spoil things. Here—tuck yourself into this big arm chair—curl up! There you are! And here I am"—dropping into another wide, deep chair. "Lord, but you're a pretty thing, Dulcie, with your hair down and all glimmering with starlight! We'll try painting you that way some day—I wouldn't know how to go about it offhand, either. Maybe a screened arc-lamp in a dark partition, and a peep-hole— I don't know——"

He lay back in his chair, studying her, and she watched him in silence for a while. Presently she sighed, stirred, placed her feet on the floor as though preparing to rise. And he came out of his impersonal abstraction.

"What is it you want to say, sweetness?"

"Another time," she murmured. "I don't——"

"You dear child, you came to me needing the intimacy of our comradeship—perhaps it's sympathy. My mind was wandering—you are so lovely in the starlight. But you ought to know where my heart is."

"Is it open—a little?"

"Knock and see, sweetness."

"Well then, I came to ask you—Mr. Skeel is coming to-morrow—to see me—alone. Could it be contrived—without offending?"

"I suppose it could. Yes; of course. Only, it will be conspicuous. You see, Mr. Skeel is much sought after in certain circles—beginning to be pursued, and——"

"He asked me."

"Dear, it's quite all right."

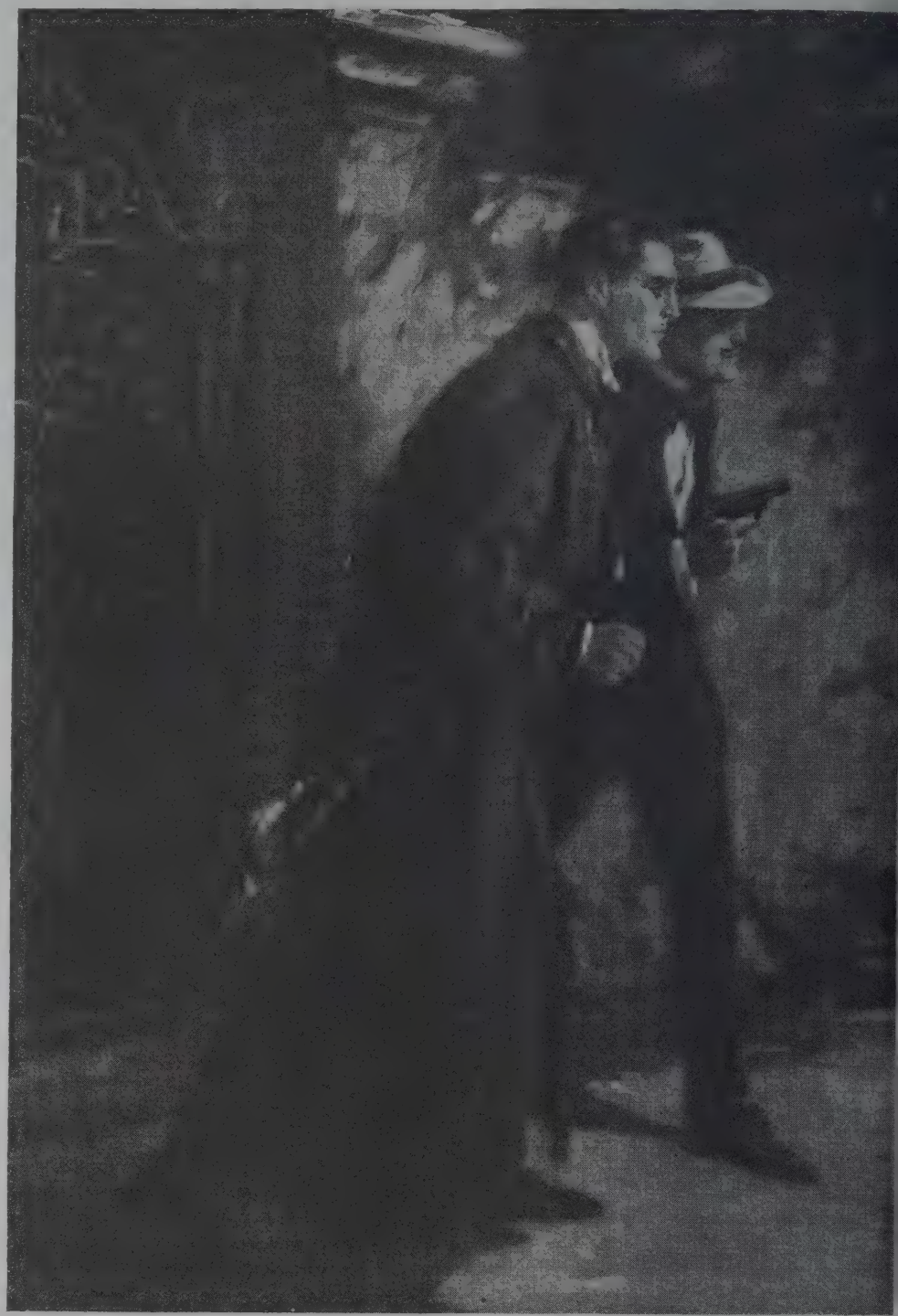
"Let me tell you, please—he *did* know my mother."

"I supposed so."

"Yes; he was the man. I want you to know what he told me. I always wish you to know everything that is in my mind—always, forever."

She leaned forward in her chair, her pretty, bare feet extended. One silken sleeve of her negligée had fallen to the shoulder, revealing the perfect symmetry of her arm. But he put from his mind the ever-latent artistic delight in her, closed his painter's eye to her protean possibilities, and resolutely concentrated his mental forces upon what she was now saying.

"He turns out to be the same man my mother wrote to—and who wrote to her. They were in love then. He didn't say why he went away, except that my mother's family disliked him. She lived at a house called Fane Court. He spoke of my mother's father as Sir Barry Fane."



Both men in the touring ca

"That doesn't surprise me, sweetness."

"Did *you* know?"

"Nothing definite." He looked at the lovely, slender-limbed girl there in the starry dusk. "I knew nothing definite," he repeated, "but there was no mistaking the metal from which you had been made—or the mold, either. And as for Soane—" He smiled.

She said:

"If my name is really Fane, there can be only one conclusion. Some kinsman of that name must have married my mother."

He said,

"Of course," very gravely.

"Then who was he? My mother never mentioned him in her
tters. What became of him? He must have been my father.
he living?"
"Did you ask Mr. Skeel?"
"Yes. He seemed too deeply affected to answer me. He
ust have loved my mother very dearly to show such emotion
fore me."



stantly turned loose their pistols

"What did you ask him, Dulcie?"
"After we left the piano?"
"Yes."
"I asked him that. I had only a few more moments alone with
m before he left. I asked him about my mother—to tell me
)w she looked—so I could think of her more clearly. He has a
cture of her on ivory. He is to bring it to me and tell me more
)out her. That is why I must see him to-morrow—so I may
k him again about my father."
"Yes, dear." He sat very silent for a while, then rose, came
er, and seated himself on the padded arm of Dulcie's chair
id took both her hands into his.

"Listen, sweetness: You are what you are to me—my dear comrade, my faithful partner sharing our pretty partnership in art, and, more than these, Dulcie, you are my friend. Never doubt that. Never forget it. Nothing can alter it—nothing you learn about your origin can exalt that friendship, nothing lessen it. Do you understand? *Nothing* can *lessen* it, save only if you prove untrue to what you are—your real self." She had rested her cheek against his arm while he was speaking. It lay there now, pressed closer. "As for Murtagh Skeel," he said, "he is a charming, cultivated, fascinating man. But if he attempts to carry out his agitator's schemes and his revolutionary propaganda in this country, he is headed for most serious trouble."

"Why does he?"

"Don't ask me why men of his education and character do such things. They do; that's all I know. Sir Roger Casement is another man not unlike Skeel. There are many—hot-hearted, generous, brave, irrational. There is no use blaming them—no justice in it, either. The history of British rule in Ireland is a matter of record.

"But, Dulcie, he who strikes at England to-day strikes at civilization, at liberty, at God. This is no time to settle old grievances. And to attempt to do it by violence, by propaganda—to attempt a reckoning of ancient wrongs in any way, to-day—is a crime—the crime of treachery against Christ's teachings—of treason against Lord Christ himself!"

After a long interval:

"You are going to this war quite soon. Mr. Westmore said so."

"I am going—with my country or without it."

"When?"

"When I finally lose patience and self-respect. I don't know exactly when, but it will be pretty soon."

"Do you wish to?"

She pressed her cheek against his arm in silence. He said:

"That has troubled me a lot, Dulcie. Of course you could stay here; I can arrange—I had come to a conclusion in regard to financial matters——"

"I can't," she whispered.

"Can't what?"

"Stay here—take anything from you—accept without service in return."

"What would you do?"

"I wouldn't care—if you—leave me here alone."

"But, Dulcie——"

"I know. You said it this evening. There will come a time when you would not find it convenient to have me—around——"

"Dear, it's only because a man and a woman in this world cannot continue anything of enduring intimacy without business as an excuse. And even then, the pleasant informality existing now could not be continued with anything except very serious disadvantage to you."

"You will grow tired of painting me," she said, under her breath.

"No. But your life is all before you, Dulcie. Girls usually marry sooner or later."

"Men do, too."

"That's not what I meant."

"You will marry," she whispered.

Again, at her words, the same odd uneasiness began to possess

him, as though something obscure, unformulated as yet, must some day be cleared up by him and decided.

"Don't leave me—yet," she said.

"I couldn't take you with me to France."

"Let me enlist for service. Could you be patient for a few months so that I might learn something—anything—I don't care what, if only I can go with you? Don't they require women to scrub and do unpleasant things—humble, unclean, necessary things?"

"You couldn't — with your slender youth and delicate beauty."

"Oh," she whispered, "you don't know what I could do to be near you. That is all I want—all I want in the world—just to be somewhere not too far away. I couldn't stand it now if you left me. I couldn't live——"

"Dulcie!"

But suddenly it was a hot-faced, passionate, sobbing child who was clinging desperately to his arm and stanching her tears against it—saying nothing more, merely clinging close, with quivering lips.

"Listen," he said impulsively: "I'll give you time. If there's anything you can learn that will admit you to France, come back to town with me and learn it—because I don't want to leave you, either. There ought to be some way—some way—" He checked himself abruptly, stared at the bowed head under its torrent of splendid hair, at the desperate white little hands holding so fast to his sleeve, at the slender body gathered there in the deep chair and all aquiver now.

"We'll go—together," he said unsteadily. "I'll do what I can; I promise. You must go up-stairs to bed now. Dulcie—dear girl——"

She released his arm, tried to get up from her chair obediently, blinded by tears and groping in the starlight.

"Let me guide you."

His voice was strained, his touch feverish and unsteady, and the convulsive closing of her fingers over his seemed to burn to his very bones.

At the stairs she tried to speak, thanking him, asking pardon for her tears, her loss of self-command, penitent, afraid that she had lowered herself, strained his friendship—troubled him.

"No; I—*want* you," he said, in an odd, indistinct, hesitating voice. "Things must be cleared up—matters concerning us—affairs—" he muttered.

She closed her eyes a moment and rested both hands on the banisters as though fatigued; then she looked down at him where he stood watching her.

"If you had rather go without me—if it is better for you—less troublesome——"

"I've told you," he said, in a dull voice, "I want you. You must fit yourself to go."

"You are so kind to me—so wonderful——"

He merely stared at her; she turned almost wearily to resume her ascent.

"Dulcie?" She had reached the landing above. She bent over, looking down at him in the dusk. "Did you understand?"

"I—yes; I think so."

"That I *want* you?"

"Yes."

"It is true. I want you always. I'm just beginning to understand that myself. Please don't ever forget what I say to you now, Dulcie; I want you. I shall always want you. Always! As long as I live."

She leaned heavily on the newel-post above, looking down. He could not see that her eyes were closed, that her lips moved in voiceless answer. She was only a vague white shape there in the dusk above him—a mystery which seemed to have been suddenly born out of some poignant confusion of his own mind.

He saw her turn, fade into the darkness. And he stood there, not moving, aware of the chaos within him, of shapeless questions being evolved out of this profound disturbance, of an inner consciousness groping with these questions—questions involving other questions and menacing him with the necessity of decision.

After a while, too, he became conscious of his own voice sounding there in the darkness.

"I am very near to love. I have been close to it. It would be very easy to fall in love to-night. But I am wondering—about to-morrow—and afterward. But I have been very near—very near to love, to-night."

The door-bell rang through the darkness.

XXVI

STARLIGHT

When Barres opened the front door, he saw Renoux standing there in the shadow of the porch, silhouetted against the starlight. They exchanged a silent grip; Renoux stepped inside; Barres closed the front door.

"Shall I light up?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No; there are complications. I've been followed, I think. Take me somewhere near a window which commands the driveway out there. I'd like to keep my eye on it while we are talking."

"Come on," said Barres, under his breath. He guided Renoux through the shadowy entrance-hall to the library, moved two padded armchairs to the window facing the main drive, motioned Renoux to seat himself.

"When did you arrive?" he asked, in a cautious voice.

"This morning."

"What! You got here before we did?"

"Yes. I followed Souchez and Alost. Do you know whom they were following?"

"No."

"One of your guests at dinner this evening."

"Skeel?"

Renoux nodded.

"Yes. You saw them start for the train. Skeel was on the train. But the conference at your studio delayed me. So I came up by automobile last night."

"And you've been here all day?"

Renoux nodded, but his keen eyes were fixed on the drive shining silver-gray in the starlight. And his gaze continually reverted to it while he continued speaking.

"My friend, things are happening. Let me first tell you what is the situation. Over this entire hemisphere German spies are busy, German intrigue and propaganda are being accelerated, treason is spreading from a thousand foci of infection.

"In South America, matters are very serious. A revolution is being planned by the half-million Germans in Brazil; the neutrality of Argentina is being most grossly violated, and Count Luxburg, the *boche* ambassador, is already tampering with Chile and other Southern republics.

"Of course, the Mexican trouble is due to German intrigue which is trying desperately to involve that republic and yours and also drag in Japan.

"In Honolulu, the German cruiser which your government has interned is sending out wireless information while her band plays to drown the crackle of the instrument.

"And from the Golden Gate to the Delaware capes, and from the Soo to the Gulf, the spies of Germany swarm in your great republic, planning your destruction in anticipation of the war which will surely come."

Barres reddened in the darkness, and his heart beat more rapidly.

"You think it really will come?"

"War with Germany? My friend, I am certain of it. We French have never doubted your ultimate decision. Lafayette did not live in vain. Yorktown was not merely a battle. Your Washington lighted a torch for your people and for ours to hold aloft eternally. Even the rain of blood drenching our revolution could not extinguish it. It still burned at Gravelotte, at Metz, at Sedan. It burned above the smoke and dust of the Commune. It still burns, *mon ami*."

"Yes."

"*Alors*—" He sat silent for a few moments, his gaze intent on the starry obscurity outdoors. Then, slowly and pleasantly: "The particular mess, the cooking of which interests my government, the British government, and yours is now on the point of boiling over. You remember the papers which you secured?"

"Yes."

"Well, what we did last night at Grogan's has prematurely dumped the fat into the fire. Those plotters know they've been robbed; they know that their plans are in our hands. Do you suppose that stops them? No. On the contrary, they are at this very moment attempting, as you say in New York, to beat us to it."

"How do you mean?"

"This way: The signal for an attack on Canada is to be the destruction of the Welland Canal. You remember the German suggestion that an ore-steamer be seized? They're going to try it. And if that fails, they're to take their power-boat into the canal, anyway, and blow up a lock, even if they blow up them



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

Thessalie, in negligée, came in later and sat down on the edge of the bed. "You sleepy little thing!" she said. "The men have breakfasted and are waiting for us on the tennis-court"

selves with it. Did you ever hear of such madness? *Mon Dieu*, if only we had those men under your flag on our western front!"

"Do you know who these men are?" asked Barres.

"Your dinner-guest, Murtagh Skeel, leads this company of Death."

"When?"

"Now. To-morrow. That's why I'm here. That's why your secret-service men are arriving. I tell you the mess is on the point of boiling over. The crew is already on its way to take over the launch. They're traveling west singly, by separate trains and routes. Soane——"

"Is *he* one of them?"

"He surely is. He went west last night on the same train that brought Skeel here. And now I'll tell you what has been done and why I'm here.

"We haven't located the power-boat on Lake Ontario, but the Canadians are watching for it and your agents are following the conspirators. When the crew assembles, they are to be arrested and their power-boat and explosives seized.

"I and my men have no official standing here, of course—would not be tolerated in any cooperation, officially. But we have a certain understanding with certain authorities."

Barres nodded.

"You see? Very well. Then, with delicacy and discretion, we keep in touch with Mr. Skeel. And with other people. You see? He is abed in the large house of Mr. Gerhardt over yonder at Northbrook. Under surveillance. He moves. We move—very discreetly. You see?"

"Certainly."

"Very well then. But I am obliged to tell you, also, that the hunting is not done entirely by our side. No. In turn, I and my men, and also your agents, are being hunted by German agents. It is that which annoys and hampers us, because these German agents continually dog us and give the alarm. You see?"

"Who are the German agents? Do you know?"

"Very well indeed. Bernstorff is the head; Von Papen and Boy-Ed come next. Under them serve certain so-called 'diplomatic agents of Class No. 1'—Adolf Gerhardt is one of them; his partners, Otto Klein and Joseph Schwartzmeyer, are two others. They, in turn, have under them diplomatic agents of the second class—men such as Ferez Bey, Franz Lehr, one who is known as K. 17. Then, lower still in the scale, come the spies who actually investigate under orders—men like Dave Sendelbeck, Johnny Klein, Louis Hochstein, Max Freund. And, then, lowest of all in rank, are the rank and file—the secret shock-troops who carry out desperate enterprises under some leader.

"Among the Germans these are the men who sneak about setting fires, lighting the fuses of bombs, scuttling ships, defacing government placards, poisoning Red Cross bandages to be sent to the Allies—that sort. But among them are no battalions of Death. You understand now?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well then—I trust you absolutely, Barres. And so I came over to ask you—and your clever friends, Mademoiselle Dunois, Miss Soane, Mr. Westmore, to keep their eyes on this man Skeel to-morrow afternoon and also to-morrow evening. Because they will be guests at the Gerhardt's. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"Well, your government's agents will be there. They will also be in the neighborhood, watching roads and railway stations. I have one man in service with the Gerhardts—their head chauffeur. If anything happens—if Skeel tries to slip away—if you miss him—I would be very grateful if you and your friends notify the head chauffeur, Menard."

"We'll try to do it."

"That's all I want. Just get word to Menard that Skeel seems to be missing. That will be sufficient. Will you say this to your friends?"

"Yes, I will, Renoux. I'll be glad to. I'll be particularly happy to offer to Miss Dunois this proof of your confidence in her integrity."

Renoux looked very grave.

"For me," he said, "Miss Duncis is what she pretends to be. I have so informed my government at home and its representatives at Washington."



"Have you heard anything yet?"

"Yes; a telegram in cipher from Washington late this afternoon."

"Favorable to her?"

"Yes. Our ambassador is taking up immediately the clues Miss Dunois furnished me last night. Also, he ha cabled at length to my home government. At this hour, n doubt, d'Éblis, Bolo, probably an ex-minister or two are bein watched. And in this country your government is now in pos session of facts which must suggest a very close surveillance o the activities of Ferez Bey."

"Where is he?"

Renoux shook his head.

"He *was* in New York. But he gave us the slip. An eel!" h added, rising. "Oh, we shall pick up his slimy traces again i time. But it is mortifying. Well, thank you, *mon ami*. I mus go." And he started toward the hall.

"Have you a car anywhere?" asked Barres.

"Yes; up the road a bit." He glanced through the side-ligh



She went forward through the arbor to meet him.
"Hasn't he come?" he asked

the front door carelessly. "A couple of men out yonder dging about. Have you noticed them, Barres?"

"No! Where?"

"They're out there in the shadow of your wall. I imagined that I'd be followed."

He smiled and opened the door.

"Wait!" whispered Barres. "You are not going out there alone, are you?"

"Certainly. There's no danger."

"Well, I don't like it, Renoux. I'll walk as far as your car."

"Don't trouble. I have no personal apprehension——"

"All the same—" muttered the other, continuing on down the steps beside his comrade.

Renoux shrugged good-humoredly his disapproval of such precaution, but made no further protest. Nobody was visible anywhere on the grounds. The big iron gates were still locked, but the wicket was open. Through this they stepped, out onto the macadam.

A little farther along stood a touring car with two men in it.

"You see—" began Renoux, when his words were cut by the crack of a pistol, and the red tail-light of the car crashed into splinters and went dark.

"Well, by God!" remarked Renoux calmly, looking at the woods across the road and leisurely producing an automatic pistol.

Then, from deeper in the thicket, two bright flames stabbed the darkness and the crash of the shots reechoed among the trees.

Both men in the touring car instantly turned loose their pistols. Renoux said, in a voice at once perplexed and amused:

"Go home, Barres. I don't want these people to know you are out here. I'll see you again soon."

"Isn't there anything——"

"Nothing. Please—you would oblige me by keeping clear of this if you really desire to help me."

There were no more shots. Renoux stepped into the tonneau.

"Well, what do you gentlemen make of this?" Barres heard him say, in his cool, humorous voice. "It really looks as though the *boches* were getting nervous."

The car started. Barres could see Renoux and another man sitting with pistols leveled as the car glided along the fringe of woods.

But there were no more shots on either side, and, after the car had disappeared, Barres turned and retraced his way.

Then, as he entered his own gate by the side wicket and turned to lock it with his own key, an electric torch flashed in his face, blinding him.

"Let him have it!" muttered somebody behind the dazzling light.

"That's not one of them," said another voice distinctly. "Look out what you're doing! Douse your glim!"

Instantly the fierce glare faded to a cinder. Barres heard running feet on the macadam, the crash of shrubbery opposite. But he could see nobody; and presently the footsteps in the woods were no longer audible.

There seemed to be nothing for him to do in the matter. He lingered by the wicket for a while, peering into the night, listening. He saw nothing, heard nothing more that night.

XXVII

BE N-EIRINN I

BARRES, senior rose with the sun. Also with determination, which took the form of a note slipped under his wife's door as he was leaving the house.

DARLING:

I lost last night's fishing, and I'm hanged if I lose it to-night. So don't ask me to fritter away a perfectly good evening at the Gerhardt's party because the sun is up. I'm off to the woods, and I shall remain there until the last trout breaks.

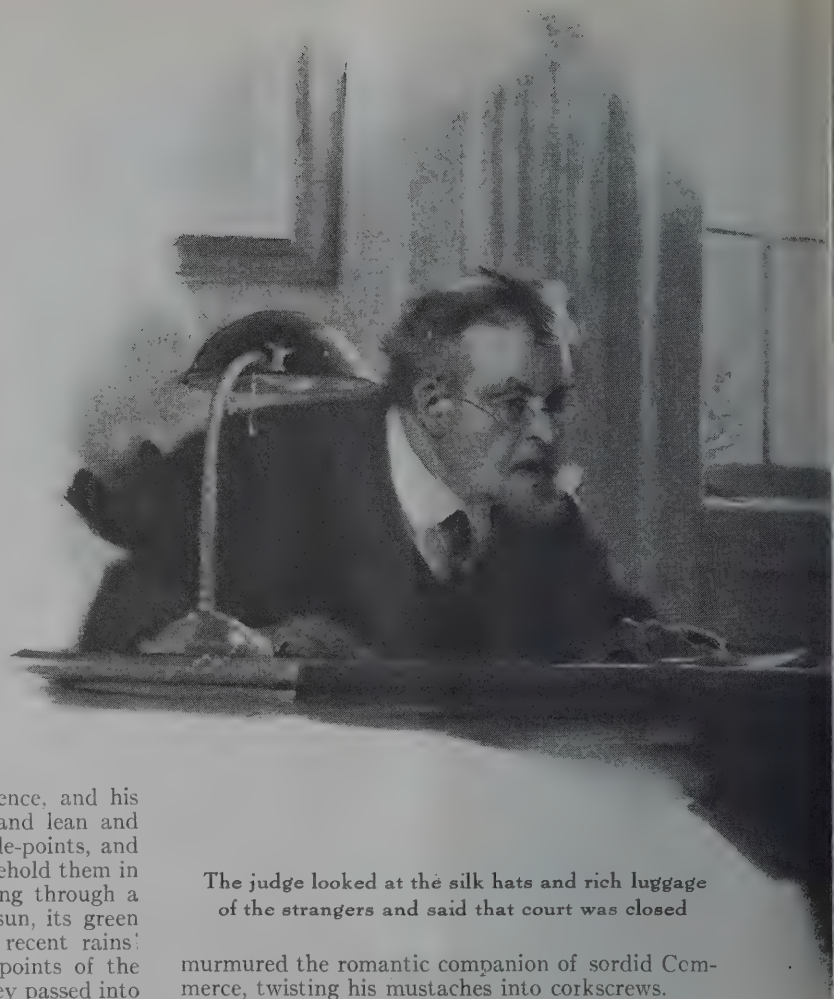
Tell the little Soane girl that I left a rod for her in the workroom if she cares to join me at the second lake. Garry can bring her over and leave her if he doesn't wish to fish. Don't (*Continued on page 130*)

What *the* Dickens!

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



The judge looked at the silk hats and rich luggage of the strangers and said that court was closed

GREAT idea! Oh, yes! Jim Wallingford's. They'd just hop off the western main-line train at Yardsville, cut down across the Wheaton valley by trolley, catch the southern trunk line at Polston, and save a day in their journey. So behold them ensconced in a long, rickety traction-car, bag, baggage, and saxophone-case, high silk hats and all—huge, broad-chested J. Rufus Wallingford, his big diamonds in sparkling evidence, and his round pink face radiant with self-approbation; and lean and lank Blackie Daw, his mustaches twirled to needle-points, and his eyes eager with the joy of the unexpected! Behold them in lonely possession of the car, whizzing and wobbling through a beautiful country which lay smiling under the sun, its green meadows and tree-clad hills glistening from the recent rains! Spires and smoke-stacks projected into various points of the horizon and told of numerous thriving towns. They passed into one presently, right down Main Street amid the bustle of teams and natives, passed the public library and the town hall, the high school and the Baptist church, the bank, the post-office, and three blocks of emporiums. There was a slim monument in the public square, and the street which led out of town was bordered with trees in neat, whitewashed boxes.

"Truly rural, Jimmy; truly rural!" commented Blackie. "I wonder what's the burg's name. 'Gertie,' I guess. I judge from her gay outskirts."

"But did you lamp the new breed of hicks?" wondered Wallingford. "Beady-eyed, every mother's son, and as active as grasshoppers. Clean town, though—no litter anywhere; no garbage I think they eat the skins."

"This is a soothing sylvan scene," persisted Blackie. "I could write some noble poetry down here in the very inside of nature. Look at the leaves and clouds and cows and things!"

"Un-hunh. I wonder why they don't run a railroad across this valley."

"Plunge sordid commerce straight through 'Gertie' and 'Ophelia' and 'Mamie,' and the rest of these rustic beauties?" objected the poet. "And through 'Old Bill' yonder on the hill amid the rocks? You have no soul."

"I don't get it." J. Rufus surveyed the valley and "Old Bill's" water-tower perched against the sky. And J. Rufus pinched the bridge of his nose, while daisy-dotted meadows jerked by and a swollen creek came alongside to race with them.

"Oh, no, this town isn't 'Mamie,'" decided Blackie, as they approached the next village, "nor 'Ophelia,' nor 'Tripe,' nor any brazen hussy like that. It's 'Mrs. Funnorwood,' and she's bitter-virtuous. Look at her, Jim! She's straight as a string, and no fallals or fripdads any place."

"Mrs. Funnorwood" was indeed rigid, and cold and stiff and severe. But as they passed between the rows of sepulchral white houses, the frown of perplexity on Wallingford's brow deepened.

"See these crabs! They're beady-eyed like the last collection. They're pinch-nosed, and they carry their heads forward. I have them! They're hunting the dollar. If I know towns, this whole valley is on the make, and no cent ever mildews beneath a crack of a board. They tear up the board."

"The sun is bright; the sky is blue,"

murmured the romantic companion of sordid Commerce, twisting his mustaches into corkscrews.

"The sun is bright; the sky is blue.
The sun is bright——"

"But why no railroad?" interrupted Commerce, in deadly pursuit of its text. "It's a prosperous valley—money here and good haulage—but even if these pointers and setters didn't waste coin on the road, there should be rich profits in the through traffic between the western main line and the southern trunk."

"The sun is bright; the sky is blue.
The grass is green; the chippy flew,"

responded Blackie. "That's enough for a start, and now I'll play it with variations."

Thereupon, since they had the car to themselves, he produced his saxophone and played it with variations; he played it fast and slow, and loud and low; he played it gaily; he played it mournfully and pompously, tenderly, tragically, tremulously. He played on that one eternal verse until Wallingford's teeth began to get on edge, and until the car had passed through "Prim Priscilla" and "Slovenly Sue," and was down into the flood-lands where nature had hidden herself and the trolley-track beneath a waste of oily yellow water. Here, after a mile of slow swishing, the brakes were thrown on with a sudden jerk. Whereupon the car shivered and slid ten feet on the muddy rails and stopped with another jerk. The carrot-complexioned conductor came through on the lope.

"What's the matter, Jerry?"

"Bridge is out!" yelled the bony-faced motor-man, who was swaddled to the ears and capped to the eyebrows. "We just missed it by a hair!"

"Back 'er up!"

Some fumbling and jerking up in front, accompanied by a fusillade of deft profanity; then the bony-faced motor-man reported:

"No juice."

"Darn!" The conductor, a swaggering, cocky sort of fellow who wore his cap resting against one ear, sat down. The motor man came in slapping his wet gloves together, and he sat down.

"How long will we have to wait here?" inquired Mr. Wallingford, looking at his watch. They had scarcely an hour's leeway to make their train at Polston.

Conductor and motor-man looked at the passengers with very

tle change of expression. Between them and the idle rich there as a great gulf.

"Don't know."

"Nine hours last spring before they got the water out of the power-station, wasn't it, Tom?" inquired the motor-man, addressing the conductor exclusively.



"Eleven." The answer as addressed exclusively to ıe motor-man.

The passengers looked out ! the dreary landscape, where ıe tops of the fence-posts ›unded up through the yellow ·ater like overgrown choco- ıte creams, and Mr. Daw ·aned over to Mr. Walling- ›rd with:

"Great idea—wasn't it? Oh, yes! Just op off a nice padded Pullman, with a ·hite and fragrant diner one car back, and ake a delightful trolley cruise——"

"Oh, sew it up!" growled J. Rufus, ırning on his partner with sudden fury. Plaster it shut, you lippy pipe-stem! ay"—he turned curtly to the only peo- le who represented responsibility for this unpleasant condition —"isn't there any way we can get out of this to catch that ·ain at Polston?"

"Yes, James," mocked Mr. Daw; "you might wade. The life- oat slipped off the upper deck at the last landing."

"It's a cheese-headed country!" exclaimed Commerce. "They ·t the flood destroy five thousand dollars' worth of property very spring, when they could stop it with a ten-thousand-dollar mbankment along that creek. Why don't they build it?"

The carrot-complexioned conductor pushed his cap a little ighter against his ear, and a fringe of carrot-colored hair stuck traight out.

"They can't when the flood's up," he explained, "and they on't need it when it ain't."

"Whoopee!" roared Jerry, the motor-man, and unbuttoned is collar, so he could throw back his head to laugh. The gulf between idle rich and self-respecting labor widened perceptibly.

"Gentlemen, suppose we behave," suggested Mr. Daw, with the friendly grin which few could resist. "We shall doubtless spend hours in brotherly distress, and there is but one thing which can ease the mind, hold off the pangs of hunger, speed lagging time, and bid dull care begone."

"If you mean that saxophone, I'll throw it in the flood!"

"The answer to my riddle, James, is penny-ante, nine-cent limit."

Wonderful how the mere thought of poker should be almost as powerful as death in making all men equal! Jim Wallingford's frown relaxed, and his round pink face began to radiate its usual jovial geniality. The bony-faced motor-man propped up the back of a seat to serve as a table, and the carrot-complexioned conductor whisked out from somewhere a maimed and mangled deck of cards.

"There's fifty-two of 'em," he explained, by way of apology. "The one with the inch and a half split is the ace of diamonds, and the seven of clubs has the biggest corner torn off, and the king of spades has a cigarette-burn through the middle; but the spots are all here."

In half an hour they were calling each other "Tom" and "Jim" and "Jerry" and "Blackie." And Wallingford had his curiosity appeased. The creek had not been banked, because the county was waiting for a railroad to come along and do it free of charge; and there was no railroad because the greed of the natives had always scared off the promoters, and any dollar which passed through the valley reached the other end out of breath.

Some three hours later, when they were so feverishly absorbed in a fifty-seven-cent jack-pot that none of them knew the "juice" was "on" or that another car had come up behind with a swish of water and a sing of wires, a rubber-coated and rubber-hatted man stamped in.

"Gamblin'!" he said, in a hollow voice. "Gamblin' with cards, and money in plain sight!"

"Aw, look here, Sam," protested Jerry: "You can't call this gambling. These gentlemen is friends of ours, and——"

"The law don't say anything about friends," declared Sam Larkin, throwing open his rubber coat and displaying his badge, and pushing back his slouch hat and displaying the five caverns of his countenance—eyes, cheeks, and mouth. "Gamblin' is gamblin', an' I'm sheriff of this county because I've read my book plumb through an' do my duty when I see it. You're under arrest, the whole kit an' bilin' of you! I order you to stop breakin' the peace instanter!"

"Quite so, parson," agreed Blackie Daw pleasantly. "But one of us red-handed criminals has just made a statement to which three of us object. He says that he has four kings, which we deny, and the dispute must be settled. I raise this pot nine cents."

Cute of Sam Larkin—no green in his eye! He let them put all they would into that jack-pot before he scooped up the money and the cards as evidence. Then the real exercises of the day began. Scorning to accept the big stranger's offer to settle on the spot, the sheriff ordered the car to proceed into Appleby, two miles distant. Since the bridge was down, he took them round the belt the other way, a fifty-mile tour of the valley, through sprawly, mussy Kilcrow, alias "Slovenly Sue;" and Scaggmill, alias "Prim Priscilla;" and Shawmere, alias "Mrs. Funnorwood;" and Bungham, alias "Gertie;" and Summit City, which had been "Old Bill." Then there were Hawburg, where the streets all ran down-hill and the houses were always

slipping, and Creektown, white with the dust of its big flour-mills and black to its sills with the marks of its many floods, and then Polston. Out of the valley—Polston—and a good live town—and the express train which they might have taken was just steaming in. Once more J. Rufus made a strenuous effort to buy himself and his companions in crime out of limbo, but Sam Larkin was adamant. The law was the law, and he could make more money through the courts in the long run than by deviating from the straight and narrow path of duty. So on the jail-car rumbled and rattled through the town of Mudhole, with its original disgrace nicely macadamized, and its houses set out as regularly as the holes in a waffle; and through Rastus, where everybody wore spectacles on account of the big normal school, and, at last, the county-seat, Appleby, two miles this side of where the deed had been committed.

When they arrived in that town of weeping willows and churchyard elms, the judge looked at the silk hats and rich luggage of the strangers and said that court was closed; for the fat judge, who lived in Creektown, alias "Powdered Mag," was a friend of the proprietor of the Appleby House. They had to pay a staggering price to a professional bondsman to keep them out of jail, and the Appleby House charged them twelve dollars a day apiece, American, for anemic food and a springless bed in a bathless room. In the morning, J. Rufus paid the fat judge, for the party, the stiffest fines allowable by law on four charges and another one, to wit: gambling, refusing to stop gambling when ordered to do so by an officer of the county, attempted bribery, threatened violence, and contempt of court.

"Now I reckon you can catch the eleven-o'-clock train," said the sheriff, widening the largest cavern in his countenance.

"Oh, no!" returned J. Rufus, with deadly calmness. His lips were blue, and there was in his small eye a fire like a pale, cold opal. "We're going to stay."

"Yes, parson." To save him, Blackie could not cover his white teeth with his upper lip. "We have a little business here."

II

The town of Shawmere, alias "Mrs. Funnorwood," enjoyed a treat of intrinsic value; and intrinsic value meant much in Shawmere. Her leading commerical gentlemen were invited to have hothouse melon from St. Louis, squab from Yardsville, champagne from Paris, France, and delicacies too numerous to mention from various other spots on the globe; and the provider and purveyor of all this extravagance was none other than the huge, genial, florid gentleman who had already enriched the county exchecquer in the amount of four hundred and eighty-two dollars and fifty cents. So, welcome, Wallingford! That jovial host concealed his fell purpose from the beady eyes and pinched noses and inquisitive tongues of his nineteen guests, including the sheriff, until the coffee had been removed. Then, rising and beaming on the well-fed Shawmere Commercial Association, he laid on the table a huge cylinder of drawings, and said,

"Gentlemen, I have come to sell you a union depot."

An impenetrable silence followed that announcement. The ticking of twenty watches was distinctly audible, and when the gangling negro head waiter stealthily scratched his shin with his foot, it sounded like the rasp of a currycomb. The leading commercial luminary, a white-haired man who wore his eyeglasses at the extreme tip of his nose, craned up his head until he had a good focus on the stranger—and coughed. That was the only expression of opinion. It was not the custom in Wheaton valley for the commercial contenders to express their thoughts on any proposition, no matter how startling or seemingly absurd. "Stop, look, and listen!" was the motto. Let the engine do the tooting.

But what the dickens! A union depot in a town where there was no railroad! Was a railroad coming through, and did the stranger have the first news of it? If such were the case, how would a man go about it, quietly of course, to profit best by the circumstance without letting a stranger in on it? To be sure, it sounded crazy to buy a union depot when there wasn't a railroad or one talked of, but information didn't hurt any man's ear-drums. A large plump hand spread out the perspective view and weighted it at the corners with sugar-bowls; and thirty-seven beady eyes were focused on the diamond the size of a hazelnut which ornamented that hand. A one-eyed man looked twice as long as the others; then he, too, bent over the drawing. It was a union depot true enough. The words: "Union Depot" were carved plainly in the artistic stone gable of the handsome building!

"Here is my proposition, gentlemen," went on the suave stranger, smiling down on the nineteen heads, white, gray, red, black, brown, yellow, streaked, and bald: "When one or more railroads do come through here, it, or they, will find a union depot already built. If it, or they, won't come into our depot you can refuse it, or them, a right of entry; so it, or they, must pay any rental you please. There's profit for you, gentlemen!

Nineteen heads craned up at him, and a black-headed man, whose plump face bore outgrowing wrinkles, as if he were withering with avarice from within, rasped his chin.

"What would you say this building is worth?" inquired Mr. Wallingford. "If there is a contractor or anyone familiar with building-figures among you, I should be happy to have a rough guess."

Eleven hands shoved the drawings over to a man with a partly bald head, who immediately spread on the floor-plan a two-foot rule, a flat lead-pencil, and a thumb like a shoe-horn. For six minutes by the watch, eighteen heads bent over the drawings with the half-bald man, and tongues were stuck in cheeks and fingers were held between teeth, and whiskers were tightly clutched. The sheriff alone sat erect. He was watching J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Well," said the half-bald man at last, raising a brown face in which deep lines had been carved by the weather, "I want it distinctly understood that I'm not offering a bid, and I wouldn't guarantee to build this building at the figures I name, especially with bricks going up the way they are, and lumber and iron and labor and everything; but I'm willing to say, though not to be held to it, that somewheres around sixty thousand dollars is about my guess."

"Very good, gentlemen, and I thank you, sir," bowed Mr. Wallingford, as the eighteen heads raised, and nineteen men inhaled deep breaths. "The rest of this talk will be made by money. You gentlemen furnish twenty thousand dollars toward this building, and I'll provide the balance of the capital."

The spokesman of the occasion suppressed a chuckle as he gazed down on the nineteen heads which were slowly pivoting from side to side, while beady eyes tried to read comprehension in other beady eyes. What the dickens! Why, dog-gone it, the man was offering to put up two-thirds of the money! Well, he wasn't doing it for nothing. There seemed something unnatural about that offer, and every man felt his heart contracting till its skin wrinkled. The eccentric capitalist's face was red, and his shoulders had a disposition to heave, but, at even that slight movement, the nineteen heads came up, and the thirty-seven eyes were focused on him questioningly.

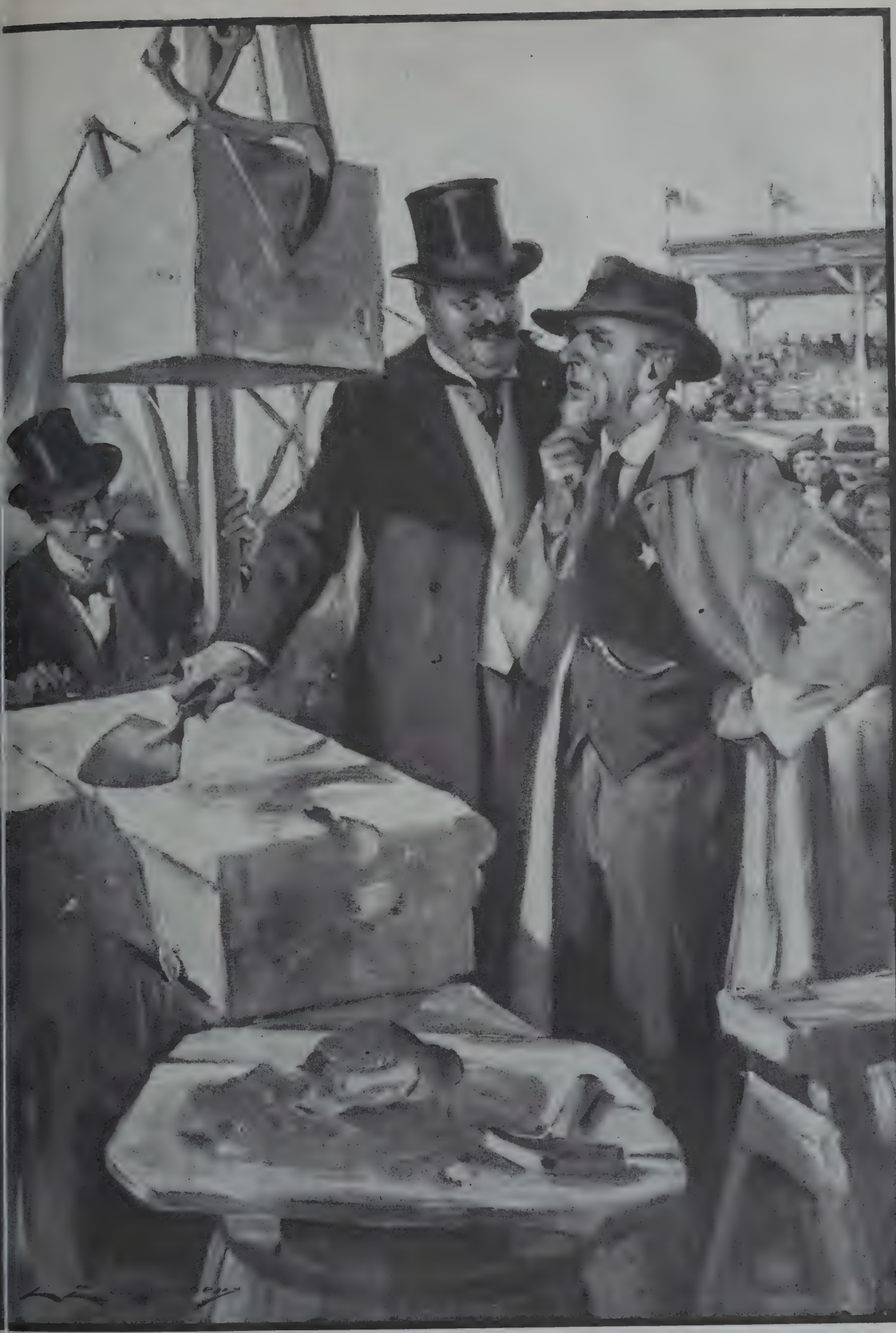
"Your payments, gentlemen, will be as follows: I will come to you with an acceptable guaranty-bond, and, on the signing of our contract, you will pay me five thousand dollars. You will then place fifteen thousand dollars in your local bank. When the corner-stone of the union depot is laid, your bank will honor my warrant for another five thousand dollars, and when my properly bonded and responsible contractor files in your bank a receipt in full for the completion of the union depot, the bank will then honor my warrant for the remaining ten thousand dollars."

Eighteen heads slowly wagged. The nineteenth surveyed them and J. Rufus Wallingford in turns; then it wagged, too. There was but one conclusion to all this: J. Rufus Wallingford was a smart man! He knew that a railroad was coming through Shawmere, and he was anxious to club the railroad into paying him handsomely for the privilege. Quite natural. But he couldn't club the railroad without the assistance of the citizens. So he was willing to let them in for a share of the profits. Well, well—it depended on the share. He read the question in those anxious upturned eyes as well as if they had spoken.

"My share of the profits will be as follows: I ask for none of the track-rentals, or the rentals from railroad-offices, waiting-rooms, baggage- and express-rooms, and so forth. I only ask only for the complete disposal of the top floor. Gentlemen, I shall leave these plans with you for a few days while you consider my proposition. George, see that the glasses are kept filled."

Silence—total silence—followed the stranger's withdrawal from the room. That last clause had thrown them once more into confusion. What the dickens! The white-haired dean of the commercial luminaries removed his eye-glasses from the tip of his nose and pinched them on his forefinger. He was accounted the shrewdest of them all. He was the man who had invented the local custom of coaxing father to turn over his business and retire, then sending the old man to the poorhouse.

"I only see three ways to it," he announced. "Either the man is all-fired smart or he's a blame fool or he's a swindler. If he's a smart business man, there's about a hundred-per-cent. profit in



WN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"This is the greatest moment in the history of Wheaton County," Mr. Wallingford assures him

what he offers; if he's a darn fool, you're taking a chance, but so is he; but if he's a swindler— What do you say, Sam?"

The sheriff, who was a man of means, passed a knotty hand over his dazed upper-covers and blinked a few times.

"Durned if I know," he puzzled, and he might almost have put that as a motion and carried it unanimously. "But I'll swear to this: The man don't care any more for a hundred dollars than I do for a nickel. Not as much! And when I find a man that's got a lot of money and is wasteful with it, I'm just bound to think that he's worth stickin' close behind!"

Thereupon Sam Larkin stalked out of the door through which the wasteful stranger had made his exit, and he proceeded to "stick close behind." He was an official guest of the town council in the village with the gay outskirts when that august body was entertained next day by Mr. Wallingford, and he listened intently to every syllable of argument pro and con concerning the union depot which was offered to Bungham. He was at Wallingford's dinner to the Chamber of Commerce in "Prim Priscilla," and to the Citizens Committee in "Slovenly Sue," and to the Investors Club in "Old Bill," and to the various civic and commercial organizations in Hawburg and Creektown and Mudhole and Rastus and Appleby; and he was as much puzzled after his last glass of champagne in Appleby as before his first glass in Shawmere.

"I'm durned if I know," he confided to his friend, the fat judge. "No man would spend money like he does without expectin' to make money by it; but it stands to reason that nobody'd invest in a union depot where there ain't any railroad, and nobody's done it!"

"Then I reckon he's a sharper," promptly decided the judge.

"I'm a-waitin' for that," returned the sheriff darkly.

III

WHAT the dickens! Astonished Bungham, alias "Gertie," packed itself solidly, one early morn, against the fence of the Lem Tithers lot, and blinked its beady eyes at the bustling miracle within. A row of neat little brown "A" tents had sprung up like mushrooms, and a big mess-tent was rearing itself in the air with the assistance of a crew of frisky young athletes wh looked like college-boys on a vacation—and were. Supply wagons and mules and hay filled the whole lower end of the lot brass surveying instruments glistened impressively in the mornin sun, and in a canopied hammock, near the tripods where th steaming kettles swung, lolled a lean and lank gentleman in khak and sombrero. And when Sam Larkin, hurrying up from Shaw mere to investigate the phenomenon, pushed through the gapin Gertie-ites, he discovered the black-eyed and pointed-mustache hammock-loller to be none other than he who had once offered t make the sheriff of Wheaton County eat his own ear.

"Hello!" greeted the representative of the law, grabbing timothy stalk and chewing it excitedly. "What are you doin'?

"Surveying the landscape, parson," returned Mr. Da courteously. "I enjoy surveying. This dawn, when I surveye the pink sunrise, I was filled with exaltation. I made some poetr about it, as follows:

> "The sun is bright; the sky is blue.
> The grass is green; the chippy flew.
> The poppy's red; a hole is black.
> A peach smells good; the bird flew back."

The sheriff stared at the poet for a good half-minute; then h threw down his timothy stalk and scratched his head.

"What are you surveyin' for?"

"Pleasure—and profit, parson; pleasure and profit. This an no more, parson. I shall now play you the little ditty which I jus recited, and I shall play it with variations."

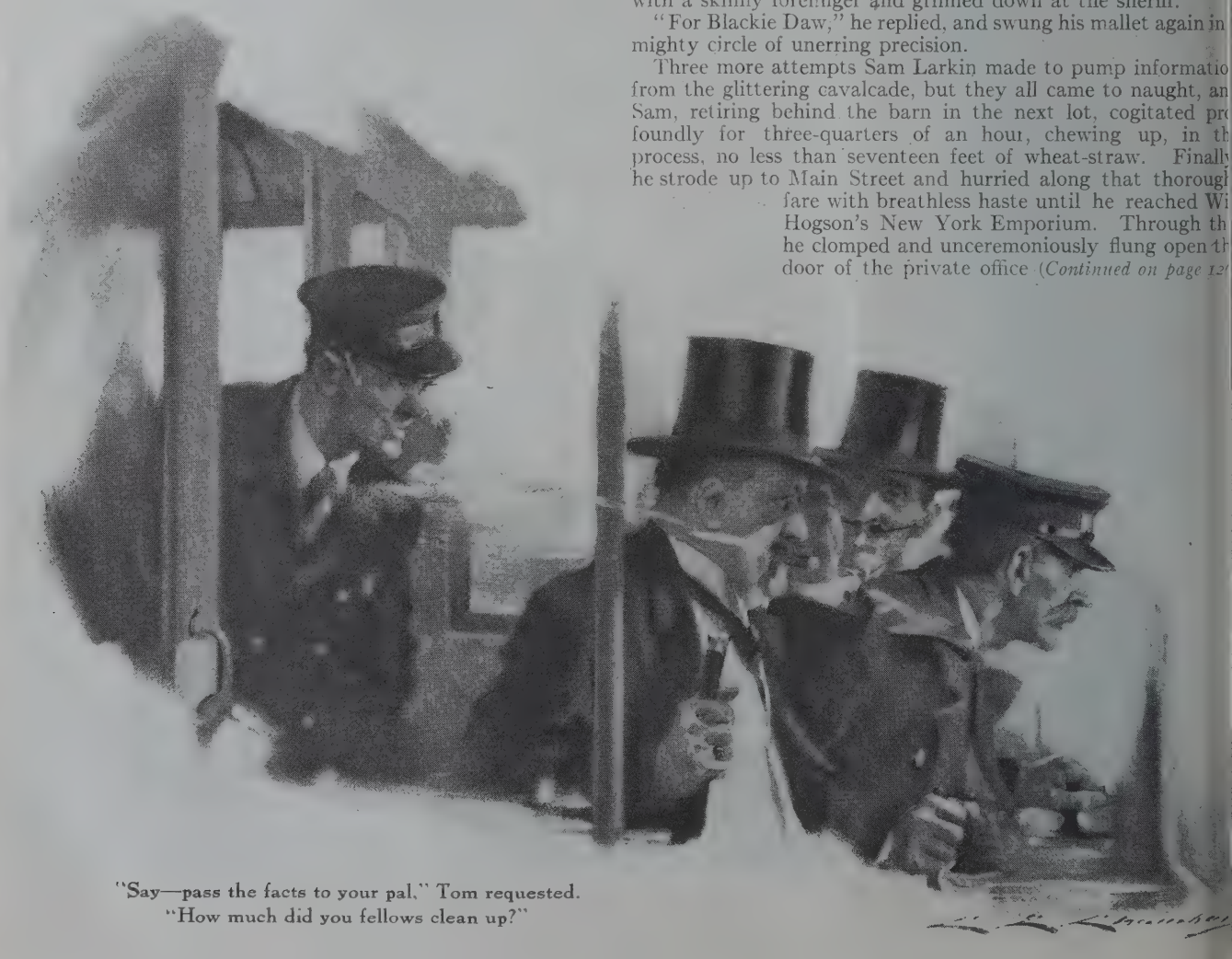
Mr. Daw played the ditty with variations. He played it loudly and paused; but, just as Sam Larkin opened his mouth to speak Mr. Daw played the ditty softly. At the end of every emotiona phrase he paused, and at every opening of Sam Larkin's mout he began again. At the eleventh phrase, which was one of resig nation and despair, if music can be translated into words, Sa Larkin plucked a timothy stalk and went away. He stopped i front of a skinny young giant who was driving a wooden peg wit mighty swings of a wooden mallet, and he said,

"Say—what are you fellows surveyin' for?"

The skinny giant removed a blob of perspiration from his bro with a skinny forefinger and grinned down at the sheriff.

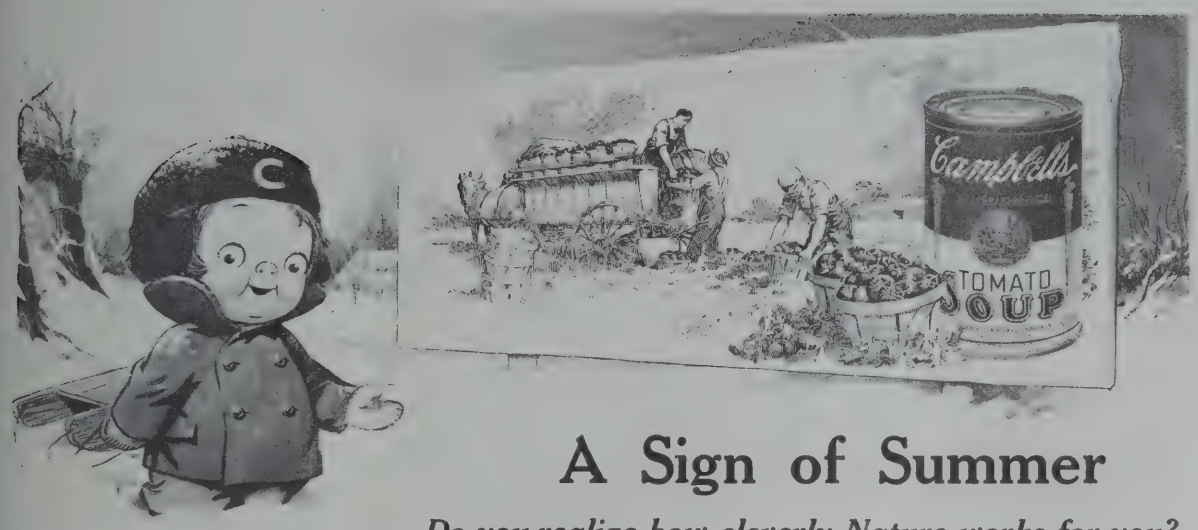
"For Blackie Daw," he replied, and swung his mallet again in mighty circle of unerring precision.

Three more attempts Sam Larkin made to pump informatio from the glittering cavalcade, but they all came to naught, an Sam, retiring behind the barn in the next lot, cogitated pr foundly for three-quarters of an hour, chewing up, in th process, no less than seventeen feet of wheat-straw. Finally he strode up to Main Street and hurried along that thorough fare with breathless haste until he reached Wi Hogson's New York Emporium. Through th he clomped and unceremoniously flung open th door of the private office (*Continued on page 12*



"Say—pass the facts to your pal," Tom requested. "How much did you fellows clean up?"

"A joyful sight—this scene so bright,
That label fair to see!
And while I gaze, bright summer days
Come swiftly back to me."



A Sign of Summer

Do you realize how cleverly Nature works for you?

How often you wish there was some way to store up the summer sunshine for winter use. But Nature does even better for you than that. In these juicy red tomatoes vine-ripened under the August and September sun, Nature stores away invigorating tonic properties which help you to keep in good condition all winter long. And you get these at their best in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is as healthful as it is delicious. Nourishing in itself, it also tones and strengthens digestion so that you get increased nourishment from all other food. And more enjoyment too.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, it is especially rich and tempting, and yields a surprising amount of body-building nutrition.

Its use involves no waste, no cooking cost. It comes to you completely cooked and seasoned,—high food-value for your money, and ready for your table in three minutes.

You cannot over-estimate the importance of eating a good soup every day, if you would keep in prime physical condition. The highest dietary authorities agree on this.



Order this wholesome soup by the dozen or the case and enjoy it often—that is the practical and economical way.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



"Mother, What does Cocoa Mean?"

"Well, my boy, good cocoa means

Baker's Cocoa"

It is a rich red-brown powder made from high grade cocoa beans, which have been carefully selected, skilfully blended, roasted, ground exceedingly fine, and with the excess of fat removed without the use of chemicals.



It is a delicious drink, of great food value, and its use saves other foods.

Choice Recipe Book sent Free.

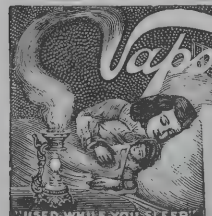
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

Established 1879

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

The Comeback

(*Continued from page 21*)

house's auto again! Daddy Howe, lemme squeeze it! Honk! Honk! Hef-ty, tell us again how you bagged the *boche*—begin with the machine-gun part. Tell us— There she is, up on the porch! Sis and Hefty's mad! Sis and Hefty's mad—ma-ad—ma-a-ad!"

Through the Babylonian jargon of them and Private Sims pushing open the gate through the swarm of them, Miss Lyla Doane had risen.

"Sis and Hefty's ma-a-a—d!"

"Por-ky! Children! Por-ky, will you get off that running-board? Give him a push, daddy. Watch out—the twins are on your coat tails, Hefty! Herbert! Por-ky! Will you quit? Give him a slap, Hefty! Por-ky!"

"Make him tell us, sis, how he wiggled through the barbed wire in No Man's Land. Gowann, Hefty; tell us again!"

"Ma—will you call Porky off Hefty?"

"Just once—aw, just once—how you picked yourself up under——"

"Not to-night, you little shaver! Let go, kids!"

"Oh, sis and Hefty's mad—m-a-a-d—m-a-a-d!"

"Ma, will you call in the kids? They're acting something shameful all over Hefty's uniform. Por-ky!"

A voice came from the rear then, a high, spare voice backed with command, and a moist pink palm quick to emerge from dish-water. The children scurried to it, leaving silence.

"Hello, Lyle!"

"Hello, Hefty!"

"Take a little spin? Cool off?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, I'll be meandering, then. Guess I'll drop in up at the Giles' for a while."

"Don't let me keep you, Hefty."

Then Private Sims, turning down, turned back, strode up three steps, grasping Miss Doane's wrists as they hung pliant.

"Now, look here, Lyle: What is it? Is it because I—I'm damaged goods you're giving me the let-down? If it is, you've got to be game enough to come out and say so. I'm not blaming or holding you. I don't believe in holding no woman to a—a has-been for life. Only, you got to come out with it in language."

"Why, Hefty Sims—aren't you—aren't you ashamed?"

"No, I'm not. I believe in calling black black. I know I'm no prize package—this a-way—and all you got to do to square yourself with me is come out and say so."

"Why, Hefty—as—as if that made any difference with me! I—why, I think the way your eye quirks gives you character—all the girls in the office think so, too."

"And you ought to see, Lyle, the way they're going to fix my arm up, you'll hardly tell it! The fellows over in France use the—the artificial ones just like their own. Why, one hospital I was in, where they operated on my eye, was one fellow with both arms gone, and the way they fixed him up with artificial arrangements, darned if that guy wasn't writing letters home on the typewriter for the whole blooming ward of us."

"Why, don't you think I know that, Hefty? And if I didn't, you think would make any difference with m What's a finer badge of honor than a low with a sleeve that's empty because fought for his country? Why, Hefty, I'm proud of that sleeve, I am—just it is—empty! You ought to know better than that."

"What do I know except that ever si I been home I've been good enough everybody in this town except you? A it's eating me, too—just don't you for that. I don't let on, but it's eating. W come to everybody's but—but my g Giles and Giddings and all of them a me but my girl, if you want to know it."

"Oh, I know it, all right. I know t crowd up there on the hill is misfitt you every day that passes for the life you born to."

"Eulalie Giles herself ain't abo knitting me a pair of bed-slippers, and—

"Hefty, Hefty—you're no invalid l that!"

"Good enough for everybody but own girl, and my poor old mother call shell-shock that's eating me! A girl l Eulalie Giles has time to——"

"Hefty, Hefty—can't you see i that's what is behind the way I act. can't bear to see it! You're no inva No has-been. You've got a big comeb in you if they'll let you alone. You letting this town make a cripple out you."

"Well, call it by any name you wa Lyle, it won't make me whole again."

"But, Hefty, you've got a better cha now than you ever had in your life. fellow that never had time or money for a more than a few years' day-school all sudden with the whole government beh him wanting to educate him for any k of work he's fitted for. Why, let me you, Hefty Sims, if this town will let y alone, this war and the government beh it will give you something that you co have lived a hundred years for and not g I can see the beginnings every day in yo the new look of you, Hefty—little thi you say and do that you couldn't h said and done before—don't, honey, do let this town kill you with kindness!"

"I never asked it—did I—to——"

"Even your own mother, your p darling old mother, has nearly worl herself down trying to make a cripple you. Poor darling, she's one of the wo enemies you've got, Hefty. I'm tell it to you because no one else will. T hysterical stuff doesn't mean anythi Two years after the war, this town will going its own way and expecting you b to go yours. There's hundreds of fell coming back home in your same fix, worse. You think each one of then going to be met with a brass band? much! You came first, Hefty; that's Look at the old Civil War left-overs. L at uncle Ty—he let the Civil War aunt Linda make a cripple out of h Where's it got him? A poor old lazy o armed down-and-outer with more hea than he knows what to do with and noth to fall back on but a few war-stories t nobody's got time to listen to."

"What's uncle Ty got to do with—

"This much: He's been a professio



Soft woolly sweaters, caps, scarfs, sport stockings

Launder them so they won't thicken or shrink

TODAY you can cleanse woolens yourself without hurting them. From Dad's sport stockings to Baby's little shirt, you can trust every single woolen you have unhesitatingly to the delicate Lux suds.

When you twist woolens or rub them with soap, they become stiff, matted and shrunken.

But with Lux there is no rubbing. Only sousing in the rich, pure lather, gently pressing the suds through the soiled parts.

Lux comes in pure delicate flakes. They dissolve instantly in hot water. In a moment you whisk them up into a rich lather.

To wash your sweater

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make suds lukewarm. Swish your sweater about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the sweater, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your sweater soft and woolly. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co.—Cambridge, Mass.

Lux won't injure anything pure water alone won't injure.

LUX



Don't lay your daintiest blouse away. You can wear it often, cleanse it repeatedly, in rich Lux suds

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cripple for forty years. A man like him that came back one hundred per cent. all there above his collar. He's lain back on the government doing the professional-hero stuff, and he's never measured up beyond the thirty a month the government thought his lost arm was worth. Don't take Adalia's and your poor old mother's word for it, Hefty, that you're—damaged goods. Don't—don't let us make a professional hero out of you, Hefty."

Red came surging out of Private Sim's uncompromising army-collar, scorching, flaming.

"If a man used those words to me, Lyle—'professional hero'—I'd make him swallow them."

"Fine, honey! I want to see you get sore. Get good and sore! It's because I know how brave you are makes me fight you. I don't need it from you to know that the way you stood up under fire that night with—your arm dangling—is one of the hero-stories of the war. All over the state, the boys are writing it home. It's just because I do know, Hefty——"

"You know nothing. Nobody that's not lived through that hell let loose over there knows anything. The hell of it and the glory of it! I want to get back. God! I tell you, Lyle, I wake up nights half plunging out of bed to get back. There's something in just a uniform, once a fellow puts it on, makes him over. I don't say I wanted to jump in on that killing over there—darn few of us did at first—but my back is up now, let me tell you. Them Huns over there got my blood boiling."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, Hefty——"

"Why, them Huns over there got my blood boiling so—why—I—I—there was one little kid I seen over there, Lyle—can't quit seeing him—a little shaver crying in the road one day, and his ma and kid brother and cur dog laying dead in the road from an air-raid—I wake up nights sweating, with that kid sitting on my chest—calling me! It ain't my arm laying over there rotting in No Man's Land; it's a fellow like me having to leave his job unfinished over there and come back to where he don't fit in nowhere."

"No, no, Hefty; you do fit in!"

"That's why I say the government owes me a living. Why, when I went down to the freight depot yesterday and saw the boys heaving tonnage and me at twenty-six standing on the side-lines done for—done for in war and done for in peace—something got me by the throat, by God! I got to keep letting them kid me along, Lyle, about the glory of being a cripple. It's all I got to fall back on—the glory-stuff."

Dusk was thickening, a gray mist seeming to fold them into it. The clamber of vines for background and Miss Doane's small face lifting against it, she was like one of its moonflowers opening.

"It is glory, Hefty! Not the kind that goes with brass bands, but the kind that can be the making of you, if you'll let it. Don't you remember how I used to beg of you, Hefty—it was our biggest fuss. A man's worth a dollar and a half a day from his neck down. There's no limit to his value from the neck up."

"I'm no stiff-collar guy."

"No; but you're a stiff-upper-lip guy, and that's what counts. Don't let this town force you into selling pencils or night-watching, Hefty. I give it two more months to cool down. The public forgets, Hefty—they're made that way. It's human. Why, I—if you don't mind my telling you, Hefty, I saw you yesterday strolling into old-man Giles' office. He wasn't quite so sociable and chatty as he was last time. I saw him asking to be excused instead of hauling out the directors' meeting humidor of cigars and——"

"He was busy with——"

"Sure he was! And next time he'll be a little busier, and first thing you know the whole town is going to be too busy. Everyone of us back at our regular jobs and taking our heroes for granted."

"I wish you'd cut that word, Lyle."

"It's always been that way with wars, Hefty. Oh, I've been reading, and I—I—God, how I want to save you from being a hero, Hefty!"

"Is—is that all's been eating you, Lyle?"

"What else, Hefty honey, could it be?"

"Not my—squint or—or—my side?"

She felt out toward him again along the sag of sleeve, laying it to her face.

"As I was reading yesterday, Hefty, a man's a cripple just so far as his brain makes him a cripple. There's sixty thousand of them in this country, outside of the war, and hundreds of them have made good. Why not you, Hefty, like the best of them?"

"I—why—just seems I don't know where to turn, Lyle. I'm like a fellow in a boat with his paddle gone. I can't seem to steer—nowhere."

"The government, Hefty, is ready to steer you through all the training you need. I've got all the pamphlets. Ought to have seen, Hefty, the movie I saw the other night. Fellows in France that weren't nothing more than heavers and truckmen fitted up with arms and legs and learning head-jobs. Engineering and telegraphy and drafting. That's what I want so terribly for you, Hefty, mechanical drafting. You've got the talent for it. All you got to do is sign up down at the works and they'll start things moving for you. Hefty—it's your chance!"

"Drafting, honey? Why, I can't even hold my old T square! It's all I can do to sign my name without ma guiding me."

"You can! You can! You don't need your poor old mother waiting on you for the things you can learn yourself. A great fellow like you, Hefty, all of a sudden laying down on the mother he's been so proud of taking care of all these years! I tell you it's not fair to her or to the girl, Hefty, who's aching and aching to marry you."

"Lyle!"

"I don't want to marry a victim, Hefty; I want to marry a victor."

"Lyle, Lyle, you've got too much brains for a fellow like me! I'm not fit to wipe your shoes."

"You're fit for anything you set your mind to, Hefty Sims; it's your real comeback counts with me. Not brass bands and Giles dinners and Sessinghouse automobiles. You've got a bigger comeback in you than that, Hefty. See how I look at it?"

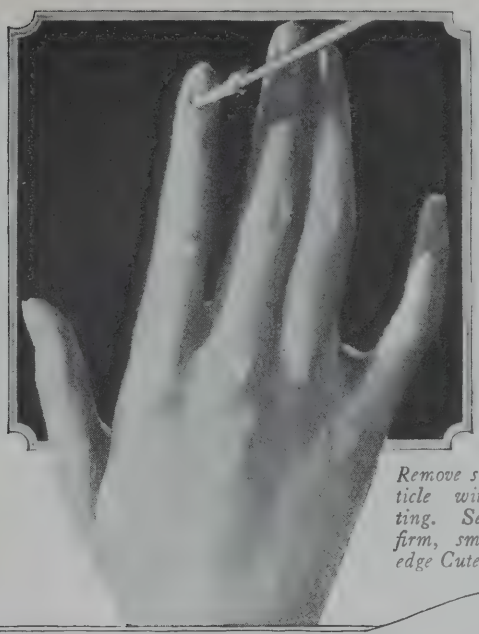
He took both her hands in his one tightening his hold.

"I think I do, Lyle," he said.

"There's a big future in drafting, Hefty. Seen the house Ed Moore's built for him



When you cut the cuticle you leave unprotected places all around the delicate nail root



Remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm, smooth, even edge Cutex gives

The wrong and the right way to manicure



"The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured"

Bessie Love

CUTTING the cuticle is ruinous! When you cut the cuticle, you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Cutex does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails.

In five minutes the most delightful manicure you ever had

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

If you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Cake Polish.

In cold weather the cuticle often shows a tendency to become dry and rough. When this happens, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort.

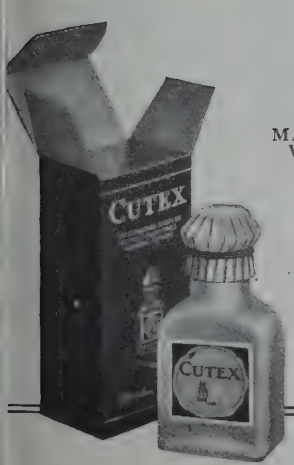
Now see how well-groomed your nails look. *Keep* them looking well. Give them a Cutex manicure regularly.

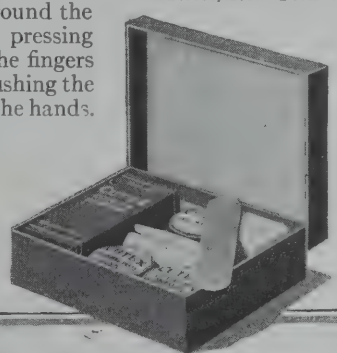
Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c, and Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 35c.

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Alice Brady

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She just rubs it on the congested spot. Instantly a peculiar penetrating heat begins its work of healing—and without fuss, or muss or blister.

Musterole relieves without discomfort.

The clean white ointment sets your skin a-tingle. First, you feel a glowing warmth, then a pleasant lasting coolness, but way down underneath the coolness, old Nature is using that peculiar heat to disperse congestion and send the pain away.

Made of oil of mustard and a few home simples, Musterole is uncommonly effective in treatment of the family's little ills. It takes the ache out of grandfather's back. It soothes sister's headache. It helps mother's neuralgia.

Mother pins her faith to it as a real "first aid."

She is never without a jar of Musterole in the house.

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E. S. WELLS, Chemist Jersey City, N. J.

self since you're gone? The three months' evening course at the works is all he took, no pension meanwhile, neither. It's one of those little one-family houses on Stilow Place, Hefty, with the—the cutest little sun-porch for ma Sims and her—her joints. Why, us—you—me—Hefty—it would be the kind of comeback would help save some of the other fellows from hero-stuff when they come home, Hefty. Hefty?"

"Why, Lyle girl, I dunno. I guess you're right. I guess you're always right, honey."

"It's a fine time to sign up down at the works, Hefty—we just got time to walk down for the night session—this evening—there's a sign went up to-day about registering."

"I—I got the auto, Lyle, to ride us down."

"Send it back. We'll walk. You're no object of charity on this town. We're going to walk ourselves straight down to the works and sign up a new lease on life."

"You—sure you want me this a-way, Lyle?"

"Hefty, I just never was so sure!"

In a gathering darkness that was already pointed with a first star and sweet with the whitening moonflower vine, Hefty Sims gathered into the cove of his arm the tiptoe figure of Miss Lyla Doane, her face back and quivering like a flower about to be plucked.

Across the darkness, and so distinctly that it was as if the head dipped in sunset and the grin with the front hiatus could shine through it, came the voice of Porky Doane, pitched in the key of derision.

"Sis and Hefty's glad! Sis and Hefty's gla-ad—gla-a-ad!"

Fannie Hurst's next story, ***"Humoresque,"*** will appear in ***March Cosmopolitan.***

"Taxi!"

(*Continued from page 48*)

"Er—it's just four now," stated Mr. Randolph.

"So it is," agreed Miss Thornton quite coolly, glancing at the clock and registering surprise—tone quite calm and dignified. "Do you think it's too early for tea?"

"No; not at all. That is, I don't know much about what hours are suited to tea. Er—I never take it."

"Oh, don't you?"

A long silence intervenes. The lady could easily break it, but won't. She has gathered somewhere that silence is often a club. Mr. Randolph evidently shares the intuition; he must say something and does.

"I've been very busy since I saw you last."

"How interesting!"

"Yes; it has been—in spots. I've—er—been studying the under side of the upper world through a hole in the front glass of a taxi. It has given me a great idea."

"Really?"

"Yes; I'm going to start the Manhattan Chaperoned Cab Company."

"The what?" asked Miss Thornton, forced to show interest in the preposterous project, in spite of the facts that her eyes were growing more and more wounded and the corners of her tremulous mouth were drooping further and further south.

"Chaperoned Cab Company," repeated Mr. Randolph, his broad brows puckering in serious thought over his wide blue eyes. "It doesn't sound like much of an idea until you follow it out. Would you like to have me explain it to you?"

"Oh, ce—certainly."

"Well, it all hangs on an invention of my own—an attachment to the ordinary taximeter of a miniature map of New York and vicinity and a sort of seismic-needle affair. You set the needle on the point in the map corresponding to where the cab starts from in—er—real life. Wherever the cab goes, the needle shows the route in red ink on the map, with a time-signal of how long it stopped at any given house, park, store—er—et cetera. Do you begin to get the idea?"

"N—no," said Miss Thornton.

"Just think a minute. Tired old couple of conventional ideas and actually beyond the age of dancing are in horror of sitting up all night watching daughter have a good time. Send her in one of my cabs; the ink-route will show just how straight she went to the party, how long she stayed, and how she came back. I forgot to mention the dictograph attachment in every vehicle. Take another case: Man married to a pretty and very young wife. Can't you hear him say, 'Yes, my d-d-dear; you can go anywhere if you'll take a Chaperoned Cab'?"

"No, I can't," said Miss Thornton decisively, and stared meaningly at the clock, as though she were worrying over her next engagement.

Mr. Randolph flushed, rose hastily, and possessed himself of hat, stick, and gloves.

"I mustn't keep you," he said, "I've got a date in about five minutes myself."

She rose, an absent-minded look in her eyes, and accompanied him to the door of the room. He opened it and took his hand from the knob to shake good-by. Her hand reached out toward his listlessly, as though it had become infected with the selfsame droop that had assailed the corners of her lips.

"May I—er—call again?"

"No!" cried Pamela, snatched back her hand, threw both arms up against the door-jamb, dropped her curly head upon them, and burst into tears.

Mr. Randolph's platinum-headed cane fell with a clatter; his gloves fluttered to the floor, and his new top-hat, emitting a clucking, mirthful sound, hurtled across the room. In less time than it has taken to describe these simultaneous events, he had seized the sobbing girl in his arms and was babbling as follows:

"Miss Tho—Pamela—Pam, you dearest and sweetest of all the little women in the world! Oh, darling, don't cry; but if you must, then cry on me—so! That's right, my precious; put your arms round my neck and hold me close. S—strangle me, b—but never, never let me go."

He stooped gradually, picked her up, and made for the couch. Just before he got there, he reached a small prayer-rug of Persian design and of great value, one of many such oases in the large expanse of beautifully waxed flooring. The specified rug seemed to take sudden offense at

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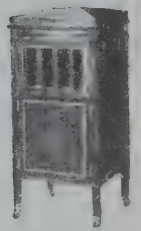
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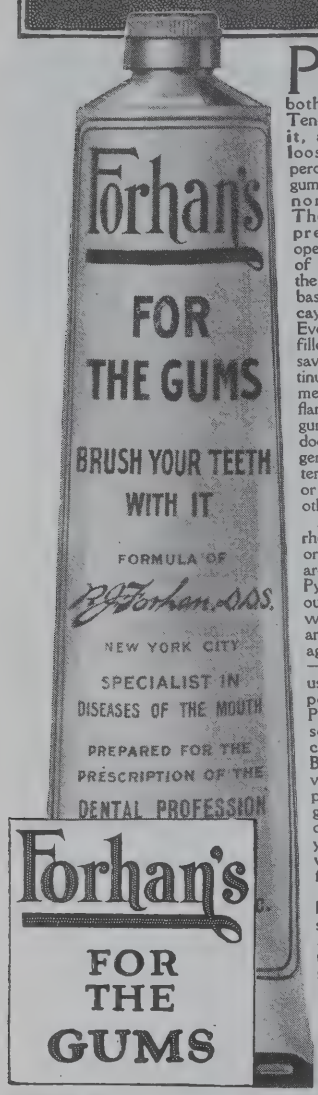
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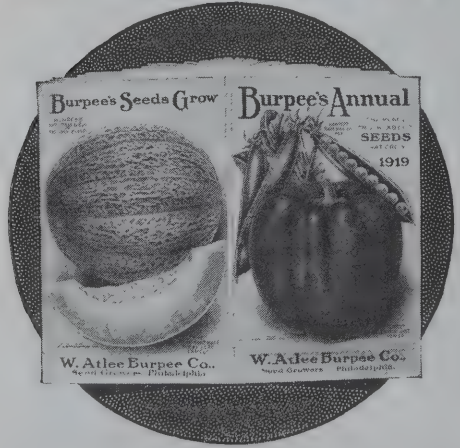
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Mr. Randolph's rude footfall. It took to itself wings and flew from under him. The crash of two of the choicest bits of Manhattan's humanity was terrific. Above the din of scattering furniture could be heard the peal of a girl's clear laughter, and presently a voice ringing merrily through half-swallowed sobs,

"M—my—what a b—bump!"

They sat on the floor, face to face, and matched a treble: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" with a heavy male: "Haw! Haw! Haw!" The terrified Tomlinson burst in upon the scene, and there are twenty-six adjectives that would have fitted the look on his countenance, the first five being "astounded," "scandalized," "amazed," "deprecating," "appalled."

"M—Master Robert! M—Miss Imogene!"

Pamela pointed one finger at him weakly, and was off again to tumble down another cascade of laughter. Tomlinson shook his solemn head from side to side in a grieved and palsied motion.

"Such doings! I never—no—I never!"

"Tomlinson is right," said Mr. Randolph solemnly, as he rose and helped Pamela to her feet. "I consider this the most astonishing sample of deportment that has come to my immediate attention for—for ten years." He turned to the unmollified servitor. "Tomlinson," he continued, still supporting the laughter-weakened Pamela with one arm, "I think it is due you to explain that Miss Thornton and I were merely rehearsing, or, rather, reviving the occasion of our first meeting. It was sitting just as you found us that we first made each other's acquaintance a decade ago, except that the encounter took place on the western sidewalk of Fifth Avenue at about the corner of Forty-eighth Street. I trust that this information will clear up all doubts in your mind as to our sanity, and that you will now leave us to the settlement of certain personal affairs of great moment."

Tomlinson withdrew, still shaking his old head from side to side, and mumbling his opinion that the explanation, far from condoning an affront to what had once been an orderly establishment, was in the nature of a plant on his credulity. No sooner had he closed the door softly but firmly on the scene of wreckage than Mr Randolph turned all his attention to the lady in his arms.

"Pam," he said, "I want you to stop laughing." He laid his hands on her shoulders, held her at arms' length, and forced her eyes to a long and breathlessly solemn meeting with his own. "My dear girl," he continued, "when I came here this afternoon, the sudden bloom of your beauty swept me off my usually confident mental bearings. I saw how completely desirable you are and my courage sank and left me, as though someone had said, 'You can have her if you'll *just step up to Mars.*' When I was running away so that I might live to fight for you in many other days, the flame of you swept down and seized my coward heart. It's yours, darling, forever—if you'll only take it!"

And then they kissed each other—one of those long, unhurried marriages of the lips in which eye meets wondering eye so closely that the barriers of flesh and space and time are pushed aside, and all the whole wide world together with seven heavens are crowded into the tiny sphere of a single lucent orb. Look at them, oh you growing public; watch them do it! For while it is customary to draw the veil on these intimate first contacts of the soul, let it be said that such conventional literary hypocrisy is herein abjured on the grounds that the real thing in youth in love doesn't give a whoop who sees.

Even such a kiss as is under review has an end as well as a beginning, and just as this one finished its too brief but crowded span of life came the honk three times repeated of a motor-horn, as though the world at large had availed itself of that means to cap the shameless osculation with three exclamation-points.

"Why, Bobby," cried Pamela, "you've never kept your cab waiting?"

"Sometime to-night," said Mr. Randolph dreamily, sadly, wistfully, "I'll have to go somewhere away from here. Let him wait."

THE END

Mutiny

(*Continued from page 41*)

Rafe go without a gentle pacification. However, a map fell open in Ned's hand, and his eye lighted upon the Château-Thierry sector. He bent over and examined it to see where the boys were fighting now. Then he grew interested and forgot.

Up and down the company street, ever since the regiment broke ranks, continuous and boisterous skylarking went on. Into Ned Faison's tent came the echoes of rough pranking and the banter of good-natured raillery.

Now, abruptly and without warning, the tone of the noises changed into a passionate uproar of maddened men. All the jolly clamor and the jokes had hushed, as if men were standing to listen. For a moment Faison sat still, wondering at a louder burst of revilings, and volley of epithets, fighting epithets in the army.

"Riot!" Faison exclaimed, and sprang to his door.

The tumult came from Bloxum's ten across the street; dozens of runnin men converged in that direction.

Somebody was making trouble withi the tent—several somebodies—plenty o trouble, and no secrecy. Faison outra the crowd and had lifted the flap when h was hurled aside by a struggling mas that rolled out like a ball—four mer fighting and swearing and sprawling o the ground. Their language indicated personal disagreement. But they ha chosen an unfortunate moment to emerg from the privacy of their tent and bum into a squad of the provost guard. Th uninvited guard made it their busines seizing arms and legs out of the whirlin mêlée, which broadened the scrimmag from a private affair into a public func tion. Strong-armed guardsmen dragge the fighters apart, but could not stop thei mouthing.

"I come out on a nine," Sergeant itchell shouted.
"Didn't! You throwed a six."
"And I made my point."
"You didn't." Rafe shook his fist and uggled with the guard.
"I did."
"The dice rolled off the blankets," rgeant Anderson cut in.
"You're a liar!"
Captain Woodward shoved through e crowd.
"Shooting craps, were you?"
Four sergeants straightened up sheepish- and none of them said a word.
"Sorry, boys—gambling costs your evrons. Guard, take charge of these n and confiscate their dice."
Mitchell looked at Bloxum, and Bloxum nced at Anderson, while Anderson ewise passed the buck.
"I think Ware's got 'em."
All four of them looked silly as they felt o their pockets, but produced no dice.
"Sergeant Edwards," the captain order- , "find the dice."
Edwards searched the gladiators, search- thoroughly, but failed to discover the mbler's tools.
Meanwhile, Rafe Bloxum edged up se to Faison and whispered huskily: "For God's sake, Ned, skirmish round d rustle a pair o' dice. We never had ne, and can't prove no crap-game. tch 'em to me at the guard-house, and amble my kit together in a hurry."

All their narrow world heard of Ser- ant Faison's demotion. That night, a ite-eyed negro boy brought a note dressed to "Private Faison."

I know of your shameful conduct. Do pri- tes sneak round to the back door when y visit white folks?

There was no signature, but Jean's hand- iting was characteristic—and so was the te. Faison read it again, tore it into gments.
"That ends it."

Another daylight, but only a few men led off their bunks when the bugler oted his reveille. Most of the fellows d been up for an hour, and heavy autos re already rumbling toward the station th baggage.
After Private Faison felt absolutely sure in his new status for duty overseas, invoked the mediation of Captain oodward, and got permission to see the onel at five o'clock.
"Well?" The unchanged colonel looked grimly from his desk at Private Faison uted, precisely at five.
The private had planned his exact rds but was disconcerted by the sudden trance of Lieutenant d'Avray at the r.
"Colonel—the ladies desire— Ah, beg rdon." The courteous Frenchman waited ilingly and held the door open behind n. Through it, Ned saw ladies gathered ound a table in the French Mission. w he remembered—Jean had spoken sterday of having d'Avray invite him to s very tea.
"Well?" The colonel snapped again. d must speak in a hurry and get out.
"Colonel, I understand you will not iew your action."



"I wonder, Mary, if coffee really harms one as much as some folks think?

"Well, John, you wouldn't give coffee to little Jack, would you? It seems to me the safest and best table drink for all of us is

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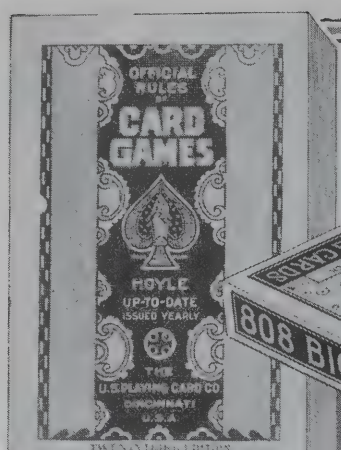
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"In reducing you? No."

"Then I wish to apologize, sir, for my apparent insolence. I meant no disrespect. What I wanted was to get back into ranks and go to France. But I cannot leave without putting myself straight. Thank you, sir, for permitting me to say it."

"So that was it?" The colonel sat up stiffly, and d'Avray advanced a pace into the room. Then the astounded Frenchman witnessed what no other man had ever seen—Colonel Nolan showed human feeling. He arose, and his voice trembled. "Faison, my hat is off to you." Off it came with a sweep. "Such spirit must render American troops invincible."

D'Avray pressed forward.

"May I have the honor of shaking your hand?" The Frenchman clicked his heels together with elaborate courtesy. "I salute you, sir. France is proud of her allies."

It is quite difficult for an American youngster to smile and make himself punctiliously polite with a Frenchman—when he isn't thinking about the French man at all but is watching a strategic door and thinking about a girl. Between the colonel and d'Avray, Ned kept busier than a one-eyed boy at a three-ring circus.

"France salutes you, sir. France does you honor." D'Avray's palm went up in the orthodox style of a French soldier doing honor. That's when Ned momentarily lost sight of the back door, and Jean's voice startled him.

"Lieutenant, we are waiting for you and the colonel— Oh—oh!"

Resting upon her green parasol, Jean had framed herself, Tosca-fashion, in the doorway, her laugh changing to bewilderment. She saw Colonel Nolan with hat in hand, while the gallant Frenchman stood before Ned Faison in an attitude of melodramatic homage. What was it all about?

"Oh—oh!" she exclaimed, and turned to run, but the colonel stopped her.

"Miss Jean, come in. Don't go. Come right in, I say."

The girl hesitated; she barely glanced at Ned, looked curiously at d'Avray. Then her eyes abided with the colonel.

"Miss Jean, I can now answer your question, which I declined to answer last night. Yesterday, Sergeant Faison came to my quarters and was intentionally insolent to me, so that he would be reduced to ranks and could go to France as a private." The French lieutenant betrayed such surprise and enthusiasm that the colonel turned to him. "That's true, d'Avray; eight of my best non-coms managed to get themselves broke in order that they might go to France in the ranks. It was a put-up job."

"It was mutiny, Colonel—mutiny."

"Of course it's mutiny."

"But a magnificent mutiny, Colonel—*magnificent!*"

"Sure; they are magnificent lads." The colonel caught Ned's hand. "This boy will not be a private very long."

Jean heard only one thing, thought of only one thing: Ned was going to France, going to fight in this terrible war. She struggled for self-control and inquired,

"Mr. Faison, when are you going?"

"Within an hour."

"Oh, Ned—Ned! she gasped.

lidn't know! And I shall not see you gain?" Unconsciously she took a step oward him.

"Oh, yes; we all hope to come back."

It was his matter-of-fact way of saying t that frightened every vestige of color rom her cheek.

"I didn't mean that. Not *that!* I neant—will I see you *before* you go—just o say good-by?"

"I'm afraid not. The boys are falling n now."

The two other men faded from his houghts and sight; he saw only a girl ›efore him, a girl with misty eyes and ›utstretched hands, saying,

"Ned, I'm sorry."

Dimly he felt that the men were gone; he tactful d'Avray leading off the colonel, ınd this time d'Avray closed the door ›ehind him.

Jean spoke in a rush, as if afraid she night not say it.

"Ned, when you come back—if you ısk me again—I'll marry you, or I'll narry you now." For a moment, she ›roke down utterly. But she steadied ıerself. "Ned, I *want* you to go. I'd vant you to go—if I *knew* you would be :illed!"

"No"—he shook his head with all the :onfidence of youth and love—"I'll come ›ack safe; a fellow couldn't help it—if he ıad you waiting."

She was only a woman; she must cuddle :lose. She stroked his hair, kissed his ips, calling him a thousand fond and oolish names until Colonel Nolan rattled he door-knob and entered briskly.

"Well, my lad, your time's up. Now, vhen you get aboard the transport—not ıntil then, mind you—tell those other even mutineers, the insolents, the drunk-ırds, the crap-shooters, tell them that I glory in their spunk. Over the top now, ınd the best of luck!"

The regiment swung into line. Steady ›rown columns moved down the dusty road, setting their faces toward the long, ong hike that led to France. On the :olonel's porch, Jean Merrill held herself erect as the colonel himself, or as d'Avray ıt her side.

Bigfeller passed in the ranks, and grinned at his colonel. Involuntarily, the :olonel's hand rose in a salute. Then the :olonel noted Sergeant Bloxum, who had won his medal for valor on the field, now marching as a private. Again the colonel saluted.

"Look, Miss Jean!"

"Yes; there's *my* soldier!"

Undistinguished from a thousand others, ıer young soldier came abreast. The ›oys swung their hats and cheered. Colonel Nolan saluted with a gulp in his throat. Jean waved her parasol. That was all. The regiment had passed.

Stepping inside to his desk, Colonel Nolan handed Jean a long envelop.

"Miss Jean, here is Lieutenant Faison's :ommission. He does not know. If I ıad delivered it this afternoon, I should ıave been compelled to remove him from the ranks—and keep him here."

"Then Ned's an *officer?*"

"Yes—or will be as soon as you send his :ommission—to France."

Impulsively she lifted the envelop to ıer lips and drew it away again.

"No; I love him best as I saw him last —a soldier—*my* soldier!"

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"The Singing Bird"

(*Continued from page 59*)

assisted in the somewhat pathetic expression which was part of her pose.

"Kind of trouble here to-night," Harold declared jerkily. "Old Louis has forgotten to keep my table."

"We've been waiting quite a quarter of an hour," Miss Whitney sighed, "and I am so hungry."

"Perhaps," Stephen suggested, after barely a moment's hesitation, "you would care to join us?"

"Are you sure we shouldn't be disturbing you?" Miss Whitney asked, looking into his eyes. "It would be simply sweet. I am dying to sit down. Everyone has been so trying this afternoon."

Miss Whitney was apparently dying for other things, which Louis, in a most understanding manner, produced. Very soon the brothers were drinking their first cocktail, and Stephen's whispered admonition to his nephew to order anything the young lady would like had produced a gold-foiled bottle, now reposing in an ice-pail. Miss Whitney took the conversation into her own hands. There was no doubt that she was a young lady of remarkable tact.

"It's so dear of you," she declared, "both of you," she added, with a wonderful glance at Stephen, "to leave that grubby old City and come up here to see life. And so sensible, too. There are other things in the world, aren't there, Mr. Underwood, besides making money?"

"I suppose there are," Stephen admitted dolefully, "but I am bound to confess that we have somewhat neglected them."

"You should take an interest in the theater," she advised.

"Neither my brother nor I," Stephen replied, "have witnessed a theatrical performance since Sir Henry Irving last played in 'The Bells.'"

"You don't object to the stage?" she asked anxiously.

"Not in the least," Stephen assured her.

"Nor to anyone connected with it," George Henry echoed, with a little bow.

"You dear!" Miss Whitney exclaimed, patting his hand.

George Henry glanced at the table on his right, which was unfortunately occupied by a prosperous-looking American and his wife. To be patted on the hand by a very attractive young lady was a new and extraordinarily pleasant sensation.

"My brother and I," he announced boldly, "think of paying a visit to the theater very shortly. Are you acting in anything at present, Miss Whitney?"

She sighed. The pathos now was unmistakable. She shook her head very sadly.

"I have had terribly bad luck, Mr. Underwood," she confided. "I have a wonderful musical comedy, with an exquisite part for myself, and the man who was going to produce it for me died only a few weeks ago."

"Pegged out without a moment's warning," Harold put in. "Filthy luck for Miss Whitney. She'd been counting on his putting up the stuff."

The brothers Underwood were puzzled but interested.

"It isn't an expensive production," Miss Whitney continued, feeling her way cautiously, "and the very theater for it is in the market at the present moment."

"It's a corking good piece of work," Harold remarked. "A fortune in it, with Miss Whitney in the title-rôle."

The faces of Stephen and his brother suddenly cleared. What had before been mysterious to them was now becoming clear. There was a business side, of course, to all theatrical ventures.

"Pardon me," Stephen inquired, "but the person who advances the money to secure the production of such a piece as you were speaking of is usually, I believe, a loser?"

"Not in a case like this," Miss Whitney assured him eagerly.

"Miss Whitney never loses any money for her backers," Harold declared. "They touch the oof every time."

The brothers seemed unaccountably depressed, and Miss Whitney was content to let the subject drop for a time. Meanwhile, the service of dinner progressed. It was a queer *partie carrée*, the conversation, stage-managed by Harold, chiefly consisting of reference to benevolent strangers who had befriended some undiscovered genius, assisted them toward a stage career, and reaped princely rewards. For some reason, however, the morale of the story generally fell flat. Toward the end of dinner, George Henry, who was half-way through his second glass of champagne, snatched at a moment when his brother and nephew were engaged in conversation, and asked a question of Miss Whitney.

"Did you happen to notice," he asked, "a very attractive young lady—there were two of them, in fact—seated at this table on the right at luncheon-time?"

Miss Whitney reflected.

"Why, of course!" she exclaimed. "That was Peggy Robinson and little Julia Winch."

"Are they on the stage?" he asked timidly.

"When they get a chance," Miss Whitney replied. "They were in the chorus at Daly's until a month ago. Peggy isn't bad-looking. Better let me introduce you."

George Henry colored up to the roots of his hair.

"I wasn't thinking of anything of that sort," he stammered. "I am too—too——"

"Too what?" she laughed.

"I shouldn't know what to say to acquaintances like that."

Miss Whitney laughed again.

"Oh, Peggy would find plenty to talk about," she observed, a little dizzily. "You might find her conversation a little monotonous, but you could have all of it you wanted— Mr. Underwood?" George Henry leaned a little across the table, a proceeding which her gesture invited. "Do you think there would be any chance of interesting your brother, or both of you, in a theatrical speculation?"

George Henry coughed. It was really very foolish of him, but his old habits of caution, engendered by a quarter-century of commercial life, were too strong.

"I really could not say, Miss Whitney. We have neither of us been used to speculations of any sort."

The young lady sighed, and the conversation became general again.

"Hopeless old dears!" she whispered to her escort.

"Sit tight," he replied, under his breath. "They're biting all right."

It was Stephen who presently reopened the subject.

"If it is not an impertinent question, Miss Whitney," he asked, "what amount would be necessary to insure the successful production of your musical comedy?"

Miss Whitney was not one of those bohemian young ladies to whom money counts as nothing. She came, on the contrary, from an exceedingly hard-headed stock of successful tradespeople, and she had learned the art of caution. She leaned across toward Stephen, her eyes bright with interest and a rather becoming little frown upon her forehead.

"It all depends, Mr. Underwood," she replied. "The thing could be done, no doubt, including a short lease of the theater, for a matter of five thousand pounds. On the other hand," she went on, "there are extras—and perhaps super-extras—which might make the amount up to seven or eight thousand. The person or syndicate who found the money would be entitled to five-per-cent. interest and half the profits, after paying author's fees."

"A perfectly reasonable arrangement," Stephen murmured, glancing at his brother.

"Quite so," George Henry echoed.

Blanche Whitney's spirits revived. She talked gaily until the end of the meal, a little surprised to find that her glowing account of the fortunes realized by various theatrical syndicates aroused so little enthusiasm in her listeners. At a quarter to ten, Stephen took out his watch.

"It is our custom," he said, "my brother's custom and mine, to retire at half-past ten. We have just time to reach home pleasantly and read the papers for a few minutes."

"You are not going already?" she exclaimed.

"With your permission, Miss Whitney," Stephen replied.

"My brother and I," George Henry intervened, "are most punctual in our habits."

The little party broke up. Blanche kept Stephen a little behind, and, with a pretty little gesture, detained him after the others had passed out.

"Mr. Underwood," she begged, "do tell me: Do you think this idea appeals to you at all? You can't tell me how happy it would make me," she went on, "to feel that I was going to owe this success—and I am going to have a big success—to you."

"If I were to entertain the suggestion, it would be upon one condition," Stephen said slowly.

"Please tell it me," she begged.

"My nephew Harold is very young, and his mother is anxious about him. He is nineteen years old, and he has yet his way to make in the world. Besides——"

"I understand exactly," Blanche Whitney interrupted, although, as a matter of fact, she did nothing of the sort. "My friendship with Harold amounts to nothing. You believe that, don't you?"

"I believe anything that you choose to tell me," he replied.



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"Do this for me, Mr. Underwood," she whispered, "and I will see just as much or as little of Harold as you tell me. You shall decide all those things."

Stephen, for a moment, felt vaguely uncomfortable. He glanced toward the door and was exceedingly relieved to see that George Henry was approaching.

"To-morrow—" he began.

"To-morrow I shall come and see you," she announced.

At precisely half-past eleven on the following morning, George Henry took down his black bowler hat from the peg, glanced once more at his watch, and turned to his brother.

"It is time for me to go to Mincing Lane, Stephen," he said. "I shall be back at half-past twelve."

Stephen moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"Certainly, George Henry," he replied. "I suppose——"

His brother waited patiently. Stephen, however, was dumb.

"You were thinking of Hebblethwaite's indigo?" the former suggested.

Stephen looked up into his brother's face. His forehead was slightly puckered; his eyes seemed more than ordinarily blue; his fingers were playing a nervous tattoo upon the blotting-pad. There were certain indications at the corner of his mouth of a half-nervous smile.

"To tell you the truth, George Henry," he explained, a little lamely, "I was thinking that if Miss Whitney should happen to call, it would be a pity if you were out."

The junior partner laid down his hat and considered the point. Then he picked it up again.

"Nothing," he decided, "must interfere with my visit to the warehouse."

"You are quite right," Stephen agreed. "If you should find nothing pressing there, however, it would be quite in order if you got back a quarter of an hour earlier."

George Henry hurried off, and Stephen's worst fears were soon realized. Watched across that little strip of dusty floor which lay between the outer swing doors and the office by a dozen gaping young men, ushered into the sanctum of the brothers Underwood by a dumb-stricken clerk, diffusing about her little wafts of delicate but voluptuous femininity, Miss Whitney made her appearance scarcely a quarter of an hour after George Henry's departure. Stephen, studiously avoiding his confidential cashier's almost agonized stare, bowed, and motioned his visitor to his brother's seat.

"What a dear, ducky place!" the young lady exclaimed, as she threw herself back in the depths of the leather chair, crossed her legs, and displayed a quality and elegance of silk-clad limb which sent the middle-aged clerk gasping from the room. "So this is where you sit and make all that money! Where is the other Mr. Underwood?"

"My brother," Stephen explained, "has gone to pay his usual visit to our warehouse. He will be back before long."

"I'm not missing him," the young lady declared cheerfully, leaning across the desk. "We can manage without him—can't we, Mr. Stephen?"

"Up to a certain point, yes," was the somewhat stiff rejoinder.

She laughed at him softly, and leaned a little farther across the desk. A gleam of sunlight beautified the really rich gold of her hair. A little waft of almost unusual and very seductive perfume floated across the dust-hung atmosphere.

"You are so queer, you two," she murmured. "Do you do nothing apart? Have you no separate lives at all?"

"None," Stephen answered simply. "You see, we understand one another."

She was a little puzzled at his complete unconsciousness.

"You have neither of you ever been married?" she asked.

"Never," Stephen replied, "and we are much too old now," he added, "to contemplate such a thing."

"Men are never old," she whispered.

Stephen looked round the room, and decided that he must consult George Henry about a new ventilator.

"You have brought some papers with you?" he asked.

Miss Whitney opened her bag and drew out a typewritten agreement. Stephen adjusted his gold *pince-nez*, and, with his forefinger upon the lines, read it through, word by word. Then he touched the bell and gave a message to the elderly clerk who answered it.

"The agreement seems to me to be in order," he said, "but it is our custom, my brother's and mine, never to sign anything in the shape of a legal document without legal advice. Our solicitor is in the outer office, going through an account with the cashier."

"You mean that you are going to do it, then?" she exclaimed.

"We have decided," Stephen replied, "provided no unexpected difficulties arise, to make the investment."

She looked at him with a faintly puzzled air in her warm brown eyes, as though wondering at his reticence. Then the door opened, and exactly the type of lawyer whom the brothers Underwood might have been expected to employ made his appearance. Stephen rose to his feet.

"Mr. Jardine," he said, "allow me to present you to Miss Whitney."

Mr. Jardine bowed. It was one of the weak moments of a starch-fed life. He showed no surprise. He was even a little confused.

"Be so good," Stephen continued, "as to look through this document and tell me whether, from a legal point of view, it is in order. Pray be seated."

The lawyer read the document through from beginning to end. When he had finished, he held it before his face for a moment. Afterward, he was able to meet his client's inquiring gaze with a moderate amount of composure.

"Legally speaking," he declared, in melancholy tones, "the document is in order."

"Be so good as to take it, then," Stephen directed. "Prepare a copy for Miss Whitney and one for myself. You will wait upon Miss Whitney, according to her convenience, with a check for six thousand pounds, and obtain her signature."

"The matter shall be attended to," the lawyer promised, making vague bows and leaving the room like a man in a trance.

Miss Whitney leaned across the table and laid her fingers upon Stephen's hand.

"How can I thank you?" she whispered,

h a world of insinuation in her grateful
ıce.
On the contrary," he replied, "it is
who owe you thanks—my brother
I. We were, in fact, looking for an
estment of the sort which I feel sure
will turn out to be."
he was a little puzzled at his demeanor.
the whole of her experience, which had
n considerable, she had never met
thing like it before.
You will take me out to lunch, won't
?" she whispered. "We must have a
e celebration."
here was one strange moment, during
ch Stephen found himself thinking
t it would be very pleasant indeed to
e Miss Whitney out to lunch. And
n he was himself again.
My brother will return in a few
utes," he said. "It will give us great
asure to have you as our guest."
Miss Whitney threw herself back in
chair and laughed. She laughed so
urally and so easily that the tears
ne into her eyes. Then she rose to her
, came round to his side, and looked
n at him.
Mayn't I give you a kiss?" she asked.
For God's sake—no!" he stammered,
terror. "Forgive me, my dear Miss
itney, do you realize where we are—
—and——"
Oh, I forgot we were in your stuffy
office," she declared. "Never mind;
ill keep."
tephen produced a carefully marked
ibric handkerchief, on which ten drops
lavender had been sprinkled, and
bed his forehead.
What will keep?" he gasped.
The kiss, of course," she answered.
o you know, I believe you are shy."
He turned toward the door with the air
one prepared to welcome a deliverer.
rge Henry, after a careful knock which
brother much resented, entered. The
er coughed.
Miss Whitney and I have arranged
t little matter, George Henry," he
nounced. "If you are agreeable, she
been kind enough to promise us the
asure of her company at luncheon."
That will be very pleasant," George
ry declared brightly. "I will send for
xi-cab."
Miss Whitney, then, will excuse us for
noment," Stephen said, rising to his
.
They both left the room; they both
rned in about five minutes, with
ir hands spotless, their hair neatly
shed, their faces shining.
The taxi-cab is at the door," Stephen
nounced.
Miss Whitney rose to her feet. She
s feeling a little hysterical.
I think," she said, "that I should like
be a partner in your firm."

The luncheon-party had its surprises.
ey had hardly seated themselves before
fair-haired young lady strolled in alone
l gazed round the room in a disap-
nted manner. Miss Whitney stretched
her hand, and the two embraced affec-
nately. There was not the slightest
gestion of conspiracy in their greeting.
You dear thing!" Miss Peggy gushed.
ow sweet you're looking!"
I am so happy!" her friend exclaimed,
h much excitement. "Let me introduce



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* * *

Early

Deposits form on teeth at and under the gum margins, causing the gums to become inflamed, red and somewhat swollen. Teeth are firm but the gums are tender and bleed easily when tooth brush is used or coarse food masticated.

* * *

Intermediate

Considerable gum tissue becomes destroyed, exposing the roots of the affected teeth. The gums are much swollen and have a purplish color. The walls of the teeth sockets break down, causing the teeth to become loose. Teeth are quite tender on mastication. Pus oozes from around the affected teeth.

* * *

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In the advanced stage there is an extreme loosening of the teeth, a great loss of supporting bony structure and extensive pyorrhea pocket formation and copious flow of pus. The system absorbs this disease-producing pus. The entire health is often undermined.

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you to the two dearest men in the world. They are my new syndicate. We are really going to do 'The Singing Bird.'"

Miss Peggy was loud in her congratulations. She gave both her hands to the two men and promptly took George Henry's seat.

"We must talk about this," she declared. "I am so happy for Blanche's sake. She is such a dear!"

"Your friend Miss Robinson will perhaps do us the honor of lunching with us?" Stephen suggested.

"I am so glad you've asked me," that vivacious young lady declared. "It makes things more comfortable, you know, and I hadn't the least idea of going away. How are you two ever known apart?" she went on. "Because I want to talk to this Mr. Underwood"—laying her hand on George Henry's arm. "I am sure your brother and Miss Whitney have ever so much to say to one another."

A strand of golden hair brushed George Henry's cheek. A strange and wonderful confusion swept through his senses. He felt himself very hot and exceedingly nervous. He gripped the menu firmly in his hand.

"My name is George Henry, and my brother's is Stephen. Suppose," he suggested, "we order luncheon."

The two young ladies took that task in hand and managed it very well. Miss Peggy, it appeared, drank milk when in public, at her mother's request, but, on this special occasion of rejoicing, was content to waive her usual abstinence, and cocktails and champagne were served for everyone. She confided presently to George Henry that she was troubled so often with a cough, waiting about to get engagements was hard, and there were so many girls ready to make use of any means whatever to snap up any vacant post. Did he think there would be room for her in the chorus of 'The Singing Bird'? She appealed to Miss Whitney. In a few seconds, the matter was arranged. Luncheon became more and more cheery. One or two strange individuals, immaculately dressed, and all possessing a class of features well known in the City, were introduced by their Christian names at various times to the brothers Underwood by Miss Whitney as "my new syndicate." At the end of luncheon, the hosts of the little luncheon-party were possessed of a very considerable theatrical acquaintance. Notwithstanding the glamour of their surroundings, however, at a quarter-past two, George Henry and Stephen exchanged a covert glance, and a moment or two later both rose to their feet.

"You will excuse us," Stephen said, after having paid the bill. "My brother and I have business appointments."

The young ladies parted with them with immense regret. There was to be another meeting later in the week, and Miss Peggy had whispered in George Henry's ear something about ringing him up. The girls watched their hosts depart in absolute silence.

"Can you beat them?" Miss Whitney murmured at last, turning to her friend.

"I don't believe they are real," the latter declared. "I had to pinch George Henry's arm to feel sure that he was alive. Tell me about——"

The heads of the girls drew closer together, and their conversation became mysterious. In the taxi-cab, now on its way to the City, the two brothers were seated rather stiffly, looking steadfastly ahead of them.

"On the whole," Stephen said, "perhaps it was as well that Harold didn't lunch at the Milan to-day."

The period of rehearsals which now commenced occupied a good deal of the time and attention of Miss Blanche Whitney in particular, and of her friend, Miss Peggy Robinson, in a less degree. As soon as the first excitement was over, however, they were conscious of a strong revival of interest in the two members of their syndicate. They strolled in to lunch at the Milan one day at about half-past twelve, and by special permission installed themselves at the round table just inside the door.

"Tell me, Blanche dear," Peggy asked confidentially, "how are you getting on with your old thing?"

Blanche leaned across the table.

"I think you will agree, Peggy," she said, "that I have had my fair experience of men."

"A very unfair experience, I call it," her friend assented heartily. "You've had all the luck."

"I used to fancy," Miss Whitney continued, "that I was up to every move of the game—could see through a man, however clever he was. Well, dear, I tell you frankly I am up against it. I can no more understand Mr. Stephen Underwood than I could the Sphinx. I don't know what he wants or what he doesn't want."

"And believe me," Miss Peggy confided, "George Henry, as he calls himself, is exactly the same."

"It isn't fair upon a girl," Miss Whitney declared thoughtfully.

"It's absolute idiocy," Peggy agreed. "It isn't as though they were mean. I was a little hard up last Thursday——"

"I saw the bill tumble out of your pocket," her friend interrupted. "Did it come off?"

"'Come off!' I should think it did. Made me feel perfectly mad afterwards that I'd only been hard up for a fiver, it was so easy. I simply daren't ask him to come to the flat, Blanche. I believe he'd faint. I'm thinking of hiring a mother and inviting him to tea."

"I have made up my mind," Miss Whitney declared firmly, "to know once and for all where I stand."

Punctually at a quarter-past one, the brothers arrived. They treated the young ladies cordially, but, with their usual precision of manner, took their places at the table, and ordered a frugal lunch. Toward its conclusion, Blanche, who had been a little distrait, leaned across toward Stephen.

"Can I have one moment with you on a matter of business, Mr. Underwood?" she begged.

"Most certainly," he replied. "Please speak quite openly. My brother, as you are aware, will be equally interested in anything you have to say."

"This matter concerns you only," Miss Whitney declared, a little impatiently. "Please be good-natured and come along."

Stephen allowed himself to be led to an easy chair in the small lounge. His companion sat very close to him.

Mr. Underwood," she said, "we have
er discussed the matter of the super-
as."
Dear me!" he exclaimed. "You must
me what they are, Miss Whitney.
derstood——"
Do you need me to tell you?" she asked
tly.
I am sure you know," he replied, in
ect innocence, "how ignorant I am of
heatrical matters."
he took him by the arm and led him,
h to his discomposure, through the
vded café and into the larger lounge.
re she found a retired corner and
ered coffee and liqueurs.
My brother—" he began.
Oh, he saw you come through," she
rrupted. "Peggy will bring him
. Please listen. You know, don't you,
t I am the principal lady in 'The
ging Bird'?"
Naturally," he replied.
The principal lady in a musical
edy," she went on, "has a certain
ition to keep up. I haven't been like
e girls. I have been careful. I don't
about having the usual class of young
hanging round me, trying to pay a
smaker's or a bootmaker's bill. I have
d carefully and on my own. As the
cipal star in 'The Singing Bird,' I
't do that any longer."
You require something for expenses?"
I want a furnished flat, with tele-
ne, heaps of flowers, a moderate
unt of jewelry, and either an electric
pe or a small limousine motor-car
ake me to and from the theater."
God bless my soul!" Stephen mur-
ed. "Is this—necessary?"
It would make me very happy," she
spered.
What sum of money," he inquired
tatingly, "would put you in the
ition which you feel you ought to
upy?"
Two thousand pounds down, and two
dred and fifty pounds a month during
run of 'The Singing Bird,'" she
wered firmly. "The jewelry we
ht leave for a little time."
If this is usual," Stephen said, "I will
ruct my solicitor to add it to the
eement."
Don't be an idiot!" she admonished,
eezing his arm with tentative affection.
ou must arrange this privately. Now,
e come your brother and Peggy.
ise give me my answer."
It shall be as you wish," he promised.
Miss Blanche Whitney went through
day with a superior smile upon her
and the air of one looking into a new
very desirable world. For about a
k now she was more occupied than
r. Then, one morning, just before the
e appointed for the first performance of
ne Singing Bird," she took a taxi and
ve down to the City. She arrived
cisely at twelve o'clock and found
hen alone. He rose to greet her.
There is nothing wrong?" he asked.
Nothing whatever," she answered.
came to see you, and I knew that I
uld find you alone just now."
he seated herself opposite to him.
in the sunlight seemed to find a home
her beautifully coiled hair. Again
hen was conscious of the fascination
that strange, unfamiliar atmosphere
which she surrounded him. She



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leaned across the table, opened her bag, and took from it a little key.

"Mr. Stephen," she said, "I have taken my flat and furnished it. I am moving in this afternoon, and I have brought you this." She held the key across toward him. Stephen took it mechanically into his hand, turned it over, and laid it down by his side. "You see," she continued softly, "this couldn't go into the agreement, could it? There is only one spare key."

Miss Whitney was a young woman of the world, but the moment or two of silence which passed had for her, too, a certain indefinable poignancy. She looked into Stephen's eyes and she knew that he understood at last.

"My dear young lady," he said, "it is very kind of you to pay me this visit. I am not, as I am sure you know, acquainted with much of the gossip which goes on in the theatrical world, but I should like to ask you a question. Is it not a fact that you have been engaged for some years to Mr. Allan Durward, the tenor in 'The Singing Bird'?"

"The engagement was broken off last week," she announced, with a little start. "I broke it off the day after you and I sat in the lounge at the Savoy."

"And just why?"

"Because he has no money," she answered stolidly, "because I have had enough of being poor, because, supposing 'The Singing Bird' isn't a success, I don't want to be driven to going back to the chorus."

He played with the key for a moment or two. His eyes seemed to be studying its pattern. Perhaps even Miss Whitney failed to follow his thoughts at that moment. When he looked up at her, his smile was very kindly.

"My dear young lady," he said, "'The Singing Bird' will not fail. If it does, there are other musical comedies, and a talented young couple like you and Mr. Durward, with a joint fortune of ten thousand pounds, will never know want."

"'Ten thousand pounds!'" she gasped. "What are you talking about? We haven't a penny between us."

Stephen, with some deliberation, withdrew a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked a drawer and produced a check-book. After carefully testing his fountain pen to be sure that it was in order, he wrote out a check with great precision. When he had blotted it, he showed it to her.

"It is my intention," he said, "to place this money in trust for you and Mr. Durward on the day of your marriage, which I suggest should be the day of the first performance of 'The Singing Bird.'"

She sat looking at him for several moments. She had a queer feeling at the throat, a strange falling-away of all the littleness and small schemings of her daily life. She was back again in her school-days. Somehow, the atmosphere had changed. Stephen handed the key across to her.

"I am too old for marriage, dear Miss Whitney," he said. "I hope that you will be very happy."

George Henry came back from the warehouse punctually at a quarter to one.

"I have engaged a taxi-cab, Stephen," he announced. "If you are ready, we will wash."

Stephen rose and reached down his hat.

"George Henry," he said, "it is never wise to become too much the creatures of habit, nor should one desert altogether old friends and associates. It is boiled beef day at Prosser's. Shall we lunch there?"

George Henry was silent for a moment. Then something in his brother's appearance made its impression upon him.

"By all means," he assented. "I will dismiss the taxi-cab."

"And, George Henry," the brother continued, as they walked arm in arm along the narrow street, "I have been looking into our business affairs and I think that if Mrs. Lomax could receive us, it would be a good plan to take our holiday a little earlier this year. I should propose that we go to Worthing on Thursday."

"Whatever suits you, Stephen," George Henry murmured, with a sigh.

Unchanged save for a deeper shade of bronze in their cheeks, and for the fact that their quiet gray suits were of a lighter pattern and their hats of straw, Stephen and George Henry Underwood returned to town a month later. They came back to a city which seemed to have but one theme—"The Singing Bird." It stared at them from the 'buses; it was blazoned out upon the newspapers.

"George Henry," Stephen asked a little nervously, "did you ever read any of the accounts of the production of 'The Singing Bird'?"

"Not one," his brother replied. "I thought it best not to disturb the rest of our holiday."

"Neither did I," Stephen confessed, "and letters, as you know, save those from the counting-house, were left to await our return. I wonder if, by chance, the play is a success?"

They found out when they reached the office. There were stacks of telegrams and letters of congratulation. Mr. Jardine's manner, as he greeted them, was almost reverential.

"Mr. Underwood," he said, "and you, Mr. George Henry, I have always looked upon you both as astute business men with a great eye for profitable investments, but never in my life did I suppose that you had genius. To-day, I am forced to acknowledge it. Your investment of six thousand pounds in 'The Singing Bird' seems likely, from all the figures I can procure, to pay you at the rate of—of let us say six hundred per cent."

The brothers Underwood sank nervously into their respective chairs. Stephen was the first to recover himself. He waved Mr. Jardine from the room and held out his hand to his brother.

"George Henry," he said firmly, "we must not despair. One successful investment shall not break our purpose. There is money to be lost in the world, and we will lose it."

George Henry swallowed hard and returned his brother's grip of the hand with much emotion.

"You are a brick, Stephen," he pronounced.

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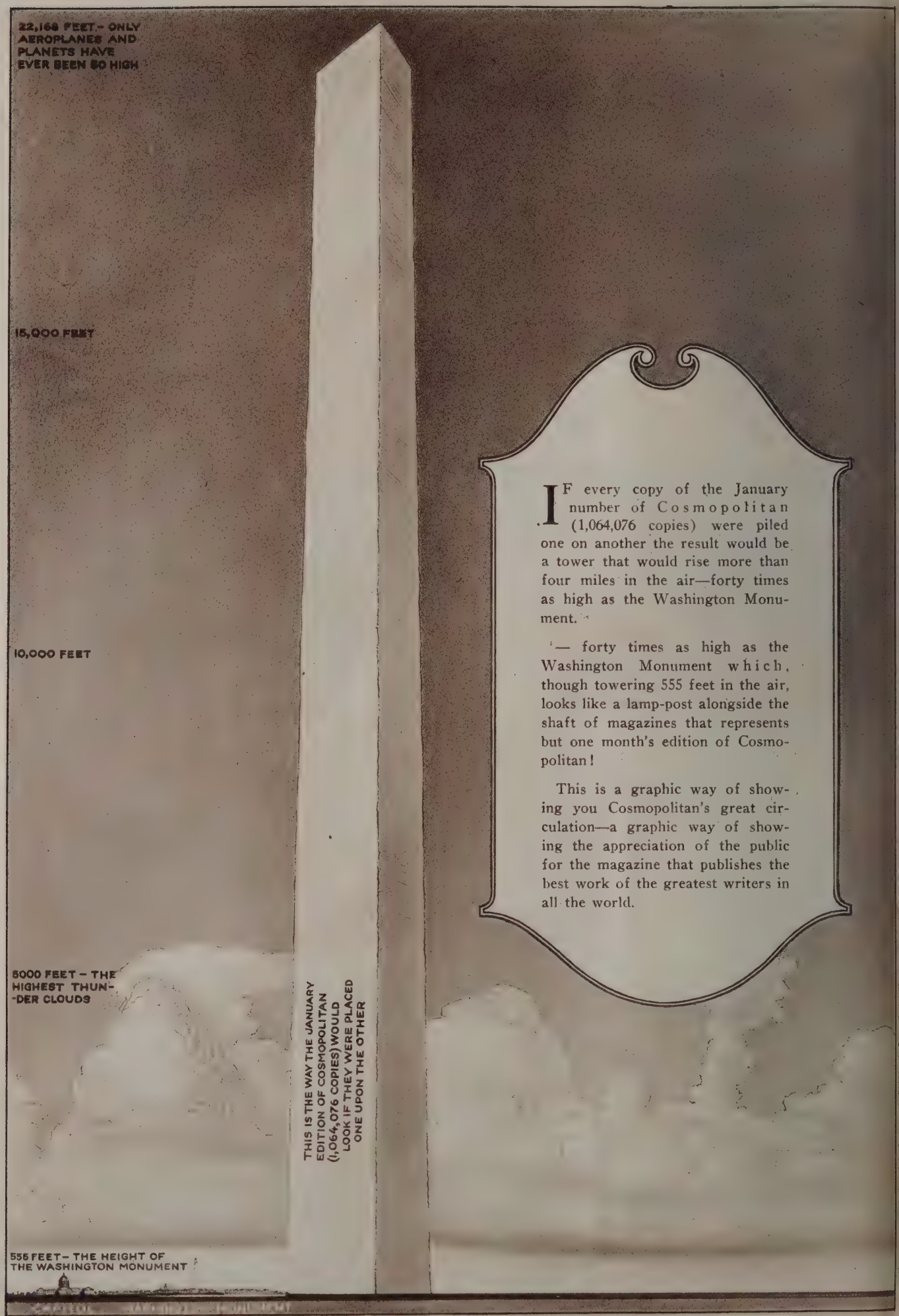
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The Two Lobes

(*Concluded from page 69*)

ısier to find. In any case, it occupies a)main which our direct investigations are)le to explore. It is, after all, an historic-l and geographical question. It seems ıat there are, in fact, in the human brain ı Eastern lobe and a Western lobe, which ıve never acted at the same time. The ıe produces here reason, science, and)nsciousness; the other secretes yonder tuition, religion, and subconsciousness. ne reflects only the infinite and the un-ıowable; the other is interested only in hat it is able to delimit, in what it may)pe to understand. They represent, em-)oying a perhaps imaginary image, the)nflict between the material and the moral .eal of humanity. They have more than ıce endeavored to penetrate each other,) mingle, and to work in concert; but the Vestern lobe, at least over the most active ırt of the world, has hitherto paralyzed ıd almost annihilated the efforts of the .her. We are indebted to it for extraor-inary progress in all the material sciences, ut also for such catastrophes as those hich we have been undergoing, catastro-hes which, if we are not careful, will)t be the last or the worst. The time ould seem to have come to awaken the ıralyzed lobe; but we have neglected it) greatly that we no longer quite know hat it is capable of doing.

IV

THE same soldier, who has become my ar-time "godchild," writes to me again:

I experience an ineffable delight in remaining ıe average man and in professing emptiness. felt a great peace descend within me on the ıy when I resigned myself to the common lot, ıat is, to ignorance and death. I have found :e by renouncing it and, now that I am no nger anything, I feel rich indeed. Do not mpt me in the direction of that subtle)iritual vanity which constitutes one of the ost formidable obstacles to the final liberation om self. Proud I certainly was, and I am ill only too much so; but we cannot extract rtues otherwise than from our vices. More ardently than when I embraced the phantom of individual superiority, I stretch my arms toward homogeneous equality, toward the fulness of vacancy.

He is right; he but is thinking here with the Eastern lobe of his brain, the Asiatic lobe; and the thoughts of this lobe commend us only to inaction and renunciation, the "enchantment of the disenchanted," as Renan used to say, or, rather, the satisfaction of despair. Certainly, all that we see, all that we feel, and all that we know pledge us to this despair, which our meditations—above all, those of this same Asiatic lobe—may, for that matter, render very spacious and as beautiful, almost as habitable, as hope. But what do we know, as compared with what we do not know? We are ignorant of all that comes before and of all that comes after us—in a word, of the whole universe. Our despair, which appears at first the last word and the last effort of wisdom, is therefore based upon what we know, which is nothing; whereas the hope of those whom we believe to be less wise can be based upon what we do not know, which is everything.

Moreover, if we would be quite just, there is more than one reason for hoping which we will not recall here; let us confess therefore that in this nothing which we know there exists naught but despair, and that hope can lie only in the everything which we do not know. But, instead of listening only to our Eastern lobe, which counsels us to accept this inactive ignorance and to bury our lives therein, is it not more reasonable to set our Western lobe to work at the same time, the lobe which seeks to discover the everything? It is possible that here, too, when all is said, it will find despair; but it is unlikely, for we cannot imagine a world which would be merely an act of despair. Now, if the world is not an act of despair, nothing that exists in it has reason to despair. In any case and in the mean while, this search will doubtless permit us to hope as long as the world exists.

"Uncle Sam, meet John Bull!"

(*Continued from page 27*)

s an opportunity but imposes a joint uty.

One afternoon, we visited the House of ords. The debate was over the bill xtending to women the right to become)licitors at law. A noble lord was op-osing it vigorously with the old hack-eyed arguments employed against woman ıffrage. A lord next to me commented, Isn't it extraordinary; he has passed his inetieth year." But despite the opposi-on of this ninety-year-old lord, the bill 'as passed—for there is also youth in the Iouse of Lords.

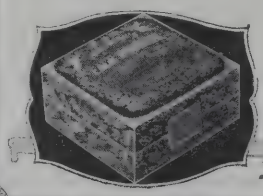
For nearly twenty years on the bench have dealt with youth, and my contact as been with its problems. I am sure 're underestimate its value and strength. Iany of the world's greatest statesmen nd generals did their best work when they 'ere under thirty-five—even under thirty. England depends too much upon its old ıen. But that is a common fault with the world. It is one reason why the world has been hurtled through four years of agony. We all have stupidly insisted too much upon the leadership of old men who, with a few exceptions, have clung to the traditions and institutions of the past, with which their dust is so soon to commingle.

The new world, the reconstructed world, must be passed on to younger men who will be unafraid of traditionalism and institutionalism blinded with the stupidities and superstitions, the rotten foundation upon which the world can no longer rest, unless it would totter again and again to destruction. The voice of youth must soon cry out against it, and it shall be heard. We must, then, for the lasting peace of the world, bring together in glad social contact and understanding the surviving strength, freshness, unselfishness, and hope stored up in earth's greatest dynamo—its youth. The budding flower



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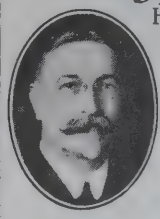
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of England and America can light up the true way for a world that, in the past guided by old men of decaying traditions and institutions, has, let us hope for the last time flown from its orbit to plunge into depths of darkness and destruction. Youth has suffered most, and old age shall repay. Youth must come into its own. Let us give it every opportunity to know and to understand, and the world will be safe in its keeping for a thousand years.

Thousands of our soldiers have been and will continue at their rest-camps in the British Isles during the period of the war and for a long period after the war. I talked with many of them going and coming to the English cities and towns from their camps. At that time, even with the excellent work of the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and the Red Cross, there was nothing like the well-supervised and -directed organization that we find in the American cities under the War-Camp Community Service for bringing our boys into social contact with the girls and the better people of the community. Play, recreation, and social contact need just as much a director as the boys and girls in the schoolroom need a principal or a teacher.

Conditions in England, as I found them at first hand, call loudly for such activity. It is being in part met by the Rotary Clubs of Great Britain, as recently pointed out by one of their directors, Mr. Andrew Home-Morton, on behalf of their organization in this country and over twenty-five thousand English homes that have been opened for the social welcome and entertainment of our boys. But there must be more than that. Either the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A. must, in cooperation with some similar agency in England, establish social centers in every town near which American soldiers are camped or which they frequent, with a twofold purpose in mind—the individual good of the sons and daughters of both countries and, what is just as important, as a part of the campaign of understanding.

The exchanges arranged by the American and British bureaus of information between the press, the pulpit, the platform, and the "movies" have already done much in this direction—more than enough, as will be acknowledged in the end, to pay for all the relatively small expense of both.

American idealism is being interpreted to the Britisher as it never was before. I spoke at Oxford, and, at the close of my lecture, an old resident, who perhaps still thought of America in terms of wild Indians in the West and money-grubbers in the East, said to me: "You Americans have quite astonished us. You talk as one devoted to the spiritual side of things, the practical humanities, and all the laws you talked about seem to carry a great tenderness for women and children. We had mostly the idea that the Americans were just bent on making money. Those we have heard of most over here are your multimillionaires."

Not that our millionaires are not entitled to appreciation, but, by comparison, they deserve to be forgotten with our Whitmans, Washingtons, Lincolns, Wilsons, Roosevelts, Longfellows, Howells, Twains, and Whittiers, and those who put humanity and the struggle for humanity above property and the struggle for property. Yet while perhaps a better acquaintance with the war-deeds and the immensity and intensity of the war-plans of each other was the inspiration and purpose of the exchange of press, pulpit, platform and pictures so well inaugurated by our respective bureaus of public information its chief value in the end—never to be measured in dollars and cents—will be felt most in the permanent and everlasting value of understanding and appreciation from the campaign of interpretation into which it finally develops.*

The art of understanding, of appreciating, and of sympathizing is the art that flowers little children, who people say are bad, into marvels of beauty and loveliness. "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Unless we treat the problems of men as we treat those of little children, there cannot be that enduring peace which is the only heaven worth all the hell of brutality, blood, misery, and suffering into which misunderstanding has plunged the world.

Again, analyzing those days before the war when, in spite of my British ancestry and the blood that they say is thicker than water, I did not always like the English, maybe it was because of the boyhood school-histories of the Revolution and the Boston tea-party and the embattled farmers and Bunker Hill and Yorktown and Washington and Valley Forge—days that might not have been but for a German king on a British throne.

The American who thinks of England merely in terms of imperialism and because she has a king and emperor, as being a "far country" compared to a republic soon finds himself disillusioned. Of course if we stop to think, aside from descriptive terms, we might have known that England was really democratic, but we can never know, until we go to England and mingle with the British, how complete a democracy England really is, especially since the war, and how far she has gone ahead of America in some respects. In times of war we must, in the interest of the whole, give up some of our freedom of speech lest we lend aid and comfort to the enemy, just as we give up our comforts at home or yield to the democracy of conscription and taxation. But in fixing responsibility for the exercise of such powers, we are in danger of unduly jeopardizing the liberties of men and curtailing the freedom of speech. In England, this great democratic institution guaranteed above all others by the fathers of our own republic, is even more highly regarded, generously conceded, and desperately fought for than in America.

I have seen magnificent assemblages in the public parks and squares of London with orators of every shade and color—some of whom I violently disagreed with—haranguing such of the populace as cared to stop and listen. I have been to private meetings in the tea-rooms of the House of Lords where, to my surprise, I found enthusiastic response to suggestions of, and final support for, democratic measures, a notable one of which was the

*I need hardly say—especially after a similar work that I was privileged by the British and American bureaus of information to take part in in France and Italy—that what is here said about Britain equally applies to them. And may I digress to suggest that a work of such marvelous possibilities should be extended to Russia? But why draw the line?

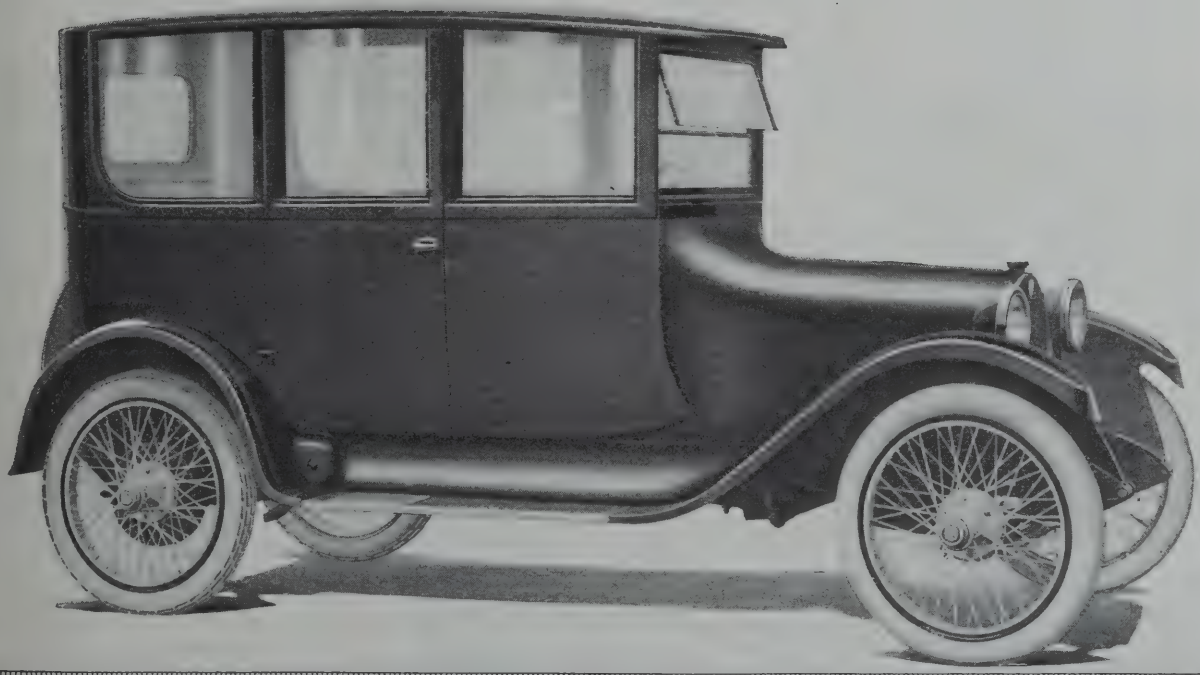
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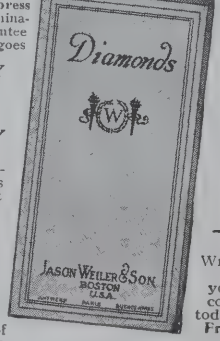
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Maternity Bill, which has been defeated in the legislature of my own state! Yet it was these same lords whom I had understood were so hopelessly conservative that they would not yield anything to the people! One of them, Lord Lytton, a great humanitarian and progressive, actually led in speech and applause at the celebration we attended in London over the granting of the vote by those conservative lords of a kingdom to millions of women—legislation which, at the time this is written, *our* senators of a republic are withholding from *its* devoted and loyal women.

When I returned from Europe, I went to Washington where I was asked to speak for the woman-suffrage amendment that was then pending in the American Senate. I was to speak from the pedestal of a statue—of some patriot, who had, no doubt, fought for democracy and liberty. Imagine, then, my consternation—having still had in mind those open park-meetings in England—when I arrived at the park to find a lot of American women being dragged from this same pedestal and hustled into the black marias and carted off to jail because they had attempted to raise some protest against the Senate of the United States for not giving them the democracy that the service-stars on the breasts of most of them showed their sons or husbands were fighting for in France.

Democracy under government is not necessarily measured by a name or a form.

Being a Progressive in American politics and an admirerer and supporter of those policies under the leadership of Roosevelt, in the Progressive party, and Wilson, in the Democratic party, I had always followed with interest the championship by Mr. Lloyd-George of such measures as old-age pensions and other legislation based on the recognition that, however much we must depend upon individual initiative and effort, yet, within limitations, a great part of our population are the under dogs of our economic system and are entitled to consideration, as we would consider the welfare of our children who are not yet as strong as we.

He seemed to me to have the right idea, and when he was so roundly abused by the ultraconservative elements in England, as I had heard that corresponding element in America abuse our own Progressive leaders, I became an even more enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Lloyd-George.

The great speech of Mr. Lloyd-George while I was in London was that delivered on the ninth of April in behalf of the most important piece of legislation that his government program called for—the new Man-power Bill, extending the age-limit of those subject to conscription to fifty years, including the amendments providing for the operation of conscription in Ireland.

The evening following this famous speech, the tenth of April, 1918, was a memorable one. My wife and I were the guests at dinner in London of Sir Charles and Lady Henry to meet Mr. Lloyd-George, prime minister of Great Britain. He had promised his presence at this dinner, but prime ministers have privileges and cannot always be expected on time, and on this occasion he was late. We had hardly begun, however, when Mr. Lloyd-George was announced. With brisk st fresh as a boy bounding in from his pl his entrance into that room was nothi short of electric. It was an intimate lit party of the prime minister's Parliam tary friends—my wife and I being the o strangers. He took the place reserved him next to our hostess and opposite m self, and, after exchanging greetings, plunged into a discussion of the prospe of the passage of that part of the bill lating to the conscription of Ireland.

It was this part of the bill that was t chief obstacle to its general appro among the Allies. The prime minis gave me the impression of friendliness the Irish and the desire to settle th troublesome question to the satisfacti of all. But it was plain that those pres appreciated the hopelessness that a statesmen might have felt in accomplishi so miraculous a result.

He was interested to know how Ameri might feel on that question. I venturl to suggest that, while I believed America would be in sympathy with the conscri tion of Ireland, the differences of opini would be largely as to the method.

This was confirmed a few days lat when my wife and I lunched with Horace Plunkett, the president of the Iri Convention, which had just recently cc cluded its sittings in Dublin and had ma its report to the prime minister. Sir Ho ace insisted that he feared that Mr. Lloy George had made the mistake of putti the cart before the horse, and that h home rule been first granted to Ireland, s would have conscripted herself.

I remember his delight at the story told of a gang of boys in "Little Italy" Denver, who had made common warfa on a Protestant church built in their mid They expressed their disapproval throwing rocks and mud at the staine glass windows of the church until th broke a pane which proved to be a part a representation of the Deity. Since t identity of the gang was then unknown had prevailed upon a little Italian girl confide to me their secrets, on her o condition that "You won't put 'em jail and the cop won't git'em," and, abo all things else, "that you won't tell 'em tolt." Then, under her breath, she wh pered,

"They did much worser; they frow rocks at God."

"Why," I said, "only little devils wou do that."

"No," she said; "the Protestants is t devils."

"But," I said, "there is only one Go and he will do something terrible to litt boys who throw rocks at him."

"Oh, no," she said; "what they frow at was a Protestant God. Tony said couldn't hurt you—so they just break his face in."

"But," I persisted, "he is just the sar as the Catholic God."

"No, no," she insisted; "he's differer His whiskers are longer, and the lig from his head don't squirt as far."

Then I sent for Tony, on my promi to give him a chance to correct the troub himself. He said he would get the whc gang for me. The very next day he broug in the gang, and with them about half Little Italy, including their dubious a excited mothers, who came with the shawls of many colors about their hea

explained to them the trouble and that ch Church must have its rights which l must respect, to which they readily sented. Then I took the gang under my ing, read them the riot act, and, after omising me that "they would never do again," as evidence of their loyalty I ked if they would permit one of their mber to tell me the name of any boy ho ever violated this solemn pledge.

But I did not select that boy. I knew om the psychology of people, especially ds, that he could not have told me with- it "getting his face smashed" for violating s loyalty to his gang and suffering out- wry as a result. I had that gang select e boy, for I knew they would promptly lect Tony, as select Tony they did. With eat enthusiasm they delegated Tony th powers to "snitch" (tell) on any kid ho broke his word. That meant he was quitted of any penalty that his telling ight have otherwise carried from the orld of Gangville.

Thereafter, whenever the Methodist oard of trustees appeared on the fron- ers of Little Italy, Tony mounted the nder of their automobile and conducted em to their church, and woe betide the ngster who threw a rock or yelled, Protestant devils!" Little Italy solved s own troubles.

Sir Horace insisted that if English atesmen only understood Ireland as he erred I had understood that gang, there ould not be any Irish problem.

But Mr. Lloyd-George did not have eland alone to satisfy—he had two rts of Ireland, the north and the south, d then he had England that, even with of its loyalty and sacrifice, was not now e of ominous grumblings against an tension of conscription to their already pleted youth and strength that now oposed to include its old age.

No one could envy a British prime min- er his job when it came to settling the ish Question. I felt like passing on to m the solution proposed by our cow- y humorist, Will Rogers: "Give 'em me rule and then give me the 'movie' hts."

The pictures of Mr. Lloyd-George are familiar to us all that one would only aste space to describe him; yet pictures wever perfect can never give the same pression as personal contact. Under s great mane of hair, now very gray, sh two remarkably bright eyes. They e humorous, whimsical eyes that can ok right through you, that seem to be zing you up, if not ticketing and filing u away for future reference, while they ep you within the focus of their vision. should not say they are "shifty," as I ve heard the enemies of Mr. Lloyd- eorge declare. Rather did they seem beam and play about joyfully with the b the brain back of them found a real easure in doing, regarding some of its stacles more as its comedies than its agedies—eyes that made a lasting im- ression upon you because they seemed to ant to understand you, and then to do e best thing for you.

Over the coffee and the cigars I listened the discussions between the prime inister and his Parliamentary friends, d then, through an unexpected incident, found myself explaining, in answer to eir questions, some of the intricacies— Englishmen—of our politics.



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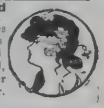




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I do not know how well Mr. Lloyd-George understands our politics, but he was keenly interested, especially in the problems of our city governments, about which surely the British could not have a very good opinion if they read or heard without understanding the stories of our Tammany Halls, bosses and bossism, or followed, as I found they had followed with more or less bewilderment, the muck-raking period of the last decade.

Among the dinner-guests were several members of Parliament who were close friends and supporters of the prime minister. To my surprise, one of them showed a familiarity with my own contribution to the literature of American city government, "The Beast and the Jungle," which led to a most interesting conversation with the prime minister, explaining to him my experiences, and how those of us who had been in the thick of it knew that special privilege, of which our "beast" was merely the allegory, and the government by the corrupt end of big business, or the "invisible" government, of which our "jungle" was the allegory, were the keys to an understanding of the snags and pitfalls into which we had fallen most in our struggle to make our country safe for democracy—and how that struggle had been interrupted when the great institution of democracy had been threatened by the "beast" of Berlin.

He was keen to know the part that the American saloon had played in the combination of corrupt interests which had so often threatened real democracy in America. He did not seem to understand that the combination between big business and vice in the American cities was, at bottom, a struggle for special privilege, and, in consequence of the baneful partnership between the two, that, in our city politics, the saloon-keeper and the brewer in city councils and legislatures were, as a rule, much more powerful and influential than the preacher or the teacher or the average-class business man and American citizen, that they made it their business, through this partnership, to control political organizations and thereby fortify themselves in their struggle with the people for the privileges that were making a moneyed autocracy and aristocracy in America far more dangerous than the comparatively harmless aristocracy in England. He was tremendously interested in knowing how the American people were fighting this enemy of democracy and enemy in America of all that we were fighting for in the world. Never had I dreamed that I should find myself thus facing the prime minister of Great Britain, and feeling personally his intense and earnest interest in American problems as well as those of the great war. He had given me again the opportunity to be enthusiastic over the magnificent spirit in America and its great progressive leadership under Wilson in the Democratic party and Roosevelt in the Republican party to overthrow this sinister enemy of American democracy.

On the Makaloa Mat,
A Hawaiian romance,
By Jack London,
will appear in
March Cosmopolitan.

I remember his keen interest in the growing subject of prohibition in England that has not yet reached anything like the same stage to which it has already come in America. He explained that there was no such combination between the saloon- and vice-interests with political parties in England as we had suffered from in the cities of America. For this reason, he impressed me as being of the opinion that there were not the same reasons for prohibition in England that there were in America. I do not know how Mr. Lloyd-George stands on the question of prohibition, but it is evident that the Britons do not appreciate the zeal of the great majority of Americans against the liquor traffic. It was reported to me that one of their distinguished representatives who visited America in the winter of 1918 had given offense to many Americans because of his good-natured raillery over our "dry" state of affairs.

The consumption of alcoholic beverages in England has been amazingly reduced since the war; no whisky has been distilled there since early in 1917, and in February, 1918, all the unmalted grain in the hands of the brewers and malters were seized for breadstuffs. Consequently, many Britishers were somewhat aghast at the representative sent to England by the Anti-Saloon League to protest against the use in such manufacture of any grain we sent to England. The late Lord Rhondda, then food administrator, could not understand how an unofficial American representative could suggest, that, as a condition precedent to shipping grain to England, it should not be so used until at least we had passed in America legislation forbidding prohibition Kansas, for example, from shipping its grain to "wet" New York or Pennsylvania, except upon the same conditions. And it was pointed out that, in an amendment added to a Congressional war-measure, the President at that time had the power to impose this condition upon such use of grain in America, a power he had not then attempted to use. These intrusions into the affairs of each other were, however, accepted with a charity and good humor that before this would not have been so evident.

There was no sign of the terrific burden and responsibilities on the shoulders of the prime minister, under which he had labored and out of which he had come so smilingly from the terrific strain of that long speech and day in Parliament. Occasionally the conference was interrupted by the telephone, and Mr. Lloyd-George would leave the table to receive some message that General Wilson from the Western front was sending to him. It was evident that the prime minister had a high opinion and warm regard for General Wilson. It was thrilling, there in the quiet of a private home, to receive from the generals in the field, through the prime minister himself, the very latest news from the Western front, where one of the greatest battles of the war was still raging, as we prayed that there be no break in the line, and that Germany's hopes for the Channel ports and the sea would be, as they were by the brave British, dashed forever.

When he left Lady Henry's dinner-party that night, he pressed my hand and said:

"One of the recompenses of this war is that America and Britain will understand each other, for we are at last together with the same aims and the same purposes and together we must see this thing through to the end."

Judge Lindsey's next article will appear in ***March Cosmopolitan.***

The Passionate Pilgrim

(*Continued from page 67*)

record of the New York operative. In spots, it was amusing. Guard's stenographer had told all she knew. Most of it, however interesting, didn't apply. But she was clear about this "Stafford" name. Guard had told her that, among other things. She urged secrecy on her new young man. "Stafford" had never come to the office. But she had once taken a note to him for Mr. Guard. He was then staying at a mean little hotel, far over on the lower West Side. She thought it hardly a reputable place, and was glad to get away from the quarter. But the young man interested her. She had tried to learn his real name, but it was nowhere in the files, and Mr. Guard wouldn't tell.

"I've got lines out," said Qualters. "Have the name shortly. We ought to find out a little more about the check, too. Then we can close in on him."

"'Close in?'" The question was O'Rell's.

Qualters nodded.

"Going over Bob's head?"

"Bob's had his chance. I'm going to take it up with the fellow direct."

"But he'll go straight to Bob."

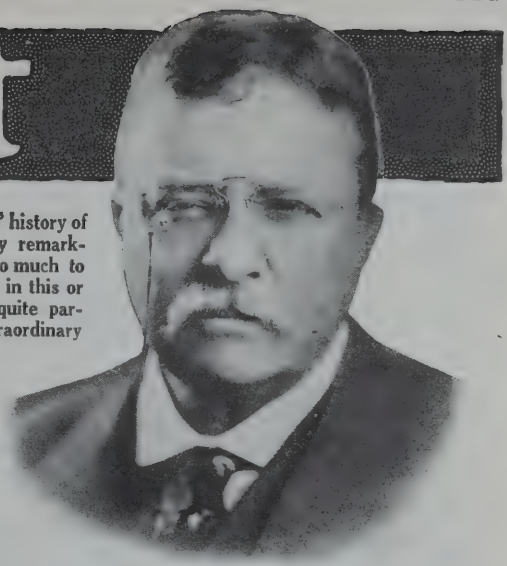
"Not when I'm through with him. No; he won't go to Bob. He'll leave town, if he's lucky enough to keep out of jail."

The Applebys discussed the matter at home, while dressing for a dance at the golf club, guardedly. For there were profound reticences between them in the matter of Cantey estate.

"Saw Mrs. Bentley down-town," said Esther. She stood before her mirror doing up her hair. She was shorter than her sister, and of a plumper mold. Her face was round, pretty, smoothly expressionless. "Miriam's flat again. Wearing herself out trying to run that big place. Why can't she make up her mind she's an invalid and let it go at that? I'm sure we'd all be glad to do what we could to make it easy for her."

"Mrs. Bentley say anything"—Will was buttoning a shoe—"she say anything about the young fellow they've got workin' there?"

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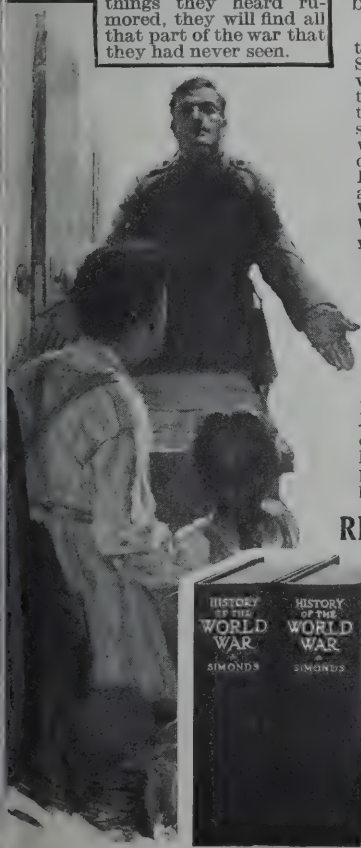
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"No." Esther stood motionless, h shapely white arms about her head. "W young fellow? What do you mean?"

"A queer chap—a writer. Bob Lis put him in to write your father's bi phy."

"They wouldn't do that without sulting us."

"They have."

"But—just as a matter of cou courtesy—my own father——"

"Bob's turned him loose there in study."

"Who is he?"

"Nobody seems to know. Amme's ried. Seems to be an adventurer."

"But Miriam's rooms are right the— Mr. Listerly shouldn't have do thing like that."

"I know. But I didn't know quite to say."

"I should think you could have tested."

Will began on the other shoe.

"It isn't as if Miriam were a soph cated girl—used to men—" Esther, b knit, caught herself thinking aloud. " know, Will, if it should ever come question of her marrying—I mean, if were well enough, and it was a man knew would be good to her—I would for one moment, stand in her way. for one moment. Why did he have to him work right there in the house?"

"The papers are all there."

Esther was distrait, if smooth and s ing, all the evening. Shortly after br fast the next morning, she dropped in the old Cantey place. Mrs. Bentle gray, calm to the point of stupidity, spectful—met her in the hall. She thou Miss Cantey was feeling a little better

"The young man is working here to- is he?"

"Mr. Stafford? Yes; he went up a minutes ago. He comes at nine."

Esther's glance rested a moment on housekeeper; then she went on up-st The study door was shut. She eyed it cold curiosity. To the nurse, she said

"My sister is ill, Miss Russell?"

"Doctor Martin has just left, Appleby. He says she is better."

"What's the trouble?"

"It's hard to say. Temperature, a little delirium. A nervous setback. insisted on getting up this morning, Doctor Martin told her she must abed another day. I've thought——

Miss Russell, hesitating, glanced tow the study door. Esther's gaze followe

"Well," said Esther then, "what you thought?"

"It's not a thing I'd speak of, Appleby, but I should think it would disturbing to have a stranger up working among Mr. Cantey's thi She's almost lived in that room. It m a great deal to her."

All the time she was sitting at Miria bedside, Esther was considering speech. Had the girl meant to place emphasis on it? Curiosity burned in brain. Miriam, too, seemed strung touchy.

Esther told herself that she had rights in the matter. Even if her fa had left the control of his vast prope to this girl, surely her only sister responsible to the extent of advising guiding her. And he had thought of as getting stronger; he hadn't pict

:r as an out-and-out invalid, with a mperature and a little delirium. If he ıd realized how helpless she was going be, he would at least have given Will little say in the matter. Leaving it to iriam was all right—nobody could ques- on that—but how about leaving it to the signing men that were already worming eir way into her confidence, or, at least, to the inmost secrets of Cantey estate? ıe decided that Miriam had already seen is Stafford. Something had happened. Before her very brief call was over, sther had built up in her own mind a oint of view, complete, hard, fortified at ery point with eager self-justification. he little sisterly quarrel they had but t her thoughts the more firmly.

Esther said—after expressing sympathy ıd telling of the party at the club—oking critically about her:

"You ought to give up this big place, Iiriam. Though goodness knows I don't ant the care of it myself. But you're mply wearing yourself out. You ought take Miss Russell and Mrs. Bentley and to a sanatorium and really rest."

Miriam said she was really more com-rtable here at home.

"But, my dear, here are Will and I. m sure Will would be glad to help in any ay he could. Business advice—that sort thing. Here you are, you see, within few months of taking over the estate om the trustees, and you aren't even as ell as you were last year."

Esther walked down the hall with Miss ussell. They stopped before the study oor, tacitly. A man's steps could be eard, pacing the floor.

"He does that a great deal," remarked liss Russell, in a discreet tone.

Esther felt in her purse, selected a bank-ote, glanced down, and saw that it was r five dollars. That seemed a good deal. liss Russell had glanced down at it, too, ıd was standing motionless. Esther had ten heard Will say: "When I want a ning, I don't haggle or delay. I go after . I get it." She was confused. Her pulse as beating high. She found another five-ollar note, crumpled the two together, laced both in Miss Russell's oddly conve- ient palm, though Miss Russell was rotesting a very little, discreetly.

"Let me know how things get along," id Esther, and fled down the stairs.

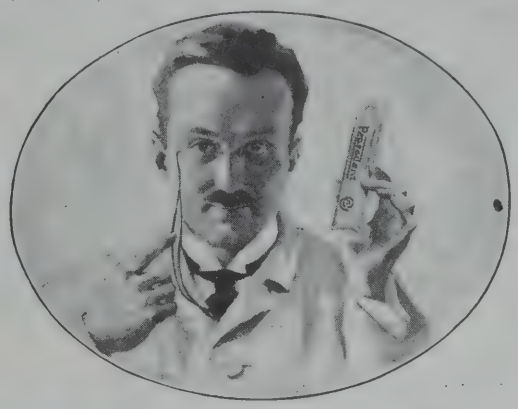
XIX

IN WHICH MIRIAM STANDS ALONE

After the scene with Miriam, Calverly ound himself struggling with a sort of adness. Not since the first few awful eeks after Cicely's death had he sobbed s he sobbed there on Jim Cantey's desk. here was relief in it. But his mind was eeling. Love had come to him. It had irly struck him. A love so sudden and fantastically impossible as to border on ıe grotesque. At one moment he was itterly afraid of it; the next moment he assionately welcomed it. Over and over e tried to feel again the thrill he had felt hen he picked her up that second time, ad her in his arms, felt her hair brushing is cheek. It seemed the end and the eginning of life. The imperative desire tell her the truth about himself was a re in his brain. He quivered with impa- ence. At each sound in the house, he

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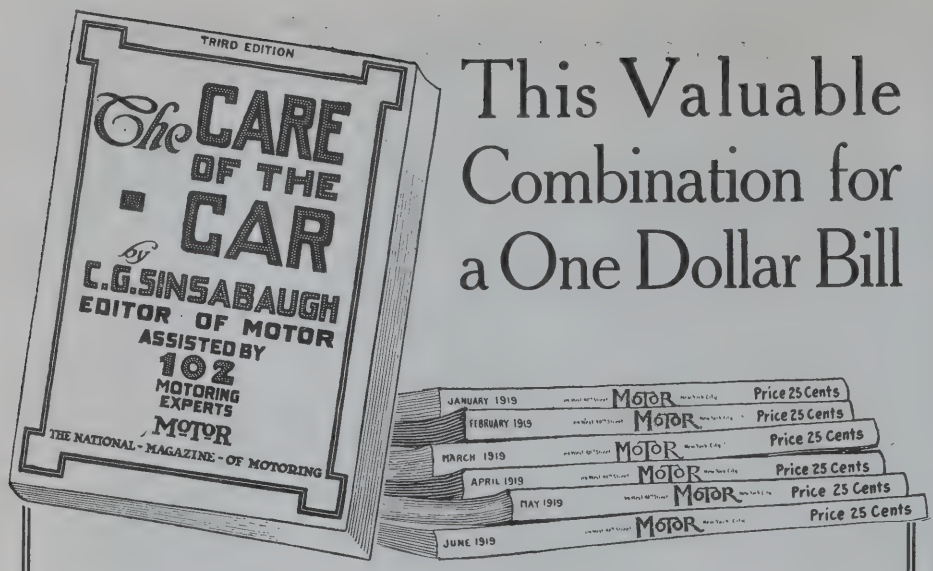
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sprang toward the narrow door. He f that he couldn't bear it until another da he couldn't bear it an hour. The domina impulse during most of the day was simp to tell her and then go—drop the job, t pay, the thrill of carrying out that fin strong desire of Jim Cantey's—drop ever thing, plunge again into life—Europ Africa, China, anywhere. But next tin with his own name. He didn't even thin of suicide now. That thought had be born of depression. Now he was at a diz height. Twice during the afternoon, besi himself, he tapped at the narrow doo There was no response.

That evening, in his new, not uncon fortable room on the back slope of th hill, he sat long before the picture of Cicel in its little silver frame. A miracle ha touched him. He needn't hide this gre new experience from Cicely. He coul face her picture now. She wouldn't min It would even please her. It was a renewa if not of the old love, then of the power t love. It was the rebirth of his dead hear He knew now that he might, in time, hav yielded to the mothering instinct of a Mar Maloney or to the subtle moral unde mining of a Margie Daw. It would hav been disheartening, but it would probabl have happened. At living alone, he ha reached the end of his rope. If he was t live on at all, there must be some sense o companionship, somebody to care for, o at least, somebody to care for him. Bu now, by a sort of divine luck, it had com right. It wasn't weakness; it was strength Nor was it bitter. The very touch o hopelessness in it exalted him. It wasn' desire—not wholly desire. It was contac again with the creative thrill of life. I was the Power of his youth. It was healt to his body, light to his eyes. He coul do something now. Something!

But the heavenly madness burned a his nerves. He wrote until two in th morning on his confession, pouring hi heart out on the paper. Then he tore i up.

The difficulty was going to be, not i any failure of his desire to tell Miriam but that, against the confused hurt, th crushing sense of injury that his years o disaster and bitter struggle came to in hi present thoughts, he couldn't make head way. These years were too close, too over powering. It was the sort of thing a sensitive man can't talk about. He knew that he would literally break down if h tried. There was no sense in breakin down. But she must have the kernel o the truth. Given his real name, she coul fill in all the sorry details. Everybod knew them. He tried writing it briefly simply, tore that up. Talking was better The direct thing. He knew that he woul have to tell her in the morning. Th moment he saw her. He couldn't wait He tossed in bed, dozed off now and then watched the red sunrise steal up the stree through the trees, felt again that wisp o hair against his cheek.

And then for four days he entered th Cantey house at nine sharp, marched up the two flights to Jim Cantey's study struggled to get his mind somehow o those wire baskets of correspondence walked the floor, jumped like a cat a every sound, watched that narrow doo between the book-shelves and the window

He constructed letters to send through the post. It was the only channel of com

unication open to him. But he found he ouldn't quite do it. She could see him if ie chose. It rested with her. He must ait. Somehow, he did wait—if not pressing the fires within him, at least ncealing them.

He found himself making acquaintances his new home. There was one odd, dry tle talk with Mr. Amme, walking up the reet in the morning. And he wrote to largie Daw, enclosing a ten-dollar bill n account. There was gratitude in the tter which she, in the curious frenzy of ie woman who has overreached and is iven to make her point, misread.

She replied by messenger, in a brisk encil scrawl, enclosing a theater-ticket r the evening. He would find her in the ext seat. Afterward, if he'd see her back the rooms, she'd cook up a rabbit.

It was too late to be answered. It disirbed him. He tried to rouse himself to ie situation, feeling that he must at least ppear to handle it like a man of the world -Margie was such an impulsively good irt—and ended by letting the evening ip by, doing nothing.

The next morning, after eleven, she illed up. He was standing on a chair, bows on the top book-shelf, moodily udying out the details of the model ship, ie Congo. He heard the bell. There was desk telephone. He hadn't used it. He ared down at it now. Pictures of Miriam antey swam, wavering in emotional ouds, before his inner eye. The bell rang gain. He answered now.

Margie's voice seemed dry, a little hard. came out of a remote past, before someiing, when life was all of another color, hen it was something else. He had to iink quickly to catch her tone.

"Sorry you couldn't get around," she iid. She was pleasantly offhand, yet he lt the exigent strain in her.

"Yes; I was sorry," he heard himself ying.

"You've got to come and see me. I must ear all about it."

"Not much to tell," said he. "Not yet. ist groping round, getting started."

"How are you fixed for to-night?"

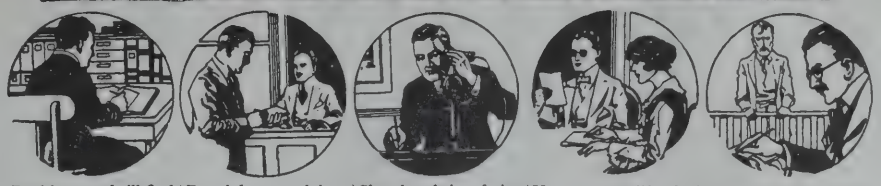
"Well—to-night—I'm pretty busy toight, Margie."

She called up again at four. It seemed iat a good play was coming. If he anted to go, she'd have to apply well head for seats.

Margie seemed a little gushing now, or irlish. Again he put her off. He felt a oor. But the miracle had come to him ere in Jim Cantey's study. And somehere beyond the narrow door was Miriam. he place was sacred, a room of dreams. he thought that Margie, anybody, could itrude at any moment over the wire struck chill into his heart. She called up the ext day. This time, just to wish him ood-morning. She was a little worried out him, she said. How could she be sure e was really better? He must show himelf, report. Who was taking care of him ow, anyway? Before he could work irough mumblings into a coherent reply, ie had rung off, with a: "Well, I must run ong. Do take care of yourself. Let me now if I can do anything. And please on't be silly about that money. I'm not roke. I'd tell you if I was. So long."

He hung up the receiver, sank back in is chair. Had he involved himself? Had e let Margie into his life? Suddenly, he

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Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed** 9

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus 9 will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end thus 9 and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *O* will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke ——

Therefore, — would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus 7 and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle **O** and you will have 7 (medo), which is **meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

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Cosmopolitan 2-'19

HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR

BY FRANCIS A. MARCH, Ph. D.
Brother of General March

Assisted by RICHARD J. BEAMISH,
War Correspondent and Military Analyst



Gen. Peyton C. March

DO YOU KNOW

How 2,000,000 American Soldiers safely crossed the ocean?

What Battle Cry saved Verdun?

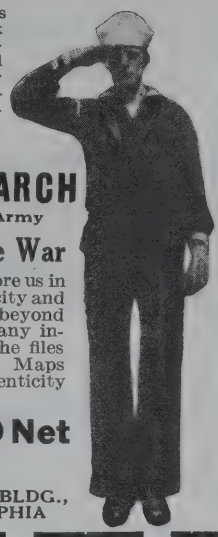
How the Yankee Soldiers captured Sedan?

How America Turned the Tide?

Why Chateau-Thierry is called the second Gettysburg?

What was the Last Stronghold taken by the gallant Canadians?





INTRODUCTION BY GENERAL MARCH

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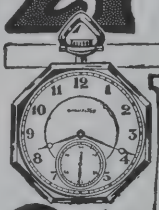
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could see himself lying sick in her room, her bed, and she there smoking a cigaret and a nurse, dressed to go, unpleasant taking the two of them in with a look. J brushed a tired hand across his eyes.

He looked wistfully up at the Cong Jim Cantey had worked his dream ou He had been able to. Some men, with t best efforts, couldn't. Luck and gi entered there. Jim Cantey knew that.

Calverly thought of a ship becalmed the Gulf Stream. There was a figu Life seemed like that. You could wo endlessly on your ship; you could wo your heart out on deck, in the riggin below. But you couldn't stop it drifti to a smash. Jim Cantey's sails had caug the trade-winds.

There was a tap at the narrow door. I sat limp, motionless, fought for his breat He hadn't foreseen it would be like th He was trembling.

Again the tapping, a little stronger.

Somehow he got up, opened the door.

She was there, in the wheeled chair.

"I've been ill," she said, and caug her breath. "I couldn't get word to yo Not very well."

"I tired you," he said. "That day."

"No—or—yes, perhaps. I don't mi that. It's better to be tired sometime I've been so useless."

"Oh—no!"

"Yes, I have. It's no good going o like that."

He was feasting his eyes on her. Sh was frailer, sweeter. What wonderful ha she had! There was red gold in it. An her eyes—that extraordinarily vivid blu Over and over and over he had tried t bring her distinctly before his mind's ey each time failing. And now here she wa His pulse was pounding at his temple He leaned against the door-frame.

"And you—" she asked, hesitatin "how have you been?"

"Oh, all right; only—I've wanted t see you."

"Yes, I know. I've wanted—I promise you the papers. I've wondered what you think."

"Oh, I knew—of course—" He wave toward the desk. "I've been wrestlin with this stuff. Haven't got very far wit it."

"Of course not. I'm going to give yo the others. So you'll have them by you in case I—" Her blue eyes were takin him in with a curious touch of timidit Her voice was none too steady. "I wo der," she went on, "if you have any sa way of keeping them."

"You mean, if I——"

"You might want to take them hom with you. We—we agreed, you know You are to help me carry out father's wis There was a strong box here. There—o the bottom shelf, in the corner."

He brought the box to the desk.

"We can put them—the important on —in that."

They were both looking at the safe no

"I—I'll have to get them out," she sa rather hurriedly. "I may have to—t trouble you to—well, help me this o time. Afterward I sha'n't have to troub you."

There was a pause. He found himse moving toward her. Once he glanced her; she was studying the floor. A wa of delicate color was flooding her pale ski She bent her head lower as if to hide it.

At the door, he stopped short. He knew, suddenly, that if he were so much as to touch her, his resolution would give way. The moment was too wonderful. He would save it; he would cry to her that he loved her. As for taking her up again in his arms——

"No," he heard himself saying. "No; not to-day. I might lose them. You see, I have to go through all this stuff anyway, first. I could—I could let you know when—" It was curiously difficult to get the words past his thick tongue and throat. He drew himself up, hands clenched at his sides, breathing deeply. "There's something I must tell you. My name isn't Stafford." He could feel rather than see the look of blank amazement that came over her face. The color had gone. And there were the beginnings of pain there. He rushed, blundering, on. "It isn't Stafford. I'm not bad. Not exactly. I've had trouble. You'll understand, perhaps, when I tell you——"

But he couldn't tell her. The breakdown was upon him. He stood there, fighting it, feeling her great blue eyes full on his face. He choked down a sob, came forward. She shrank back a little way in the chair. But, very gently, he wheeled her aside, then rushed past her across the room—her own sitting-room—to the desk by the window, snatched up a book that lay there—"Satraps of the Simple," by Henry Calverly—and thrust it into her wondering hands.

"That's my name!" he cried. "That's who I am! Now you know!"

He left her then, wandered back into the study, stared out a window, stood there a long time until an odd new rustling sound startled him into turning.

She was walking across the study, balancing with her arms and reaching out to catch a corner of the desk. Just before touching it, she sank to the floor.

He was lifting her, breathing out the feeling that was overflowing his heart, kissing her hair. Once his lips brushed her forehead.

"I love you!" he was whispering. "It's dreadful! I mustn't tell you. I'll go. That's why I didn't want——"

"Please!" she said gently. "Not that."

"Oh, I know I'm——"

"Help me up. No—just my arm. You don't know—all these years—it's my first step——"

"But you mustn't! It will hurt you!"

"I don't care! Just steady me. Let me walk. Over here—by the safe."

She sank down in the big chair, white, eyes closed, lips compressed in pain. After a moment, she laid a frail hand on her breast. He stood over her, white himself, tense, in an agony. She was speaking, very low. He had to bend over.

"It's wonderful!"

"But you——"

"I don't care. I'm going to walk every day. I must stand alone."

"But if you—the doctors——"

"Please! I simply don't care. They've kept me down all these years. I'm changing. This is new."

She stopped abruptly, rested a little longer, then, clearly still in pain, stopping often for breath, opened the safe. They made a selection among the note-books and papers.

"There's a bell in my room there," she said then, "between the windows. Please



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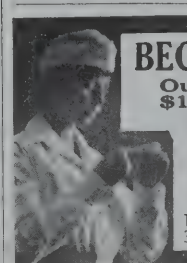
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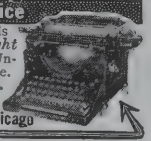
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Susanna Cocroft

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ring it. I'll have Miss Russell carry n back. Somebody in the house is sure t know, anyway. You have to trust som body. Father often said that."

He rang, then came back and stood ov her.

"If I could only help you!" he said sadl

"Help me!" And, to his amazement, sh gave a little laugh. Then, abruptly, sh said: "I hear her coming. You'd bett put those things in the box. The key inside."

She gave his hand a quick pressure.

He hurriedly filled the box.

Miss Russell stood in the narrow doo way. Her startled gaze rested on Mirian darted to the open safe, the strong box o the desk, the slender, sensitive young ma who was just putting some papers in and locking it, and back to the girl in th big chair.

"Please carry me back," said Mirian

"But—" The nurse looked again at th young man.

"I walked here, Miss Russell," sai Miriam wearily. "I'll ask you to car me back."

"You—*walked!*"

"Yes. No more, please!" And whe the nurse had placed her carefully in th chair, she added, "You may go now."

Slowly, eyes rolling, lips pursed, Mi Russell went, closing a door behind her.

There was a long, long silence.

"I'll close the door," he said.

"No; wait a little." She had "Satra of the Simple" in her hands again, wa studying it, turning the leaves. She didn look up.

"I don't see why you trust me so."

"Father followed his instincts."

"I—I shouldn't have told you wha I——"

"Perhaps you won't see me for a fe days again."

"It would be better." His tone wa despondent.

"That's why I wanted you to have th papers."

"After all I've been through—all the would tell you about me— It's been suc a fight."

"Perhaps that's why," she said. H looked puzzled. "I mean," she sai "that perhaps it's because you've had t fight and suffer that I get this wonderfu inspiration from you. You don't—yo can't know what it means—what you'v done. I've been like a dead girl. I'm awake now. My fight is just beginnin To-day! *My* fight!"

She raised a hand. He clasped it. On again color came to the two finely sensitiv faces.

"You—you'll want to work," said sh

"You're very tired," said he.

"I will rest now."

"I'll close the door."

It didn't occur to him then, thrille with an almost terrible happiness, that a invalid girl, however intelligent, howeve deeply in the confidence of her father, ma know little or nothing of the daily narrativ of crime and disaster in the newspaper He had assumed that the mere mention o his real name would instantly recall t her every hideous detail of the Watt tria his imprisonment, everything. He too it for granted now.

The next instalment of ***The Passionate Pilgrim*** will appear in ***March Cosmopolitan.***

Saint's Progress

(*Continued from page 35*)

w-time! Well, after all, it is never very ifferent; no great town is. Did you en- joy your sight of 'life,' *mademoiselle?*"

I think one must dance to be happy. hat where your friends go?"

Oh, no. To a room much rougher, play dominoes, and drink coffee and , and talk. They have no money to ow away."

Why didn't you show me?"

Mademoiselle, in that room you might some one, perhaps, whom one day you ld meet again; in the place we visited, were safe enough—at least, I hope so."

Noel shrugged her shoulders.

I suppose it doesn't matter now what ."

nd a rush of emotion caught at her at—a wave from the past—the moon- night, the dark old abbey, the woods, the river. As they passed out into the et, two great tears were rolling down cheeks.

I was thinking of something," she l, in a muffled voice. "It's all right."

Chère mademoiselle!" Lavendie mur- red; and all the way home he was id and distressed. Shaking his hand he door, she murmured:

I'm sorry I was such a fool; and thank awfully, *monsieur*. Good-night!"

Good-night—and better dreams. There good time coming—peace and happi- s once more in the world. It will not ays be this forcing-house. Good-night, *re mademoiselle!*"

Noel went up to the nursery and stole in. night-light was burning, and nurse and y were fast asleep. She tiptoed through o her own room. Once there, she felt ldenly so awfully tired that she could dly undress—and yet curiously rested, if, with that rush of emotion, Cyril and past had slipped from her forever.

III

I

NOEL'S first encounter with Opinion ok place the following day. The baby d just come in from its airing; she had n it comfortably snoozing, and was on r way down-stairs.

"How do you do?" said a voice, and she came aware of a khaki-clad figure in the ll—her father's curate, Adrian Lauder. esitating just a moment, she finished r descent and put her fingers in his. He s a rather heavy, dough-colored young an of nearly thirty; but his aspiring gray es redeemed him, seeming to proclaim e best intentions in the world and an in- nation toward sentiment in the presence beauty.

"I haven't seen you for ages," he said ther fatuously, following her into her ther's study.

"No," said Noel. "How do you like ing at the front?"

"Ah," he said, "they're wonderful!" nd his eyes shone so that he looked most handsome. "It's so jolly to see ou again!"

"Is it?"

He seemed puzzled by that answer.

"I didn't know your sister had a baby," e said at last.

"A jolly baby!"

How it Feels to Earn $1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a $25 a Week Salary. Tells How He Accomplished It.

How does it feel to earn $1000 a week? How does it feel to have earned $200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain, simply and clearly the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment—and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with, I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over $200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary, many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years, the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two by four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over $60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibilities of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow-going, easily-satisfied, average man—into a positive, quick-acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle, and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a $50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn $1000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the only way to find out is to *earn it.*" We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question *and my reply* kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude; perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whatever it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-earning ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success was, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real, fundamental principle of all success—Power of Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study, he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that, I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with $300 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made $30,000. My second year paid me $50,000. My third year netted me $70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only $50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through, will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to $65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after five days' reading, you do not feel that the book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up, will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 15-B Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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"She hasn't."

Lauder's mouth opened. "It's a si mouth," she thought.

"Oh!" he said. "Is it a protégé—B gian or something?"

"No; it's mine—my own." And, turni round, she slipped the little ring off h finger. When she turned back to him, h face had not recovered from her wor

"Don't look like that," said No "Didn't you understand? It's mine mine." She put out her left hand.

"Look!"

He stammered,

"I say, you oughtn't to—you ought to——

"To what?"

"Joke about—about such things; oug you?"

"One doesn't joke if one's had a bal without being married, you know."

Lauder went suddenly slack. A sh might have burst a few paces from hi And then, just as one would in such case, he made an effort, braced himse and said, in a curious voice, both st and heavy,

"I can't—one doesn't—it's not——"

"It is," said Noel. "If you don believe me, ask daddy." He put his ha up to his round collar, and, with the wi thought that he was going to tear it o she cried, "Don't!"

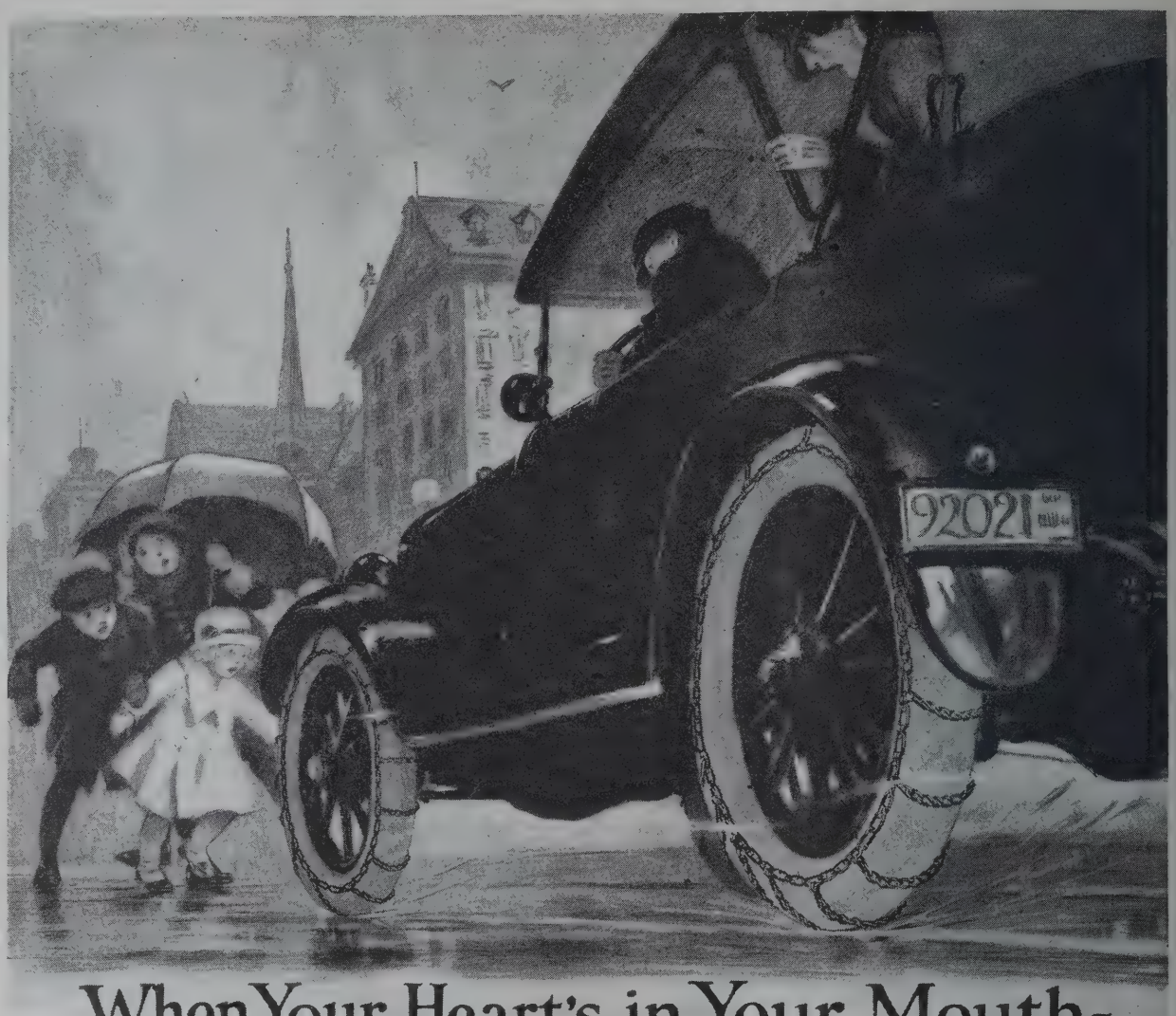
"*You!*" he said. "*You!* But——"

Noel turned away from him to the wi dow. She stood looking out, but sa nothing whatever.

"I don't want it hidden," she sai without turning round; "I want everyo to know. It's stupid as it is—stupid And she stamped her foot.

He uttered a little sound which had pa in it, and Noel felt a real pang of co punction. She turned for a sidelong loo He had gripped the back of a chair; h face had parted with all heaviness. dull flush colored his cheeks. Noel had horrible feeling—as if she had been co victed of treachery. It was his silence, t curious look of an impersonal pain beyo power of words; she felt in him somethi much deeper than mere disapproval something which echoed within herse She walked quickly past him and escape She ran up-stairs and threw herself on h bed. He was nothing—it was not tha It was in herself, the awful feeling, for t first time developed and poignant, th she had betrayed her caste, forfeited t right to be thought a lady, betrayed h secret reserve and refinement, repaid wi black ingratitude the love lavished on h upbringing by behaving like any uncare for common girl. She had never felt th before—not even when Gratian first hea of it and they had stood one at each e of the hearth, unable to speak. Then s still had her passion and her grief for t dead. That was gone now, as if it ha never been; and she had no defens nothing between her and this crushi humiliation and chagrin. She had be mad! She must have been mad! T Belgian, Barra, was right: "All a litt mad" in this "forcing-house" of a wa She buried her face deep in the pillow t it almost stopped her power of breathin her head and cheeks and ears seemed be on fire. If only he had shown disgus done something which roused her tempe her sense of justice, her feeling that fa had been too cruel to her; but he had ju


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od there, bewilderment incarnate, like reature with some very deep illusion ttered. It was horrible!

Then, feeling that she could not stay l, must walk, run, get away, somehow, n this feeling of treachery and betrayal, sprang up. All was quiet below, and slipped down-stairs and out, speeding ng with no knowledge of direction, ing the way she had taken day after to her hospital. It was the last of ril. Trees and shrubs were luscious h blossom and leaf; the dogs ran gaily; ple had almost happy faces in the sun- ne. "If I could get away from myself, ouldn't care," she thought. Easy to away from people, from London, even m England, perhaps; but from one- —impossible!

She passed the church opposite where la lived, and running suddenly into a man coming round the corner, saw that vas Fort. She bent her head, and tried urry past. But his hand was held out; could not help putting hers into it, l, looking up hardily, she said,

"You know about me, don't you?"

His face, naturally so frank, seemed to ch up, as if he were riding at a fence. 'll tell a lie," she thought bitterly. t he did not.

"Yes; Leila told me."

And she thought, "I suppose he'll try l pretend now that I've not been a st!"

"I admire your pluck," he said.

"I haven't any."

"We never know ourselves, do we? uppose you wouldn't walk my pace a nute or two, would you? I'm going the ne way."

"I don't know which way I'm going."

"Exactly my case."

They walked on in silence.

"I wish to God I were back in France," d Fort abruptly. "One doesn't feel an here."

Ah, to get away—away from oneself! t at the thought of her baby, her heart l again.

"Is your leg quite hopeless?"

"Quite."

"That must be horrid."

"Hundreds of thousands would look on as splendid luck; and so it is if you unt it better to be alive than dead, which lo, in spite of the dumps."

"How is cousin Leila?"

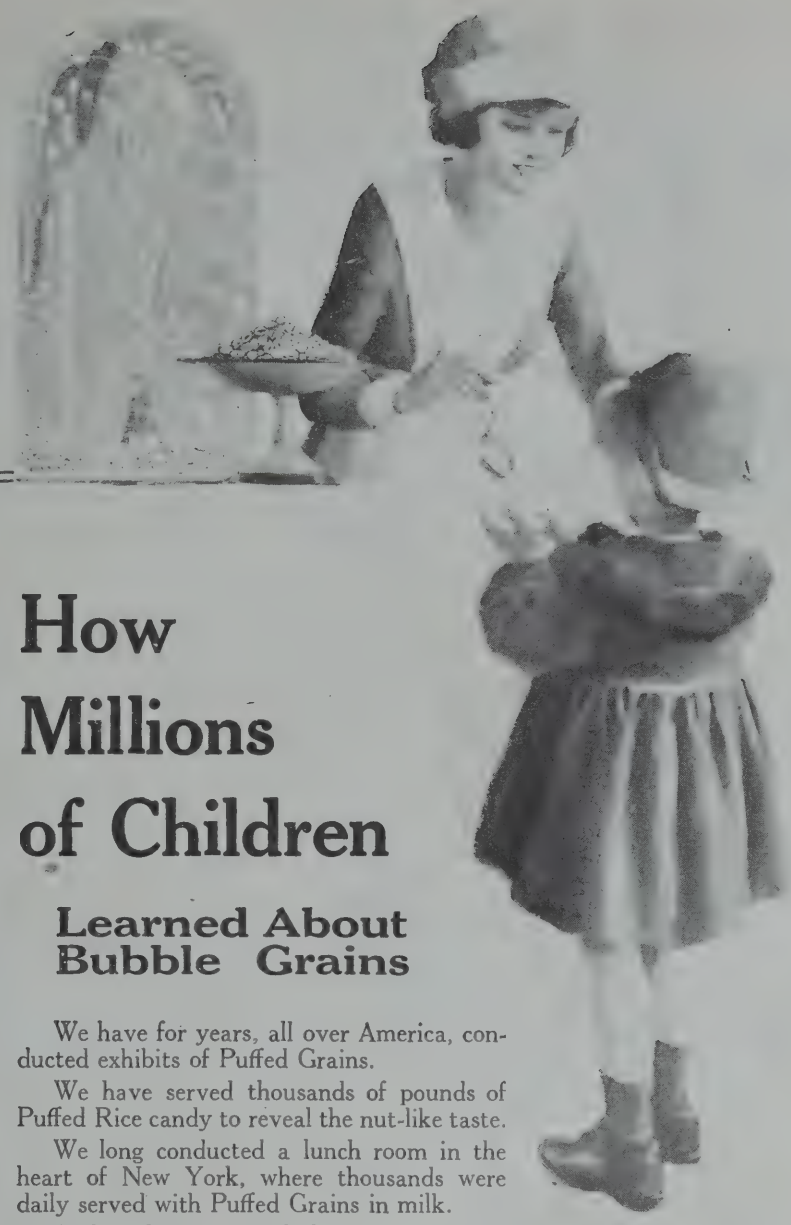
"Very well. She goes on pegging away the hospital; she's a brick." But he l not look at her, and again there was nce till he stopped by Lord's Cricket ound.

"I mustn't keep you crawling along at s pace."

"Oh, I don't mind."

"I only wanted to say that if I can be of y service to you at any time in any way atever, please command me."

He gave her hand a squeeze, took his t off, and Noel walked slowly on alone. e interview, with its suppressions and implications, had only exasperated her tlessness, and yet, in a way, it had thed the soreness of her heart. Fort, all events, did not despise her, and he s in trouble like herself. She felt that, nehow, by the look of his face, and the ne of his voice when he spoke of Leila. e quickened her pace. George's words me back to her: "If you're not ashamed yourself, no one will be of you." How



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easy to say! The old days, her schoo the little half-grown-up dances she use to go to, when everything was happy—a gone!

But her meetings with Opinion were no over for the day, for, turning again at las into the home square, tired out by he three hours' ramble, she met an old lad whom she and Gratian had known fro babyhood—a handsome dame, the wido of an official, who spent her days, whic showed no symptom of declining, in ad mirable works. Her daughter, the wido of an officer killed at the Marne, was wit her, and the two greeted Noel with shower of cordial questions: So she wa back from the country, and was she quit well again? And working at her hospital And how was her dear father? They ha thought him looking very thin and worr But now Gratian was at home—ho dreadfully the war kept husbands an wives apart! And whose was the dea little baby they had in the house?

"Mine," said Noel, walking straigh past them with her head up. In ever fiber of her being she could feel the hurt startled, utterly bewildered looks of thos firm, friendly persons left there on th pavement behind her, could feel the wa they would gather themselves togethe and walk on, perhaps without a word, an then round the corner begin: "What ha come to Noel? What did she mean? And taking the little gold hoop out of he pocket, she flung it with all her migh into the square-garden. The action save her from a breakdown, and she went i calmly. Lunch was long over, but he father had not gone out, for he met her i the hall and drew her into the dining-room

"You must eat, my child," he said. An while she was swallowing down what h had caused to be kept back for her, h stood by the hearth in that favorite att tude of his, one foot on the fender and on hand gripping the mantel-shelf.

"You've got your wish, daddy," sh said dully; "everybody knows now. I'v told Mr. Lauder, and *monsieur*, and th Dinnafords."

She saw his fingers uncrisp, then gri the shelf again.

"I'm glad," he said.

"Aunt Thirza gave me a ring to wea but I've thrown it away."

"My dearest child—" he began, bu couldn't go on, for the quivering of his lips

"I wanted to say once more, daddy, tha I'm fearfully sorry about you. And I *a* ashamed of myself. I thought I wasn't but I *am*—only, I think it was cruel, an I'm not penitent to God, and it's no goo trying to make me."

Pierson turned and looked at her. Fo a long time after, she could not get tha look out of her memory.

2

Jimmy Fort had turned away fro Noel feeling particularly wretched. Eve since the day when Leila had told him o the girl's misfortune, he had been awar that his *liaison* had no decent foundatio save a sort of pity. One day, in a quee access of compunction, he had made Leil an offer of marriage. She had refused and he had respected her the more, realiz ing by the quiver in her voice and the loo in her eyes that she refused him, not be cause she did not love him well enoug

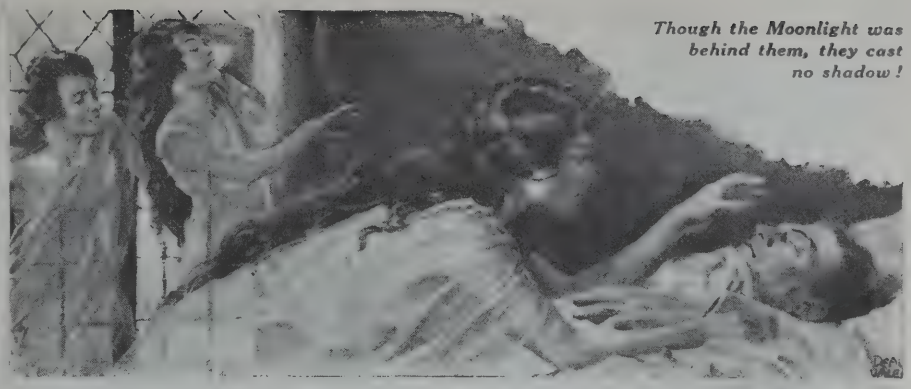
ut because she was afraid of losing any of is affection. She was a woman of great ex-erience. To-day, he had taken advantage f the luncheon interval to bring her some owers, with a note to say that he could ot come that evening. Letting himself n with his latch-key, he had carefully ut those Japanese azaleas in the bowl Famille Rose," taking water from her edroom. Then he had sat down on the ivan with his head in his hands.

Though he had rolled so much about the orld, he had never had much to do with omen. And there was nothing in him of he Frenchman, who takes what life puts n his way as so much enjoyment on the redit side, and accepts the ends of such ffairs as they naturally and rather rapidly rrive. It had been a pleasure, and was o longer a pleasure; but this, apparently, id not dissolve it or absolve him. He elt himself bound by an obscure but deep nstinct to go on pretending that he was ot tired of her, so long as she was not ired of him. And he sat there trying to emember any sign, however small, of uch a consummation, quite without suc-ess. On the contrary, he had even the retched feeling that if only he *had* loved er, she would have been much more likely o have tired of him by now. For her, he vas still the unconquered, in spite of his oyal endeavor to seem conquered. He had nade a fatal mistake, that evening after he concert at Queen's Hall, to let himself o on a mixed tide of desire and pity.

His folly came to him with increased oignancy after he had parted from Noel. How could he have been such a base fool, s to have committed himself to Leila on n evening when he had actually been in he company of that child? Was it the ague, unseizable likeness between them vhich had pushed him over the edge? "I've been an ass," he thought, "a horri-le ass. I would always have given every our I've ever spent with Leila for one eal smile from that girl."

This sudden sight of Noel after months, luring which he had tried loyally to forget er existence, and not succeeded at all, nade him realize as he never had yet that e was in love with her—so very much in ove with her that the thought of Leila was ecome nauseating. And yet the instincts f a gentleman seemed to forbid him to etray that secret to either of them. It vas an accursed coil! He hailed a cab, for e was late; and all the way back to the War Office he continued to see the girl's igure and her face with its short hair. And a fearful temptation rose within him. Was she not now the real object for chiv-lry and pity? Had he not the right to onsecrate himself to championship of one n such a deplorable position? Leila had ived her life; but this child's life—pretty vell wrecked—was before her. And then e grinned from sheer disgust. For he new that it was not chivalry moving im but love. Love! Love of the unat-ainable! And with a heavy heart indeed, e entered the great building, where, in a mall room, companioned by the tele-hone, and surrounded by sheets of paper overed with figures, he passed his days. The war made everything seem dreary, opeless. No wonder he had caught at any listraction which came along—caught at t till it had caught him!

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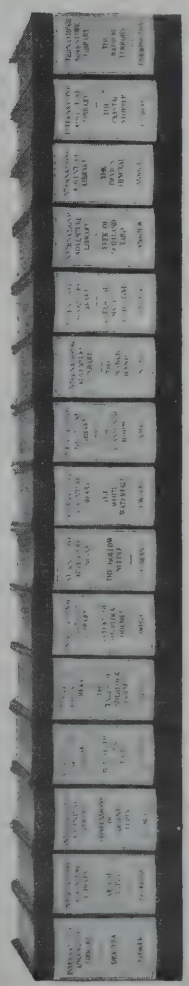
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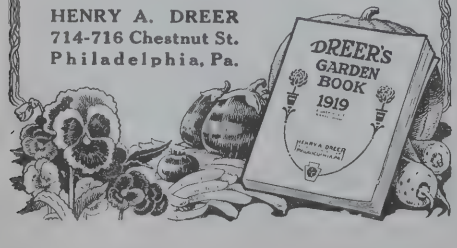
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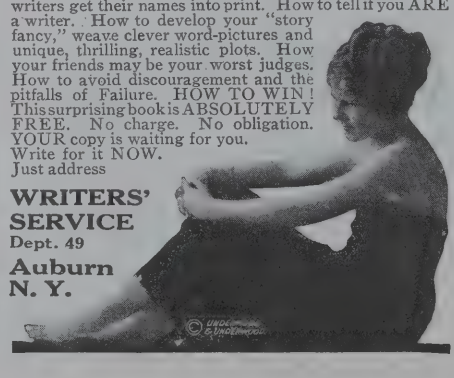
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What the Dickens!

(*Continued from page 82*)

of William Hogson, junior, chairman of the Bungham Board of Aldermen.

"Say, Hogson, if the Bungham town council decides to invest in that union depot, I demand a share of the investment in my official capacity. And if the members of the town council decide to go into the union depot personally, in place of officially, I demand a share of the investment in my private capacity as an influential member of the community."

"Is the railroad coming through?" And William Hogson, junior, a sallow person but an energetic, jumped from his desk and reached for his hat.

"I ain't sure, but it looks suspicious. This fellow Daw acts kind o' dippy, but he's just playin' off. But the real point is this: If Daw's railroad does come, I demand a share of that investment."

The brows of Mr. Hogson drew close together, and his nose pinched, and his beady eyes narrowed, and his thin lips pursed. He wasted no time in questions about things he was bound to find out, but went right to the real point.

"Well, as to that, Sam, you can invest in the union depot in your own town, you know. You live in Mudhole?"

"No, sir-ree!" emphatically denied the sheriff. "I eat and sleep and have my washin' done there, but as the sheriff of this county, I'm a citizen of every township. Just bear that in mind."

With this clear and firm statement of his rights, Sam Larkin went out to resume his duty. When he reached again the Tithers lot, he found most of Bunghan there, and every beady eye corruscating with excitement. In the canopied hammock with Mr. Daw sat J. Rufus Wallingford in friendly conversation. That settled it! Wallingford was in cahoots with the railroad surveyor.

The long-anticipated Yardsville, Appleby & Polston railroad was coming through at last! The route was perfectly well known, for from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty loyal Wheaton valleyites witnessed every inch of the way. In Bungham, the Y. A. & P., more affectionately known as the "Yap" road, would pass through the lower edge of the Lem Tither property; in Shawmere, it would go just behind Pete Briggs' store; in Kilcrow, it would cross the county road at the saw mill, and follow up the bank at Jona Vale's spring-run, and so on. And mark this: In every town the line ran just where the cute Wallingford had paid cash for an option on building-property! Any meaning to that? Well, I reckon!

And land? Why, it went up as if it had been sown with yeast! Any place that railroader Daw had set his foot, or one of his eager young surveyors had dragged a chain or squinted through a transit, you couldn't buy an acre of ground for less than five hundred dollars, swamp, sand or rocky hill. And in the towns the price per front-foot rose so rapidly from day to day that old Eben Hiward, who had been out of the sanatorium for six years, had to be locked up again on account of trying to keep track of the figures.

Wallingford? Oh, Mr. Wallingford closed the union-depot proposition with all ten towns, right after the third day o

survey! Sheriff Sam Larkin was practically master of the ceremonies by the time they finished in Appleby; he had a couple of thousand dollars invested in the scheme in each town. It's durn foolishness to put all your eggs in one basket!

IV

A GRAND free barbecue! How Wheaton Bradley did love anything which was grand and free! The natives were agog and all aliver from Yardsville to Polston, and from "Mrs. Funnorwood" to "Powdered Mag." What was it all about? Why this lavish provision of whole roast calves, whole roast pigs, whole roast lambs, and other delicacies of the season, including peaches and a brass band? Curiosity became a virulent epidemic. J. Rufus Wallingford was back of the doings, of course. Wherever he went dripped the good things of life.

But what the dickens! Why had the genial James chosen a spot so God-forsaken as the grand free barbecue? It was miles from the country, and a flat, bare, mullen-infested waste. No road ran to it, except the trolley-line, and no tree gave shade. Nevertheless, here was the place and the hour; here were the crowds and the brass band and the dancing-platform and a grand stand amply decorated with bunting. There's Mr. Wallingford—over there, hobnobbing with the high official of the "Zap" railroad, Horace G. Daw! What's the matter with Mr. Wallingford? He's pale to-day, and his hand is kind o' quivery. I guess you'd be pale and kind o' quivery if you was puttin' up forty thousand dollars apiece for ten union depots. Four hundred thousand dollars—nearly half a million! Makes you squinch to think of it, don't it? Reckon we better applaud him a little.

Mr. Wallingford bows to the applause which has started mildly in half a dozen spots, and now becomes general throughout the grand stand and field. Mr. Wallingford smiles; he expands his chest with a deeply fluttering breath as the high official of the Y. A. & P. shows him a watch; he gazes over the vast concourse. The grand band is packed; the grounds are filled with a dense, moving mass, where bright color, chiefly red, is freely interspersed. The section-boys, a double score of them, are ranged up against the waiting empties on the temporary siding, a stalwart body of men with their brass controllers or their switch-bars in their hands, according to their votions; railroader Daw's crew of eager young surveyors are cheering lustily at regular and irregular intervals; the band is playing; the cooks are cooking, and a maddening, appetizing odor begins to pulse the air. Mr. Wallingford stoops and speaks to his especially invited guests in the little railed-off section of the grand stand—a banker from each of the ten towns in that section, and an equal number of other beady-eyed gentlemen.

Mr. Wallingford lifts his hand. The band hastily finishes "Turkey in the Straw" at the end of the next bar. Mr. Wallingford moistens his lips; they are dry, and his face is a trifle pasty, though there seems a green tinge under his chin. His friend, Mr. Daw, claps him heartily on the back.

Hush! Mr. Wallingford is about to speak! Shut up! He has started! What's

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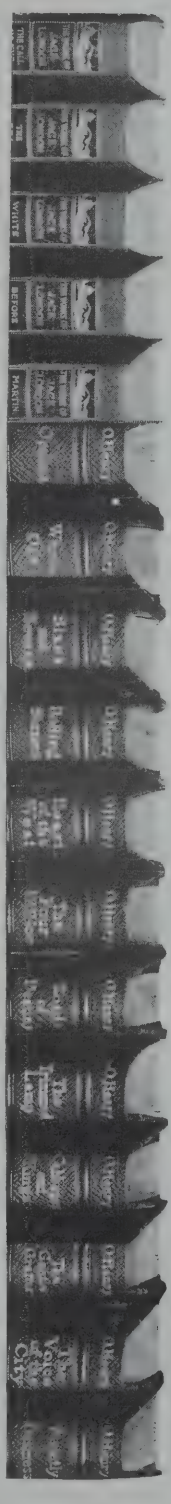
In one short, ugly sentence she stripped him of his manhood. In a moment of jest, she had cut deep into his heart. Always there rang into his ears that mocking laugh which had sent him flying to the front. She had the most tantalizing smile in all San Augustine. He would show the world.

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57

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he talking about? Oh, that it's a great day for Wheaton County. It gives him so much pleasure to have combined them all in a venture so progressive; it fills his heart with gratitude to rouse idle capital from its lethargy and drag it forth from its hiding-places.

On and on flows his melodious voice. What's he talking about now? Oh, the ceremonial that's to take place. What is it? I say what is it! Wait a minute. What's this?

Mr. Wallingford, his round face now red and perspiring, ceases to speak. He mops his brow. He waves his hand toward the mysterious canvas-walled square which has kept the crowd aquiver and agog because the tantalizing smells have come from over there. Ah! The canvas drops! True enough, there in the background, the cooks are cooking, but no one sees them; for in the foreground is the beginnings of an excavation, the beginnings of a foundation wall. Stone and brick and lumber and iron and barrels of cement are strewn everywhere, and over the corner of the little section of foundation wall is spraddled a derrick, from which hangs, in mid-air, a canvas-wrapped stone block. What the dickens!

A solid-looking man who is the color of a dusty yellow brick, hat, face, clothes, and shoes, steps out and smears some mortar on the foundation beneath the overhanging stone. Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw lead from the grand stand to the derrick a gaunt man with five caverns in his countenance and a bright and shining badge on his breast. Sam is a bit flustered as Mr. Wallingford puts a trowel in his hand.

"What's this for?" he asks. "I never saw such doin's at a grand free barbecue."

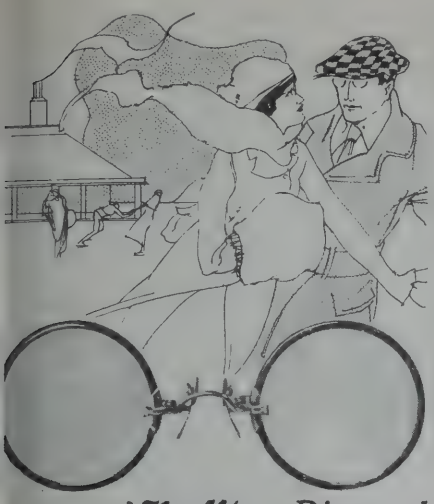
"This is the greatest moment in the history of Wheaton County," Mr. Wallingford assures him. "Just toss this bit of mortar under there, and tap the stone above it with the handle of your trowel."

"But what's it for?"

"The band is waiting," smiles J. Rufus and happening to find himself facing the multitude, he bows to them, whereat there arises a storm of applause, due to sheer excitement. "I have selected you, Sheriff Larkin, for the honor of this ceremony because you are the most important and the most representative man in the community. You are more like all of these people than any of them. Ready there, Beal?"

"Ready," returns Mr. Beal crisply, and in the voice of a man who is accustomed to doing things in a workmanlike manner. He motions to the men who hold the ropes. The suspended stone quivers; it begins to descend.

In nervous haste, the chief official of the county tosses his bit of mortar under it; he taps it with the handle of his trowel. The stone settles down with a thump, leaving its canvas covering in the air. The brick-colored man gives it a whack on one corner with a mallet, gives it a kick on the other corner with his heavy boot, trues along its edges with his eye, and turns his back on it while the band bursts out in a vociferous rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and all in the grand stand jump to their feet and cheer madly. The brick-colored man walks across to the grand stand with Messrs. Wallingford and Daw, but Sam Larkin remains stooped before the corner-stone. He is reading the inscription:



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WHEATON COUNTY UNION DEPOT
1918

After the maniacal investors of Wheaton valley had fully comprehended that the ten towns had chipped in twenty thousand dollars apiece to buy from Wallingford one "centrally located" union depot in place of ten, and after they had realized that Blackie Daw had not been surveying for a railroad but merely to determine the exact geographic center of Wheaton County, and after they were certain that the ten bankers would be compelled to pay the ten warrants, because they had seen the corner-stone laid, and had received for filing the contractor's receipt in full for the union depot which Wallingford had guaranteed to be centrally located, after they had been convinced of all these things, and, still discontented, had attempted to mob genial James and dippy Daw, and had been rudely beaten back by the frisky young surveyors and the traction employees, the latter having been presented with the top floor of the union depot for club-rooms, and after the demon sheriff had been smacked on the caverns with a hot ham, and when the special car was whizzing toward "Gertie" on a record-breaking circuit of ten banks, with ten beady-eyed lawyers explaining volubly to ten bewildered bankers; then Tom, with his cap cocked clear down against his right ear and his carroty hair curling all around it, went forward to where Blackie and J. Rufus were enjoying the fresh spring breeze on the platform with bony-faced Jerry.

"Say—pass the facts to your pal," Tom requested. "How much did you fellows clean up?"

"Oh, between a hundred and twenty-five and a hundred and thirty thousand dollars," returned J. Rufus.

"For the love of Mike!" gasped Tom. "Well, they had it coming to 'em. They grabbed for it and they got it—the slickest skin-game that ever came into the valley!"

"Tush, tush, Tom!" admonished Blackie, complacently twirling his mustaches; but J. Rufus turned on Tom gravely, his broad chest swelling with indignation.

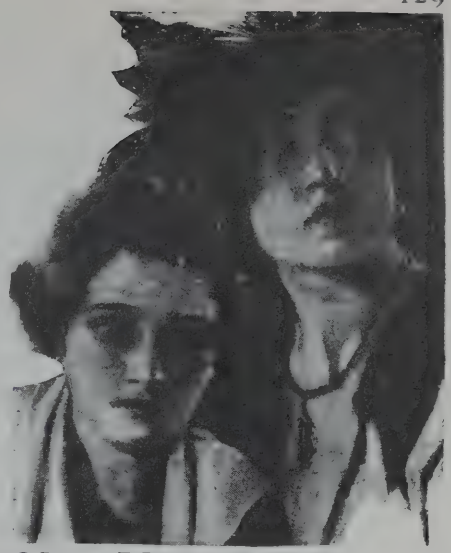
"You mustn't say that, old man. This was an absolutely legitimate enterprise. We made our proper profit from promoting and building a building. We made no promises which we did not fulfil. We- —"

"Aw, go on!" And Tom's thick fists slammed each of his pals a mighty blow on the back. "A union depot, without a railroad, out in the middle of the country, eleven miles from Summit City, and six from the nearest town!" He threw back his head and choked in his silent laughter. "You fellows are a couple o' crooks!"

"Whoopee!" roared Jerry, and let 'er out another notch.

The next ***Wallingford*** story will appear in ***March Cosmopolitan.***

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(Continued from page 8)

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The Moonlit Way.

(Continued from page 77)

send a man over with a lot of food and shawls. I've a creel full of provisions, and I am sufficiently clad, and I hate to be disturbed, and I am never grateful to people who try to be good to me. However, I love you very dearly.

Your husband,
REGINALD BARRES.

At half-past seven, trays were sent to Mrs. Barres and to Lee; and at eight-thirty they were in the saddle and their horses were fetlock deep in morning dew.

Dulcie, sipping her chocolate in bed, marked their departure with sleepy eyes. For the emotions of the night before had told on her, and when a maid came to remove the tray, she settled down among her pillows again, blinking unresponsively at the invitation of the sun, which cast over her a fairy net of gold.

Thessalie, in negligée, came in later and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You sleepy little thing!" she said. "The men have breakfasted and are waiting for us on the tennis-court."

"I don't know how to play," said Dulcie. "I don't know how to do anything."

"You soon will, if you get up, you sweet little lazybones!"

"Do you think I'll ever learn to play tennis and golf and to ride?" inquired Dulcie. "You know how to do everything so well, Thessa."

"Dear child, it's all locked up in you—the ability to do everything—be anything. The only difference between us is that I had the chance to try."

"But I can't even stand on my head," said Dulcie wistfully.

"Did you ever try?"

"N-no."

"It's easy. Do you want to see me do it?"

"Oh, please, Thessa!"

So Thessalie, calmly smiling, rose, cast herself lightly upon her hands, straightened her lithe figure slowly, until, amid a cataract of tumbling silk and chiffon, her rose-silk slippers pointed toward the ceiling. Then, always with graceful deliberation, she brought her feet to the floor, forming an arc with her body, held it a moment, and slowly rose upright, her flushed face half buried in her loosened hair.

Dulcie, in raptures, climbed out of bed and insisted on immediate instruction. Down on the tennis-court, Garry and Westmore heard their peals of laughter and came across the lawn under the window to remonstrate.

"Aren't you ever going to get dressed?" called up Westmore. "If you're going to play doubles with us, you'd better get busy, because it's going to be a hot day."

So Thessalie went away to dress, and Dulcie tiptoed in to her bath, which the maid had already drawn.

But it was an hour before they appeared on the lawn, cool and fresh in their white skirts and shoes, and found Westmore and Barres, red and drenched, hammering each other across the net in their second and furious set.

So Dulcie took her first lesson under Garry's auspices; and she took to it naturally, her instinct being sound, but her technique as charmingly awkward as a young bird's in its first essay at flying.

To see her all in white, with sleeves

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tucked up, throat bare, and the sun brilliant on her ruddy, rippling hair, produced a curious impression on Barres. As far as the East is from the West, so far was this Dulcie of the tennis-court separated from the wistful, shabby child behind the desk at Dragon Court.

Now, those gray eyes had turned violet, tinged with the beauty of the open sky; the loosened hair had become a net entangling the very sunlight, and the frail body, now but one smooth, soft symmetry, seemed fairly lustrous with the shining soul it masked within it.

She came over to the net, breathless, laughing, to shake hands with her victorious opponents.

"I'm sorry, Garry," she said, turning penitently to him, "but I'll need such a lot of help in the world before I'm worth anything to anybody."

"You're all right as you are. You always have been all right," he said, in a low voice. "You never were worth less than you are worth now; you'll never be worth more than you are worth to me at this moment."

They were walking slowly across the lawn toward the northern veranda. She halted a moment on the grass and cast a questioning glance at him.

"Doesn't it please you to have me learn things?"

"You always please me."

"I'm so glad. I try. But don't you think you'd like me better if I were not so ignorant?"

He looked at her absently, shook his head.

"No. I couldn't like you better. I couldn't care more—for any girl—than I care for you. Did you suspect that, Dulcie?"

"No."

"Well, it's true."

They moved slowly forward across the grass—he distrait, his handsome head lowered, swinging his racket as he walked; she very still and lithe and slender, moving beside him with lowered eyes fixed on their mingled shadows on the grass.

"When are you to see Mr. Skeel?" he asked abruptly.

"Sometime to-day. He asked if he might hope to find me alone. I didn't know exactly what to say. So I told him about the rose-arbor. He said he would pay his respects to your mother and sister, and then ask their permission to see me there alone."

They came to the veranda; Dulcie seated herself on the steps, and he remained standing on the grass in front of her.

"Remember," he said quietly, "that I can never care less for you than I do at this moment. Don't forget what I say, Dulcie."

She looked up at him, happy, wondering, even perhaps a little apprehensive in her uncertainty as to his meaning.

He did not seem to care to enlighten her further. His mood changed, too, even as she looked at him, and she saw the troubled gravity fade and the old gaiety glimmering in his eyes.

He looked across the lawn, where Thessalie and Westmore sat together, just outside the tennis-court, under a brilliant lawn-umbrella.

Oddly enough, the spectacle caused him no subtle pang, although their heads were pretty close together and their mutual absorption in whatever they were saying appeared evident enough.



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SHE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so.

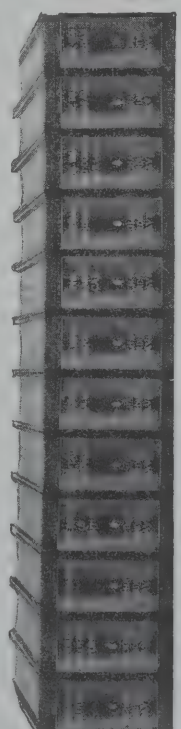
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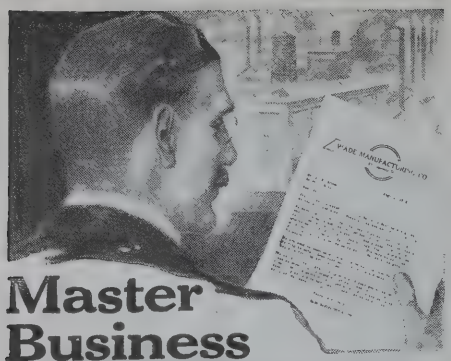
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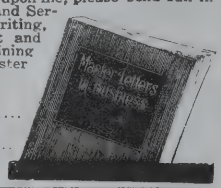
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"Let 'em chatter," he said, after an instant's hesitation. "Thessa or my sister can ride with you this afternoon, when it's cooler. I suppose you'll take to the saddle as though born there."

"Oh, I hope so!"

"Sure thing! All Irish girls—of your quality—take to it."

"My—'quality?'"

"Yours. It's merely happened so," he added irrelevantly, "but the contrary couldn't have mattered—as long as you are *you!* Nothing else matters one way or another. You *are* you. That answers all questions, fulfils all requirements——"

"I *don't* quite understand what you say, Garry."

"Don't you, sweetness? Don't you understand why you've always been exactly what you appear like at this moment?"

She looked at him with her lovely, uncertain smile.

"I've always been myself, I suppose. You are teasing me dreadfully!"

He laughed in a nervous, excited way, not like himself.

"You bet you have always been yourself, sweetness—in spite of everything, you've always been *yourself!* I am very slow in discovering it. But I think I realize it now."

"Please," she remonstrated, in her sweet, confused way, "you are laughing at me, and I don't know why. I think you've been talking nonsense and expecting me to pretend to understand. If you don't stop laughing at me, I shall retire to my room and—and——"

"What, sweetness?" he demanded, still laughing.

"Change to a cooler gown," she said, humorously vexed at her own inability to threaten or punish him for his gaiety at her expense.

"All right; I'll change, too, and we'll meet in the music-room."

She considered him askance.

"Will you be more respectful to me, Garry?"

"'Respectful?' I don't know."

"Very well then; I'm not coming back."

But when he entered the music-room half an hour later, Dulcie was seated demurely before the piano, and when he came and stood behind her, she dropped her head straight back and looked up at him.

"I had a wonderful icy bath," she said, "and I'm ready for anything. Are you?"

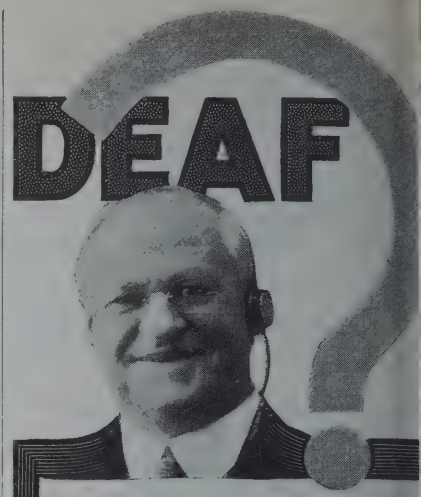
"Almost," he said, looking down at her.

She straightened up, gazed silently at the piano for a few moments, sounded a few chords. Then her slender fingers wandered uncertainly, as though groping for something that eluded them—something that they delicately sought to interpret. But apparently she did not discover it; and her search among the keys ended in a soft chord like a sigh. Only her lips could have spoken more plainly.

At that moment, Westmore and Thessalie came in breezily, and remained to gossip a few minutes before bathing and changing.

"Play something jolly," said Westmore. "One of those gay Irish things—you know—like 'The Honorable Michael Dunn,' or 'Finnigan's Wake,' or——"

"I don't know any," said Dulcie, smiling. "There's a song called 'Asthore.' My mother wrote it."



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Can you sing it?"
he girl ran her fingers over the keys
ingly.
I'll remember it presently. I know one
wo old songs like 'Irishmen All.' Do
know that song?" And she sang it in
gay, unembarrassed way.

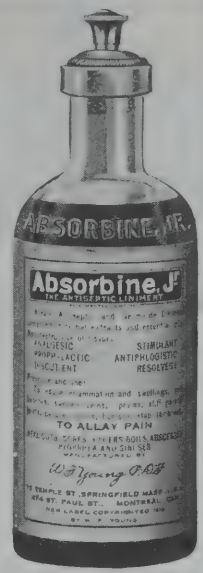
arm is our love for the island that bore us,
dy are we as our fathers before us.
Genial and gallant men,
Fearless and valiant men,
hful to Erin we answer her call.
Ulster men, Munster men,
Connaught men, Leinster men—
men all, we answer her call."

Fine!" cried Westmore. "Try it
in, Dulcie!"
Maybe you'll like this better," she said.

"Our Irish girls are beautiful,
As all the world will own.
An Irish smile in Irish eyes
Would melt a heart of stone.
But all their smiles and all their wiles
Will quickly turn to sneers,
If you fail to fight for Erin
In the Irish Volunteers."

Hurrah!" cried Westmore, beating
e and picking up the chorus of the
ish Volunteers," which Dulcie played to
underous finish amid frantic applause.
he sang for them "The West's Awake,"
ie Rising o' the Moon," "Clare's Dra-
ns," and "Paddy, Get Up!" And after
stmore had exercised his lungs suffi-
tly in every chorus, he and Thessalie
t off to their respective quarters, leav-
Barres leaning on the piano beside
cie.
Your people are a splendid lot—given
a chance," he said.
My people?"
Certainly. After all, sweetness, you're
h, you know."
Oh!"
Aren't you?"
I don't know what I am," she mur-
red, half to herself.
Whoever you are, it's the same to me,
lcie." He took a few short, nervous
s across the room, walked slowly back
ner. "Has it come back to you yet—
t song of your mother's you were trying
emember?"
Even while he was speaking, the song
ne back to her memory—her mother's
g called "Asthore"—startling her with
poignant significance to herself.
Y-yes. I can't sing it."
Why?"
I don't want to sing 'Asthore.'" She
t her head and gazed at the keyboard,
painful color dyeing her neck and
eks.
When, at length, she looked up at him
of lovely, distressed eyes, something
is face—something—some new expres-
n which she dared not interpret—set her
rt flying. And, scarcely knowing what
was saying in her swift and exquisite
fusion,
The words of my mother's song would
an no-nothing to you, Garry," she fal-
ed. "You could not understand them."
Why not?"
B-because you could not be in sym-
hy with them."
How do you know? Try."
I can't." She smiled slightly.
Please, dear!"
The faint smile edging her lips glimmered

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in her eyes now—a reckless little glint of humor, almost defiant.

"Do you insist that I sing 'Asthore'?"

"Yes."

He seemed conscious of a latent excitement in her to which something within himself was already responsive.

"It's about a love," she said, "one of the old-fashioned, headlong, hot-headed sort—Irish, of course—you'd not understand—such things—" Her tongue and color were running random riot; her words outstripped her thoughts and tripped up her tongue, scaring her a little. She drummed on the keys a rollicking trill or two, hesitated, stole a swift, uncertain glance at him.

A delicate intoxication enveloped her, stimulating, frightening her a little, yet hurrying her into speech again:

"I'll sing it for you, Garry *asthore!* And if I were a lad, I'd be singing my own gay *'Credo'*—if I were the lad—and you but a lass, *asthore!*"

Then, though her gray eyes winced and her flying color betrayed her youthful trepidation, she looked straight at him, laughingly, and her clear, childish voice continued the little prelude to "Asthore."

"I long for her, whoe'er she be—
The lass that fate decrees for me;
Or dark or white and fair to see,
My heart is hers, *be n-Eirinn i!*
I care not I
Whoever she be,
I could not love her more.
Be n-Eirinn i—
Be n-Eirinn i—
Be n-Eirinn i asthore! *

"I know her tresses unconfined
In wanton ringlets woo the wind—
Or rags or silk her bosom bind
It's one to me; my eyes are blind.
I care not I
Whoever she be,
Or poor or rich galore!
Be n-Eirinn i—
Be n-Eirinn i—
Be n-Eirinn i asthore!

"At noon, some day, I'll climb a hill,
And find her there and kiss my fill;
And if she won't, I think she will,
For every Jack must have his Jill.
I care not I
Whoever she be,
The lass that I adore.
Be n-Eirinn i—
Be n-Eirinn i—
Be n-Eirinn i asthore!"

Dulcie's voice and her flushed smile, too, faded, died out. She looked down at the keyboard, where her white hands rested idly; she bent lower—a little lower, laid her arms on the music-rest, her face on her crossed arms. And, slowly, the tears fell without a tremor, without a sound.

He had leaned over her shoulders; his bowed head was close to hers—so close that he became aware of the hot, tearful fragrance of her breath. But there was not a sound from her, not a stir.

*The refrain, pronounced "Bay-nayring-ee," is common to a number of Irish love-songs written during the last century. It should be translated: "Whoever she be."

In writing this song, it is evident that Eileen Fane was inspired by Blind William of Tipperary, and that she was beholden to Carroll O'Daly for her "Eileen, my Treasure," although not to Robin Adair of County Wicklow.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.



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What is it, sweetness?" he whispered.
I—don't know. I didn't m-mean to—
And I don't know why I should.
very happy—" She withdrew one
and stretched it out blindly, seeking
; and he took her hand and held it close
is lips.
Why are you so distressed, Dulcie?"
I'm not. I'm happy. You know I am.
heart was very full; that is all. I don't
n to know how to express myself some-
es. Perhaps it's because I don't quite
. So something gives way. And this
pens—tears! Don't mind them, please.
could reach my handkerchief—" She
v the tiny square of sheer stuff from her
m and rested her closed eyes on it.
's silly, isn't it, Garry? W-when a girl
o heavenly contented— Is anybody
ing?"
Westmore and Thessa."
he whisked her tears away and sat up
tly. But Thessa merely called to them
she and Westmore were off for a walk,
passed on through the hall and out
ugh the porch.
Garry?" she murmured, looking away
n him.
Yes, dear?"
May I go to my room and fix my hair?
ause Mr. Skeel will be here. Do you
d if I leave you?"
le laughed.
Of course not, you charming child!"
hen, as he looked down at her hand,
ch he still retained, his expression
red; he enclosed the slender fingers,
t slowly, and touched the fragrant palm
n his lips.
hey were both on their feet the next
nd—she passing him, with a pale,
thless little smile, and swiftly crossing
hall; he dumb, confused by the sudden
ult within him, standing there with
hand holding to the piano as though
support, and looking after the slim,
ding figure till it disappeared beyond
library door.
lis mother and sister returned from
r morning ride, lingered to chat with
, then went away to dress for luncheon.
rtagh Skeel had not yet arrived.
Westmore and Thessalie returned from
ir walk in the woods by the second lake,
orting a distant view of Barres, senior,
ing madly from a canoe.
Dulcie came down and joined them in
library. Later, Mrs. Barres and Lee
eared, and luncheon was announced.
Iurtagh Skeel had not come to Foreland
ms, and there was no word from him.
Irs. Barres spoke of his absence during
heon, for Garry had told her he was
ing to talk to Dulcie about her mother,
m he had known very well in Ireland.
uncheon ended, and the cool north
anda became the popular rendezvous
the afternoon, and, later, for tea.
ple from Northbrook drove, rode, or
ored up for a cheering cup, and a word
wo of gossip. But Skeel did not come.
y half-past five the north veranda was
nged with a gaily chattering and very
nerous throng from neighboring estates.
lively gossip was of war, of the coming
tions, of German activities, of the Ger-
dt's promised moonlight spectacle and
ce, of Murtagh Skeel, and the romantic
rest he had aroused in Northbrook.
o many people were arriving or leaving,
such a delightful and general infor-
lity reigned that Dulcie, momentarily

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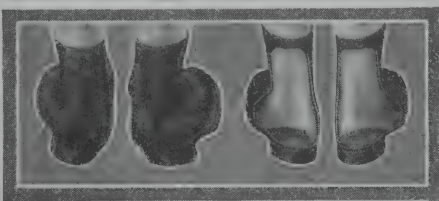
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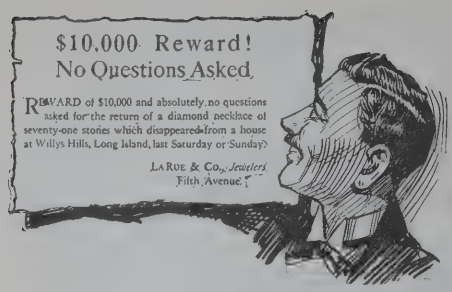
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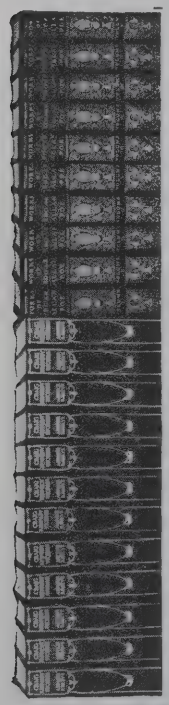
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Occupation.....

disengaged from a vapid but persistent dialogue with a chuckle-headed but persistent youth, ventured to slip into the house and through it to the garden, in the faint hope that perhaps Murtagh Skeel might have avoided the tea-crush and gone directly there.

But the rose-arbor was empty; only the bubble of the little wall fountain and a robin's evening melody broke the scented stillness of the late afternoon.

Her mind was full of Murtagh Skeel, her heart of Garret Barres, as she stood there in that blossoming solitude, listening to the robin and the fountain, while her eyes wandered across flower-bed, pool, and clipped greensward, and beyond the garden wall to the hill where three pines stood silver-green against the sky.

Little by little, the thought of Murtagh Skeel faded from her mind; fuller and fuller grew her heart with confused emotions new to her—emotions too perplexing, too deep, too powerful, perhaps, for her to understand, or to know how to resist or to endure. For the first vague sweetness of her thoughts had grown keen to the verge of pain—an exquisite spiritual tension which hurt her, bewildered her with the deep emotions it stirred.

"To love," had been a phrase to her; a lover, a name. For beyond that childish, passionate adoration which Barres had evoked in her, and which, to her, meant friendship, nothing more subtly mature, more vital had threatened her unawakened adolescence with any clearer comprehension of him or any deeper apprehension of herself.

And even now it was not knowledge that pierced her, lighting little confusing flashes in her mind and heart. For her heart was still a child's heart; and her mind, stimulated and rapidly developing under the warm and magic kindness of this man who had become her only friend, had not thought of him in any other way—until to-day.

What had happened in her mind, in her heart, she had not analyzed—probably was afraid to, there at the piano in the music-room. And later, in her bedroom, when she had summoned up innocent courage sufficient for self-analysis, she didn't know how to question herself—did not realize exactly what had happened to her.

Thessalie and Westmore appeared on the lawn by the pool. Behind the woods, the sky was tinted with pale orange.

It may have been the psychic quality of the Celt in Dulcie—a pale glimmer of clairvoyance—some momentary and vague premonition wirelessed through the evening stillness which set her sensitive body vibrating; for she turned abruptly and gazed northward across the woods and hills, remained motionless, her gray eyes fixed on the far horizon, all silvery with the hidden glimmer of unlighted stars. Then she slowly said aloud to herself:

"He will not come. He will never come again—this man who loved my mother."

Barres came across the grass, looking for her. She went forward through the arbor to meet him.

"Hasn't he come?" he asked.

"He is not coming, Garry."

"Why? Have you heard anything?"

"No. But he isn't coming."

"Probably he'll explain this evening at the Gerhardt's."



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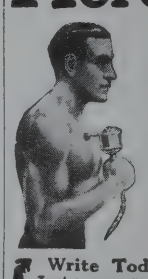
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shall never see him again," she said.
e turned and gave her a searching look.
gaze was remote, her face a little pale.
ıey walked back to the house together
ence.
servant met them in the hall with a
on a tray. It was for Barres. Dulcie
ed on with a pale little smile of dis-
al. Barres opened the note.

e pot has boiled over, *mon ami*. Some-
; has scared Skeel. He gave us the slip
cleverly, leaving Gerhardt's house before
se and motoring north at crazy speed.
re he will strike the railway I have no
is of knowing. Your government's people
rying to cover Lake Erie and Lake On-
. On the Canadian side, the authorities
been notified and are alert, I hope.
rhardt's country house is a nest of mis-
-hatchers. One in particular is under sur-
ance and will be arrested. His name is
cher.
cause, *mon ami*, it has just been discov-
that there are *two* plots to blow up the
and Canal! One is Skeel's; the other is
cher's.
idently, Bernstorff puts no faith in Skeel's
plan. So, in case it doesn't pan out, here
auscher, with another plan, made in Ger-
y and very, very thorough. Isn't it
acteristic? Here is the report I received
morning:
Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché
ne ambassadorial staff of Count von Bern-
f, and Captain Hans Tauscher, who,
les being the Krupp agent in America, is
by appointment of the German War
e, von Papen's chief military assistant in
United States, have plotted the destruction
e Welland Canal in Canada.
Captain Hans Tauscher will be arrested
indicted for violation of Section 13 of the
ed States Criminal Code, for setting on
a military enterprise against Canada dur-
he neutrality of the United States.
Tauscher is a German reserve officer and is
ect to the orders of Captain Franz von
en, military attaché of Count von Bern-
f. His indictment will be brought about
eason of an attempt to blow up parts of
Welland Canal, the waterway connecting
es Erie and Ontario. A small party of
nans, under command of one Von der
z, have started from New York for the
ose of committing this act of sabotage,
incidentally, of assassination of all men,
ıen, and children who might be involved
ıe explosion at the point to be selected by
plotters.
Tauscher bought and furnished to this
rd of assassins the dynamite which was
e used for the purpose. The fact that
scher had bought the dynamite has become
wn to the United States authorities and he
be called upon to make an explanation.
Captain Tauscher is said to be an agreeable
panion, but he had the ordinary predilec-
of a German officer for assassinating
ıen and children."
ow then, *mon ami*, this is the report.
pect that United States secret-service men
arrest Tauscher to-night. Perhaps Ger-
lt, also, will be arrested.
t any rate, at the dance to-night you need
look for Skeel. But may I suggest that
and Mr. Westmore keep your eyes on
demoiselle Dunois, because, at the railway
ion to-day, the German agents, Franz Lehr
Max Freund, were recognized by my men
uised as liveried chauffeurs? But in whose
ice we have not yet been able to discover.
Therefore, it might be well for you and Mr.
stmore to remain near Mademoiselle Dunois
ing the evening.
u revoir. I shall see you at the dance.

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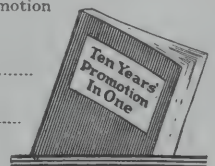
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COSMOPOLITAN, 119 West 40th Street, New York City

"Why is the price of meat so high?"

THE head of a Philadelphia family writes to ask us for an explanation of the present high prices of meat.

He inquires especially about the increase during the past four years.

* * *

One item to consider is the increased cost of running a retail meat shop.

The retailer today must pay higher wages to his clerks and more for delivery service—in fact, everything entering into the operation of his store has advanced tremendously.



Clerk hire, delivery, rent—in fact, all items entering into the operation of the retail meat shop—have advanced tremendously in cost

The principal reason retail prices are higher, however, is the fact that wholesale prices have increased. The retailer is obliged to charge more for meat because he has to pay the packers more for it.

* * *

The packers, in turn, are in exactly the same position as the retailer.

It costs them more to do business. Labor, transportation, machinery, materials—all items in the packing business—have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years.

But this, as with the retailer, accounts for only a relatively small part of the increase. *The packers are compelled to charge higher wholesale prices for meat mainly because they are paying more for cattle.*

During the past four years, cattle prices to Swift & Company advanced 74 per cent.

The packer's costs also have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years



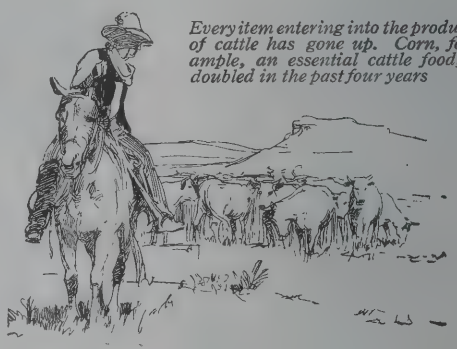
Wholesale beef prices have not gone beyond this. In fact the price received by Swift & Company has gone up only 61 per cent during the same period.

* * *

Cattle have advanced in price because it costs the producer more to raise them.

The prices he pays for grain have reached unprecedented heights. Corn, for example, has doubled in the past four years.

Every item entering into the production of cattle has gone up. Corn, for example, an essential cattle food, has doubled in the past four years



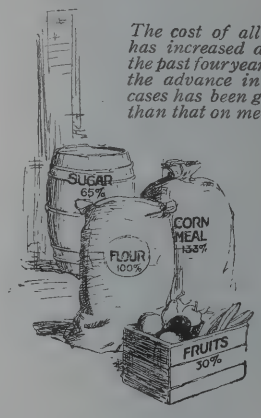
Farm labor is scarce, and he has to pay record wages to get it. Freight rates have also gone up.

* * *

The increase in the price of meat, in short, is due to the higher cost of everything that goes into its production and distribution.

But the price of meat has gone up no more than the prices of other foodstuffs—and this in face of the enormous quantities sent overseas to supply our Army and the Allies.

The cost of all foods has increased during the past four years, and the advance in most cases has been greater than that on meat



Evidence of this is seen in the fact that, during the past five years, flour has increased 100 per cent, corn meal 133 per cent, sugar 65 per cent. During the past year alone, fruits have advanced 30 per cent.

If the packers were to eliminate their profits entirely, there would be practically no change in the price of meat. Swift & Company's profits average only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders

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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVI MARCH, 1919 NO. 4

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Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York

The Harrison Fisher cover of this issue without lettering mailed on receipt of 25 cents



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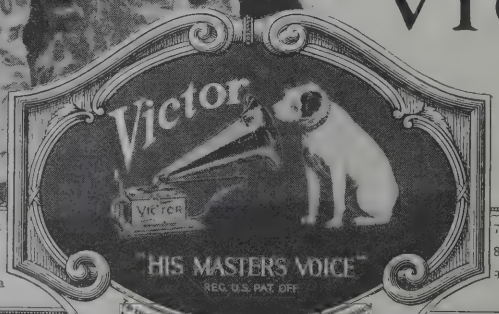
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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVI MARCH, 1919 NO. 4

The Star-Spangled Future

By Herbert Kaufman

EVERY blade of grass, grove of trees, ell of ground, store of fuel, and hoard of ore from the Danube lands to John O'Groats already serves some master.

Western Europe has no "rainy day" territory, no virgin regions to offer victory. There are no untrod miles left to adventure, no acreage, no franchises reserved to meet the intending liberalities of Democracy.

Yesterday was an Esau and sold multitude rights for a mess of tinsel and pageantry.

Now the pottage-pot bargain must be revoked. The new freedom must assess privileged wealth and opportunity to requite popular sacrifice and satisfy popular aspiration.

Over there, men are exacting restitution from an unjust past, reapportioning ancient grants, repudiating their fathers' craven contracts to clip the wings of their souls.

It's a fresh deal yonder, but there are no fresh packs; the rules have simply been altered. It's an open game now.

The peasant can push his garden up the castle hill, and his son may travel the highroads to the high places with never a discriminatory law to say him nay.

But he must contain his operations within developed spaces. His boundaries are fixed—no wilderness is behind his frontiers.

The horizon, though, still intrigues us—this is an unfinished land.

Centuries and centuries to come shall reveal ever nobler chances to the Republic. America is a lusty young empire at whose rich bosoms uncounted multitudes shall nurse.

What we have entrepreneured in random spots will be measured insignificant by the works which millions of vacant, lordless acres challenge approaching generations to create.

Wherever anarchy has maddened men with its poisons, ignorance and impotence have first seduced their vision.

However much others may despair of national destiny, if we but follow through, our futures are spangled with eternal stars.

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A SOLDIER'S VALENTINE

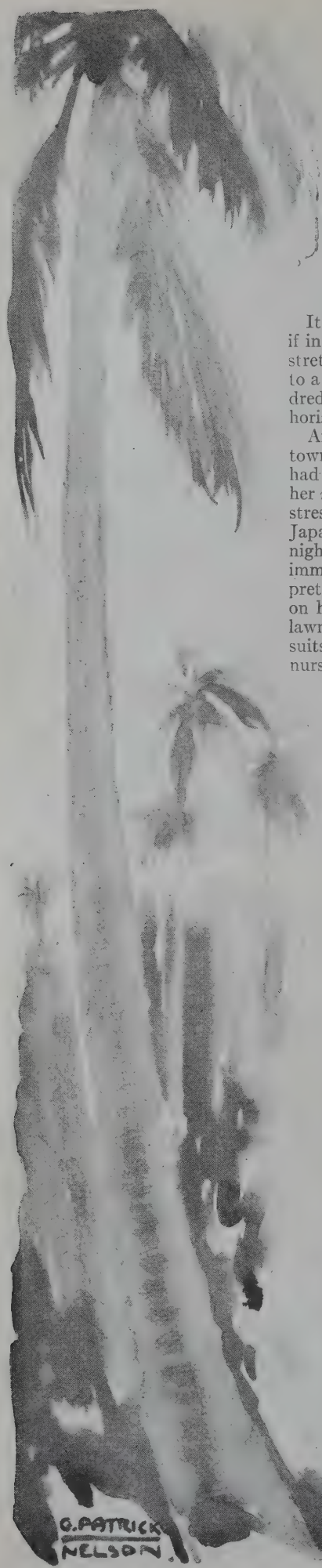
By Mary Carolyn Davies

Decoration by W.T. Benda

UNKNOWN maiden across the sea,
Back in he homeland, far f om me,
Maiden whose face I have never seen,
Small hand's whiteness, or bright hair's sheen—
Unknown maiden, my dreams delighting,
Here in the foe's land, after the fighting,
I send you home from my post by the Rhine
A lonesome sentry's valentine.

A penciled heart and a smudgy dart
Drawn on an envelop, with a line
Written beneath: "Though we're far apart,
Dear, will you be my Valentine?"

In the little while I've been over here,
I have thought of you often and longed for you, dear.
You are the first who has ever had
The place in the heart of this soldier lad
That you reign in now. Of the girls I knew
In the old home town, there was none like you.
How do you look, and speak—and cry?
I shall know, when I see you by and by,
When the cheering troops sail over the water—
Dear little unknown wee new daughter!



On the *Makaloa*

UNLIKE the women of most warm races, those of Hawaii age well and noble. With no pretense of make-up or cunning concealment of Time's inroads, the woman who sat under the *hau* tree might have been permitted as much as fifty years by a judge competent anywhere over the world save in Hawaii. Yet her children and her grandchildren, and Roscoe Scandwell, who had been her husband for forty years, knew that she was sixty-four and would be sixty-five come the next twenty-second day of June. But she did not look it, despite the fact that she thrust reading glasses on her nose as she read her magazine, and took them off when her gaze desired to wander in the direction of the half-dozen children playing on the lawn.

It was a noble situation—noble as the ancient *hau* tree, the size of a house, where she sat as if in a house, so spaciously and comfortably houselike was its shade, noble as the lawn that stretched away landward its plush of green at an appraisement of two hundred dollars a front foot to a bungalow equally dignified, noble, and costly. Seaward, glimpsed through a fringe of hundred-foot coconut-palms, was the ocean, beyond the reef a dark blue that grew indigo blue to the horizon, within the reef all the silken gamut of jade and emerald and tourmaline.

And this was but one house of the half-dozen houses belonging to Martha Scandwell. Her town house, a few miles away in Honolulu, on Nuuanu Drive, was a palace. Hosts of guests had known the comfort and joy of her mountain house on Tantalus, and of her volcano house, her *mauka* house, and her *makai* house on the big island of Hawaii. Yet this Waikiki house stressed no less than the rest in beauty, in dignity, and in expensiveness of up-keep. Two Japanese yard-boys were trimming hibiscus; a third was engaged expertly with the long hedge of night-blooming cereus that was shortly expectant of unfolding in its mysterious night-bloom. In immaculate ducks, a house Japanese brought out the tea-things, followed by a Japanese maid pretty as a butterfly in the distinctive garb of her race, and fluttery as a butterfly, to attend on her mistress. Another Japanese maid, an array of Turkish towels on her arm, crossed the lawn well to the right in the direction of the bath-houses, from which the children, in swimming suits, were beginning to emerge. Beyond, under the palms at the edge of the sea, two Chinese nurse-maids, in their pretty native costume of white *yee-shon* and straight-lined trousers, the black braids of hair down their backs, attended each on a baby in a perambulator.

And all these, servants and nurses and grandchildren, were Martha Scandwell's. So likewise, was the color of the skin of the grandchildren—the unmistakable Hawaiian color, tinted beyond shadow of mistake by exposure to the Hawaiian sun. One-eighth and one-sixteenth Hawaiian were they, which meant that seven-eighths or fifteen-sixteenths white blood informed that skin, yet failed to obliterate the modicum of golden tawny brown of Polynesia. But in this again, only a trained observer would have known that the frolicking children were aught but pure-blooded white. Roscoe Scandwell, grandfather, was pure white; Martha, three-quarters white; the many sons and daughters of them seven-eighths white; the grandchildren graded up to fifteen-sixteenths white, or, in the cases when their seven-eighths fathers and mothers had married seven-eighths, themselves fourteen-sixteenths, or seven-eighths, white. On both sides the stock was good. Roscoe straight-descended from the New England Puritans, Martha no less straight descended from the royal chief-stocks of Hawaii.

In the distance, a motor-car stopped and deposited a woman whose utmost years might have been guessed as sixty, who walked across the lawn as lightly as a well-cared-for woman of forty, and whose actual calendar-age was sixty-eight. Martha rose from her seat to greet her in the hearty Hawaiian way, arms about, lips on lips, faces eloquent, and bodies no less eloquent with sincereness and frank excessiveness of emotion. And it was "sister Bella" and "sister Martha" back and forth, intermingled with almost incoherent inquiries about each other, and about uncle This and brother That and aunt Some One Else, until the first tremulousness of meeting over, eyes moist with tenderness of love, they sat gazing at each other across their teacups. Apparently they had not seen each other or embraced for years. In truth, two months marked the interval of their separation. And one was sixty-four, the other sixty-eight. But the thorough comprehension resided in the fact that in each of them one-fourth of them was the sun-warm, love-warm heart of Hawaii.

The children flooded about aunt Bella like a rising tide, and were capaciously hugged and kissed ere they departed with their nurses to the swimming-beach.

"I thought I'd run out to the beach for several days—the trades had stopped blowing," Martha explained.

"You've been here two weeks already." Bella smiled fondly at her younger sister. "Brother Edward told me. He met me at the steamer and insisted on running me out first of all to see Louise and Dorothy and that first grandchild of his. He's as mad as a silly hatter about it."

"Mercy!" Martha exclaimed. "Two weeks! I had not thought it that long."

"Where's Annie—and Margaret?" Bella asked.

Martha shrugged her voluminous shoulders with voluminous and forgiving affection for her wayward, matronly daughters who had left their children in her care for the afternoon.

"Margaret's at a meeting of the Outdoor Circle—they're planning the planting of trees and hibiscus all along both sides of Kalakaua Avenue," she said. "And Annie's wearing out eighty dollars' worth of tires

"And at the forever, never-ending *luaus*, I must be seated on Lilolilo's *makaloa* mat. And I mu

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Mat

By Jack London

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson



) collect seventy-five dollars for the British Red Cross—this is their tag-
ıy, you know."

"Roscoe must be very proud," Bella said, and observed the bright
ow of pride that appeared in her sister's eyes. "I got the news in San
rancisco of Ho-o-la-a's first dividend. Remember when I put a thousand
it at seventy-five cents for poor Abbie's children, and said I'd sell when it went to ten
)llars?"

"And everybody laughed at you, and at anybody who bought a share," Martha nodded.

"But Roscoe knew. It's selling to-day at twenty-four."

"I sold mine from the steamer by wireless—at twenty even," Bella continued. "And
)w Abbie's wildly dressmaking. She's going with May and Tootsie to Paris."

"And Carl?" Martha queried.

"Oh, he'll finish Yale all right—— "

"Which he would have done anyway, and you *know* it."

Bella affirmed her guilt of intention of paying the way of her school-friend's son through
)llege, and added complacently:

"Just the same, it was nicer to have Ho-o-la-a pay for it. In a way, you see, Roscoe is
)ing it, because it was his judgment I trusted when I made the investment." She
ızed slowly about, her eyes taking in the beauty and comfort and repose of all they
sted on. She sighed pleasantly and observed, "All our husbands have done well by us
ith what we brought them."

"And happily— " Martha agreed, then suspended her utterance with suspicious
)ruptness.

"And happily, all of us, except sister Bella," Bella forgivingly completed the thought
r her.

"It was too bad, that marriage," Martha murmured, all softness of sympathy. "You
ere so young. Uncle Robert should never have made you."

"I was only nineteen," Bella nodded. "But it was not George Castner's fault.
nd look what he, out of the grave, has done for me. Uncle Robert was wise.
e knew George had the far-away vision of far ahead, the energy, and the
eadiness. He saw, even then, and that's fifty years ago, the value of the
ahala water-rights, which nobody else valued then. They thought he
as struggling to buy cattle-range. He struggled to buy the future of
e water—and how well he succeeded you know. I'm almost ashamed
think of my income sometimes. No; whatever else, the unhappiness
our marriage was not due to George. I could
ıve lived happily with him, I know, even to
is day, had he lived." She shook her head
)wly. "No; it was not his fault. Nor any-
)dy's. Not even mine. If it was anybody's
ult"—the wistful fondness of her smile took
e sting out of what she was about to say—
f it was anybody's fault, it was uncle John's."

"'Uncle John's?'" Martha cried, with sharp
rprise. "If it had to be one or the other, I
ould have said uncle Robert. But uncle
)hn!" Bella smiled with slow positiveness.
But it was uncle Robert who made you marry
eorge Castner."

"That is true," Bella nodded corrobo-
tion. "But it was not the matter of
husband but of a horse. I wanted
borrow a horse from uncle John,
ıd uncle John said, 'Yes.' That
how it all happened."

A silence fell, pregnant and
yptic, and, while the voices of
e children and the soft manda-
ry protests of the Asiatic
aids drew nearer from

ip my fingers into his own *pa wai holoi*, where scented flower petals floated in the warm water"

D WILLARD L. GROWALL, EXECUTORS

the beach, Martha Scandwell felt herself vibrant and tremulous with sudden resolve of daring. She waved the children away.

"Run along, dears; run along. Grandma and aunt Bella want to talk."

And as the shrill, sweet treble of child-voices ebbed away across the lawn, Martha, with scrutiny of the heart, observed the sadness of the lines graven by secret woe for half a century in her sister's face. For nearly fifty years had she watched those lines.

She steeled all the melting softness of the Hawaiian of her to break the half-century of silence.

"Bella," she said, "we never knew. You never spoke. But we wondered—oh, often and often——"

"And never asked," Bella murmured gratefully.

"But I am asking now, at the last. This is our twilight. And here, in our twilight, let us forget everything save that I am your dear sister as you are mine." The eyes of both were dewy-moist. Bella palpably trembled to utterance. "We thought it was George Castner," Martha went on; "and we could guess the details. He was a cold man. You were warm Hawaiian. He must have been cruel. Brother Walcott always insisted he must have beaten you——"

"No! No!" Bella broke in. "George Castner was never a brute, a beast. Almost have I wished, often, that he had been. He never laid hand on me. He never raised hand to me. He never raised his voice to me. Never—oh, can you believe it?—oh, please, sister, believe it!—did we have a high word or a cross word. But that house of his, of ours, at Nahala, was gray. All the color of it was gray, and cool, and chill, while I was bright with all colors of sun and earth and blood and birth. It was very cold, gray cold, with that cold-gray husband of mine at Nahala.

You know he was gray, Martha. Gray like those portraits of Emerson we used to see at school. His skin was gray. Sun and weather and all hours in the saddle could never tan it. And he was as gray inside as out.

"And I was only nineteen when uncle Robert decided on the marriage. How was I to know? Uncle Robert talked to me. He pointed out how the wealth and property of Hawaii was already beginning to pass into the hands of the *haoles* [whites]. The Hawaiian chiefs let their possessions slip away from them. The Hawaiian chiefesses who married *haoles* had their possessions, under the management of their *haole* husbands, increase prodigiously. He pointed back to the original grandfather, Roger Wilton, who had taken grandmother Wilton's poor *mauka* lands and added to them and built up about them the great Kilohana ranch——"

"Even then, it was second only to the Parker ranch," Martha interrupted proudly.

"And he told me that had our father, before he died, been as far-seeing as grandfather, half the then Parker holdings would have been added to Kilohana, making Kilohana first. And he said that never, forever and ever, would beef be cheaper. And he said that the big future of Hawaii would be in sugar. That was fifty years ago, and he has been more than proved right. And he said that the young *haole*, George Castner, saw far, and would go far, and that there were many girls like us, and that the Kilohana lands ought by rights to go to the boy and that, if I married George, my future was assured in the biggest way.

"I was only nineteen. Just back from the Royal Chief School—that was before our girls went to the States for their education. You were among the first, sister Martha, who got their education on the mainland. And what did I know of love and lovers, much less of marriage? All women married. It was their business in life. Mother and grandmother—all the way back they had married. It was my business in life to marry George Castner. Uncle Robert said so in his wisdom, and I knew he was very wise. And I went to live with my husband in the great house at Nahala.

"You remember it. No trees, only the rolling grass-lands, the high mountains behind, the sea beneath, and the wind! The Waimea and Nahala winds, we got them both, and the Kona wind as well. Yet little would I have minded them, any more than we minded them at Kilohana, or than they minded them at Mana, had not Nahala itself been so gray, and husband George so gray. We were alone. He was managing Nahala for



"That was my time of bloom—Lilolilo beside me, myself on my wonderful Hilo, a queen, not of Hawaii but of Lilolilo and Love"

the Glenns, who had gone back to Scotland. Eighteen hundred a year, plus beef, horses, cowboy service, and the ranch-house, was what he received."

"It was a high salary in those days," Martha said.

"And for George Castner, and the service he gave, it was very cheap," Bella defended. "I lived with him for three years. There was never a morning that he was out of his bed later than half-past four. He was the soul of devotion to his employers. Honest to a penny in his accounts, he gave them full measure and more of his time and energy. Perhaps that was what helped make our life so gray. But listen, Martha: Out of his eighteen hundred, he laid aside sixteen hundred each year. Think of it! The two of us lived on two hundred a year. Luckily, he did not drink or smoke. Also, we dressed out of it as well. I made my own dresses. You can imagine them. Outside of the cowboys who chored the fire-wood, I did the work."

"You, who had never known anything but servants from the time you were born!" Martha pitied.

"Oh, but it was the bare, naked, pinching meagerness of it!" Bella cried out. "How far I was compelled to make a pound of coffee go! A broom worn down to nothing before a new one was bought! And beef! Fresh beef and jerky, morning, noon, and night! And porridge! Never since have I eaten porridge or any breakfast-food."

She arose suddenly and walked a dozen steps away to gaze a moment with unseeing eyes at the color-lavish reef while she composed herself. And she returned to her seat with the splendid, sure, gracious, high-breasted, noble-headed port of which no outbreeding can ever rob the Hawaiian woman. Very *haole* was Bella Castner, fair-skinned, fine-textured. Yet, as she returned, the high pose of head, the level-lidded gaze of her long brown eyes under royal arches of eyebrows, the softly set lines of her small mouth that fairly sang sweetness of kisses after sixty-eight years—all made her the very picture of a chiefess of old Hawaii full-bursting through her ampleness of *haole* blood. Taller she was than her sister Martha, if anything more queenly.

"You know we were notorious as poor feeders," Bella laughed lightly enough. "It was many a mile on either side from Nahala to the next roof. Belated travelers or storm-bound ones would, on occasion, stop with us overnight. And you know the lavishness of the big ranches then and now. How we were the laughing-stock! 'What do we care?' George would say. 'They live to-day and now. Twenty years from now will be our turn, Bella. They will be where they are now, and they will eat out of our hand. We will be compelled to feed them; they will need to be fed, and we will feed them well, for we will be rich, Bella, so rich that I am afraid to tell you. But I know what I know, and you must have faith in me.'

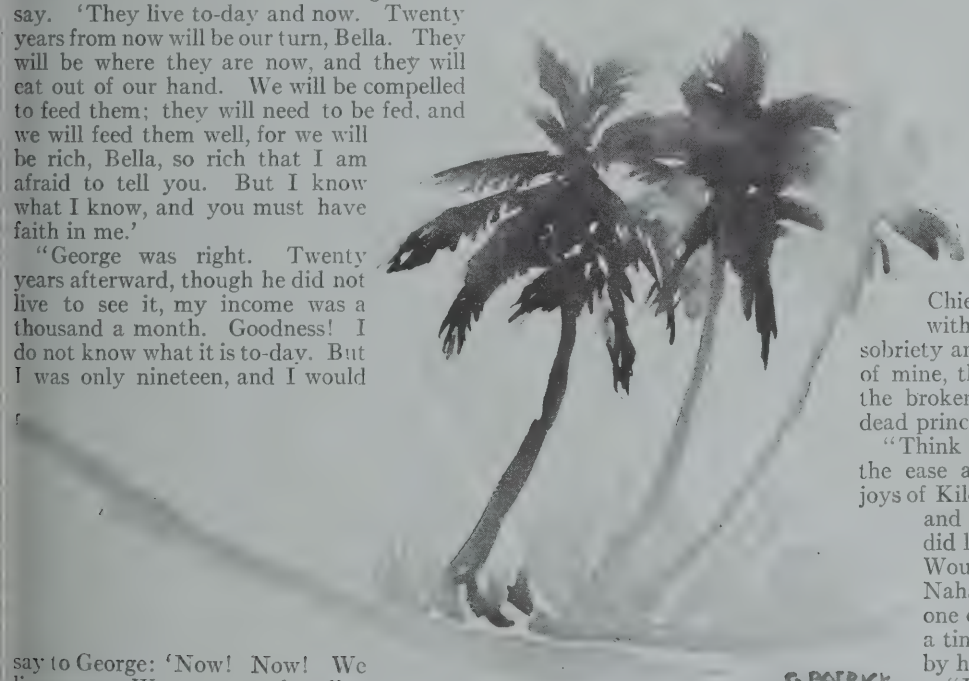
"George was right. Twenty years afterward, though he did not live to see it, my income was a thousand a month. Goodness! I do not know what it is to-day. But I was only nineteen, and I would say to George: 'Now! Now! We live now. We may not be alive twenty years from now. I do want a new broom. And there is a third-rate coffee that is only two cents a pound more than the awful stuff we are using. Why can't I fry eggs in butter—now? I should dearly love at least one new table-cloth. Our linen! I'm ashamed to put a guest between the sheets, though heaven knows they dare come seldom enough.'

" 'Be patient, Bella,' he would reply. 'In a little while—in only a few years—those that scorn to sit at our table now or sleep between our sheets will be proud of an invitation—those of them who will not be dead. You remember how Stevens passed out last year—free-living and easy, everybody's friend but his own. The Kohala crowd had to bury him, for he left nothing but debts. Watch the others going the same pace. There's your brother Hal. He can't keep it up and live five years, and he's breaking his uncles' hearts. And there's Prince Lilolilo. Dashes by me with half a hundred mounted, able-bodied, roystering *kanakas* in his train who would be better at hard work and looking after their futures, for he will never be King of Hawaii. He will not live to be King of Hawaii.'

"George was right. Brother Hal died. So did Prince Lilolilo. But George was not *all* right. He, who neither drank nor smoked, who never wasted the weight of his arms in an embrace or the touch of his lips a second longer than the most perfunctory of kisses, who was invariably up before cock-crow and asleep ere the kerosene lamp had a tenth emptied itself, and who never thought to die, was dead even more quickly than brother Hal and Prince Lilolilo.

" 'Be patient, Bella,' uncle Robert would say to me. 'George Castner is a coming man. I have chosen well for you. Your hardships now are the hardships on the way to the promised land. Not always will the Hawaiians rule in Hawaii. Just as they let their wealth slip out of their hands, so will their rule slip out of their hands. Political power and the land always go together. There will be great changes—revolutions no one knows how many or of what sort, save that, in the end, the *haole* will possess the land and the rule. And in that day you may well be first lady of Hawaii, just as surely as George Castner will be ruler of Hawaii. It is written in the books. It is ever so where the *haole* conflicts with the easier races. I, your uncle Robert, who am half Hawaiian and half *haole*, know whereof I speak. Be patient, Bella; be patient.'

" 'Dear Bella,' uncle John would say; and I knew his heart was tender for me. Thank God, he never told me to be patient! He knew. He was very wise. He was warm-human, and, therefore, wiser than uncle Robert and George Castner, who sought the thing, not the spirit, who kept records in ledgers rather than numbered heart-beats breast to breast, who added columns of figures rather than remembered embraces and endearments of look and speech and touch. 'Dear Bella,' uncle John would say. He knew. You have heard always how he was the lover of the Princess Naomi. He was a true lover. He loved but the once. After her death, they said he was eccentric. He was. He was the one lover, once and always. Remember that tabu inner room of his at Kilohana that we entered only after his death and found it his shrine to her. 'Dear Bella,' it was all he ever said to me, but I knew he knew.



"And I was nineteen, and sun-warm Hawaiian in spite of my three-quarters *haole* blood, and I knew nothing save my girlhood splendors at Kilohana and my Honolulu education at the Royal Chief School, and my gray husband at Nahala with his gray preachments and practises of sobriety and thrift, and those two childless uncles of mine, the one with far, cold vision, the other the broken-hearted, forever-dreaming lover of a dead princess.

"Think of that gray house! I, who had known the ease and the delights and the ever-laughing joys of Kilohana, and of the Parkers at old Mana, and of Puuwaawaa! You remember. We did live in feudal spaciousness in those days. Would you, can you, believe it, Martha—at Nahala, the only sewing-machine I had was one of those the early missionaries brought, a tiny, crazy thing that one cranked around by hand?

"Robert and John had each given husband George five thousand dollars at my marriage. But he had asked for it to be kept secret. Only the four of us knew. And while I sewed my cheap *holokus* on that crazy machine, he bought land with the money—the upper Nahala lands, you know—a bit at a time, each purchase a hard-driven bargain, his face the very face of poverty. To-day, the Nahala ditch alone pays me forty thousand a year.

"But was it worth it? I starved. If only once, madly, he had crushed me in his arms! If only once he could have lingered with me five minutes from his own business or from his fidelity to his employers! Sometimes I could have screamed, or show-

ered the eternal bowl of hot porridge into his face, or smashed the sewing-machine upon the floor and danced a *hula* on it, just to make him burst out and lose his temper and be human, be a brute, be a man of some sort instead of a gray, frozen demigod!"

Bella's tragic expression vanished, and she laughed outright in sheer genuineness of mirthful recollection.

"And when I was in such moods, he would gravely look me over, gravely feel my pulse, examine my tongue, gravely dose me with castor-oil, and gravely put me to bed early with hot stove-lids, and assure me that I'd feel better in the morning. Early to bed! Our wildest sitting-up was nine o'clock. Eight o'clock was our regular bedtime. It saved kerosene. We did not eat dinner at Nahala—remember the great table at Kilohana where we did have dinner?—but husband George and I had supper. And then he would sit close to the lamp on one side the table and read old borrowed magazines for an hour, while I sat on the other side and darned his socks and underclothing. He always wore such cheap, shoddy stuff. And when he went to bed, I went to bed. No wastage of kerosene with only one to benefit by it. And he went to bed always the same way, winding up his watch, entering the day's weather in his diary, and taking off his shoes, right foot first invariably, left foot second, and placing them just so, side by side, on the floor at the foot of the bed, on his side.

"He was the cleanest man I ever knew. He never wore the same undergarment a second time. I did the washing. He was so clean it hurt. He shaved twice a day. He used more water on his body than any *kanaka*. He did more work than any two *haoles*. And he saw the future of the Nahala water."

"And he made you wealthy, but did not make you happy," Martha observed.

Bella sighed and nodded.

"What is wealth after all, sister Martha? My new automobile came down on the steamer with me. My third in two years. But, oh, all the cars and all the incomes in the world compared with a lover—the one lover, the one mate, to be married to, to toil beside and suffer and joy beside, the one male-man lover-husband——"

Her voice trailed off, and the sisters sat in soft silence while an ancient crone, staff in hand, twisted, doubled, and shrunken under a hundred years of living, hobbled across the lawn to them. Her eyes, withered to scarcely more than peep-holes, were sharp as a mongoose's, and at Bella's feet she first sank down, in pure Hawaiian mumbling, and chanting a toothless *mele* of Bella and Bella's ancestry, and adding to it an extemporized welcome back to Hawaii after her absence across the great sea to California. And while she chanted her *mele*, the old crone's shrewd fingers *lomi'd*, or massaged, Bella's silk-stockinged legs from ankle and calf to knee and thigh.

Both Bella's and Martha's eyes were luminous-moist, as the old retainer repeated the *lomi* and the *mele* to Martha and as they talked with her in the ancient tongue and asked the immemorial questions about her health and age and great-great-grandchildren—she, who had *lomi'd* them as babies in the great house at Kilohana, as her ancestresses had *lomi'd* their ancestresses through the unnumbered generations. The brief duty-visit over, Martha arose and accompanied her back to the bungalow, putting money into her hand, commanding proud and beautiful Japanese housemaids to wait upon the dilapidated aborigine with *poi*, which is compounded of the roots of the water-lily, with *iamaka*, which is raw fish, and with pounded *kukui*-nut, and *limu*, which latter is seaweed tender to the toothless, digestible, and savory. It was the old feudal tie, the faithfulness of the commoner to the chief, the responsibility of the chief to the commoner; and Martha, three-quarters *haole* with the Anglo-Saxon blood of New England, was four-quarters Hawaiian in her remembrance and observance of the well-nigh vanished customs of old days.

As she came back across the lawn to the *hau* tree, Bella's eyes dwelt upon the moving authenticity of her and of the blood of her, and embraced her and loved her. Shorter than Bella was Martha—a trifle, but the merest trifle—less queenly of port, but beautifully and generously proportioned, mellowed rather than dismantled by years, her Polynesian-chiefess figure eloquent and glorious under the satisfying lines of a half-fitting, grandly sweeping black-silk *holoku* trimmed with black lace more costly than a Paris gown.

"I had a year of it," Bella resumed, "and, do you know, things were beginning to come right. I was beginning to draw to husband George. Women are so made. I was such a woman, at any rate. For he *was* good. He *was* just. All the old sterling Puritan virtues were his. I was coming to draw to him, to like him, almost, might I say, to love him. And had not uncle John loaned me that horse, I know that I would have truly loved him and have lived ever happily with him—in a quiet sort of way, of course. You see, I knew nothing else, nothing different, nothing better in the way of man.

"And all would have been well for the rest of our lives together, except that he had to take steamer to Honolulu. It was business. He was to be gone two weeks or longer, first, for the Glenns in ranch affairs, and, next, for himself, to arrange the purchase of still more of the upper Nahala lands. Do you know, he bought lots of the wilder and up-and-down lands, worthless for aught save water, and the very heart of the watershed, for as low as five and ten cents an acre. And he suggested I needed a change. I wanted to go with him to Honolulu. But, with an eye to expense, he decided Kilohana for me. Not only would it cost him nothing for me to visit at the old home but he saved the price of the poor food I should have eaten had I remained alone at Nahala, which meant the purchase-price of more Nahala acreage. And at Kilohana uncle John said, 'Yes,' and loaned me the horse.

"Oh, it was like heaven, getting back, those first several days! It was difficult to believe at first that there was so much food in all the world. The enormous wastage of the kitchen appalled me. I saw waste everywhere, so well trained had I been by husband George. Why, out in the servants' quarters, the aged relatives and most distant hangers-on of the servants fed better than George and I ever fed.

"And love—our family way of loving! You know what uncle John was. And brother Walcott was there, and brother Edward, and all the younger sisters save you and Sally away at school. And aunt Elizabeth, and aunt Janet with her husband and all her children on a visit. It was arms around, and perpetual endearings, and all that I had missed for a weary twelvemonth. I was thirsty for it. I was like a survivor from the open boat falling down on the sand and lapping the fresh, bubbling springs at the roots of the palms.

"And *they* came, riding up from Kawaihae, where they had landed from the royal yacht, the whole glorious cavalcade of them, two by two, flower-garlanded, young and happy, gay, on Parker-ranch horses, thirty of them in the party, a hundred Parker-ranch cowboys and as many more of their own retainers—a royal progress. It was Princess Lihue's progress, of course—she flaming and passing, as we all knew, with the dreadful tuberculosis; but with her were her nephews, Prince Lilolilo, hailed everywhere as the next king, and his brothers, Prince Kahekili and Prince Kamalau. And with the princess was Ella Higginsworth, who rightly claimed higher chief-blood lines through the Kauai descent than belonged to the reigning family, and Dora Niles, and Emily Lowcroft, and—oh, why enumerate them all? Ella Higginsworth and I had been roommates at the Royal Chief School. And there was a great resting-time for an hour—no *luau* [feast], for the *luau* waited them at the Parkers, but beer and stronger drinks for the men, and lemonade and oranges and refreshing watermelon for the women.

"And it was arms around with Ella Higginsworth and me and the princess, who remembered me, and all the other girls and women, and Ella spoke to the princess, and the princess herself invited me to the progress, joining them at Mana, whence they would depart, two days later. And I was mad, mad with it all—I, from a twelvemonth of imprisonment at gray Nahala. And I was nineteen yet, just turning twenty within the week.

"Oh, I had no thought of what was to happen. So occupied was I with the women that I did not see Lilolilo except at a distance, bulking large and tall above the other men. But I had never been on a progress. I had seen them entertained at Kilohana and Mana, but I had been too young to be invited along, and after that it had been school and marriage. I knew what it would be like—two weeks of paradise, and little enough for another twelve months at Nahala.

"And I asked uncle John to lend me a horse, which meant three horses, of course—one mounted cowboy, and a pack-horse to accompany me. No roads then. No automobiles. And the horse for myself—it was Hilo. You don't remember him. You were away at school then, and before you came home, the following year, he'd broken his back and his rider's neck wild-cattle-roping up Mauna Kea. You heard about it—that young American naval officer."

"Lieutenant Bowsfield," Martha nodded.

"But Hilo! I was the first woman on his back. He was a three-year-old, almost a four-year, and just broken. So black and in such vigor of coat that the high lights on him clad him in shimmering silver. He was the biggest riding-animal on the ranch, descended from the king's Sparklingdew with a range-mare



WYETH — PATRICK NELSON

"And here, in our twilight, let us forget everything save that I am your dear sister as you are mine"

for dam, and roped wild only weeks before. I never have seen so beautiful a horse. He had the round, deep-chested, big-hearted, well-coupled body of the ideal mountain-pony, and his head and neck were true thoroughbred, slender, yet full, with lovely, alert ears not too small to be vicious or too large to be stubborn-mulish. And his legs and feet were lovely, too, unblemished, sure and firm, with long, springy pasterns that made him a wonder of ease under the saddle——"

"I remember hearing Prince Lilolilo tell uncle John that you were the best woman rider in all Hawaii," Martha interrupted to say. "That was two years afterward, when I was back from school and while you were still living at Nahala."

"Lilolilo said that?" Bella cried. Almost as with a blush, her long, brown eyes were illumined, as she bridged the years to her lover near half a century dead and dust. With the gentleness of modesty so innate in the women of Hawaii, she covered her spontaneous exposure of her heart with added panegyric of Hilo.

"Oh, when he ran with me up the long-grass slopes, and down the long-grass slopes, it was like hurdling in a dream, for he cleared the grass at every bound, leaping like a deer, a rabbit, or a fox-terrier—you know how they do. And cut up, and prance, and high life! He was a mount for a general—for a Napoleon or a Kitchener. And he had, not a wicked eye but, oh, such a roguish eye, intelligent, and looking as if it cherished a joke behind and wanted to laugh or to perpetrate it. And I asked uncle John for Hilo. And uncle John looked at me, and I looked at him and, though he did not say it, I knew he was *feeling*, 'Dear Bella,' and I knew, somewhere in his seeing of me, was all his vision of the Princess Naomi. And uncle John said, 'Yes.' That is how it happened.

"But he insisted that I should try Hilo out—myself, rather—at private rehearsal. He was a handful—a glorious handful. But not vicious, not malicious. He got away from me over and over again, but I never let him know. I was not afraid, and that helped me keep always a *feel* of him that prevented him from thinking that he was even a jump ahead of me.

"I have often wondered if uncle John dreamed of what possibly might happen. I know I had no thought of it myself, that day I rode across and joined the princess at Mana. Never was there such festal time. You know the grand way the old Parkers had of entertaining. The pig-sticking and wild-cattle-shooting, the horse-breaking, and the branding. The servants' quarters overflowing. Parker cowboys in from everywhere. And all the girls from Waimea up, and the girls from Waipio and Honokaa and Paauilo—I can see them yet, sitting in long rows on top of the stone walls of the breaking-pen and making *leis* [flower garlands] for their cowboy lovers. And the nights—the perfumed nights—the chanting of the *meles* and the dancing of the *hulas*, and the big Mana grounds, with lovers everywhere strolling two by two under the trees.

"And the prince—" Bella paused, and, for a long minute, her small, fine teeth, still perfect, showed deep in her underlip as she sought and won control and sent her gaze vacantly out across the far blue horizon. As she relaxed, her eyes came back to her sister. "He was a prince, Martha. You saw him at Kilohana before—after you came home from seminary. He filled the eye of any woman—yes, and of any man. Twenty-five he was, in all glorious ripeness of man, great and princely in body as he was great and princely in spirit. No matter how wild the fun, how reckless-mad the sport, he never seemed to forget that he was royal, and that all his forebears had been high chiefs. He was gracious, sweet, kindly, comradely, all friendliness—and severe and stern, and harsh if he were crossed too grievously. It is hard to express what I mean. He was all man, man, man, and he was all prince, with a strain of the merry boy in him, and the iron in him that would have made him a good and strong king of Hawaii had he come to the throne.

"I can see him yet as I saw him that first day and touched his hand and talked with him—few words and bashful, and anything but a year-long married woman to a gray *haole* at gray Nahala. Half a century ago it was, that meeting—you remember how our young men then dressed in white shoes and trousers, white-silk shirts, with, slashed around the middle, the gorgeous colorful Spanish sashes—and for half a century that picture of him has not faded in my heart. He was the center of a group on the lawn, and I was being brought by Ella Higginsworth to be presented. The Princess Lihue had just called some teasing chaff to her, which had made her halt to respond and left me halted a pace in front of her.



"Still looking at me, he broke both parts of the *lei* in two again, and tossed the fragments, not to me but down overside into the widening water"

"His glance chanced to light on me, alone there, perturbed, embarrassed. Oh, he I see him! His head thrown back a little with that high, bright, imperious, an utterly care-free poise that was so usu

vith him. Our eyes met. His head bent forward, or straightened o me—I don't know what happened. Did he command? Did obey? I do not know. I know only that I was ood to look upon, crowned with fragrant *maile*, lad in Princess Naomi's wonderful *holoku* loaned ne by uncle John from his abu room; and I know that advanced alone to him cross the Mana lawn, and hat he stepped forth from hose about him to meet me alf-way. We came to each ther across the grass unat-ended, as if we were com-ng to each other across our ives——

"Was I very beautiful, ister Martha, when I was young? I do not know. I don't know. But in that moment, with all his beauty and truly royal manners crossing to me and penetrating to the heart of me, I felt a sudden sense of beauty in myself—how shall I say?—as if in him and from him perfection were engendered and conjured within myself.

"No word was spoken. But, oh, I know I raised my face in frank answer to the thunder and trumpets of the message unspoken, and that, had it been death for that one look and that one moment, I could not have refrained from the gift of myself that must have been in my face and eyes, in the very body of me that breathed so high. Was I beautiful, very beautiful, Martha, when I was nineteen, just turning into twenty?"

And Martha, three-score and four, looked upon Bella, three-ore and eight, and nodded genuine affirmation, and to herself dded the appreciation of the instant in what she beheld—ella's neck, still full and shapely, longer than the ordinary awaiian woman's neck, a pillar that carried regally her high-eeked, high-browed, high chiefess face and head; Bella's hair, gh-piled, intact, sparkling the silver of the years, ringleted ill and contrasting definitely and sharply with her clean, slim, lack brows and deep-brown eyes. And Martha's glance, in odest overwhelming of modesty by what she saw, dropped own the splendid breast of her and generously true lines of body the feet, silken-clad, high-heeled-slippered, small, plump, with almost Spanish arch and faultlessness of instep.

"When one is young, the one young time!" Bella laughed. Lilolilo was a prince. I came to know his every feature and eir every phase—afterward, in our wonder-days and -nights y the singing waters, by the slumber-drowsy surfs, and on the mountain ways. I knew his fine, brave eyes, with their straight black brows, the nose of him that was assuredly a Kamehameha nose, and the last, least, lovable curve of his mouth. There is no mouth more beautiful than the Hawaiian, Martha.

"And his body! He was a king of athletes, from his wicked, wayward hair to his ankles of bronzed steel. Just the other day, I heard one of the Wilder grandsons referred to as the 'Prince of Harvard.' Mercy! What would they, what could they have called my Lilolilo, could they have matched him against this Wilder lad and all his team at Harvard?"

Bella ceased and breathed deeply, the while she clasped her fine, small hands in her ample silken lap. But her pink fairness blushed faintly through her skin and warmed her eyes as she relived her prince-days.

"Well—you have guessed?" Bella said, with defiant shrug of shoulders and a straight gaze into her sister's eyes. "We rode out from gay Mana and continued the gay progress—down the lava trails to Kiholo to the swimming and the fishing and the feasting and the sleeping in the warm sand under the palms; and up to Puuwaawaa, and more pig-sticking, and roping and driving, and wild mutton from the upper pasture-lands; and on through Kona, now *mauka* [mountainward], now down to the king's palace at Kailua, and to the swimming at Keauhou, and to Kealakekua Bay and Napoopoo and Honaunau. And everywhere the people turning out, in their hands gifts of flowers and fruit and fish and pig, in their hearts love and song, their heads bowed in obeisance to the royal ones while their lips ejaculated exclamations of amazement or chanted *meles* of old and unforgotten days.

"What would you, sister Martha? You know what we Hawaiians are. You know what we were half a hundred years ago. Lilolilo was wonderful. I was reckless. Lilolilo, of himself, could make any woman reckless. I was twice reckless, for I had cold, gray Nahala to spur me on. I knew. I had never a doubt. Never a hope. Divorces in those days were undreamed. The wife of George Castner could never be Queen of Hawaii, even if uncle Robert's prophesied revolutions were delayed and if Lilolilo himself became king. But I never thought of the throne. What I wanted would have been the queendom of being Lilolilo's wife and mate. But I made no mistake. What was impossible was impossible, and I dreamed no false dreams.

"It was the very atmosphere of love. And Lilolilo was a lover. I was forever crowned with *leis* by him, and he had his runners bring me *leis* all the way from the rose-gardens of Mana—you remember them—fifty miles across the lava and the ranges, dewy-fresh as the moment they were plucked, in their jewel-cases of banana bark; yard-long they were, the tiny pink buds like threaded beads of Neapolitan coral. And at the *luaus* the forever, never-ending *luaus*, I must be seated on Lilolilo's *makaloa* mat, the prince's mat, his alone and tabu to any lesser mortal save by his own condescension and desire. And I must dip my fingers into his own *pa wai holoi* [finger-bowl], where scented flower petals floated in the warm water. Yes; and careless that all should see his extended favor, I must dip into his *pa paakai* for my pinches of red salt, and *limu*, and *kukui*-nut and chili pepper; and into his *ipu kai* [fish-sauce dish] of *kou* wood that the great Kamehameha himself had eaten from on many a similar progress. And it was the same for special delicacies that were for Lilolilo and the princess alone—for his *nehu* and the *ake* and the *palu* and the *alaala*. And his *kahilis* were waved over me, and his attendants were mine, and he was mine and, from my flower-crowned hair to my happy feet, I was a woman loved."

Once again, Bella's small teeth pressed into her underlip as she gazed vacantly seaward and won control of herself and her memories.

"It was on, and on, through all Kona, and all Kau, from Hoopuloa and Kapua to Honuapo and Punaluu, a lifetime of living compressed into two short weeks. A flower blooms but once. That was my time of bloom—Lilolilo beside me, myself on my wonderful Hilo, a queen, not of Hawaii but of Lilolilo and Love. He said I was a bubble of color and beauty on the black back of Leviathan, that I was a fragile dewdrop on the smoking crest of a lava-flow, that I was rainbow riding the thunder-cloud——"

Bella paused for a moment.

"I shall tell you no more of what he said to me," she declared gravely, "save that the things he said were fire of love and essence of beauty, and that he composed *hulas* to me, and sang them to me before all, of nights under the stars as we lay on our mats at the feasting, and I on the *makaloa* mat of Lilolilo.

(*Continued on page 133*)



Miss Cantey herself lay on the bed, propped up with pillows, her reading-lamp lighted, a book, "Satraps of the Simple," in her lap

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress, who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years, but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soon finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cecily's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest of Margie Daw, a special writer, a woman who has already had two husbands. By searching among Henry's effects, she penetrates the "Stafford" disguise.

Through Humphrey Weaver, Madame Watt's lawyers get in touch with Henry. *Madame* is anxious to see him. He decides to go to her, and gets leave from Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper. He finds the woman mentally deranged, but anxious to make atonement, by the payment of money, for the suffering she has caused him. Henry indignantly rejects the proposition and rushes away. On his return to his post, he finds a check for twenty thousand dollars from Madame Watt's lawyers, with a strong plea not to send it back. He offers it to Mary Maloney, who has a man waiting to marry her. She will not accept it. He takes an apartment in the building where Margie Daw lives. Mr. Winterbeck, the city editor, gives him his first reportorial assignment—to interview the mayor, Tim MacIntyre, about the arrangements for the unveiling of the Cantey Memorial. James H. Cantey was a power in the city, and his estate is chief owner of the County Railways system.

Henry finds the mayor drunk, and grossly indiscreet in regard to some proposed manipulation of County Railways stock. He writes a full exposé of this, which the paper publishes, and then is compelled to brand as false. Henry is discharged. Just then he is taken ill, and is cared for by Margie Daw. On recovery, learning that his job is gone, he resolves on suicide. He offers the twenty-thousand-dollar check to Mr. Listerly, and asks that the money be devoted to some charity. Listerly sees that Henry is in trouble, and the upshot of their talk is that the young man is assigned to write a proposed biography of Cantey. This news creates consternation among MacIntyre and his friends—O'Rell, manager of County Railways; Qualters, attorney for the Painter interests, and Amme, a lawyer for the Cantey estate. They resolve to stop Henry, but he goes the next day to the Cantey home and meets the younger daughter, Miriam, who has been her father's confidant. She is an invalid and unable to walk.

Miriam gives Henry a strong box containing her father's private papers, and shows him a letter to her left by Cantey in which he requests that his biography shall be perfectly frank and sincere and spare no one. Henry enthusiastically agrees with this idea, and sets to work arranging Cantey's memoranda. Meanwhile, MacIntyre and his friends continue their plans to oust Henry from the project.

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In spite of their efforts, they can find out but little about him. The services of Miriam's nurse, Miss Russell, and of Mrs. Bentley, the housekeeper, are enlisted. Miriam's sister Esther and her husband, Will Appleby, try to induce Miriam to go away and abandon the idea of the biography for a time.

One of the things the conspirators fear most quickly comes to pass. Henry falls in love with Miriam and tells her so. He also reveals his true name, and confesses the authorship of "Satraps of the Simple," but not the tragic episode of his youth. Miriam, after learning who Henry is (she has long admired his book), recovers the use of her legs and walks a few steps.

XX

THE FEVER CALLED LOVE

MISS RUSSELL, her face a mask, moved briskly about, putting Miss Cantey's room to rights.

Miss Cantey herself lay on the bed, propped up with pillows, her reading-lamp lighted, a book, "Satraps of the Simple," in her lap. It was half-past seven. The dinner-tray had gone down. Yet Miss Cantey—in a curious, silent state of excitement—had refused, sharply for her, to be undressed for the night. And the wheel-chair was right there by the bed. Miss Russell hesitated in the doorway.

"I'm very comfortable here," said Miss Cantey abruptly. "I'll ring when I need you. No; don't close the door. I want the air."

Miss Russell moved discreetly away. The study door stood open. She paused there, looking at the telephone-instrument on the desk. She went on down-stairs. There was another such instrument on the lower stair-landing, but Mrs. Bentley was in the living-room reading the paper. To her, Miss Russell spoke, in a voice of professional quiet.

"I'm going to run over to the drug store. If Miss Cantey rings, I'll be right back."

From a telephone-booth in the drug store she spoke to Mrs. Appleby.

A little scene followed at the Appleby's.

The manufacturer was roused from a comfortable absorption in the evening paper by a tremulously indignant Esther.

"Will—listen! Something's got to be done at once!"

"What on earth's the matter, Esther?"

"That fellow—Miriam's been in father's study with him. He must have carried her in. She claims she walked. Imagine! What can we have been thinking of to let things run so loose? She opened the safe for him. They put some of the papers into a strong box. Miss Russell saw him carry the box away when he went home."

"But how does Miss Russell——"

"She—she says she thought I ought to know. Miriam called her in. She actually saw it— Will, don't sit there like that! Get up! Do something!"

"Yes, I know, dear, but"—Will slowly rose, leaned rather helplessly against the center-table—"but you must give me a minute to think."

"Why? What is there to think about? It's time to act now. There isn't a minute. He's coming back this evening. Miriam wouldn't let Miss Russell undress her. She's sure there's some understanding— Can't you *do* something?"

"At the moment, I don't see just what, dear. Miriam's twenty-four years old. She's living there in her own property."

Esther stamped.

"How can you talk like that?" she cried. "'Her own property!' Oh, I've been patient with her! I've been kind and yielding. And this is what I get in return! I've never taken the slightest step to contest her will. Father made her his pet, gave her everything and I never said a word. And now, when my worst fears are realized, now when she's fallen into the clutches of this unknown man, this cheap rascal, and is actually taking steps to blacken my own father's name——"

"But, my dear, how do you know——"

"Oh, don't speak to me! If you can't speak like a man. Can't you see what's happening? The girl's a helpless invalid. What can she know about the world, about men? Here's a blackmailer worms his way in there, and in less than a week she's turning over to him all my father's secrets— I suppose you'll say we can't legally do anything."

"Well, my dear, now wait just a moment——"

"That's it! Wait! Wait! Wait! And meantime he packs father's secrets into a tin box and carries them away! And meantime Miriam's waiting there to give him more, hopelessly infatuated!" She drew herself up, flushed with a burning rage. "Why," she cried, "why didn't I marry a man? A man!" And stormed out.

The person she had happened to marry thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and for a brief time paced the floor. Then he snatched up a cap and rushed out of the house and down the hill to Mr. Amme's. Amme said,

"If you'll just leave this to me, I think something may be done."

To which Will, in some relief, replied:

"Good! And call on me if I can help."

And to the still excited woman waiting on his front porch, he remarked:

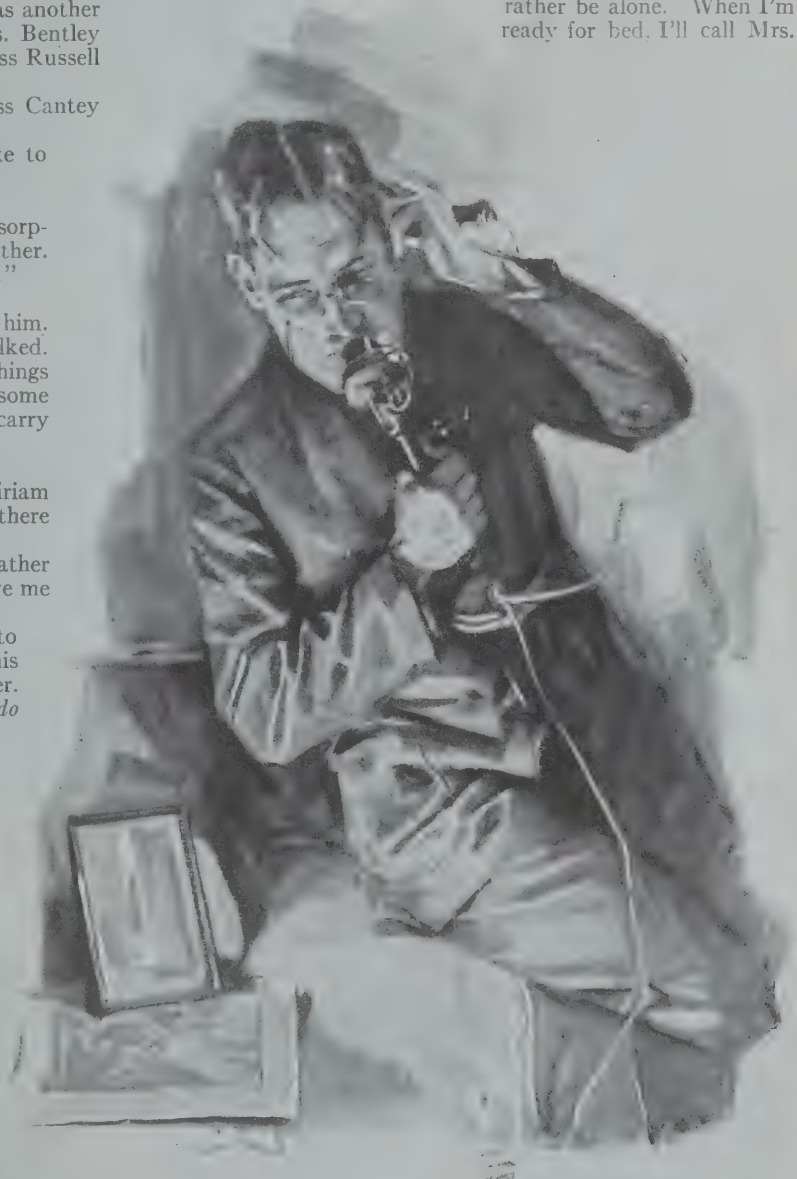
"I've started things, my dear. Now, you must try to keep patient. You and I mustn't appear too much in this. Everything that can be done's being done."

Miriam lay motionless, listening. The front door opened and closed, a faint but familiar sound, far below. She lifted her head. Color crept into her pale cheeks. Then her head sank back on the pillows. The step on the stairs was Miss Russell's. The nurse glanced in at the door.

"You may go out for a while if you like," said Miriam, in a breathless voice.

"But—but you'll be going to bed, Miss Cantey."

"Oh, no—not now. I'm comfortable enough this way. I'd rather be alone. When I'm ready for bed, I'll call Mrs.



Calverly forgot the rich room and the hard, hostile men in it. The voice was Miriam Cantey's

Bentley." Miss Russell slightly pursed her lips, but recollected herself and moved discreetly away. "And you might just leave the door open," said Miss Cantey. "I like the air."

The nurse's mouth twisted into a queer half-smile as she moved off down the hall. Miss Cantey didn't seem to know that she had spoken twice about the door. Things were going along at a great rate!

Miriam listened while Miss Russell went to her own room, then down-stairs, and out of the house. Through the open window came the sound of her quick, light step on the stone sidewalk, a sound that died away.

Miriam still listened. Her eyes sought the clock on the mantel. She glanced at the book in her lap, held it up (the effort brought a twinge of pain), and restlessly turned the pages. It was a book she loved. The Henry Calverly who had written it had seemed as remote as Lord Tennyson.

The amazing thing to her, just now, was his youth. He seemed a boy. And he had suffered. The world had, in some way, nearly broken him. No wonder—a genius—sensitive, delicate of mind, hopelessly lacking in the crust that a man must have who is to live in the world of men—and women. Ah, women! She wondered—what sort had he known?

She lay back on the pillows, closed her eyes, tried to compose her thoughts. It would be difficult; she knew that. After years of suffering and solitude, he had come like a mad angel into her life. All her secret imaginings were suddenly, irresistibly embodied in him. Her reason, she knew, was going, was gone.

There was another step on the stone walk. Her quick ear selected it from the other familiar sounds of the city. Heedless of the pain—in a curious way welcoming it—she raised herself on an elbow. What was pain now? She had stood alone. He had done that to her—after all these years. She resented all the others—Esther, this nurse who suddenly seemed a stranger, Mrs. Bentley, Doctor Martin—fiercely resented them. The feeling was so near hatred that it frightened her, left her confused. They had kept her down, cautiously surrounded her; but he—the merest thought of him was a flame in her breast. For him, she had risen and walked. She thought of it now as a miracle. During the years, she had forgotten how to want to walk. Now she was torn by new wild dreams of another sort of life. For the first time since her late girlhood, she saw herself walking about like other people, on the street, on the golf-course, living, working, even laughing. The fear came that she might not have the physical strength to endure this excitement.

That almost familiar step turned in at the front walk. It was a man. Could it be he? The bell rang, far below. There was a long wait. Then the door opened; there were faint voices and a step on the stairs. He came up, and up. Her color was coming and going; her pulse beat high in her temples.

He was right here now, on this floor. He went into the study and quietly closed the door.

She lay there, struggling desperately to clear away the unreason that clouded her thoughts. Then, unsuccessful in this, swept helplessly, blindly along on a torrent of sheer feeling, heedless of the pain the effort brought, she somehow got herself from the bed to her chair, and, white now, propelled herself back into her sitting-room. The narrow door was closed. For a long moment she lay back motionless, gazing at it.

She heard him then, moving about. She wheeled round and tapped at the door. It opened so quickly that she started.

The strong box stood on the desk. He had brought it back.

He spoke first. This was a relief. She felt that she couldn't have broken that silence.

"I had to come," he was saying. "I couldn't wait overnight. If you hadn't been here, I was going to send for Miss Russell and ask to see you. I brought those papers back. You must put them in the safe."

His manner, his voice, depressed her.

She spoke now, to ward off what was coming.

"Very likely you're right," she heard herself saying, in a almost matter-of-fact voice. "I'll tell you—I'll give you th combination. Then you can get them out as you need them.

"Oh no—no——"



"That's it! Wait! Wait! Wait! And meantime he pack

"Please! I think I'd better not try to walk again to-night. They couldn't look at each other now; the possibility of h carrying her, as matters stood, had so plainly passed. "Liste please!" And she quietly recited the combination. He stoo motionless. "Please!" she said again. "If you'll go to th safe——"

He obeyed now, following her directions until the steel do swung open.

"You can get the box in, I think," she said.

"Yes," said he; "there's room enough. I'll lay the key on it.

"Or keep it," said she. "It doesn't matter."

"I'm afraid it does. I can't keep it. I can't do—this.

"You mean——"

"This work. I'm going to Mr. Listerly to-night. I can do it. I've had to trust that you'd understand. It's rath difficult to talk about it, but——"

His voice trailed into silence. He closed the safe and sank on the arm of the big chair to which he had carried her.

Her eyes wandered downward. There was his book in her lap. She couldn't remember bringing it.

"It's been like a wonderful dream," he said. "I spoiled it. I lost myself. I told you I loved you."

"I think," said she, very low, intently studying the cover of the book, "we needn't talk about that."



ather's secrets into a tin box and carries them away!"

"I'm sorry." His voice was gentler. "But that's what makes it so plain, of course. All these years I've thought I could never love again. It's been a problem every day, just to want to live, keep going. I didn't know there was a girl like you in the world. I shall know now, always, after I'm—I'm gone, that you've brought me to life again. It isn't fair to bother you with it, but I do want you to know that. I want you to know that you've helped me. You see, I've made such a mess of my life."

There was a long silence.

Then she said, still looking down:

"I thought I had your promise to do the book. You see, I had about given up hope of ever working it out as father wished. —I didn't know there was a man like you."

He threw out a hand.

"It's so clearly impossible." He was bitter. "I'm poor, useless. I can't even use my own name. Oh, it's impossible! I can offer you nothing—a thousand times worse than nothing! It would injure you even to be known as my friend."

"Oh," said she, "you mean reputation—that?"

"Certainly."

"I don't think I—care."

"You would have to care."

"But father didn't care. Not for himself. He thought of protecting Esther and me. Everyone protects me. They've been dreadfully wrong about it. Couldn't we—can't we regard this thing—well, impersonally?"

He sprang up, strode to a window, stood staring out.

"No," he muttered; "we can't. Or I can't. I'm sorry. I know I'm failing you. Anyway, that fact that I can't settles it. I'm no good. That's one fact that appears to be established."

She lifted her eyes.

"Of course that's absurd! You *are* Henry Calverly! You wrote this book." She held it up. "You're young. You lost the touch for a while, but it will come back. You'll write other books. There's no one in the world quite like you. In your heart you know that; you know I'm speaking the truth!"

He turned on her, a somber light in his eyes.

"Do you really think that? Do you believe I'll get it again?"

"Of course. What right have you to be discouraged? At your age?"

"But look at the mess I'm in! An utter failure!"

"Hasn't every artist suffered—every real artist?"

She could feel his eyes; they had been gray-blue, but now they were dark.

The telephone-bell rang.

"I'll answer," he said absently, reaching for the instrument, then turned on her with this: "I must ask you not to make it hard. The least I can do is to quit, go. I've broken down at everything else. It won't do to break down at this—stay aimlessly on—make love to you—fasten my wrecked life on yours. And if I look at you much longer——"

Again the bell.

"You'd better answer it," she said. And added, "You've made me walk."

He clapped a hand over the transmitter.

"Queer," he said. "It's Amme. Wants me to go to a Mr. Qualters' house at once. Seems to think it's important. Nobody else will do." He listened again, then replied with: "All right, Mr. Amme. I'll be over. . . . Yes—at once."

He came to the door now.

"Did he say what it was?" she asked, fingering the book.

"No. He was urgent. Something about a serious conference. I—I think the best thing would be to say good-by?"

He stood over her. She didn't look up. He turned, hesitated, listened vainly for a sound from her, finally walked out and down the stairs. The sound, when it came, failed to reach his ears. It was a sob.

XXI

IN WHICH OSWALD QUALTERS UNDERTAKES TO CLOSE IN

Amme, more cautious than Will Appleby, wouldn't trust his news to the telephone. He hurried over to Qualters' house.

"The time has come to close in on that chap," he said, when the library door was safely shut.

"I hardly think so. There are reports still to come to me. I haven't even his real name yet."

"Can't wait for it. He's got into the safe."

Qualters was lighting a cigar. He glanced up sharply.

"How do you know that?"

Amme told him. Qualters smoked and considered. After a short while, chatting easily on other topics, he reached for his telephone.

"Calling Harvey O'Rell," he explained.

Mr. O'Rell was not at home. The golf club was suggested. Finally he was found at the Town Club.

"Oh, Harvey," said Qualters then, "a little problem has come up. Hop in your car and drive around to my place. . . . Yes; right away. . . . Excuse yourself, then. I need you here. It won't keep. . . . Concerns the papers in Jim Cantey's safe. The one at his house. . . . All right. Come right along."

When O'Rell came, Qualters left Amme to call up the young man known as Stafford, trying his boarding-house first, then the Cantey home.

He showed his guest into a reception-room and closed the doors. O'Rell watched him guardedly.

"Bit of a scrape, Harvey," said the host easily. "Our young friend has fascinated Miriam Cantey and got into the safe up there. He took some of those old papers to his boarding-house this evening in a strong box of Jim Cantey's. It's no time to stop at trifles. You can't afford to let him keep those papers."

Their eyes met. O'Rell, physically big and strong, considered the rather dapper lawyer.

"Why do you include me?" he asked brusquely.

"Harvey," Qualters replied, "better drop it. I have the facts.'

"What facts?"

"For one thing, a curious little document involving you and Tim MacIntyre in a straight bribe of ten thousand dollars."

Again, eye to eye, they weighed each other.

O'Rell was the first to turn away.

"Well?" he remarked, quietly enough.

"I want you to go straight to Tim now, and order him to get that box back."

"Any suggestions as to the method?" There was a trace of sarcasm in O'Rell's voice.

"It's easy enough. Have one of his precious police captains send a porch-climber around. Tim's got thugs that would kill you for fifteen dollars and call it a pretty fair day. Don't let him give you a word of nonsense. He's got to get that box and deliver it here to me by ten to-night. Meantime, I'll hold this Stafford here. And I want you to send Tim around. Tell him to come to the side door. Better get back as soon as you can, yourself."

"What are you going to do to Stafford?"

"Break him. I'll do that for you."

O'Rell said,

"Very well; I'll see Tim."

Qualters detained him a moment, found that Stafford had been located at the Cantey home and was on his way, then sent him forth.

He and Amme then smoked and waited in the study. He employed himself writing a note in pencil, which he sealed in an envelop, addressed to Senator Painter, stamped, and slipped into his pocket. It read:

My Dear Senator:

It's working out more rapidly than I've dared hope. I've got both MacIntyre and O'Rell where I want them. O'Rell was the real stumbling-block. I think I can promise you that by to-morrow the remains of the Cantey machine will be in our hands. Q.

A quarter of an hour later, Stafford was announced. Qualters sent down word for him to wait.

Another quarter-hour passed. Qualters talked lightly of this and that. Amme grew even quieter, and watched his host. He knew the power of the man. "Old Painter's right eye," Jim Cantey had called him, a year or so before he died. But this chatty side was interesting.

O'Rell came up the stairs, grave, silent. He gave Qualters a slight inclination of the head. It was report enough.

"The man's down-stairs," he said.

"Yes," said Qualters; "I know." He rose now, laid down his cigar, for a moment considered the room critically; then he drew out a chair to the center of the room, not too near the table-desk, turned out the wall lights behind it, drew two other chairs nearly in a line with his own, backs to the mantel, and switched on the other lamps on this same side of the room, so that a strong light would fall on the occupant of the single chair.

Then he rang, and said to the answering servant,

"Ask Mr. Stafford to step up here."

The young man, stepping hesitantly forward against the light, impressed all three as looking distinctly seedy and not overstrong. And each in his own way wondered what on earth Bob could have been thinking of. He was anything but a businesslike young fellow, lacked address, appeared to be confused, glancing from one to another of the three inscrutable men before him.

"I'm Mr. Qualters," said the central one of these. "You've met Mr. Amme. And this is Mr. O'Rell."

"I've met Mr. O'Rell, too," said the man.

The general manager of County Railways ignored this little thrust. If it was a thrust. Very likely it wasn't. The man didn't look as if he were capable of thrusting.

"Sit down," said Qualters, sharply, indicating the chair in the light.

The man glanced at it, then at the row against the mantel. His sensitive mouth twitched a very little. Then he sat down, like a tired person, settling back and shading his eyes with his hand. The three took the other chairs. Their faces were shadowed, but he could feel their hard eyes on him. Then, cutting through the silence, came the sharp voice of Mr. Qualters.

"What is your name?"

Calverly sat motionless.

"Come! Out with it! We want the truth!"

Calverly weakly shifted his position. It was suddenly difficult, if not impossible, to keep the old lie going.

"Perhaps you don't know your own name."

Calverly moved a hand; it might have been in protest.

"Will you tell us what you call yourself, then?"

Calverly looked at them from under his shading hand. He felt himself recovering. The wait down-stairs had been trying. And Mr. Qualters had, for the moment, taken his breath away. Then the arrangement of chairs and lights had been so flatly hostile. He thought of the Inquisition. But he was swiftly recovering; he felt it, and drew a long breath. The little scene with Miriam had curiously, unexpectedly put heart into him. He wouldn't see her again, would leave town, if it came to that; but he knew deeply that she wanted him to go on. She had all but put her life in his hands. It wouldn't do. Still, she had. Sitting down-stairs there, alone, it had begun to come clear to him and give him strength.

Oswald Qualters was an extremely astute man. He was more than equal to most of the men he met. He knew their desires, their evasions, their self-justifications, sensed their strength or weakness, could usually, in a lightning calculation that was partly intuition, partly clear brain, estimate their price. All these others were deeply involved in the fight for profits or for office. It was so absurdly easy to see what they wanted. But this young man puzzled him. Not seriously—he was sure he could break him—still the fellow was elusive, didn't readily place himself in Qualters' mind. That there could be such a thing in life as a seedy youngster who didn't want anything in the world that wealth could give, whose one dream was to recover firmly the great gift he had lost, was, in some degree—at the moment, at least—beyond Qualters.

This fact was Calverly's strength. He sensed it, gripped it. These men were after him with a gun; that much was clear from the very way they sat, bent their black looks on him. Well, he wouldn't give them much satisfaction. Very likely the jig was up. They had him. They meant pitilessly to expose him. But they couldn't expose him to Miriam Cantey. For she knew. And what else mattered?

He sat up straight, dropped his hand, and faced the light, then abruptly rose. The three started apprehensively.

"I'll just turn this a little," he said, in an explanatory voice, and moved the desk-lamp.

Then, standing opposite them, looking down, his mouth twisted in a wry, slightly self-conscious smile,

"What's it all about?" he asked. "You asked me to come. I came. Now you put me in the witness-chair and turn your lights on me. What's the idea?"

"Sit where you like," said Qualters brusquely. "What is your name? Will you tell us that?"

"I'm trying to think up some reason why I should tell you anything."

"You call yourself Hugh Stafford."

Calverly couldn't, just then, have uttered that name himself, but he bowed. He could do that, barely.

Qualters leaned forward on the table.

"Who sent you here, anyway?" The only reply was that same almost contemptuous smile. "Answer that, please!"

"Nobody."

"Then why are you here?" No answer. "You must be aware, Mr.— well, to save discussion I'll call you Stafford—you must be aware that a man who uses a false name to worm himself into the confidence of——"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

She reached for the desk, fell beside it, but somehow drew herself along, reached the instrument

"Wait, please! I've wormed myself in nowhere. If you mean the Cantey biography, Mr. Listerly offered me that job. I'd never heard of it. I took it because I needed the money."

"Oh, you needed it?"

"Yes"—his color was rising—"I needed it."

"The pay is thirty-five dollars a week, I believe."

"Perhaps—well—yes, it is."

"And you had no money—nothing else?"

"No, I didn't. Though that might be thought my own business."

"Yours—and ours."

"My business has been with Mr. Listerly. Why isn't he here?"

"Two of the three trustees of the Cantey estate are here. You tell me you had no money. You needed this thirty-five dollars a week. Yet, through Mr. Listerly, you are proposing to give twenty thousand dollars outright toward the public baths. How about that?"

Miriam's chair was still before the narrow door when Miss Russell unexpectedly returned.

"You needn't have hurried back," said Miriam.

"I had nowhere particular to go. Wouldn't you like to go to bed now, Miss Cantey?"

"No-o! No!"

"I'm afraid you'll be tired."

Miriam seemed not to hear this. She looked tired now. Her eyes were brighter than normal. Miss Russell watched her hands and thought her very nervous.

"Carry me in there, please."

"Where, Miss Cantey?"

"Into the study, of course." Yes; she was nervous. "Put me in the big chair between the desk and the safe."

"I really think you'd better——"

"I didn't ask what you thought. Please do as I tell you."

It was not like her to speak irritably. The nurse, as she obeyed, decided that things were going on very fast.

"Now leave me, please."

"But, really, Miss Cantey——"

"Please! And shut the hall door."

The nurse went out. Miriam settled back and closed her eyes. He had carried her to this chair. She dwelt on the memory. She felt again his strong young arms about her. The color, as she indulged the dream, flowed again into her wan cheeks. She had been, she knew now, like a dead girl. But he had brought life. He had broken through the walls of habit that had shut in her soul and let the warm light in. And she had reached out to him. What was a little pain now? What were the accidents of wealth and reputation? The feelings stirring in her now were not like the self she had been; they were more, perhaps, like the father she had worshiped—elemental, divinely reckless.

He wouldn't come back. He would struggle on, suffer on, without her. But he loved her. Her delicate lips curved in a smile. He loved her!

She hadn't told Miss Russell when to come back. And she could never, alone, reach the bell. Her fall of the afternoon told her that. Even if the doctors had been wrong, her injury healed, the supposed paralysis but a bad habit, th were muscles to be trained, a new habit to be built up. S would have to learn to walk. Every day she would try it little, fight it out, work free of nurses, doctors, housekeepers begin, at last, to live. The recklessness grew. A new ma had touched and quickened her spirit. She knew now h terribly alone she had lived since her father's death. In a w the new life would be harder. All this care had brought h she felt, to a sort of paralysis of the mind. It wasn't to be ea to throw that off. She would have to take up work—some so

The telephone-bell broke in on her reverie. She stared the instrument, her pulses leaping. It stood on the desk, m than an arm's length away.

She got out of the chair, reached for the desk, fell beside but somehow drew herself along, reached the instrument, lif it down, and, sitting in a heap against the desk, put the recei to her ear.

Mrs. Bentley was on the wire down-stairs.

A woman was speaking to her. Miriam caught the words

"Miss Daw, Miss Margie Daw, of the *News*. Is Mr. Staff there?"



"But such as I am, my life is yours. It would be easy to di for you. But I must live for you. I'm beginning, too"

"No—no; I think not," said Mrs. Bentley.

Miriam heard her own voice then, unexpectedly strong.

"I'll answer, Mrs. Bentley," it said. "Yes; Miss Cantey. Never mind now. I'll answer."

There was a click. Mrs. Bentley was off the wire. Miriam smiled in sheer excitement at the thought of the stupefaction he must feel.

"Yes, Miss Daw," she said; "this is Miss Cantey speaking. Of the *News*, you said? Mr. Stafford isn't here now. I think we could reach him if it is important."

"It's pretty important," said Miss Daw. "We got the word a little while ago that Mr. Stafford's room was broken into this evening, and I came right over. I'm speaking from his boarding-house. The case has a queer look. A second-story man got in at one of the side windows while everyone was down-stairs and on the porch. He rummaged through two or three of the rooms on the third floor, but took nothing. Finally he found Mr. Stafford's room and just about tore it to pieces—pulled out every drawer, turned up the carpet, took the mattress off the bed. He must have been looking for something he didn't find, for there was a little money in the top bureau drawer. He didn't touch that. He was creeping away when a maid met him in the hall. He knocked her down and escaped by the back stairs. That's all we know at present."

"Thank you, Miss Daw," said Miriam; "I'll try to get word to him."

The telephone sank to her lap. She sat, bewildered. The strong box came to mind. He had brought it back. It was in the safe. Though surely——

She wondered who this Miss Daw was, why she should exhibit such interest.

Her father had always kept the telephone directory hanging at the end of the desk. She felt for it; it was there. She looked through, found Mr. Qualters' number.

XXII

CONCERNED WITH THE YOUNG MAN WHOSE PRICE WASN'T LISTED DOWN-TOWN

In Qualters' study, Calverly was on his feet again.

"I'm not on trial!" he was crying. "I came here as a matter of courtesy, because Mr. Amme asked me. And now you three gentlemen" —he paused an instant on the word—"are cross-examining me, sounding me, trying to discredit me!"

"And succeeding," said Qualters.

"Not at all! Why——"

"You have refused to tell us your name, your place of birth, even your residence before you came to this city. You have told us that this check for twenty thousand dollars was a gift that, on personal grounds, you couldn't accept, but you don't tell us who gave it or why. Now let me ask you once more: Is Stafford your real name or is it not?"

Calverly walked the floor. Three pairs of cold, practical eyes followed him to and fro. The very sound of that false name disgusted him. He kept silent—dropped, finally, into the chair.

"You can't answer that question?"

He shook his head wearily.

"I won't," he replied.

"Very well. Now—about three years ago you stopped for a time at a rather unpleasant little hotel in New York known as the Kelly Square. What were you doing there?" Calverly started and stared. "I see you haven't forgotten that. I know, of course, that you weren't using the name 'Stafford' then."

He sat motionless. One fact stood out: If they had the faintest suspicion of his name, they wouldn't beat about the bush like this. He really hardly cared now; but he wouldn't help them. Impulsively he drew his chair forward to the table and confronted them.

"I think you'd better tell me what I'm charged with," he said. "You're not acting even decently. It's unfair! It's not human! You're treating me as if I were a common——"

The word "criminal" had been on the end of his tongue, but he couldn't say it. For the moment, his wits scattered. He could feel his color rising.

The impassive O'Rell leaned a little forward.

"I'm going to try to show you the figure you make," he said, "just as we see it. You are a stranger here. You have to-night refused to tell us who you are, where you came from, why you are here. We know that you are living under an assumed name. You admit that you need the small salary paid for this hack work, yet you are giving away a large sum of money. Mr. Amme and I are trustees of the Cantey estate, and cannot forget our obligation to protect the property and the Cantey name. Looking at the matter in the light of simple common sense—in a human light, if you like the word—we have every right to be suspicious of you and to object to your presence in the Cantey house. More than this—and now I'm going to touch on a very difficult matter—we—particularly Mr. Amme and I—are old friends of the family. We feel deeply responsible for Miss Cantey. We have seen her grow up from childhood, then a beautiful girl, now a helpless invalid. We know something of what she meant to her father during his later years."

Calverly felt an impulse to spring up, shout them down, forbid them so much as to mention her name. But what he did was to sit very still, looking down at the desk.

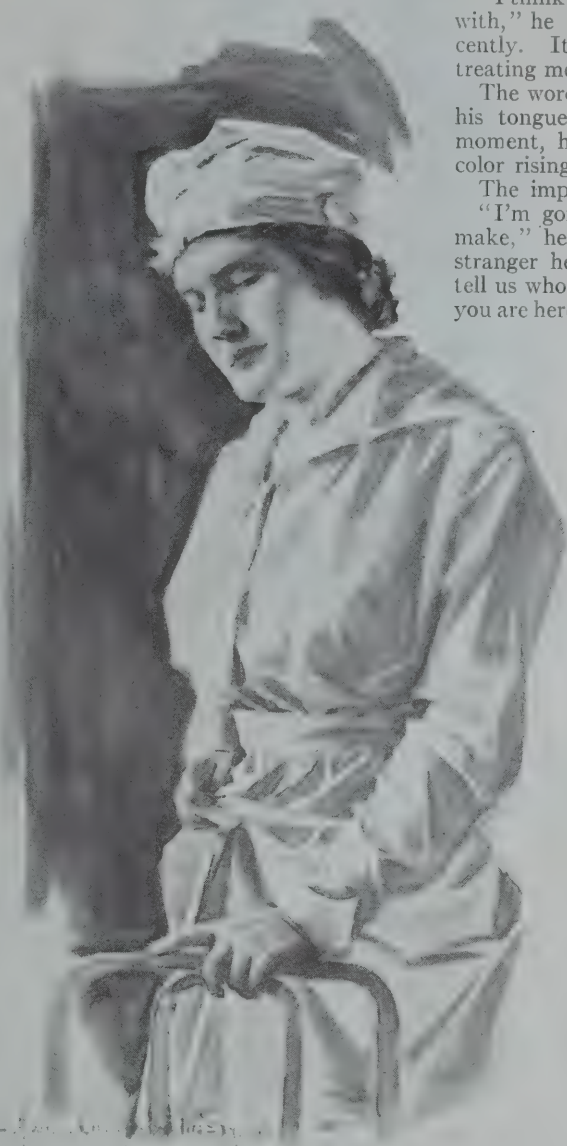
"Now just consider what has occurred. You have—never mind how; I will make no charges on that count—you have made her acquaintance, there in the house under circumstances of some intimacy. You haven't hesitated to take full advantage of this situation. You have gone so far as to carry her from her chair into the study. You have let her open for you her father's safe and put in your hands some of his private papers." So they knew all that! Calverly's throat was dry. He moistened his lips. "Whatever or whoever you may be, I can see clearly enough that you are a man of imagination. I think you understand what I am getting at. Whatever your motives, you have put yourself in the position of an unscrupulous adventurer— Wait! I am not now calling you that; I'm calling you nothing. But there you are! Now, just as a matter of common human decency, don't you think you'd better be frank with us?"

He reflected for a long time. They watched him.

"Perhaps I had," he said. And then, as they settled back and glanced at one another, added, "But not quite in the way you expect."

O'Rell had talked convincingly, almost kindly. But with evident reservations. They were still gunning for him. They wanted something very definite, something more than what they called "frankness." That quick glance, passing from man to man, undid most of what O'Rell had accomplished, stiffened him.

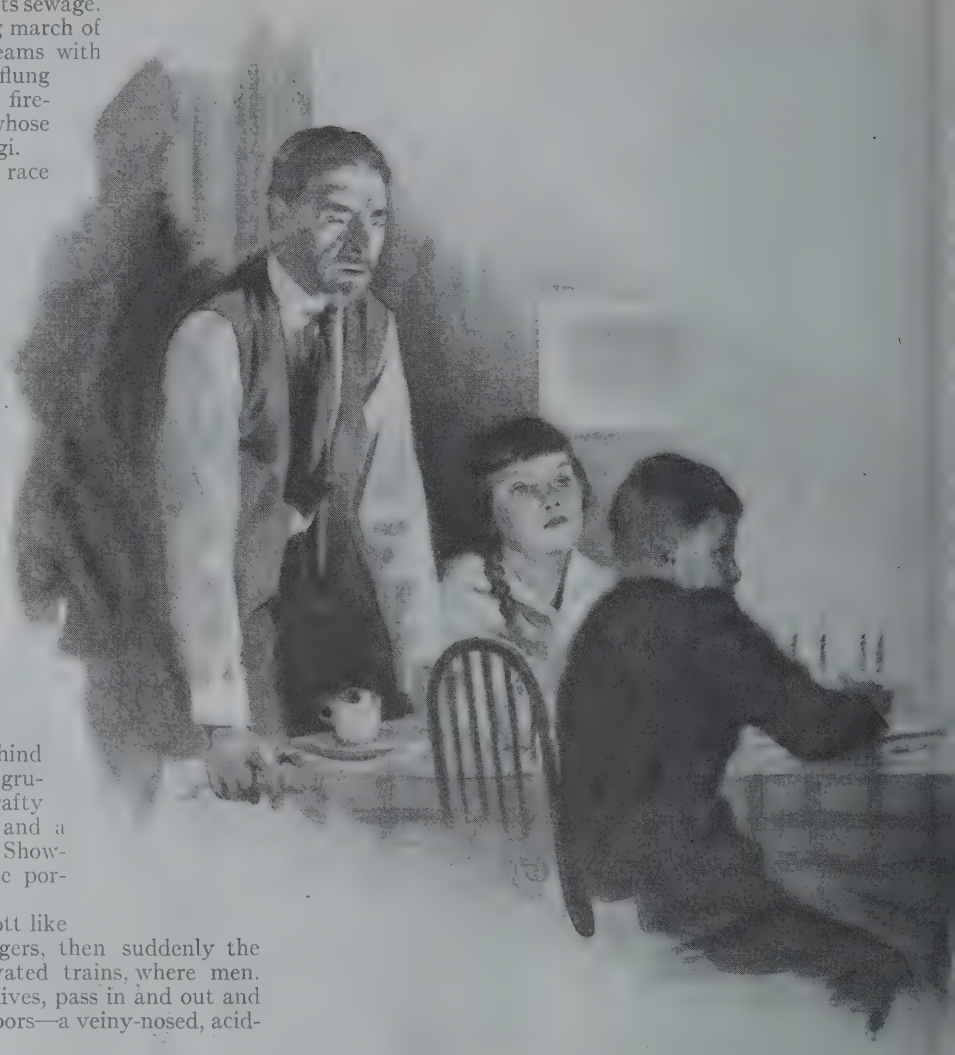
(*Continued on page 119*)



Miss Russell stood apologetically in the doorway

ON either side of the Bowery, which cuts through like a drain to catch its sewage, Every Man's Land, a reeking march of humanity and humidity, steams with the excrement of seventeen languages, flung in *patois* from tenement windows, fire-escapes, curbs, stoops, and cellars whose walls are terrible and spongy with fungi.

By that impregnable chemistry of race whereby the red blood of the Mongolian and the red blood of the Caucasian become as oil and water in the mingling, Mulberry Street, bounded by sixteen languages, runs its intact Latin length of push-carts, clothes-lines, naked babies, drying vermicelli; black-eyed women in rhinestone combs and perennially big with child; whole families of buttonhole makers, who first saw the blue-and-gold light of Sorrento, bent at home work around a single gas flare; pomaded barbers of a thousand Neapolitan amours. And then, just as suddenly, almost without osmosis and by the mere stepping-down from the curb, Mulberry becomes Mott Street, hung in grill-work balconies, the moldy smell of poverty touched up with incense. Orientals, whose feet shuffle and whose faces are carved out of satinwood. Forbidden women, their white, drugged faces behind upper windows. Yellow children, incongruous enough in Western clothing. A drafty areaway with an oblique of gaslight and a black well of descending staircase. Show-windows of jade and tea and Chinese porcelains.



More streets emanating out from Mott like a handful of crooked, rheumatic fingers, then suddenly the Bowery again, cowering beneath elevated trains, where men, burned down to the butt end of soiled lives, pass in and out and out and in of the knee-high swinging doors—a veiny-nosed, acid-eaten race in themselves.

Allen Street, too, still more easterly and half as wide, is straddled its entire width by the steely, long-legged skeleton of elevated traffic, so that its third-floor windows no sooner shudder into silence from the rushing shock of one train than they are shaken into chatter by the passage of another. Indeed, third-floor dwellers of Allen Street, reaching out, can almost touch the serrated edges of the elevated structure, and in summer the smell of its hot rails becomes an actual taste in the mouth. Passengers, in turn, look in upon this horizontal of life as they whiz by. Once, in fact, the blurry figure of what might have been a woman leaned out as she passed to toss into one Abrahm Kantor's apartment a short-stemmed pink carnation. It hit softly on little Leon Kantor's crib, brushing him fragrantly across the mouth and causing him to pucker up.

Beneath, where, even in August noonday, the sun cannot find its way by a chink, and babies lie stark naked in the cavernous shade, Allen Street presents a sort of submarine and greenish gloom, as if its humanity were actually moving through a sea of aqueous shadows, faces rather bleached and shrunk from sunlessness as water can bleach and shrink. And then, like a shimmering background of orange-finned and copper-flanked marine life, the brass shops of Allen Street, whole rows of them, burn flamelessly and without benefit of fuel.

To enter Abrahm Kantor's—Brasses—was three steps down, so that his casement show-window, at best filmed over with the constant rain of dust ground down from the rails above, was obscure enough, but crammed with the copied loot of khedive and of czar. The seven-branch candlestick so Biblical and supplicating of arms. An urn, shaped like Rebecca's, of brass all beaten over with little poks. Things: cups, trays, knockers, ikons, gargoyles, bowls, and teapots. A symphony of bells in graduated sizes. Jardinières with fat sides. A pot-bellied samovar. A swinging lamp for the dead, star-shaped. Against the door, an octave of tubular chimes, prisms of voiceless harmony and of heatless light.

Opening this door, they rang gently, like melody heard through water and behind glass. Another bell rang, too, in tilted singsong from a pulley operating somewhere in the catacomb rear of this lambent vale of things and things and things. In turn this pulley set in toll still another bell, two flights up in Abrahm Kantor's tenement, which overlooked the front of whizzing rails and a rear wilderness of gibbet-looking clothes-lines, dangling perpetual specters of flapping union suits in a mid-air flaky with soot.

Often at lunch, or even the evening meal, this bell would ring in on Abrahm Kantor's digestive well-being, and while he hurried down, napkin often bib-fashion still about his neck, and into the smoldering lanes of copper, would leave an eloquent void at the head of his well-surrounded table.

This bell was ringing now, jingling in upon the slumber of a still newer Kantor, snuggling peacefully enough within the ammoniac depths of a cradle recently evacuated by Leon, heretofore impinged upon you.

On her knees before an oven that billowed forth hotly into her face, Mrs. Kantor, fairly fat and not yet forty, and at the immemorial task of plumbing a delicately swelling layer-cake with broom-straw, raised her face, reddened and faintly moist.

"Isadore, run down and say your papa is out until six. If it's a customer, remember the first asking-price is the two middle figures on the tag, and the last asking-price is the two outside figures. See once, with your papa out to buy your little brother his birthday present, and your mother in a cake, if you can't make a sale for first price."

Isadore Kantor, aged eleven and hunched with a younger Kantor over an oilcloth-covered table, hunched himself still deeper in barter for a large crystal marble with a candy stripe down its center.

"Izzie, did you hear me?"

"Yes'm."

"Go down this minute—do you hear? Rudolph, stop always letting your big brother get the best of you in marbles. Iz-zy!"

"In—a—minute."

Humoresque

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore



"Look, Abrahm! He knows how to hold it! What did I tell you? A child that never in his life seen a fiddle, except a beggar's on the street!"

papa about! Honest, when I think of it—my own husband—it's a wonder I don't potch you just for remembering it. Rudolph, will you stop licking that cake-pan? It's saved for your little brother Leon. Ain't you ashamed even on your little brother's birthday to steal from him?"

"Ma, gimme the spoon?"

"I'll give you the spoon, Isadore Kantor, where you don't want it. If you don't hurry down the way that bell is ringing, not one bite out of your little brother's birthday-cake to-night!"

"I'm goin', ain't I?"

"Always on my children's birthdays a meanness sets into this house! Ru-dolph, will you put down that bowl? Iz-zy—for the last time I ask you—for the last time——"

Erect now, Mrs. Kantor lifted a portentous hand, letting it hover.

"I'm goin', ma; for golly sakes, I'm goin'!" said her recalcitrant one, shuffling off toward the staircase, shuffling, shuffling.

Then Mrs. Kantor resumed her plumbing, and through the little apartment, its middle and only bedroom of three beds and a crib lighted vicariously by the front room and kitchen, began to wind the warm, the golden-brown fragrance of cake in the rising.

By six o'clock, the shades were drawn against the dirty dusk of Allen Street, and the oilcloth-covered table dragged out center and spread by Esther Kantor, nine in years, in the sturdy little legs bulging over shoe-tops, in the pink cheeks that sagged slightly of plumpness, and in the utter roundness of face and gaze, but mysteriously older in the little-mother lore of crib and knee-dandling ditties and in the ropy length and thickness of the two brown plaits down her back.

There was an eloquence to that waiting, laid-out table, the print of the family already gathered about it; the dynastic high chair, throne of each succeeding Kantor; an armchair drawn up before the paternal mustache-cup; the ordinary kitchen chair of Mannie Kantor, who spilled things, an oilcloth sort of bib dangling from its back; the little chair of Leon Kantor, cushioned in an old family album that raised his chin above the table. Even in cutlery, the Kantor family was not lacking in variety. Surrounding a centerpiece of thick Russian lace were Russian spoons washed in washed-off gilt, forks of one, two, and three tines. Steel knives with black handles. A hart's-horn carving-knife. Thick-lipped china in stacks before the armchair. A round four-pound-loaf of black bread waiting to be torn, and to-night, on the festive mat of cotton lace, a cake of pinkly gleaming icing, encircled with five pink little twisted candles.

At slightly after six, Abrahm Kantor returned, leading by a resisting wrist Leon Kantor, his stemlike little legs, hit midship, as it were, by not sufficiently cut-down trousers and so narrow and birdlike of face that his eyes quite obliterated the remaining map of his features, like those of a still wet nestling. All except his ears. They poised at the sides of Leon's shaved head of black bristles, as if butterflies had just lighted there, whispering, with

'Don't let me have to ask you again, Isadore Kantor!"

'Aw, ma; I got some 'rithmetic to do. Let Esther go."

'Always Esther! Your sister stays right in the front room h her spelling."

'Aw, ma; I got spelling, too."

'Every time I ask that boy he should do me one thing, right ay he gets lessons! With me, that lessons-talk don't go no re. Every time you get put down in school, I'm surprised re's a place left lower where they can put you. Working- ers for such a boy like you!

'I'll woik——"

'How I worried myself! Violin lessons yet—thirty cents a son out of your papa's pants while he slept! That's how I nted to have in the family a profession—maybe a musician the violin. Lessons for you out of money I had to lie to your

very spread wings, their message, and presently would fly off again. By some sort of muscular contraction, he could wiggle these ears at will, and would do so for a penny, a whistle, and upon one occasion for his brother Rudolph's dead rat, so devised as to dangle from string and window before the unhappy passer-by. They were quivering now, these ears, but because the entire little face was twitching back tears and gulp of sobs.

"Abrahm—Leon—what is it?" Her hands and her forearms instantly out from the business of kneading something meaty and floury, Mrs. Kantor rushed forward, her glance quick from one to the other of them. "Abrahm, what's wrong?"

"I'll feedle him! I'll feedle him!"

The little pulling wrist still in clutch, Mr. Kantor regarded his wife, the lower half of his face, well covered with reddish bristles, undershot, his free hand and even his eyes violently lifted. To those who see in a man a perpetual kinship to that animal kingdom of which he is supreme, there was something undeniably anthropoidal about Abrahm Kantor, a certain simian width between the eyes and long, rather agile hands with hairy backs.

"Hush it!" cried Mr. Kantor, his free hand raised in threat of descent and cowering his small son to still more undersized proportions. "Hush it, or, by golly, I'll——"

"Abrahm—Abrahm—what is it?"

Then Mr. Kantor gave vent in acridity of word and feature. "*Schlemmil!*" he cried. "*Momser! Ganef! Nebich!*" By which Abrahm Kantor, in smiting mother tongue, branded his offspring with attributes of apostate and ne'er-do-well, of idiot and thief.

"Abrahm!"

"*Schlemmil!*" repeated Mr. Abrahm, swinging Leon so that he described a large semicircle that landed him into the meaty and waiting embrace of his mother. "Take him! You should be proud of such a little *Momser* for a son! Take him—and here you got back his birthday dollar. A feedle! Honest—when I think on it—a feedle!"

Such a rush of outrage seemed fairly to strangle Mr. Kantor that he stood, hand still upraised, choking and inarticulate above the now frankly howling huddle of his son

"Abrahm, you should just once touch this child! How he trembles! Leon—mamma's baby—what is it—is this how you come back when papa takes you out to buy your birthday present? Ain't you ashamed?"

Mouth distended to a large and blackly hollow O, Leon, between terrifying spells of breath-holding, continued to howl.

"All the way to Naftel's toy store I drag him. A birthday present for a dollar his mother wants he should have—all right, a birthday present! I give you my word till I'm ashamed for Naftel, every toy on his shelves is pulled down. Such a cow—that shakes with his head——"

"No—no—no!" This from young Leon, beating at his mother's skirts.

Again the upraised but never quite descending hand of his father.

"By golly, I'll 'no—no' you!"

"Abrahm—go way! Baby, what did papa do?"

Then Mr. Kantor broke into an actual tarantella of rage, his hands palms up and dancing.

"'What did papa do?' she asks. She's got easy asking. 'What did papa do?' The whole shop, I tell you. A sheep with a baa inside when you squeeze on him—games—a horn so he can holler my head off—such a knife like Izzy's with a scissors in it! 'Leon,' I said, ashamed for Naftel, 'that's a fine knife like Izzy's so you can cut up with.' 'All right then'—when I see how he hollers—'such a box full of soldiers to have war with.' 'Dollar seventy-five,' says Naftel. 'All right then,' I says—when I seen how he keeps hollering—'give you a dollar fifteen for 'em.' I should make myself small for fifteen cents more. 'Dollar fifteen,' I says—anything so he should shut up with his hollering for what he seen in the window."

"He seen something in the window he wanted, Abrahm?"

"Didn't I tell you? A feedle! A four-dollar feedle! A moosiker, so we should have another feedler in the family some thirty-cents lessons."

"Abrahm—you mean—he—our Leon—wanted a violin?"

"'Wanted,' she says. I could potch him again this mir for how he wanted it! *Du*—you little bum you—*Chamm Momser*—I'll feedle you!"

Across Mrs. Kantor's face as she knelt there in the shape cotton-stuff uniform of poverty, through the very tenemen her body, a light had flashed up into her eyes. She drew son closer, crushing his puny cheek up against hers, cupping bristly little head in her by no means immaculate palms.

"He wanted a violin—it's come, Abrahm! The dream of my life—it's come! I knew it must be one of my children waited long enough—and prayed enough. A musician! wants a violin. He cried for a violin. My baby! Why, darli mamma'll sell her clothes off her back to get you a violin. F



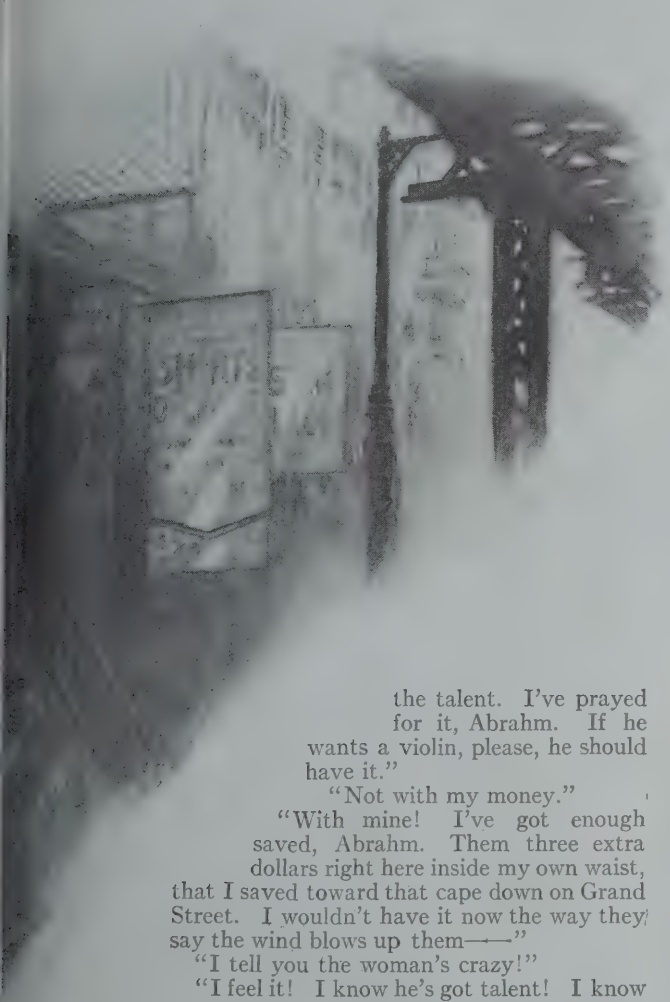
Outside, she broke into a run

nusician, Abrahm! I should have known it the way he's fool- always around the chimes and the bells in the store!"

Then Mrs. Kantor took to rocking his head between her lms.

"*Oi—oi!* The mother is crazier as her son. A moosican! A *esser* you mean. Such an eater, it's a wonder he ain't twice too instead of twice too little for his age."

"That's a sign, Abrahm; they all eat big. For all we know he's genius. I swear to you Abrahm, all the months before he was rn, I prayed for it. Each one before they came, I prayed it ould be the one. I thought that time the way our Isadore after the organ-grinder he would be the one. How could I ow it was the monkey he wanted? When Isadore wouldn't ke it, I prayed my next one and then my next one should have



the talent. I've prayed for it, Abrahm. If he wants a violin, please, he should have it."

"Not with my money."

"With mine! I've got enough saved, Abrahm. Them three extra dollars right here inside my own waist, that I saved toward that cape down on Grand Street. I wouldn't have it now the way they say the wind blows up them——"

"I tell you the woman's crazy!"

"I feel it! I know he's got talent! I know my children so well. A—a father don't understand. I'm so next to them. It's like I can tell always everything that will happen to them—it's like a pain—somewheres here—in back of my heart."

"A pain in the heart she gets!"

"For my own children I'm always a prophet, I tell you. You hink I didn't know that—that terrible night after the pogrom fter we got out of Kief to across the border! You remember, brahm, how I predicted it to you then—how our Mannie would e born too soon and—and not right from my suffering? Did happen on the ship to America just the way I said it would? Did it happen just exactly how I predicted our Izzy would break is leg that time playing on the fire-escape? I tell you, Abrahm, get a real pain here under my heart that tells me what comes o my children. Didn't I tell you how Esther would be the first her confirmation-class and our baby Boris would be red-headed? t only five years, our Leon all by himself cries for a fiddle—get for him Abrahm—get it for him!"

"I tell you, Sarah, I got a crazy woman for a wife! It ain't nough we celebrate eight birthdays a year with one-dollar resents each time and copper goods every day higher. It ain't nough that right to-morrow I got a fifty-dollar note over me rom Sol Ginsberg—a four-dollar present she wants for a child hat don't even know the name of a feedle!"

"Leon baby, stop hollering—papa will go back and get the fiddle for you now before supper. See—mamma's got money here in her waist——"

"Papa will go back for the feedle not—three dollars she's saved for herself he can holler out of her for a feedle!"

"Abrahm, he's screaming so he—he'll have a fit."

"He should have two fits."

"Darlink——"

"I tell you the way you spoil your children it will some day come back on us."

"It's his birthday night, Abrahm—five years since his little head first lay on the pillow next to me."

"All right—all right—drive me crazy because he's got a birthday."

"Leon baby—if you don't stop hollering you'll make yourself sick. Abrahm, I never saw him like this—he's green——"

"I'll green him. Where is that old feedle from Isadore—that seventy-five-cents one?"

"I never thought of that! You broke it that time you got mad at Isadore's lessons. I'll run down. Maybe it's with the junk behind the store. I never thought of that fiddle. Leon darlink—wait—mamma'll run down and look—wait, Leon, till mamma finds you a fiddle."

The raucous screams stopped then suddenly, and on their very lustiest crest, leaving an echoing gash across silence. On willing feet of haste, Mrs. Kantor wound down backward the high, ladderlike staircase that led to the brass shop.

Meanwhile, to a gnawing consciousness of dinner-hour, had assembled the house of Kant—. Attuned to the intimate atmosphere of the tenement which is so constantly rent with cry of child, child-bearing, delirium, delirium-tremens, Leon Kantor had howled no impression into the motley din of things. Isadore, already astride his chair, well into center-table, for first vociferous tear at the four-pound loaf; Esther Kantor, old at chores, settled an infant into the high chair, careful of tiny fingers in lowering the wooden bib.

"Papa, Izzy's eating first again."

"Put down that loaf and wait until your mother dishes up or you'll get a potch you won't soon forget."

"Say, pop——"

"Don't 'say pop' me! I don't want no street-bum freshness from you!"

"I mean, papa, there was an up-town swell in, and she bought one of them seventy-five-cent candlesticks for the first price."

"*Schlemmil—Chammer!*" said Mr. Kantor, rinsing his hands at the sink. "Didn't I always tell you it's the first price times two when you see up-town business come in? Haven't I learned it to you often enough a slummer must pay for her nosiness?"

There entered then, on poor shuffling feet, Mannie Kantor, so marred in the mysterious and ceramic process of life that the brain and the soul had stayed back sooner than inhabit him. Seventeen in years, in the down upon his face, and in growth unretarded by any great nervosity of system, his vacuity of face was not that of childhood but rather as if his light eyes were peering out from some hinterland and wanting so terribly and so dumbly to communicate what they beheld to brain-cells closed against himself.

At sight of Mannie, Leon Kantor, the tears still wetly and dirtily down his cheeks, left off his black, fierce-eyed stare of waiting long enough to smile, darkly, it is true, but sweetly.

"Giddy-ap!" he cried. "Giddy-ap!"

And then Mannie, true to habit, would scamper and scamper.

Up out of the traplike stair-opening came the head of Mrs. Kantor, disheveled and a smudge of soot across her face, but beneath her arm, triumphant, a violin of one string and a broken back.

"See, Leon—what mamma got! A violin! A fiddle! Look—the bow, too, I found. It ain't much, baby, but it's a fiddle."

"Aw, ma—that's my old violin—gimme—I want it—where'd you find——"

"Hush up, Izzy! This ain't yours no more. See, Leon, what mamma brought you! A violin!"

"Now, you little *Chammer*, you got a feedle, and if you ever let me hear you holler again for a feedle, by golly if I don't——"

From his corner, Leon Kantor reached out, taking the instrument and fitting it beneath his chin, the bow immediately feeling, surely and lightly for string.

"Look, Abrahm! He knows how to hold it! What did I tell you? A child that never in his life seen a fiddle, except a beggar's on the street!"

Little Esther suddenly cantered down-floor, clapping her chubby hands.

"Looky—looky—Leon!"

The baby ceased clattering his spoon against the wooden bib. A silence seemed to shape itself.

So black and so bristly of head, his little clawlike hands hovering over the bow, Leon Kantor withdrew a note, strangely round and given up almost sobbingly from the single string. A note of warm twining quality, like a baby's finger.

"Leon—darlink!"

Fumbling for string and for notes the instrument could not yield up to him, the birdlike mouth began once more to open widely and terribly into the orificial O.

It was then Abrahm Kantor came down with a large hollow resonance of palm against the aperture, lifting his small son and depositing him plop upon the family album.

"Take that! By golly, one more whimper out of you and if I don't make you black-and-blue, birthday or no birthday! Dish up, Sarah, quick, or I'll give him something to cry about."

The five pink candles had been lighted, burning pointedly and with slender little smoke wisps. Regarding them owlishly, the tears dried on Leon's face, his little tongue licking up at them.

"Look how solemn he is, like he was thinking of something a million miles away except how lucky he is he should have a pink birthday-cake! Uh—uh—uh! Don't you begin to holler again—Here, I'm putting the feedle next to you—uh—uh—uh!"

To a meal plentifully ladled out directly from stove to table, the Kantor family drew up, dipping first into the rich black soup of the occasion. All except Mrs. Kantor.

"Esther, you dish up; I'm going somewhere. I'll be back in a minute."

"Where you going, Sarah? Won't it keep until——"

But even in the face of query, Sarah Kantor was two flights down and well through the lambent aisles of the copper shop. Outside, she broke into a run, through two blocks of the indescribable bazaar atmosphere of Grand Street, then one block to the right.

Before Naftel's show-window, a jet of bright gas burned into a jibberwock land of toys. There was that in Sarah Kantor's face that was actually lyrical, as, fumbling at the bosom of her dress, she entered.

To Leon Kantor, by who knows what symphonic scheme of things, life was a chromatic scale, yielding up to him through throbbing, living nerves of sheep-gut, the sheerest semitones of man's emotions.

When he tucked his Stradivarius beneath his chin, the Book of Life seemed suddenly translated to him in melody. Even Sarah Kantor, who still brewed for him, on a small portable stove carried from city to city and surreptitiously unpacked in hotel suites, the blackest of soups, and, despite his protestation, would incase his ears of nights in an old home-made device against their flightiness, would often times bleed inwardly at this sense of his isolation.

There was a realm into which he went alone, leaving her as detached as the merest ticket purchaser at the box-office.

At seventeen, Leon Kantor had played before the crowned heads of Europe, the aching heads of American capital, and even the shaved head of a South Sea prince. There was a layout of anecdotal gifts, from the molar tooth of the South Sea prince set in a South Sea pearl to a blue-enameled snuff-box encrusted with the rearing-lion coat of arms of a very royal house.

At eighteen, came the purchase of a king's Stradivarius for a king's ransom, and acclaimed by Sunday supplements to repose of nights in an ivory cradle.

At nineteen, under careful auspices of press-agent, the ten singing digits of the son of Abrahm Kantor were insured at ten thousand dollars the finger.

At twenty, he had emerged surely and safely from the perilous quicksands which have sucked down whole Lilliputian worlds of infant prodigies.

At twenty-one, when Leon Kantor played a Sunday-night concert, there was a human queue curling entirely around the square block of the opera-house, waiting its one, two, even three and four hours for the privilege of standing-room only.

Usually these were Leon Kantor's own people pouring up from the lowly lands of the East Side to the white lands of Broadway, parched for music, these burning brethren of his—old men in that line, frequently carrying their own little folding camp-chairs, not against weariness of the spirit but of the flesh; youth with Slavic eyes and cheek-bones. These were the six-deep human phalanx which would presently slant down at him from tiers of steepest balconies and stand frankly emotional and jammed in the unreserved space behind the railing which shut them off from the three-dollar seats of the reserved.

At a very special one of these concerts, dedicated to the meag purses of just these, and held in New York's super-opera-hou the Amphitheater, a great bowl of humanity, the metaphor ma perfect by tiers of seats placed upon the stage, rose from orchest to dome. A gigantic Colosseum of a cup, lined in stacks a stacks of faces. From the door of his dressing-room, leaning o Leon Kantor could see a great segment of it, buzzing do into adjustment, orchestra twitting and tuning into it.

In a bare little room, illuminated by a sheaf of roses ju arrived, Mrs. Kantor drew him back by the elbow.

"Leon, you're in a draft."

The amazing years had dealt kindly with Mrs. Kanto Stouter, softer, apparently even taller, she was full of small ne authorities that could shut out cranks, newspaper reporters, a autograph fiends. A fitted-over-corsets black taffeta and a hig comb in the graying hair had done their best with her. Prid too, had left its flush upon her cheeks, like two round spots fever.

"Leon, it's thirty minutes till your first number. Close th door. Do you want to let your papa and his excitement in you?"

The son of Sarah Kantor obeyed, leaning on his short, rath narrow form in silhouette against the closed door. In spite slimly dark evening clothes worked out by an astute manager the last detail in boyish effects, there was that about him whic defied long-haired precedent. Slimly and straightly he had sh up into an unmannered, a short, even a bristly-haired your manhood, disqualifying by a close shave for the older school hirsute virtuosity.

But his nerves did not spare him. On concert nights the seemed to emerge almost to the surface of him and shriek the exposure.

"Just feel my hands, ma. Like ice."

She dived down into her large silk what-not of a reticule.

"I've got your fleece-lined gloves here, son."

"No—no. For God's—sake—not those things! No!"

He was back at the door again, opening it to a slit, peerin through.

"They're bringing more seats on the stage. If they crowd m in I won't go on. I can't play if I hear them breathe. Hi—ou there—no more chairs—pa—Hancock——"

"Leon, Leon, ain't you ashamed to get so worked up? Clos that door. Have you got a manager who is paid just to see t your comfort? When papa comes, I'll have him go out and te Hancock you don't want chairs so close to you. Leon, will yo mind mamma and sit down?"

"It's a bigger house than the royal concert in Madrid, ma Why, I never saw anything like it! It's a stampede. God, this i real—this is what gets me, playing for my own! I should hav given a concert like this three years ago. I'll do it every yea now. I'd rather play before them than all the crowned heads o earth. It's the biggest night of my life—they're rioting out there ma—rioting to get in."

"Leon, Leon, won't you sit down if mamma begs you to?"

He sat then, strumming with all ten fingers upon his knees.

"Try to get quiet, son. Count—like you always do. One—two—three——"

"Please ma—for God's sake—please—please!"

"Look—such beautiful roses! From Sol Ginsberg, an ol friend of papa's he used to buy brasses from eighteen years ago Six years he's been away with his daughter in Munich. Such beautiful mezzo, they say, engaged already for Metropolitan nex season."

"I hate it, ma, if they breathe on my neck."

"Leon darlink, did mamma promise to fix it? Have I eve let you plan a concert where you wouldn't be comfortable?"

His long, slim hands suddenly prehensile and cutting a long upward gesture, Leon Kantor rose to his feet, face whitening.

"Do it now! Now, I tell you! I won't have them breathe o me. Do you hear me? Now! Now! Now!

Risen also, her face soft and tremulous for him, Mrs. Kanto put out a gentle, a sedative hand upon his sleeve.

"Son," she said, with an edge of authority even behind he smile, "don't holler at me."

He grasped her hand with his two, and, immediately quie placed a close string of kisses along it.

"Mamma," he said, kissing them again and again into th palm, "mamma—mamma!"

"I know, son; it's nerves."

"They eat me, ma. Feel—I'm like ice. I didn't mean it; yo know I didn't mean it."

"My baby," she said, "my wonderful boy, it's like I can neve



AWN BY T. D. SKIDMORE

She sang it then, quite purely, her hands clasped simply together and her glance mistily off, the beautiful, the heroic, the lyrical prophecy of a soldier-poet and a poet-soldier

get used to the wonder of having you! The greatest one of them all should be mine—a plain woman's like mine!"

He teased her, eager to conciliate and ride down his own state of quivering.

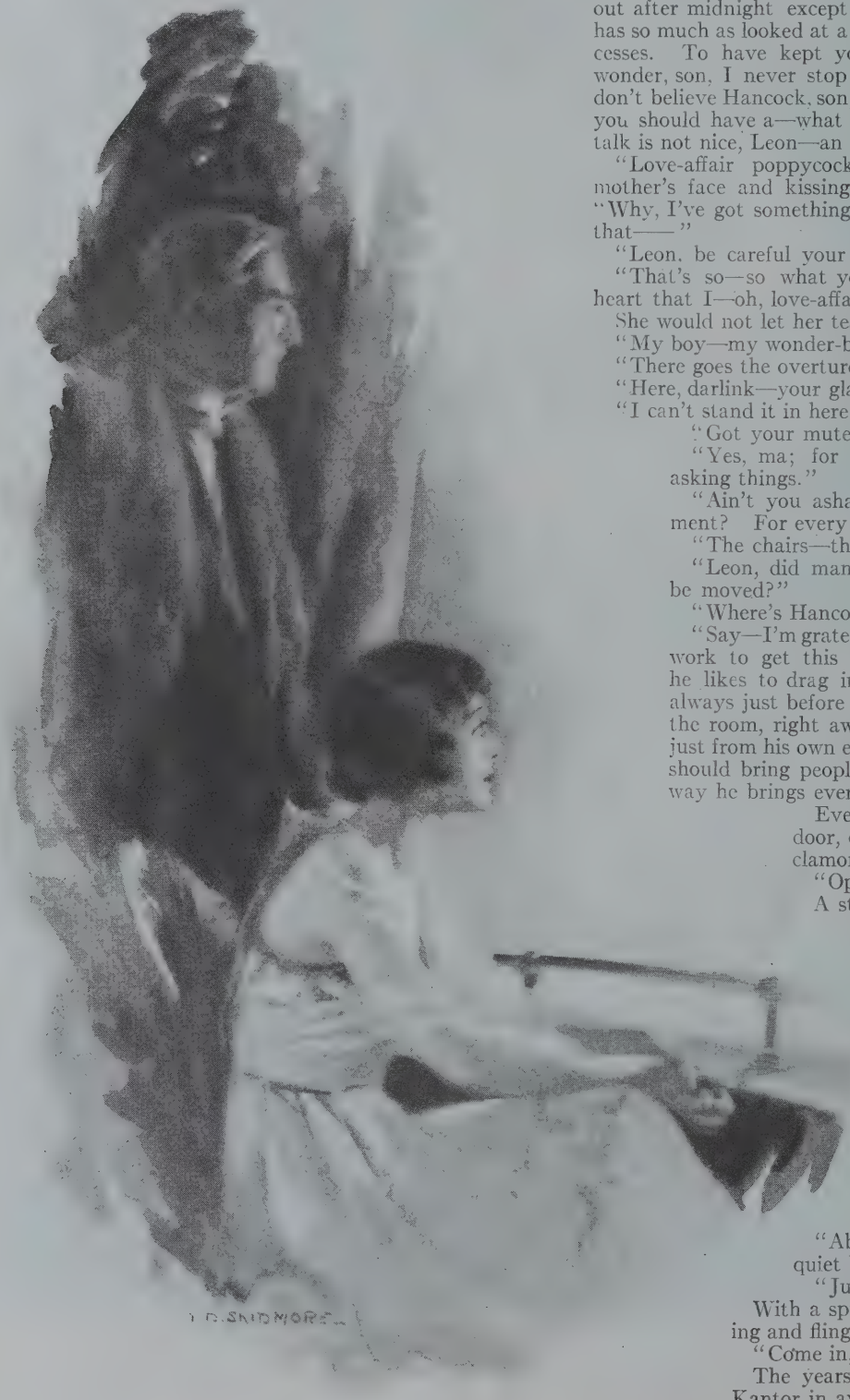
"Now, ma—now—now—don't forget Rimsky!"

"'Rimsky!' A man three times your age who was playing concerts before you was born! Is that a comparison? From your clippings-books I can show Rimsky who the world considers the greatest violinist. Rimsky he rubs into me!"

"All right then, the press-clippings, but did Elsass, the greatest manager of them all, bring me a contract for thirty concerts at two thousand a concert? Now I've got you! Now!"

She would not meet his laughter.

"'Elsass!' Believe me, he'll come to you yet. My boy should worry if he makes fifty thousand a year more or less. Rimsky should have that honor—for so long as he can hold it. But he won't hold it long. Believe me, I don't rest easy in my bed till Elsass comes after you. Not for so big a contract like Rimsky's, but bigger—not for thirty concerts but for fifty!"



"*Brava! Brava!* There's a woman for you. More m than she knows what to do with, and then not satisfied!"

She was still too tremulous for banter.

"'Not satisfied?' Why, Leon, I never stop praying thanks for you!"

"All right then," he cried, laying his icy fingers on her ch "to-morrow we'll call a *Mignon*—a regular old-fashioned A Street prayer-party!"

"Leon, you mustn't make fun."

"Make fun of the sweetest girl in this room?"

"'Girl!' Ah, if I could only hold you by me this way, L Always a boy—with me—your poor old mother—your only That's a fear I suffer with, Leon—to lose you to a—girl! Th how selfish the mother of such a wonder-child like mine can to be."

"All right. Trying to get me married off again. N Fine!"

"Is it any wonder I suffer, son? Twenty-one years to h kept you by me a child. A boy that's never in his life out after midnight except to catch trains. A boy that ne has so much as looked at a girl and could have looked at p cesses. To have kept you all these years—mine—is it wonder, son, I never stop praying my thanks for you? don't believe Hancock, son, the way he keeps teasing you alw you should have a—what he calls—affair—a love-affair? talk is not nice, Leon—an affair!"

"Love-affair poppycock!" said Leon Kantor, lifting mother's face and kissing her on eyes about ready to t "Why, I've got something, ma, right here in my heart for that——"

"Leon, be careful your shirt-front!"

"That's so—so what you call 'tender,' for my best sw heart that I—oh, love-affair—poppycock!"

She would not let her tears come.

"My boy—my wonder-boy!"

"There goes the overture, ma."

"Here, darlink—your glass of water."

"I can't stand it in here; I'm suffocating!"

"Got your mute in your pocket, son?"

"Yes, ma; for God's sake, yes! Yes! Don't k asking things."

"Ain't you ashamed, Leon, to be in such an exc ment? For every concert you get worse."

"The chairs—they'll breathe on my neck."

"Leon, did mamma promise you those chairs wo be moved?"

"Where's Hancock?"

"Say—I'm grateful if he stays out. It took me enou work to get this room cleared. You know your p he likes to drag in the whole world to show you o always just before you play. The minute he walks the room, right away he gets everybody to trembl just from his own excitements. I dare him this time should bring people—no dignity has that man got. way he brings everyone."

Even upon her words came a rattling door, of door-knob and a voice through clamor.

"Open—quick—Sarah! Leon!"

A stiffening raced over Mrs. Kantor that she sat rigid on her chair-ed lips compressed, eye darkly u the shivering door.

"Open—Sarah!"

With a narrowing glance, M Kantor laid to her lips a forefin of silence.

"Sarah, it's me! Quick. I sa

Then Leon Kantor sprang the old prehensile gesture of cu ing fingers shooting up.

"For God's sake, ma, let him I can't stand that infernal l tering."

"Abrahm, go away! Leon's got to h quiet before his concert."

"Just a minute, Sarah. Open quick!

With a spring, his son was at the door, unlo ing and flinging it back.

"Come in, pa."

The years had weighed heavily upon Abr Kantor in avoirdupois only. He was himself

ghteen years, fifty pounds, and a new sleek pomposity that is absolutely oleaginous. It shone roundly in his face, doubg of chin, in the bulge of waistcoat, heavily gold-chained, d in eyes that behind the gold-rimmed glasses gave sparklingly th his estate of well-being.

"Abrahm, didn't I tell you not to dare to——"

On excited balls of feet that fairly bounced him, Abrahm ntor burst in.

"Leon—mamma—I got out here an old friend—Sol Ginsrg—you remember, mamma, from brasses——"

"Abrahm—not now——"

"Go way with your 'not now!' I want Leon ould meet him. Sol, this is him—a little grown- from such a *Nebich* like you remember him—? Sarah, you remember Sol Ginsberg? Say I should ask you if you remember your right nd? Ginsberg & Esel, the firm. This is his rl, a five years' contract signed yesterday—five ndred dollars an opera for a beginner—six rôles not bad—*nu?*"

"Abrahm, you must ask Mr. Ginsberg ease to excuse Leon until after his conrt——"

"Shake hands with him, Ginsberg. e's had his hand shook enough in s life, and by kings, too—shake it ice more with an old bouncer like ou!"

Mr. Ginsberg, not unlike his colague in rotundities, held out a short, dimpled hand.

"It's a proud day," he said, "for e to shake the hands from mine old iend's son and the finest violinist liv- k to-day. My little daughter——"

"Yes, yes, Gina. Here, shake hands ith him. Leon, they say a voice like fountain. Gina Berg—eh, Ginsrg—is how you stage-named her? ou hear, mamma, how fancy—Gina erg? We go hear her, eh?"

There was about Miss Gina Berg, hose voice could soar to the tirra- ra of a lark and then deepen to ezzo, something of the actual slimess of the poor, maligned Elsa so ng buried beneath the buxomness of vas. She was like a little flower at in its crannied nook keeps dewy ngest.

"How do you do, Leon Kantor?"

There was a whir through her nglish of three acquired languages.

"How do *you* do?"

"We—father and I—traved once all the way from russels to Dresden to hear ou play. It was worth it. I all never forget how you layed the 'Humoresque.' It ade me laugh and cry."

"You like Brussels?"

She laid her little hand to er heart, half closing her yes.

"I will never be so happy gain as with the sweet little eople of Brussels."



And even as they stood, hatted and coated, importuning and pressing in upon him, and with a wisp of a smile to the fourth left box, Leon Kantor played them the "Humoresque" of Dvorak, skedaddling, plucking, quirking—that laugh on life with a tear behind it

"I, too, love Brussels. I studied there four years with hrenfest."

"I know you did. My teacher, Lyndahl, in Berlin, was his rother-in-law."

"You have studied with Lyndahl?"

"He is my master."

"I—will I sometime hear you sing?"

"I am not yet great. When I am foremost like you, yes."

"Gina—Gina Berg; that is a beautiful name to make famous."

"You see how it is done? Gins—berg. Gina Berg."

"Clev-er!"

They stood then smiling across a chasm of the diffidence of outh, she fumbling at the great fur pelt out of which her face owered so dewily.

"I—well—we—we are in the fourth box— I guess we had better be going—fourth box left." He wanted to find words, but for consciousness of self could not. "It's a wonderful house out there waiting for you, Leon Kantor, and you—you're wonderful, too!"

"The—flowers—thanks!"

"My father, he sent them. Come, father—quick!"

Suddenly there was a tight tensity that seemed to crowd up the little room.

"Abrahm—quick—get Hancock—that first rows of chairs has got to be moved—there he is, in the wings—see the piano ain't dragged down too far! Leon, got your mute in your pocket? Please Mr. Ginsberg—you must excuse— Here, Leon, is your glass of water. Drink it, I say. Shut that (*Continued on page 94*)

The France *We Ar*

Taste

By Edit

Decoration

In this article, Mrs. Wharton discusses a possession and the envy of the civilized world. It is taste, a art lives, and outside of which it cannot live." T living in this atmosphere, and they will bring b our national life. For if taste-blindness prevails among artistic instinct; consequently, as the author points



FRENCH taste? Why, of course—everybody knows all about that! It's the way the women put on their hats, and the upholsterers drape their curtains.

Certainly—why not?

The artistic integrity of the French has led them to feel from the beginning that there is no difference in kind between the curve of a woman's hat-brim and the curve of a Rodin marble, or between the droop of an upholsterer's curtain and that of the branches along a great avenue laid out by Le Nôtre.

It was the Puritan races—every one of them non-creative in the plastic arts—who decided that "Art" (that is, plastic art) was something apart from life, as dangerous to it as Plato thought poets in a republic, and to be tolerated only when it was so lofty, unapproachable, and remote from any appeal to average humanity that it bored people to death, and they locked it up in museums to get rid of it.

But this article is headed "Taste," and taste, whatever it may be, is not, after all, the same thing as art. No; it is not art, but it is the atmosphere in which art lives, and outside of which it cannot live. It is the regulating principle of all art, of the art of dress and of manners, and of living in general, as well as of sculpture or music.

It is because the French have always been so innately sure of this that, without burdening themselves with formulas, they have instinctively applied to living the same rules that they applied to artistic creation.

II

I REMEMBER being told when I was a young girl: "If y want to interest the person you are talking to, pitch your voi so that only that one person will hear you."

That small axiom, apart from its obvious application, co tains nearly all there is to say about taste.

That a thing should be in scale—should be proportioned its purpose—is one of the first requirements of beauty, in wha ever order. No shouting where an undertone will do; and gigantic Statue of Liberty in butter for a World's Fair, wh the little Wingless Victory, tying on her sandal on the Acropol holds the whole horizon in the curve of her slim arm.

The essence of taste is suitability. Divest the word of prim and priggish implications, and see how it expresses t

Learning To Know

harton

T. Benda

rench people which has long been the admiration ense of the Beautiful—"the atmosphere in which of Americans have recently had the opportunity which cannot fail to affect the cultural standards of ne extent, we have not shown ourselves lacking in ondition is purely accidental and can be remedied.

not be put in a round hole. Range through plastic art, from Chaldea to France, and you will see how this principle of adaptation has always ruled composition.

III

It is the sense of its universal applicability that makes taste so living an influence in France. French people "have tatse" as naturally as they breathe; it is not regarded as an accomplishment, like playing the flute.

The universal existence of taste, and of the standard it creates —it insists on—explains many of the things that strike Americans on first arriving in France.



terious demand of eye and mind for symmetry, harmony, order.

uitability—fitness—is, and always has been, the very founda- of French standards. Fitness is only a contraction of fitting-; and if any of our American soldiers in France should pause ook up at the narrow niches in the portal of a French cathe- , or at the group of holy figures in the triangle or half-circles ve, they are likely to be struck first of all by the way in ch the attitude of each figure or group is adapted to the space lls.

the figure is cramped and uncomfortable—if the saint or el seems to be in a strait-jacket or a padded cell—then the ptor has failed, and taste is offended. It is essential that e should be perfect harmony between the natural attitude he figure and the space it lives in—that a square saint should

It is the reason, for instance, why the French have beautiful stone quays along the great rivers on which their cities are built, and why noble monuments of architecture, and gardens and terraces, have been built along these quays. The French have always felt and reverenced the beauty of their rivers, and known the value, artistic and hygienic, of a beautiful and well-kept river-front in the heart of a crowded city.

When industrialism began its work of disfigurement in the great cities of the world, long reaches of the Thames were seized upon by the factory-builder, and London has only by a recent effort saved a short stretch of her river-front; even so, from the Embankment, whether at Westminster or Chelsea, one looks across at ugliness, untidiness, and squalor.

When industrialism came to the wise old Latin cities— Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Florence—their river- (*Continued on page 105*)



DRAWN BY FANNY MUNSELL

After hesitating whether or no to go to the vestry door, she turned away



He went on his knees, and lifting her hand to his lips, hid them with it

Saint's Progress

By John Galsworthy

Author of "Beyond," etc.

Illustrated by Fanny Munsell

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters—Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie), an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl, nearly eighteen.

In July, 1916, Noel and her father visited Pierson's brother, Robert, and his wife, Thirza, at their home, Kestrel, in Monmouthshire. Here Noel meets a young officer, Cyril Morland, and they fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Pierson refuses his consent on the grounds of Noel's youth and the short acquaintance. Morland is summoned to join his regiment, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever, gives herself to him.

Returning to London, Noel, to fit herself to be a nurse, enters a hospital where Pierson's cousin, Mrs. Lynch (Leila), is in charge of two wards. Leila has had two husbands and a somewhat adventurous career, and just now she is the mistress of Jimmy Fort, an army captain, whom she first met in South Africa. Fort is incapacitated for service and employed in the War Office. He takes a great liking to Noel, and Leila is much disturbed thereat.

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until news comes that Morland has been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds. When Pierson learns of Noel's condition, he is completely stunned and reproaches himself with failure in his duty toward his motherless child. But the girl defends her action, takes all the blame upon herself, and refuses any pity or sympathy. She goes down to Kestrel, and there, in the early spring, a son is born to her.

Her uncle offers to adopt the child, but she refuses, and goes back to her father, who approves her resolution. Her aunt gives her a wedding-ring, but she throws it away. In London, she sits to a Belgian refugee painter named Lavendie for her portrait. She soon encounters Opinion, for she openly acknowledges her motherhood to her father's curate, Lauder, and some parishioners named Dinnaford. The results are what might be expected. Meanwhile, Captain Fort, filled with pity, offers Noel any service in his power, for he has realized that he is in love with her.

IV

I

TO find out the worst is, for human nature, only a question of time. But where the "worst" is attached to a family haloed, as it were, by the authority and reputation of an institution like the Church, the rocess of discovery has to break through many a little edge of sheer unlikelihood, of genuine respect, of the defensive nstinct in those identified with an institution, who will themelves feel weaker if its strength be diminished, even of the feeling nat the scandal is too good to be true—all these little hedges, nd more, had to be broken through. To the Dinnafords, the nholy importance of what Noel had said to them might have ontinued to keep them dumb out of sheer self-protection, but s monstrosity had given them the feeling that there must be me mistake, that the girl had been overtaken by a wild desire "pull their legs," as dear Charlie would say. With the hope of getting this view confirmed, they lay in wait for the old nurse who took the baby out, and obtained the information, shortly imparted: "Oh, yes; Miss Noel's. Her 'usband was killed—poor lamb!" And they felt rewarded. They had been sure there was some mistake. The relief of hearing that word "'usband" was intense. One of these hasty war-marriages, of which the dear vicar had not approved, and so it had been kept dark. Quite intelligible, but so sad! Enough misgiving, however, remained in their minds to prevent their going to console with the dear vicar, but not enough to prevent their roundly contradicting the rumors and gossip already coming to their ears. And then, one day, when their friend Mrs. Curtis had said too positively, "Well, she doesn't wear a wedding-ring—that I'll swear, because I took very good care to look," they determined to ask Mr. Lauder. He would—indeed must—know, and, of course, would not tell a story. When they asked him, it was so manifest that he *did* know that they almost withdrew the question. The poor young man had gone the color of a tomato.

"I prefer not to answer," he said.

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The rest of a very short interview was passed in exquisite discomfort. Indeed, discomfort, exquisite and otherwise, within a few weeks of Noel's return, had begun to pervade all the habitual congregation of Pierson's church. It was noticed that neither of the two sisters attended service now. Certain people who went in the sincere hope of seeing Noel only fell off again when she did not appear. After all, she would not have the face. And Gratian was too ashamed, no doubt. It was constantly remarked that the vicar looked very grave and thin, even for him. As the rumors hardened into certainty, the feeling toward him became a curious medley of sympathy and condemnation. There was about the whole business that which English people especially resent. By the very fact of his presence before them every Sunday, and his public ministrations, he was exhibiting to them, as it were, the seamed and blushing face of his daughter's private life, besides affording one long and glaring demonstration of the failure of the Church to guide its flock. If a man could not keep his own daughter in the straight path — whom could he? Resign! The word began to be thought about, but not yet spoken. He had been there so long; he had spent so much money on the church and the parish; his gentle, dreamy manner was liked. He was a gentleman, and had helped many people; and, though his love of music and vestments had always caused some heartburnings, yet it had given a certain *cachet* to the church. For women, at any rate, are always glad to know that the church they go to is capable of drawing their fellow women away from other churches. Besides, it was wartime, and moral delinquency, which, in time of peace, would have bulked too large to neglect, was now less insistently dwelt on by minds preoccupied with food and air-raids. Things, of course, could not go on as they were; but as yet they did go on.



"I am to choose, you mean, betwe

2

The talked-about is always the last to hear the talk; and nothing concrete or tangible came Pierson's way. He went about his usual routine without seeming change. And yet there was a change, secret and creeping. Wounded almost to death himself, he felt as though surrounded by one great wound in others; but it was some weeks before anything occurred to rouse within him the weapon of anger or the protective impulse.

And then, one day, a little swift brutality shook him to the very soul. He was coming home from a long parish round and had turned into the square when a low voice behind him said,

"Wot price the little barstard?"

A cold, sick feeling caught his breath away; he gasped, spun round, and saw two big, loutish boys walking fast away. With swift, stealthy passion he sprang after them, and, putting his hands on their two neighboring shoulders, wrenched them rou so that they faced him, with mouths fallen open in alarm. Sha ing them with all his force, he said,

"How dare you—how dare you use that word?"

His face and voice must have been rather terrible, for t scare in their faces brought him to sudden consciousness of own violence, and he dropped his hands. In two seconds, th were at the corner. There they stopped for a second; one them shouted, "Gran'pa!" Then they vanished, and he w left with lips and hands quivering, and a feeling that he had r

known for years—the weak, white, empty feeling one has aft yielding utterly to sudden murderous passion. He crossed ov and stood leaning against the garden railings, with the thoug "God forgive me! I could have killed them—I could have kill them!" How awful! There had been a devil in him. If he h had something in his hand, he might now have been a murder Only one had spoken, but he could have killed them both. A the word was true, and was in all mouths—all low, comm mouths, day after day, of his own daughter's child! The ghast ness of this thought, brought home so utterly, made him writ and grasp the railings as if he would have bent them.

From that day on, a creeping sensation of being rejected men never left him; the sense of identification with Noel a this tiny outcast became ever more poignant and real; the desi to protect them ever more passionate, and the feeling that rou

there were whispering voices, pointing fingers, and a grow-
alevolence. He was beginning, too, to realize the deep and
n truth: How easily the breath of scandal destroys the in-
e and sanctity of those endowed therewith by vocation;
nvaluable it is to feel untarnished, and how difficult to feel
when others think you tarnished.

tried to be with Noel as much as possible; and in the
ngs they sometimes went on walks together, without ever
ıg of what was always in their minds. Between six and
the girl was giving sittings to Lavendie in the drawing-room,
ometimes Pierson would come there and play to them. He
lways possessed now by a ense of the danger Noel ran from
anionship with any man. On three occasions, Jimmy Fort



aughter and my parish?"

his appearance after dinner. He had so little to say that
s difficult to understand why he came, but, sharpened by
ıew dread for his daughter, Pierson noticed his eyes always
ving her.

Ie admires her," he thought; and often he would try his
st to grasp the character of this man, who had lived such a
g life. "Is he—can he be the sort of man I would trust
e to?" he would think. "Oh, that I should have to hope
his that some good man would marry her—my little Nollie,
ld only the other day!"

these sad, painful, lonely weeks, he found a spot of some-
like refuge in Leila's sitting-room, and would go there often
alf an hour when she was back from her hospital. That
black-walled room, with its Japanese prints and its flowers,
ed him. And Leila soothed him, innocent as he was of any knowledge of her latest aberration, and perhaps conscious that she herself was not too happy. To watch her arranging flowers, singing her little French songs, or to find her beside him, listening to his confidences, were the only real pleasures he knew in these days. And Leila, in turn, would watch him and think: "Poor Edward! He has never lived, and never will—now." But now and then the thought would shoot through her: "Perhaps he's to be envied. He doesn't feel what I feel, anyway. Why did I fall in love again?"

They did not speak of Noel as a rule, but one evening she expressed her views roundly.

"You made a great mistake in making Noel come back, Edward. It was quixotic. You'll be lucky if real mischief doesn't come of it. She's not a patient character; one fine day she'll do something rash. And, mind you, she'll be much more likely to break out if she sees the world treating you badly than if it happens to herself. I should send her back to the country before she makes bad worse."

"I can't do that, Leila. We must live it down together."

"Wrong, Edward. You should take things as they are."

With a heavy sigh, Pierson answered:

"I wish I could see her future. She's so attractive. And her defenses are gone. She's lost everything—faith, and belief in all that a good woman should be. The day after she came back, she told me she was ashamed of herself. But since—she's not given a sign. She's so proud—my poor little Nollie! I see how men admire her, too. Our Belgian friend is painting her. He's a good man; but he finds her beautiful—and who can wonder? And your friend, Captain Fort. Fathers are supposed to be blind, but they see very clear sometimes."

Leila rose and drew down a blind.

"This sun—" she said. "Does Jimmy Fort come to you often?"

"Oh, no; very seldom. But still—I can tell."

"You bat—you blunderer!" thought Leila. "See? You can't even see this beside you!"

"I expect he's sorry for her," she said, in a queer voice.

"Why should he be sorry? He doesn't know."

"Oh, yes; he knows. I told him."

"You told him?"

"Yes," Leila repeated stubbornly; "and he's sorry for her."

And even then "this monk" beside her did not see, and went blundering on.

"No, no; it's not merely that he's sorry. By the way he looks at her, I know I'm not mistaken. I've wondered— What do you think, Leila? He's too old for her; but he seems an honorable, kind man."

Oh, a most honorable, kind man! But only by pressing her hand against her lips had she smothered a burst of bitter laughter. He, who saw nothing, could yet notice Fort's eyes when he looked at Noel and be positive that he was in love with her. How plainly those eyes must speak! Her control gave way.

"All this is very interesting," she said, spurning her words, like Noel, "considering that he's more than my friend, Edward."

It gave her a sort of pleasure to see him wince. "These blind bats!" she thought, terribly stung that he should so clearly assume her out of the running. Then she was sorry, his face became so still and wistful. And, turning away, she said: "Oh, I sha'n't break my heart; I'm a good loser. And I'm a good fighter, too; perhaps I sha'n't lose." And snapping off a sprig of geranium, she pressed it to her lips.

"Forgive me," said Pierson slowly; "I didn't know. I'm stupid. I thought your love for your poor soldiers had left no room for other feelings."

Leila uttered a shrill laugh.

"What have they to do with each other? Did you never hear of passion, Edward? Oh—don't look at me like that! Do you think a woman can't feel passion at my age? As much as ever, more than ever, because it's all slipping away."

She took her hand from her lips, but a geranium petal was left clinging there, like a blood stain. "What's your life been all these years?" she went on vehemently. "Suppression of passion—nothing else! You monks twist nature up with holy words, and try to disguise what the veriest simpleton can see. Well, *I* haven't suppressed passion, Edward. That's all."

"And are you happier for that?"

"I was—and I shall be again."

A little smile curled Pierson's lips.

"'Shall be?" he said. "I hope so. It's just two ways of looking at things, Leila."

"Oh, Edward, don't be so gentle! I suppose you don't think a person like me can ever really love?"

He was standing before her with his head down, and a sense that, naif and batlike as he was, there was something in him she could not reach nor understand made her cry out:

"I've not been nice to you! Forgive me, Edward! I'm so unhappy."

"There was a Greek who used to say, 'God is the helping of man by man.' It isn't true, but it's beautiful. Good-by, dear Leila, and don't be sorrowful."

She squeezed his hand and turned to the window.

She stood there watching his black figure cross the road in the sunshine and pass round the corner by the railings of the church. He walked quickly, very upright; there was something unseeing even about that back view of him; or was it that he saw—another world? She had never lost the mental habits of her orthodox girlhood, and, in spite of all impatience, recognized his sanctity. When he had disappeared, she went into her bedroom. What he had said, indeed, was no discovery. She had known. Oh, she had known! "Why didn't I accept Jimmy's offer? Why didn't I marry him? Is it too late?" she thought. "Could I? Would he—even now?" But then she started away from her own thought. Marry him! Knowing his heart was with this girl?

She looked long at her face in the mirror, studying, with a fearful interest, the little hard lines and markings there beneath their light coating of powder. She examined the cunning touches of coloring matter here and there in her front hair. Were they cunning enough? Did they deceive? They seemed to her suddenly to stare out. She fingered and smoothed the slight looseness and fulness of the skin below her chin. She stretched herself, and passed her hands down over her whole form, searching, as it were, for slackness, or thickness. And she had the bitter thought: "I'm all out. I'm doing all I can." The lines of a little poem Fort had shown her went thrumming through her head:

> Time, you old Gipsy man,
> Will you not stay—
> Put up your caravan
> Just for a day?

What more could she do? He did not like to see her lips reddened. She had marked his disapprovals, watched him wipe his mouth after a kiss, when he thought she couldn't see him. "Noel's lips are no redder," she thought, "really. What has she better than I? Youth—dew on the grass!" Ah, that didn't last long! But long enough to "do *her* in," as her soldier men would say. And, suddenly, she revolted against herself, against Fort, against this chilled and foggy country, felt a fierce nostalgia for African sun and the African flowers, the happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth existence of those five years before the war began. High Constantia at grape harvest! How many years ago—ten years, eleven years! Ah! To have before her those ten years *with him!* Ten years in the sun! He would have loved her then, and gone on loving her! And she would have tired of him, as she had tired of those others. "In h hour," she thought, "he'll be here, sit opposite me; I sha him struggling, forcing himself to seem affectionate. It' humbling! But I don't care; I want him!"

She searched her wardrobe for some garment or touch of novelty of any sort, to help her. But she had tried them those little tricks—was bankrupt. And such a discour heavy mood came on her that she did not even change but back in her nurse's dress and lay down on the divan, prete to sleep while the maid set out the supper. She lay there m and motionless, trying to summon courage, feeling that i showed herself beaten, she was beaten, knowing that she held him by pity. But when she heard his footstep on the s she swiftly passed her hands over her cheeks, as if to pres blood out of them, and lay absolutely still. She hoped she was white, and indeed she was, with finger-marks unde eyes, for she had suffered greatly this last hour. Through lashes, she saw him halt and look at her in surprise. A or ill—which? She did not move. She wanted to watch He tiptoed across the room and stood looking down at There was a furrow between his eyes. "Ah," she thought, *were* dead, it would suit you, my kind friend!" He bent a toward her; she wondered suddenly whether she looked gra lying there, and was sorry she had not changed her dress. saw him shrug his shoulders ever so faintly with a puzzled movement. He had not seen that she was shamming.



"You've slaved for those people y and they wou

his face was—not mean, secret, callous! She opened her
, which, against her will, had in them the despair she was
ng. He went on his knees, and lifting her hand to his lips,
hem with it.
immy," she said gently, "I'm an awful bore to you Poor
ny! No—don't pretend! I know what I know."
) God, what am I saying?" she thought. "It's fatal—
! I ought never—" And drawing his head to her, she
sed it to her heart. Then, instinctively aware that this
ient had been pressed to its uttermost, she scrambled up,
d his forehead, stretched herself, and laughed.
was asleep, dreaming—dreaming you loved me. Wasn't it
y? Come along. There are oysters—for the last time this
"
l that evening, as if both knew they had been looking over a
ipice, they seemed to be treading warily, desperately anx-
not to rouse emotion in each other, or touch on things
h must bring a scene. And Leila talked incessantly of
ca.
Don't you long for the sun, Jimmy? Couldn't we—couldn't
go? Oh, why doesn't this wretched war end? All that we've
here at home—every scrap of wealth and comfort and age
art and music—I'd give it all for the light and the sun out
e. Wouldn't you?"
nd Fort said he would, knowing well of one thing which he
ld not give. And she knew that as well as he.
hey were both gayer than they had been for a long time; so



years, and you've had no pleasure and you've had no love;
e *that* if you broke your heart"

that when he had gone, she fell back once more on to the divan and, burying her face in a cushion, wept bitterly.

V

I

It was not quite disillusionment that Pierson felt while he walked away. Perhaps he had not really believed in Leila's regeneration. It was more an acute discomfort, an increasing loneliness. A soft and restful spot was now denied him; a certain warmth and allurement had gone out of his life. He had not even the feeling that it was his duty to try and save Leila by persuading her to marry Fort. He had always been too sensitive, too much, as it were, of a gentleman, for the robuster sorts of evangelism. Such delicacy had been a stumbling-block to him all through professional life. In the eight years when his wife was with him, all had been more certain, more direct and simple, with the help of her sympathy, judgment, and companionship. At her death, a sort of mist had gathered in his soul. No one ever spoke plainly to him. To a clergyman, who does? No one told him in so many words that he should marry again—that to stay unmarried was bad for him physically and spiritually, fogging and perverting life, not driving him, indeed, as it drives many, to intolerance and cruelty, but to that half-living dreaminess and the vague, unhappy yearnings which so constantly beset him. All these celibate years he had really only been happy in his music, or in far-away country places, taking strong exercise, and losing himself in the beauties of nature; and since the war began he had only once, for those three days at Kestrel, been out of London.

He walked home, going over in his mind very anxiously all the evidence he had of Fort's feeling for Noel. How many times had he been to them since she came back? Only three times—three evening visits. And he had not been alone with her a single minute. Before this calamity befell his daughter, he would never have observed anything in Fort's demeanor; but, in his new watchfulness, he had seen the almost reverential way he looked at her, noticed the extra softness of his voice when he spoke to her, and once a look of sudden pain, a sort of dulling of his whole self, when Noel had got up and gone out of the room. And the girl herself? Twice he had surprised her gazing at Fort, when he was not looking, with a sort of brooding interest. He remembered how, as a little girl, she would watch grown-ups, and then suddenly one day attach herself to them and be quite devoted. Yes; he must warn her before she could possibly become entangled. In his fastidious chastity, the opinion he had held of Fort was suddenly lowered. He, already a freethinker, was now revealed as a free-liver. Poor little Nollie! Endangered again already! Every man a kind of wolf waiting to pounce on her!

He found Lavendie and Noel in the drawing-room, standing before the portrait, which was nearing completion. He looked at it for a long minute and turned away.

"Don't you think it's like me, daddy?"

"It's like you; but it hurts me—it hurts me. I can't tell why."

He saw the smile of a painter whose picture is being criticized come on Lavendie's face.

"It is perhaps the coloring that does not please you, *monsieur?*"

"No, no; deeper. The expression—what is she waiting for?"

The defensive smile died on Lavendie's lips.

"It is as I see her, *monsieur le curé.*"

Pierson turned again to the picture, and suddenly covered his eyes.

"She looks fey," he said, and went out of the room.

Lavendie and Noel remained staring at the picture.

"'Fey?' What does that mean, *mademoiselle?*"

"Possessed—or something."

And they continued to stare at the picture till Lavendie said,

"I think there is still a little too much light on that ear."

2

The same evening, at bedtime, Pierson called Noel back.

"Nollie, I want you to know something. In all but the name, Captain Fort is a married man."

He saw her flush, and felt his own face darkening with color.

She said calmly,

"I know—to Leila."

"Do you mean she has told you?" Noel shook her head. "Then how?"

"I guessed. Daddy, don't treat me as a child any more. What's the use now?"

He sat down in the chair before the hearth and covered his face with his hands. By the quivering of those hands and the movement of his shoulders, she could tell that he was stifling emotion, perhaps even crying; and, sinking down on his knees, she pressed his hands and face to her, murmuring:

"Oh, daddy dear! Oh, daddy dear!"

He put his arms round her, and they sat a long time with their cheeks pressed together, not speaking a word.

VI

1

The day after that silent outburst of emotion in the drawing-room was a Sunday. And, obeying the longing, awakened overnight, to be as good as she could to her father, Noel said to him,

"Would you like me to come to church?"

"Of course, Nollie."

How could he have answered otherwise? To him, church was the home of comfort and absolution, where people must bring their sins and troubles—a haven of sinners, the fount of charity, of forgiveness and love. Not to have believed that after all these years would have been to deny all his usefulness in life, and to cast a slur on the house of God.

And so Noel walked there with him, for Gratian had gone down to George at Dover for the week-end. She slipped quietly up the side aisle to their empty pew under the pulpit. Never turning her eyes from the chancel, she remained unconscious of the stir her presence made during that hour and twenty minutes. Behind her, the dumb currents of wonder, disapproval, and resentment ran a stealthy course. On the back of that young head, with the fair hair curling in to the neck, all eyes were fixed sooner or later, and every mind became the playground of judgments. From every soul, kneeling, standing, or sitting, while the voice of the service droned, sang, or spoke, a kind of glare radiated onto that one small, devoted head, which seemed so ludicrously devout. She disturbed their devotions—this girl who had betrayed her father, her faith, her class. She ought to repent, of course, and church was the right place; yet there was something brazen in her repenting there before their very eyes. She was too palpable a flaw in the crystal of the Church's authority, too visible a rent in the raiment of their priest. Her figure focused all the uneasy amazement and heart-searchings of these last weeks. Mothers quivered with the knowledge that their daughters could see her, wives with the idea that their husbands were seeing her. Men experienced sensations varying from condemnation to a sort of covetousness. Young folk wondered and felt inclined to giggle. Old maids could hardly bear to look. Here and there, a man or woman who had seen life face to face was simply sorry. The consciousness of all who knew her personally was at stretch how to behave if they came within reach of her in going out. For, though only half a dozen would actually rub shoulders with her, all knew that they might be, and many felt it their duty to be, of that half-dozen, so as to establish their attitude once for all. It was, in fact, too severe a test for human nature and the feelings which the Church ought to exercise. The stillness of that young figure, the impossibility of seeing her face and judging of her state of mind thereby, finally, a faint, lurking shame that they should be so intrigued and disturbed by something which had to do with sex in this house of worship—all combined to produce in every mind that herd-feeling of defense which so soon becomes offensive. And, half unconscious, half aware of it all, Noel stood and sat and knelt. Once or twice she saw her father's eyes fixed on her, and, still in the glow of last night's pity and remorse, felt a kind of worship for his thin, grave face. But, for the most part, her own wore the expression Lavendie had translated to his canvas—the look of one ever waiting for the extreme moments of life, for those few and fleeting poignancies which existence holds for the human heart—a look neither hungry nor dissatisfied, but dreamy and expectant, which might blaze warmth and depth at any moment, and then go back to dream.

When the last notes of the organ died away, she continue sit very still without looking round. There was no second vice, and the congregation melted out behind her and had persed into the streets and squares long before she left pew. After hesitating whether or no to go to the vestry she turned away and walked home alone.

It was this evasion of all contact which probably clinched business. The absence of vent, of any escape-pipe for the ings, is always dangerous. If Noel had come out among all t whose devotions her presence had disturbed, if, in that exit, s had shown and others had witnessed one knows not what manifested ostracism, the outraged sense of social decency m have been appeased and sleeping dogs allowed to lie, for we get used to things, and, after all, the war took precedenc every mind, even over social decency. But none of this hac curred, and a sense that Sunday after Sunday the same outrage would happen to them moved more than a dozen unrelated persons, and caused the posting that evening many letters, signed and unsigned, to a certain quarter. Lor is no place for parish conspiracy, and a situation which in country would have provoked meetings more or less public, possibly a resolution, could perhaps only thus be dealt Besides, in certain folk there is ever a mysterious itch to an unsigned letter—such missives satisfy some obscure sens justice, some uncontrollable longing to get even with those have hurt or disturbed them, without affording the offen chance for further hurt or disturbance.

Letters which are posted often reach their destination.

2

On Wednesday morning, Pierson was sitting in his study a hour devoted to the calls of his parishioners when the maid nounced, "Canon Rushbourne, sir," and he saw before hin old college friend whom he had met but little in recent y His visitor was a short, gray-haired man of a rather p figure, whose round, rosy, good-humored face had a look of s goodness, and whose light-blue eyes shone a little. He gra Pierson's hand, and said, in a voice to whose natural, heavy nance professional duty had added a certain unction:

"My dear Edward, how many years it is since we met! you remember dear old Blakeway? I saw him only yeste He's just the same. I'm delighted to see you again." An laughed a little soft, nervous laugh. Then, for a few mome he talked of the war and old college-days, and Pierson looke him and thought, "What has he come for?"

"You've something to say to me, Alec," he said, at last.

Canon Rushbourne leaned forward in his chair and answe with evident effort:

"Yes; I wanted to have a little talk with you, Edward hope you won't mind; I do hope you won't."

"Why should I mind?"

Canon Rushbourne's eyes shone more than ever; there real friendliness in his face.

"I know you've every right to say to me, 'Mind your business.' But I made up my mind to come as a friend, ho to save you from—er—" He stammered, and began again. think you ought to know of the feeling that—er—that— your position is very delicate. Without breach of confiden may tell you that letters have been sent to headquarters; can imagine perhaps what I mean. Do believe, my dear fri that I'm actuated by my old affection for you—and not else, I do assure you."

In the silence his breathing could be heard, as of a ma little touched with asthma, while he continually smoothed thick, black knees, his whole face radiating an anxious kindli The sun shone brightly on those two black figures, so very di ent, and drew out of their well-worn garments the faint, la green mossiness which underlies the clothes of clergymen.

At last, Pierson said,

"Thank you, Alec; I understand."

The canon uttered a resounding sigh.

"You didn't realize how very easily people misinterpret being here with you; it seems to them a kind—a kind of c lenge. They were bound, I think, to feel that; and I'm af in consequence—" He stopped, moved by the fact that Pie had closed his eyes.

"I am to choose, you mean, between my daughter and parish?"

(*Continued on page*



The "Canary" Girl

JULIA SANDERSON has grace, charm, good looks, a fine singing voice—and a smile; and these possessions brought her quickly to the front rank of musical-comedy stars. This season, the medium for her abilities is "The Canary," a piece of French origin, for which Ivan Caryll, Irving Berlin, and others have written some very captivating music.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



A "Follies" Favorite

ANN PENNINGTON continues to be one of the leading favorites of the Ziegfeld "Follies," a place which is of no small importance among America's entertainers, and one which she holds on account of the consummate skill and fascinating grace with which she dances her way through a show that might almost be called a national institution.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS,



A Popular Heroine

APHED BY LEWIS-SMITH

RUTH CHATTERTON is preparing to add another to the list of American heroines with which, in "The Rainbow," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Come Out of the Kitchen," she has delighted the theatergoing public. Meanwhile, she is playing the rôle of the Comtesse de Candale in the sparkling Dumas comedy, "A Marriage of Convenience."



Pretty Peggy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

PEGGY HOPKINS owes her present position of leading woman in "A Place in the Sun" to her clever work in a short scene with Lew Fields in "The Century Girl of 1917." Her dramatic ability thus came to a manager's notice, and wider opportunities promptly followed. Miss Hopkins began her stage career with the Ziegfeld "Follies."

Bargain-Price

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams



"I will not!" The terror in her eyes struggled with a fierce spirit glowing within her

[N the kitchen, beyond the shabby, pretentious sitting-room furnished in green plush, where the Manchu gentleman, bulky, beautifully groomed, inexpressibly benevolent, sat talking to Pachico, the Canarsie Kid, the footfalls Delia Baird would patter, now light as a squirrel's, now slow as at's, but all the time to some well-defined rhythm, as though her mind a great orchestra played music she was dancing to. The simian-faced gangster leaned toward Mun Sin. He iled that utter leer of his.

"Some baby!" He nodded his head toward the kitchen. The Kid can pick 'em. The best looker in Manhattan, and ne dancer—believe me!"

"Miss Baird," Mun Sin agreed, with that little lisp which ll persist in his English until the day of his death, "Miss ird is a very beautiful woman. Now, to go back to what were talking about——"

"Well, you want to know how Dutch Louis got his." Pachico nned. "The cops were after him all the time, and they had thing on him—see? Though they knew as well as I did at he had pulled off that International Bank business—see? they could only get him under the Sullivan Law, they could ld him. But Louis was wise—see? So he gets a kid to carry gun. And the Happy Gang—see?—laying for Louis, gets ld of the kid; so you see. And sails into Louis, and what s left of Louis wasn't worth picking up."

Delia Baird came through the sitting-room, slender, brown-ired, warm-eyed, not yet twenty. Even in those days—and at was five years ago—before ever a stage was danced over her, she had that mature look of womanhood, every slender e as clear-cut as a statue of silver, and in her eyes then, as in em now, was that look of terror that people cannot explain.

"Come here, baby!" The Canarsie Kid motioned her over. Mun Sin rose deferentially. The gangster caught her by the shoulder. "Some looker! How would you like taking her back to China—eh, boss?"

The Manchu gentleman's eyes glinted at Pachico with the quiet, hostile glance of a snake's. The Kid didn't notice that. He was holding on to Delia Baird.

"Well, it might be arranged." Pachico laughed and let her go. "Now tell me"—Mun Sin turned the conversation—"how you killed Patsy Kerrigan?"

"That," Pachico admitted freely, "was a fine piece of work. But say"—he laughed—"every time you ask me questions like that, I got to stop kidding myself I ain't dreaming. What are you doing—writing a book?"

"I told you," Mun Sin said patiently, "that I had come here to learn the art of murder, and that I wanted and would pay the biggest master in his line."

Even in China now, the unchangeable China of Kublai Khan, the old order has passed away. And the China that San Francisco knew and that New York knew has gone with it. The hatchet-man is dead as any old Crusader in his armor and panoply of war, and in New York, where the Tongs waged their battles, no longer slant-eyed, black-bloused men creep through the alleys at night with their heavy pistols up their sleeves. The Six Companies have no more got their captains and armed battalions to do secret warfare in the streets, and to practise what the Western World calls murder.

Perhaps the world has grown more honest since then, and, thinking in the straight line they always use, the yellow men have decided that there is no more need for the hatchet-man

and the secret assassin. They feel that they can now bring their wrongs to the strange tribunal of the New World, with its foreign language and unknown oaths, and have justice done them. Or else why have they given up their time-honored custom of dealing out justice in their own way? It certainly is not fear.

Now, when Mun Sin, of Macao, that big, bland genius, undertook the consolidation of the nineteen silk companies—as great a thing in its unknown way as any steel or oil combine in America—there still was a distrust of Occidental law. The old silk companies refused to be misunderstood in courts, and relied upon their own conscience—no little thing when all is said and done—to decide the right or wrong of injuries and to mete out justice and law.

They sat around in solemn conclave, the five great men of them. Hsien Ping, of Hong Kong, who is very old; Yang Ho, known as "Hu"; Chu Hsi, of Peking, in greater regard as a poet than as a merchant; Kang Chang, of Nanking, the youngest millionaire in China, and Mun Sin, big and bland, and striking a strange note in his rough Scotch tweeds among their brocades and fans and coral buttons.

"It is not dignified," insisted Hsien Ping, "to hire a butcher from the street to do justice on a man." He twiddled his fan and spoke straightly to them. "Among us there should be one who is responsible in this thing, who will control the fighters and the hatchet-men, and give them orders and know degrees of punishment."

"In other words, sir," Mun Sin said gravely, "you believe that some one ought to study methods in America, so as to be able to give orders and see they are carried out."

"I do," said old Hsien.

"Well then," Mun Sin quoted from the "Analects," "'the superior man will face an event and carry it through successfully.' I will undertake this myself."

And so, in due course, Mun Sin, of Macao, arrived in New York and, by devious means, came to school to killer Pachico, the Canarsie Kid, whom even Spanish Jake and Young Chinko consider a great murderer—which is a lot from jealous masters of their kidney—and he met Delia Baird, and one day he saw her dance.

We all, who have ever seen her dance—the brown and pretty little woman and the great artist that she is—have seen her on a huge stage with throbbing harps and violins and dim lights. We have seen in "Sumûrun" a little bronze figure vibrating with passion. We have seen her pure and wraithlike in "Les Sylphides." We have seen her outdo the pride of Russia in "Schéhérazade." We all know that she is great. But Mun Sin saw her in a dingy apartment on One Hundred and Tenth Street, dancing in a dark skirt and blouse to a barrel-organ grinding, from the shabby street below, the "Funeral March of a Marionette," and he saw Genius.

He had come up to the apartment, leaving his car outside, and unthinkingly he had pushed the door open—unthinkingly, because Mun Sin was the soul of courtesy, and not even on Pachico, the Italian murderer, would he intrude without knocking. He opened the door and stood still.

In step with the staccato, cynical melody, Delia Baird was going round the room with the faltering, grotesque movements of a doll—a wounded doll—and that, if you can imagine it, is more pathetic than a wounded animal. The strain changed to a wild abandon, and she gave three little transitional steps to the right and four to the left, and then, with a leap like a swan and a smile in her eyes, she began to whirl about the room in the graceful lines of the wind among the grass.

"Oh, I beg your pardon." She stopped as she saw him, blushing furiously. There was nothing Mun Sin, for all his courtesy, could find to say.

Pachico came up the stairs behind them.

"She's been dancing, hey? Well, that's more than I can get her to do unless I give her the knuckles and the boots. Go on in," he ordered her, "and put on that gauze I bought you and show us what you can do. Do you get me?" His black, close-shaven simian face glittered with anger.

"I will not!" The terror in her eyes struggled with a fierce spirit glowing within her.

"'Tain't because she's so blamed ashamed," Pachico snarled, "but because she don't want me to see her dancing. I'll show her——"

Mun Sin interposed gently

"Some other time." He bowed to Delia Baird. "You are a great dancer, Miss Baird, and you are going to get your chance to dance, I promise you that. In the mean time"—he turned to the Kid—"if we can go ahead with the talk——"

And so they went ahead, and Pachico, who really knew subject, warmed up and opened his experience to Mun Sin Macao. He told him how John Regan died, and how the myst ous Westerner in the Prince Albert coat killed Hans Kellne a hotel, in 1903—a thing the police would like to know; Achmet Bey, the Syrian, "got his," in Pachico's quaint eup mism. He told him of the various thrusts and guards with Italian stiletto. He told him that the safest place to kil man was in a crowd if you were going to use a knife; fro taxi with a gun at night, if it were impossible to use the kn He told him the best way to kill women was a hatpin thro the eye and then close the lids, as though they were asle He told him of terrible things, like the Liverpool strangleh and blows in the Japanese style which kill instantaneou though of these Mun Sin already knew. He told him of incredibly filthy method of killing a bound man and leav no trace. He was terse, vigorous, and to the point, and to that he said, Mun Sin listened intently and silently and in estedly, as the disciples Yu and Chin listened to Confucius plaining the Doctrine of the Mean.

There is nothing to be said, I grant you, for this Pach but there is a good deal to be explained about him. His mot died when he was so young he could never remember her, a his father was electrocuted, when the boy was seven, fo particularly brutal murder. Pachico had his father's str but brains that his father never had, and an early training w "Tiger" Paletto, of the Gowanus section, that reckless *mafi* which stood him in good stead all his life. At nine, he alre had one murder to his credit—a passionate, boyish crime.

He was passing a fruit store when he heard the proprie miscall Paletto. To insult the Tiger was more than blasphe to the little hero-worshiper. He turned on the man, a gau great-beaked Calabrian. His eyes glittered.

"What have you got to say against Patello?"

"What I got to say against Patello? *Ebbene*. He came do here this morn'. He ask me give 'em up fiv' doll'. I say w for—fiv' doll'. He say' give 'em up fiv' doll' quick, *corpo Christo*, or——"

Pachico looked at the gesticulating man with contempt. "*Calabres!*" The man turned on him with a kick and "*Fi d'un' cane!*"

Patello himself could never have sprung so quickly with stiletto. The words were hardly out of the man's mouth bef he was dead. Pachico was kept out of harm's way among clannish Sicilian people by the Tiger until the whole thing blown by. One Calabrian fruit-dealer, more or less, makes li stir in the world; and besides, when Pachico came out of hidi the witness to the killing was himself dead.

The second was known to the police—the drowning of a m at Coney Island. But at Coney Island the tide is strong, a if you can't produce a *corpus delicti*, you can't prove a murd The patrolman on beat had seen the victim pushed off the p

"But where is this guy?" Pachico asked brazenly

"I'll give you a straight tip," Center Street told him; "w get you yet."

Nor did they the third time, for the Canarsie Kid, as he called, now that he lived for the present on Long Island a needed a name fulfilling his station, could prove that he kil the man in self-defense.

"What's the use?" the police decided

They didn't mean it, but there was none. Now surround by a gang, Pachico could have his weapons carried for h could have himself driven on forays in taxis by trusted li tenants. Alibis could be proven for him by terrified salo keepers. Depraved women and courtesans of the meaner s flocked to him to pay tribute, and other women he forci took from their homes.

"Gee! The way I got that Baird kid was funny, hones he told Mun Sin; "and yet it wasn't so blamed funny, eithe And his jaw distorted. "A lot of money could be made out her, if I could only get her to work. I seen her dancing a on the street on Third Avenue, Brooklyn. Her father wa rummy, and he's dead, anyway. Got fresh with one of boys. She was only fifteen, and I picks her up. I seen t Maud Allan dance. You wouldn't think it, but I go to sh like that. Yeh, and Isadora Duncan. I went to see w there was in it and to talk to the guys about it. They tell there's big money in it. So I sent her to school. And right; she's an artist, I tell you, fellow. And now she g back on me."

"She won't work?" asked the Manchu suavely.



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

Against a background of black velvet, to a harp and flute and fiddle, she poured her soul out

"Oh, she'll work, but she won't dance for to put money in my hands. She says dancing is bigger than her and me together, and nothing doing. Listen, Jack"—he became earnest—"I've beaten her. I've taken the flesh off her shoulders. If ever a woman saw hell, she saw it, and she won't dance. I was going to give her the hot poker. Only, that would mark her up if she changed her mind—see? And I've put money into that job."

"But she may run away," suggested Mun Sin.

"She'll not run far. She'll get hers if she does, and she knows it. She's scared of that."

"You look on her as your property, then?"

"Of course she's my property—what do you mean? Didn't I put good coin into her? Say, listen" —the Canarsie Kid leaned back and eyed the Manchu shrewdly— "why shouldn't you take her off my hands? You got plenty of cash."

"It might be arranged."

"Maybe not a question of money, eh? You got ships. Maybe some opium could be smuggled over. A fair exchange—see?"

"A fair exchange, at any rate." Mun Sin was knitting his brows.

"Sure you could do it." Pachico was smiling. The bad investment was off his mind. He leaned forward and touched the Manchu pleasantly on the knee. "You Chinks are funny guys, but you're honest. You'll see that I get what was coming to me. Sure you will."

"I think I will," said Mun Sin, with his benevolent smile.

He had, with the gay permission of Pachico, taken her down to a hall, where she danced for him. Money had never been much of an object with Mun Sin; he knew too much about life for that. And where a matter of art was concerned, money was nothing. Against a background of black velvet, to a harp and flute and fiddle, she poured her soul out.

"She is the greatest dancer in the world," said Mun Sin to himself, and the Kid's smile on his lips grew more benevolent and the glitter in his eyes harder as he thought of Pachico. "And she might have been lost!"

I think it must have been the greatest thing in dancing history to have seen Delia Baird dance that day. As you and I see her now, she is trained. She is running, in a manner of speaking, to form, as much as genius can run to form. "Sumûrun," "Les Sylphides"—all dancers do those. But that day, Mun Sin relates, she danced subjects from her heart—"The Dance of Falling Peach Blossoms," she called one; "The Dance of the Returning Swallow," with its dips and swinging curves; "The Dance of Running Rivers," with now rippling, now rapid, now swinging, powerful movements. And the harp gave out its deep, throbbing notes, and the flute sang querulously, like a complaining bird, and the violin poured out strong music, as a flask pours strong wine.

The queer music finished on a long note, and her feet stoppe gently, and the light went out of her eyes and her face. From radiant creature she became a dejected girl, broken and brow and slender, with quivering mouth and clasped hands. Sh looked at Mun Sin, her eyes swimming with tears.

"What is it, my little lady?" the Manchu asked.

"I don't want to go to China," sh nearly sobbed.

"But you are not going to China.

"Pachico said I was going to Chin that you had bought me." She ha crumpled to her knees an was sobbing aloud. "An I'm not that kind. O Goo I shall die!" Her voice ros to a scream nearly. "I sha



Swifter than cats and surer than bolts of lightning, the Cantonese were on top of the Kid. They held him with vicious hammer-locks. They pulled him to his feet

only die! Even now, I am married to Pachico. He said I would kill me if I told it. He wanted to have a hold on me I danced." Her hands went before her eyes and her head fo ward on her bosom. "O God, I shall die! I shall surely die!

"My dear"—the Manchu brought her hands from her eyes nd looked in them smilingly—"in Macao, in my home, there re women and children, and to bring you there would be to hurt ıem more than to hurt you. And I never wanted to bring ou there, for I am not a cheap coolie, to huckster about a woman. nd even Macao is a quiet old place with gardens and Portuguese hristians and hills and old market-squares—a backwash of ıe world. And the place for you to be is in the world itself. ou will dance. That's all I want."

"You don't want me?" She was incredulous.

"I do not," he said gravely.

"But Pachico said you bought me."

"I am going to buy you."

"Pachico," she broke down again, "is—married to me."

"That is something I can also settle," said Mun Sin, and ıe smile on his face might have been the smile of an old-time ɔnze meditating on the way called Tao.

Mun Sin, of Macao, is noted in the Celestial Kingdom for ıe excellence of his little dinners. They are not like Occidental inners, when the guests sit about, pass laughing remarks, iscuss politics, and perhaps tell a story about "Old Jim." he friends sit upon the floor in many-colored brocades and ıt strange dishes, and fan themselves, and, as the conversation ırns upon philosophy, a mandarin will take tablets from his ɔcket and, turning to his neighbor, give him a quotation to ad from the "Analects," to which his neighbor will reply ith his note-book, exhibiting a saying of Chung-tzu, and they fan themselves with their fans, and they look, as they undoubtedly are, very wise.



Wherefore it was the more notable to find Mun Sin sitting in the "chop-suey" of Yen-kow, in Mott Street, with Mike Pachico, the Canarsie Kid. It was the first time he had asked the killer out to dinner, and the killer was disappointed.

"Gee, the guy's cheap, after all," Pachico thought wryly. "He might have brought me to a regular joint."

But the dinner was so excellent in its way that Pachico forgot the lack of lights and glitter, and the glory that Sherry's might have given him.

"Care to have a drink?" the Manchu suggested.

"I never touch the stuff," the Kid nodded emphatically. "Nor dope neither." He was relaxing. The dinner was not so bad after all. The Chink didn't spare money. "The funny thing about me is I'm afraid of going mad. I'd rather have the chair than the bughouse any time—see? I'm not scared of getting killed. We all got to die some day—see? A quick bullet or even the chair. Though I'd never go to the chair."

"And why not?"

"Because I couldn't stand it. I'd go bughouse waiting for it. I've got somebody to slip me a gat and finish it quick. Say—tell you a funny thing. There's one more way for a guy getting his you ain't heard yet."

Mun Sin leaned forward, once more the diligent pupil at the master's feet.

"I never tried it myself, because that's one thing I can't meddle with on account of the bughouse business. It's been tried a couple of times in New York—see? By Turks and Armenians—see? You get a guy you got a grudge against, and you take him into a cellar and you tie him up. And there's no light—see? And sit there with him in the dark. And he knows you're going to kill him—see? And he can't get away. And maybe you got a friend will help you—see? And you tell him you're going to give him his, perhaps in an hour, perhaps in a couple of days—see? And, gee, talk about the chair! There's not the proudest guy in the world whose nerves won't give under that stuff, mister. I'd go bughouse." The killer shivered.

The Manchu smiled benevolently. He leaned forward and pushed the quaint Cantonese teapot toward the Kid.

"Another cup?" He looked at Pachico, and his eyes were no longer benevolent. "Do you think that if I said I'd do that, that the man I said it to would believe it?"

"He sure would." The gangster nodded emphatically.

Mun Sin clapped his hands. Noiselessly, in felt slippers, two lean Cantonese entered the restaurant. Pachico looked up, smiling. He had the Italian's leaning toward the dramatic, and the Punchinello silence of entry of these bloused figures with the slant, sinister eyes, like the eyes of crocodiles, made him almost break into a hand-clapping of applause. He held himself in bounds, but the look in his eyes was full of tribute. "I get you," he added; "you're going to hand it to some guy."

"Do you think these men could take care of a matter like that?"

"'Take care!'" The Kid's eyes looked scornful. "They're bad Chinks, them two! They'd take care of anything. You can leave it to them—I know."

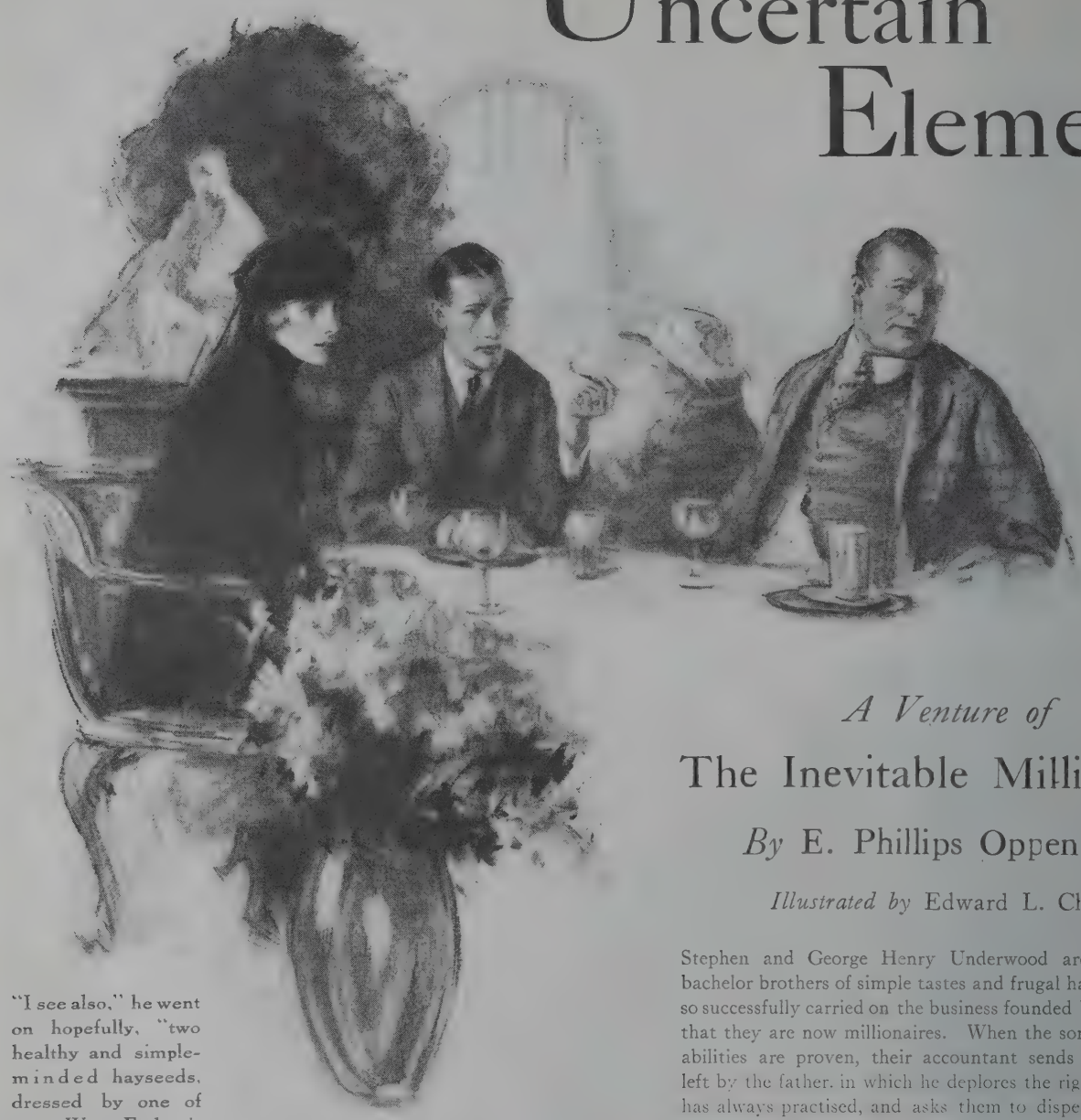
"Would you tell these men how to do that affair? They can understand English."

"Sure!" Pachico's eyes glittered with importance. "Listen, Charlie: You go get this guy the boss wants. You keep him in a cellar in the dark—see? Tied up. You guys can do it. The boss is going to tell him what's going to happen to him. And then, at the time the boss tells you, just—" He made a prolonged guttural sound in his throat, and drew his hand across it in mimicry. "They get me, don't they?"

"They do." Mun Sin's voice broke into the drawling South China speech. "Get him," he told them.

Swifter than (*Concluded on page 135*)

The Uncertain Element



"I see also," he went on hopefully, "two healthy and simple-minded hayseeds, dressed by one of your West End tailors. Are those your uncles, boy?"

A Venture of

The Inevitable Millionaires

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

Stephen and George Henry Underwood are middle-aged bachelor brothers of simple tastes and frugal habits who have so successfully carried on the business founded by their father that they are now millionaires. When the sons' commercial abilities are proven, their accountant sends them a letter left by the father, in which he deplores the rigid economy he has always practised, and asks them to disperse annually a considerable portion of their income. The only restriction is that they must not gamble in any way, even on the Stock Exchange. Faithful to this request, the brothers reluctantly increase their scale of living and look about for some means of parting with a good deal of money. An opportunity presents itself to back a musical-comedy production, in which Blanche Whitney, whom they meet through their nephew Harold, wishes to star. They believe the chances for a considerable financial loss are here very great. But "The Singing Bird" is a great success, and the brothers find themselves wealthier than before. "We must not despair," says Stephen. "There is money to be lost in the world, and we will lose it."

AN air of subdued but gentle melancholy seemed to be depressing the spirits of the two brothers, George Henry and Stephen Underwood, as they partook of their midday meal at the small table regularly reserved for them behind the door in the grill-room of the Milan. George Henry, at forty-nine, was a remarkably well-preserved specimen of the bachelor of simple habits and even temperament, and Stephen, his brother, although four years older, had also the appearance of perfect health and an excellent conscience. They wore clothes cut by a West End tailor of imagination, who, realizing the material upon which he had to draw, contrived to invest their *tout ensemble* with something of that old-fashioned distinction which they had brought with them from the world of simple commerce to the more fashionable haunts in which they were now sometimes to be met. Nevertheless, all was not entirely well with them.

"Have you, by chance," Stephen asked his brother, as he sipped his Perrier water with its slice of lemon floating at the top, "glanced at our private drawings-account this month?"

"I spent a few minutes looking it through this morning," the latter replied dismally.

"You found the result, as I did, disappointing, I fear?"

"Miserably so."

"Ours," Stephen remarked, leaning back in his place and looking with far-away eyes to the corner of the restaurant, "is a di cult position. We have only lately realized, or rather had i pressed upon us, the duty which devolves upon the fortunate on of the world to spend a reasonable proportion of their incon I think I may say that we have the desire to do so, Geor Henry?"

"Without a doubt."

"It is our lack of experience which is at fault," Stephen co tinued. "The idea of waste is repugnant to both of us. W could not, for example, order a bottle of champagne which we h no intention of drinking, and see it wasted, to swell our da expenditure. We are both handicapped by a strict sense of re

onableness. For instance, although we are paying eight hundred year for the flat here, and should have paid fifteen hundred if hey had asked us, it was quite impossible for us to take shares in diamond mine from a gentleman who was introduced to us as Ir. Douglas Fitzgerald, when we happened to know that his real ame was Moses Levinstein and that he was an undischarged ankrupt."

"Quite impossible," George Henry assented. "To throw oney away is not to spend it."

"I did at least think," Stephen complained bitterly, "that we ad managed to get rid of six or seven thousand pounds when we nanced 'The Singing Bird.'"

"Instead of which," George Henry groaned, "we found ourelves with an extra five thousand to dispose of, and more coming n. The whole affair was preposterous. Whoever heard of two gnoramuses like you and me making the first theatrical specuition of their lives and realizing several hundred per cent. n it?

"The fact of it is," George Henry agreed, "we have the knack f attracting money, Stephen, and we haven't the knack of getting id of it."

"And there doesn't seem to be anyone to help," Stephen oberved. "All the propositions that are brought to us are either an sult to our intelligence or else turn out to be really good. I do ot wish to depress you unduly, George Henry, but unless either ou or I can develop some gift of spending money reasonably nd freely, it will be the duty of one of us to think of matrimony, nd you are four years the younger."

George Henry clutched at the table-cloth. His reproachful lance at his brother had something in it of the pathos of the urt animal.

"Stephen," he protested, "you know that I can't talk to a oman for ten minutes without embarrassment. You, on the ther hand, are almost a ladies' man."

Stephen's fingers strayed mechanically to the little bristly brown-gray moustache upon his upper lip.

"There is a certain quality of confidence, George Henry," he said, "which can be developed. However, we are only at the beginning of the year. We may think of some less desperate means. There is no doubt, however, that for real and effective spending power we need to look to the other sex for help. Ah! Here comes Monsieur Louis with our port."

The chief *maître d'hôtel* himself superintended the filling of their glasses from a little dust-covered bottle borne in a cradle. Amenities as to the weather were exchanged.

"Mr. Harold Underwood was asking after you a few minutes ago, sir," the *maître d'hôtel* informed them. "He is seated behind the screen there."

"Alone?" Stephen inquired.

"I think not, sir," was the discreet reply.

Monsieur Louis departed. Stephen sighed.

"If you only had Harold's weakness for the other sex, George Henry!"

George Henry was never irritable, but often pathetic.

"You see I haven't, Stephen. There are times, I confess," he added, glancing with a little sigh toward an empty table by their side, "when I have felt some pleasure— But this is foolish. I can clearly see Harold now, Stephen. He is seated with a young lady in deep mourning and a very fat man. They appear to be looking in this direction."

"I should think it very possible," Stephen observed, "that they are talking about us."

"What we want," Mr. Hiram B. Pluck, of New York, declared, "is a backer."

"A mug with money," Harold put in.

"Somebody with the artistic or historical sense," the young lady murmured.



"Put it on paper," Mr. Pluck begged hastily. "Let me see that in black and white"

Mr. Hiram B. Pluck beamed as he raised his huge tumbler of whisky and soda to his lips, and listened placidly to the chink of the ice as its contents glided down his capacious throat. He set the glass down empty and appeared refreshed.

"The right person," he declared, "must be in existence, and, if anywhere in the world, why not in London? You have brains here, sir," he went on, addressing Harold; "you have money, and you have imagination. You have also the artistic and the historical sense."

The young lady exchanged glances with Harold.

"Uncle," she said, "Mr. Underwood has an idea."

Mr. Hiram B. Pluck's smile was meant to be encouraging, but it was obvious that he was not an optimist as regards any idea which might proceed from their companion's brain. Nevertheless, he glanced toward him politely.

"I've got two uncles," Harold announced, "who are rolling in it—kind of hard nuts in a way, but they seem lately to have taken to looking round as though they wanted to chuck a bit of the stuff about. Until this year, they'd never invested a cent outside their business, and lived in a house at Hampstead at ninety pounds a year. Now they have blossomed out into an Embankment flat here in the hotel, and they backed 'The Singing Bird.'"

Mr. Pluck was more interested.

"The backing of 'The Singing Bird,'" he admitted, "is an encouraging feature. I should like to meet your uncles, sir. My niece would like to meet them."

"They are funny old johnnies," Harold declared, "but as regards meeting them, there is no difficulty about that. See the table behind the door?"

"I see it," Mr. Pluck confessed. "I see also," he went on hopefully, "two healthy and simple-minded hayseeds, dressed by one of your West End tailors. Are those your uncles, boy? I like the material."

"Those are my uncles," Harold admitted, "and they are sitting there waiting for it. And so far as regards an introduction——"

"It's five per cent. on whatever we get out of them," Mr. Pluck promised.

"And my thanks," the pale young lady with the dark eyes and widow's weeds murmured.

Harold rose to his feet.

"It's worth a shot, anyway," he said. "I'll introduce you as we go out."

Mr. Hiram Pluck signed the bill for the party, and the trio turned toward the exit, Harold slightly in front. Mr. Pluck disclosed a height of something over six feet, with a most immense girth. He wore a light-gray suit, a beflowered tie, and the biggest smile upon one of the largest faces in Christendom. His hair was cut short, and his eyes were blue. He wore a low collar of the disappearing type. His shoes were the hall-mark of his nationality. Harold paused as he reached his uncles' table and exchanged cordial greetings with them.

"Uncle Stephen," the young man said, "I should like to introduce my friend, Mr. Hiram B. Pluck, of New York. This is my uncle, Mr. Pluck—Mr. Stephen Underwood, Mr. George Henry Underwood."

Mr. Pluck gripped the hand of each in turn, looking them straight in the eyes as he made his little speech.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Underwood. Glad to meet you, Mr. George Henry Underwood. I d like to have you know my niece—the Countess of Cheshire."

The young lady smiled very sweetly, and there was more handshaking. The ever-attentive Monsieur Louis brought chairs.

"Come—this is very friendly," Mr. Hiram B. Pluck declared. "Gentlemen, you will pardon the liberty. The liqueurs are upon me."

Stephen Underwood hastened to explain their dietetic rules.

"My brother and I," he said, "take Perrier water with our lunch——"

"With a slice of lemon," George Henry intervened.

"And a glass of port afterward," Stephen confided. "We have no taste for anything beyond that. If, however, your niece," he added, with a stiff but very polite bow, "will honor us by taking a liqueur and some coffee here, my brother and I will join you in the latter beverage."

Mr. Pluck sat down, a little depressed. For a moment, he permitted the burden of conversation to devolve upon his niece.

"I always envy you your table so, Mr. Underwood," she said, smiling across at them and wondering which was which. "My husband and I used to lunch here often—before his unfortunate accident."

Both Stephen and George Henry expressed their mute sympathy at the mention of the accident. They were neither of them students of the journalism of the moment, and they were consequently ignorant of the fact that the late Earl of Cheshire had thrown himself from the top window of a lodging-house in Bloomsbury in a fit of delirium tremens.

"We find it very pleasant," Stephen admitted.

"It is also convenient," George Henry put in. "We live in the hotel."

"Oh, you lucky men!" the countess sighed. "What wouldn't I give to be able to afford a flat here!"

The brothers Underwood, ignorant of the world in which countesses moved and had their being, maintained a discreet but sympathetic silence. Harold found an opportunity of cutting in.

"Nunks is going to see to that," he reminded her encouragingly. "What-ho for the giddy pageant!"

Mr. Hiram B. Pluck shot a grateful glance at his young companion. This was precisely the opening he desired. He pulled down his waistcoat and laid his hand upon the table in a portentous manner.

"I object to that word 'pageant,'" he declared. "Pageants cut no ice nowadays. They have had their day. When my scheme is fairly launched, I'll twist the neck of anyone who murmurs the word."

"I once attended a pageant at Hampstead—" George Henry began.

"On the Heath," Stephen interpolated. "The characters were historical, and if I remember rightly——"

"It came on to rain," George Henry proceeded reminiscently.

Mr. Hiram B. Pluck was wound up, and the fate of that pageant at Hampstead remained untold.

"I shall, with your permission, gentleman," he said, "take you into my confidence. I shall disclose my scheme."

"I am afraid Mr. Underwood will not be interested," the young countess protested, with a languishing glance at George Henry whom she had decided was the more susceptible of the two. "You see, it is really only an idea of my uncle's for my benefit."

"We should be very interested to hear about it," Stephen declared. "We have extended our luncheon-interval lately, and we do not leave here until half-past two."

Mr. Pluck looked a little puzzled, but he went ahead.

"You two gentlemen," he began, "may or may not have heard of my nephew-in-law, the Earl of Cheshire. He cut no ice in this world, and I'm laying odds he'll find none where he's gone to. In plain words, he was a bad lot, and he died leaving my niece here penniless."

The young lady's beautiful eyes showed signs of moisture. Stephen and George Henry gave vent to brief murmurs of sympathy.

"My niece," Mr. Pluck continued, "appeals to me. I am a practical man of business, and I cast around for means to help her. I pay her a visit at her country estate, and the means are disclosed to me. Imagine, gentlemen, if you will, a miniature castle set in the midst of a forest, with sloping terraces, a semicircle of park, and more forest. The moment I stood upon those terraces an idea—the idea of my life—swept in upon me. I stood upon the stage. The amphitheater before me would hold five thousand people, all comfortably seated. Here was the grandest open-air theater the world had ever seen. I wired for Douglas Kinmo. You know Douglas Kinmo?"

Neither of his two principal auditors appeared to have that pleasure. Mr. Pluck was surprised and a little shocked.

"Mr. Douglas Kinmo," he said, "is the greatest writer of historical, romantic, and picturesque plays whom the world has ever seen. That man is a poet, sir, an artist, a genius. He stood by my side on the lawn and he burst into tears."

Mr. Hiram B. Pluck drew back to observe the effect of his words.

"Dear me!" Stephen murmured, with an effort at sympathy which was palpably strained.

"How extraordinary!" George Henry echoed, in a dazed manner.

"He was overcome," Mr. Pluck explained. "He saw here the ideal setting for the great work of his life. He wired to town that morning for the manuscript, and believe me, gentlemen, he spent the whole of the time until it came in walking up and down the lawn, issuing from the castle each time as a different character and reciting as much as he could remember of his extraordinary play. When the manuscript arrived, he read it. My niece and I were thunderstruck. Helen?"

The young lady appealed to looked earnestly at Stephen.

"Mr. Underwood," she said, "nothing so wonderful, so poetical, so romantic has ever been written."



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

The place was like a paradise, an oasis in a sun-baked island. The deep green of the lawns and trees was exquisitely refreshing. The fifty or so visitors and newspaper men and the bulk of the theatrical company were lolling about in garden chairs

"There's a million dollars in it," Mr. Pluck declared, with bated breath.

"Your scheme, I presume, is," Stephen ventured, "to construct an open-air theater in the park and produce this play? Where will you draw your audiences from?"

"Special trains from London, sir," was the prompt reply. "Forty minutes' run without a stop. Saloons, if we can work it, with refreshments on board. We'll build a wooden hotel out of sight among the trees. Dinner out of doors before the performances; drinks whenever they like—at a price."

"Our climate," George Henry pointed out, "is not entirely propitious for such schemes."

"That's the worst of you Britishers," Mr. Pluck complained. "You've no faith in your own climate. It's no worse than any other. If this thing were got through quickly, we'd be ready to produce in August and get two of your finest months in. Then we'd close down and start next year with the first day of spring."

"How much money do you require to float this scheme?" Stephen inquired.

"Ten thousand pounds of outside money. That would pay for the seating of five thousand people, the erection of a temporary hotel, and a moderate sum down, on account of fees, to the author of the play."

"My brother and I," Stephen admitted, "are interested. We will discuss this matter together and, if convenient to you, meet here at the same time to-morrow. At the present moment, you must excuse us."

"It is within two minutes of half-past two," George Henry explained.

The brothers Underwood made their adieux and departed. Mr. Pluck gazed doubtfully after their retreating forms. He felt a little nonplused.

"How do we stand?" he asked Harold. "Have they bitten?"

"Got it right in the gullet," was the prompt assurance. "They'll probably bring the oof with them to-morrow."

Probably no promoter of such a scheme as Mr. Hiram B. Pluck's was ever blessed with easier and less inquisitive financial backers. It was not until long after they had advanced the full sum required that the brothers Underwood even visited Rawlingsey Castle. They returned to town a little depressed.

"I really should not wonder," Stephen declared, on their homeward journey, "if this scheme of Mr. Pluck's does not turn out to be a huge success."

"The environment," George Henry pointed out, "is at least equal to his description."

"It is the most beautiful spot I ever saw in my life," Stephen acquiesced. "The painting of the seats, too, is most artistic, and the little hotel seems as though it would be delightful."

"I have been looking through the figures again," George Henry remarked lugubriously. "Our capital outlay has been rather less than ten thousand pounds. Five-per-cent. interest on that is only five hundred a year. The interest is to be reckoned as a working expense, and the salary and author's fees are ridiculously small. Here are the figures, Stephen. It seems to me, if only a quarter of the people whom Mr. Pluck expects patronize the place, and the show is run only for two months, there will be a very large profit."

"There is always the weather," Stephen reminded his brother hopefully. "Imagine a wet, cold wind and blinding rain—what about that for a day or two? Why, no one would go near the place. With all those trees, too, the neighborhood seems to me to be likely to attract whatever rain there may be about."

"We must hope for the best," George Henry said, with a pious effort at optimism.

Rain, however, for the next few weeks seemed the most unlikely thing in the world. From early morn till night, the sun shone down from a cloudless sky upon a parched but happy land. Mr. Hiram B. Pluck seemed to grow larger and his smile more beatific every day. His beautiful niece frequently found her way to the luncheon-table behind the door at the Milan, and was never slow in expressing her appreciation of the wonderful generosity displayed by her uncle's backers. It was not until a fortnight before the time fixed for the opening performance that the originator of this great scheme allowed a single expression of doubt to escape him. It was a hot and breathless afternoon, and the café at the Milan was far more empty than usual. The sky was overcast, and there were rumors of a rapid fall of the barometer.

"What, between ourselves, gentlemen, bothers me some," he confessed, bringing his second liqueur over to the Underwoods' table, "is the fact that as yet scarcely any seats whatever have been booked through what you call, over on this side, the libraries. We have offered to put them in on the ground floor, but—nothing doing. Only this morning I have been to see two of the bosses. I went so far as to make a foolishly generous offer of a limited number of seats, just to get a little money on the books, but it was no good. What in thunder are they afraid of?"

"The weather," George Henry declared solemnly.

"'The weather?'" Mr. Pluck repeated. "Why, it's the most maligned thing in this island of yours! There hasn't been a drop of rain for three weeks. The ground's cracking down there with the heat. I've got an ice-cream shanty in the woods that'll pretty well pay its whole expenses the first day."

"If this weather should continue," George Henry observed portentously.



"You dear, sweet men!"
coming up and wa

"Why shouldn't it?" Mr. Pluck demanded, with a touch of the itation which that morning seemed prevalent.

"The glass is falling," Stephen interposed. "What's that?" added, suddenly lifting his head and listening.

"Rain," his brother replied with a smile. "Very violent rain."

"A thunder-storm, maybe," Mr. Pluck muttered. "It'll clear air—do a lot of good."

"Or," George Henry remarked sagely, "it may be a break-up the weather."

Mr. Pluck gazed at his genial little *vis-à-vis* with the eyes of a ırderer.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I'm not one of those to meet ıuble before it comes. A thunder-storm's neither here nor ere. To-morrow morning the sky will be clear and the sun ning again. I've turned my face toward the bright days all life, and I am not going back on myself now. I'll take one re of those liqueur brandies, Louis," he added, turning round his chair, "and the storm can darned well do what it pleases. 've no rehearsal, and everything down yonder's been arranged that a little preliminary rain won't do us a scrap of harm. re's one more drink to the Rawlingsey Open Theater and 'The rest King'!"

The brothers Underwood drained the last drop of their after-ıcheon glass of port and rose to their feet. It wanted two nutes to half-past two, at which hour they invariably turned Cityward.

"We shall hear from you if there is anything further you want, Mr. Pluck?" Stephen observed.

"There won't be another darned thing, sir," was the confident reply. "You gentlemen have kept your part of our bargain magnificently, and if I've stuck you for a few thousands more than I expected, it's all been open and aboveboard, and you'll get it back many times over."

A clap of thunder shook the room. George Henry gazed into the streaming courtyard with the pleased interest of a child.

"I trust so," he murmured.



laimed. "I shall never be able to see you without throw my arms round your neck"

Mr. Hiram B. Pluck stood two days of continuous rain without flinching, but on the third day he wobbled, on the fourth he was lacrymose, and on the fifth he turned up unexpectedly at the office of Messrs. Underwood & Sons in the city. When he had divested himself of his mackintosh and sent his umbrella out into the warehouse, it became obvious that he was no longer the same man. He seemed to have shrunken into his clothes; there were little bags under his eyes; he sat resolutely with his back to the window, against which the rain was streaming continuously.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is the kind of luck which at fifty years of age finds me still a poor man."

"This spell of bad weather is certainly most unfortunate," Stephen acknowledged.

"There seems very little chance of any change for the better," George Henry put in, with well-assumed gloominess.

"We motored down to Rawlingsey yesterday," Stephen said. "The prospect is most depressing."

"Hideous," his brother agreed. "There were only a few men at work, and they seemed to think it scarcely worth while going on."

Their visitor groaned.

"I don't know as they ain't right," he admitted. "See here, gentlemen: We've got a grand scheme, but we're up against the British climate, and the British climate's going to lick us. What about cutting our losses? I think, for the matter of a few hundred pounds, our theatrical company would dissolve and allow us to break the contract."

Stephen shook his head.

"I should consider such a course premature," he declared. "We must not despair."

"Never say die," George Henry muttered lugubriously.

"Guess your principle's right," Mr. Pluck admitted, "but I am a poor man, and my pay-roll, as you know, is no inconsiderable item. I'd like to save some of that, if I could. I am counting the two thousand pounds, which is my little contribution to the show, as gone already."

"Dear me!" Stephen exclaimed, leaning back in his chair and gazing protestingly toward their visitor. "You're in a very depressed frame of mind, Mr. Pluck."

"I was at Rawlingsey myself this morning," that gentleman replied, "and there are pools of water half a foot deep in the auditorium, and the stage is a shining lake. Blast your climate, Mr. Underwood!"

Stephen leaned a little forward, with the tips of his fingers pressed together.

"I am sorry to see you so distressed, Mr. Pluck," he said, "and I must remind you that both my brother and myself have the strongest objection to blasphemy in any shape or form. However, subject to my brother's approval, I should like to relieve your mind of some of your anxieties. You have two thousand pounds sunk in the scheme, and a liability as regards the current expenses after the opening. We will, if you like, buy you out."

"Certainly," George Henry agreed. "Buy you out, Mr. Pluck."

Mr. Pluck was for a moment suspicious. The impossibility, however, of any living person possessing inside information as to the vagaries of the English climate impressed itself speedily upon him. A new eagerness shone in his face.

"How much do you think of offering me, gentlemen?" he asked.

Stephen did not hesitate.

"We will give you," he suggested, "your two thousand pounds, and relieve you of your liabilities, on consideration that you become our manager at, say, twenty pounds a week, until we choose to abandon the enterprise."

"Put it on paper," Mr. Pluck begged hastily. "Let me see that in black and white."

"I will do so," Stephen agreed, drawing a sheet of paper toward him, "while my brother writes you the check."

Mr. Pluck returned to his modest rooms at the Milan Hotel with a check for two thousand pounds in his pocket and an exceedingly light heart. It rained the whole of that night and the whole of the next day, but with trustworthy fidelity he obeyed the instructions of his employers, stocked (*Continued on page 108*)



The Doughboy's

By Ben B

Written in collaboratio

Decorations b

We have all heard that a pronounced religious a death and worse terrors on Europe's battle-field has meant a revival of belief in, and adherence t is from the true state of affairs is shown by Jud of our soldiers at the front. And he has also gotte to the Y. M. C. A. He writes with a vast pra a keen sense of the new valuation of goodness a of the whole world has been greatly emphasize "doughboy's religion"—"the religion of Christ on the sea, and in the air will henceforth be a leadi

AN American colonel in France was having difficult with his safe. It was the headquarters' safe. I lock had jammed, and none of his staff could ope it. While they were struggling with it, a colored se geant came up to them apologetically.

"Cul'n'l," he said, "if I ain't intrudin' into dis heah di fickulty, I believes, sah, dat I might he'p yah."

"Yes?" said the colonel. "What do you suggest?"

"Cul'n'l," said the sergeant, "I suggests Co'p'l Hall."

"'Corporal Hall?' Why Corporal Hall?"

"Co'p'l Hall," the sergeant explained, under his voice, "wa fo' foah years a bugglah."

They sent for Corporal Hall, and Corporal Hall opened th safe.

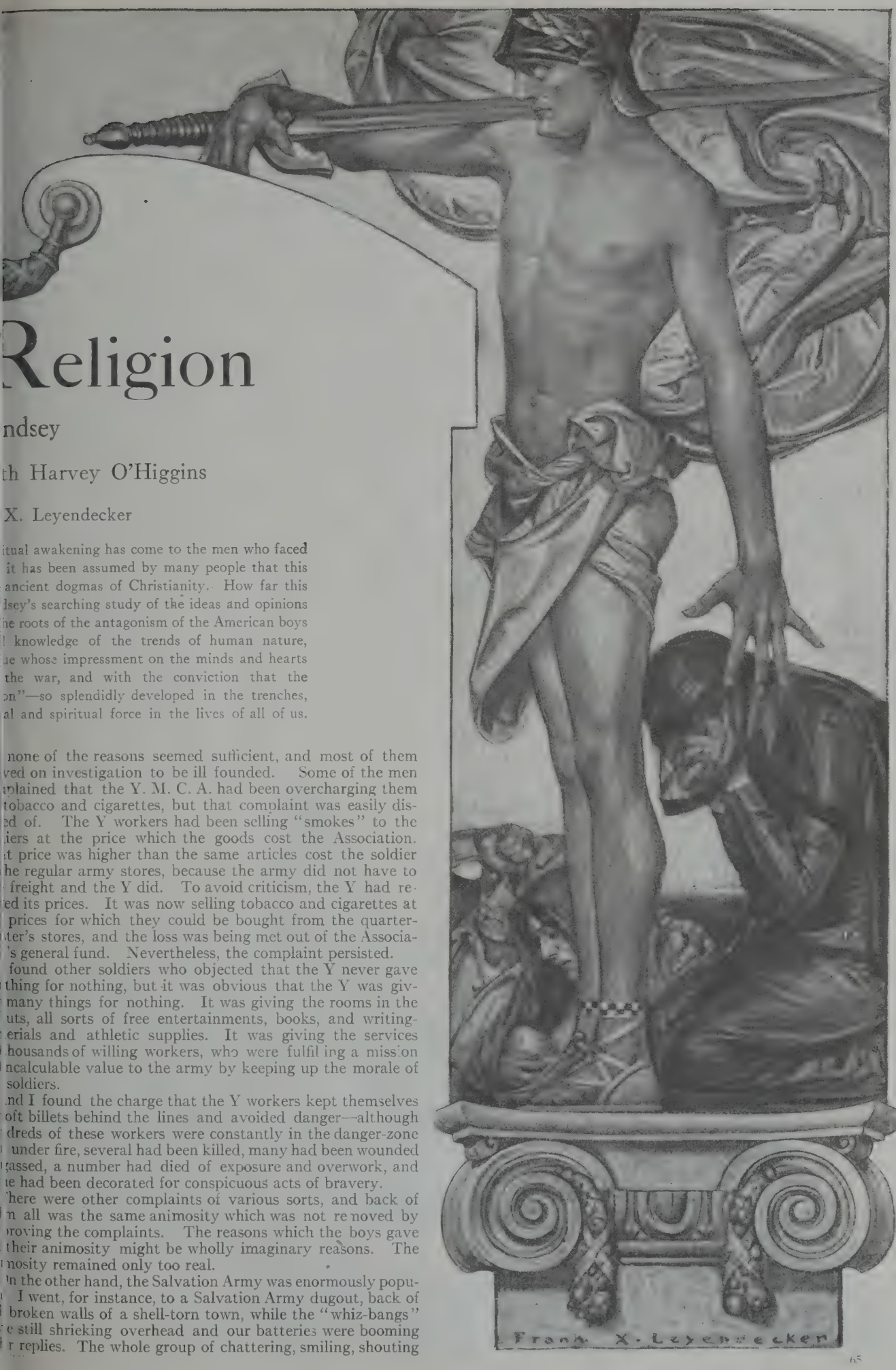
"Well, Sergeant," the colonel said, "I'm glad to know abou Corporal Hall. I wish I'd known it sooner. It would hav saved us a lot of time with that safe. And tell me, Sergeant in case we may need to call on *you* some day—in what direc tion do *your* particular talents lie?"

"Cul'n'l," the sergeant answered, "Ah doan' want to te no lies. Standin' as Ah does daily in de presence of ma Makeh, mos' doubtless Ah doan' want to tell no lies. Bu if de time comes when Ah kin he'p yah, sah, Ah'll make full an' free confession, a full *an'* free confession, sah."

When the colonel told me that story, I enjoyed it as a humo ous anecdote. So did the others at the table. And I wa for some time at the front before it dawned on me that ther was a great deal more in the story than mere humor. Ther was illumination in it.

I had been puzzled by the antagonism of the America doughboy to the Y. M. C. A. Immediately upon landing i France, I had found that the Y was "in bad." There was n use blinking the fact then, and there is no use trying to kee it out of print now, because the returning soldier has made known everywhere in America. The Y was "in bad," and could not understand why.

The soldiers had many reasons to give for their antagonism



Religion

ndsey

th Harvey O'Higgins

X. Leyendecker

itual awakening has come to the men who faced
it has been assumed by many people that this
ancient dogmas of Christianity. How far this
lsey's searching study of the ideas and opinions
ie roots of the antagonism of the American boys
knowledge of the trends of human nature,
ie whose impressment on the minds and hearts
the war, and with the conviction that the
on"—so splendidly developed in the trenches,
al and spiritual force in the lives of all of us.

none of the reasons seemed sufficient, and most of them
ved on investigation to be ill founded. Some of the men
plained that the Y. M. C. A. had been overcharging them
tobacco and cigarettes, but that complaint was easily dis-
ed of. The Y workers had been selling "smokes" to the
iers at the price which the goods cost the Association.
t price was higher than the same articles cost the soldier
he regular army stores, because the army did not have to
freight and the Y did. To avoid criticism, the Y had re-
ed its prices. It was now selling tobacco and cigarettes at
prices for which they could be bought from the quarter-
ter's stores, and the loss was being met out of the Associa-
's general fund. Nevertheless, the complaint persisted.
found other soldiers who objected that the Y never gave
thing for nothing, but it was obvious that the Y was giv-
many things for nothing. It was giving the rooms in the
uts, all sorts of free entertainments, books, and writing-
erials and athletic supplies. It was giving the services
housands of willing workers, who were fulfilling a mission
ncalculable value to the army by keeping up the morale of
soldiers.
nd I found the charge that the Y workers kept themselves
oft billets behind the lines and avoided danger—although
dreds of these workers were constantly in the danger-zone
under fire, several had been killed, many had been wounded
gassed, a number had died of exposure and overwork, and
ie had been decorated for conspicuous acts of bravery.
here were other complaints of various sorts, and back of
n all was the same animosity which was not removed by
roving the complaints. The reasons which the boys gave
their animosity might be wholly imaginary reasons. The
nosity remained only too real.
n the other hand, the Salvation Army was enormously popu-
I went, for instance, to a Salvation Army dugout, back of
broken walls of a shell-torn town, while the "whiz-bangs"
e still shrieking overhead and our batteries were booming
r replies. The whole group of chattering, smiling, shouting

youngsters who greeted me were unanimous in demanding that I should be sure to tell the people back home to give generously to the "good old Salvation Army." We sat round the fire while the doughnuts sizzled in a pan of grease and the coffee steamed in tin cups that were handed out by two Salvation lassies; and the boys kept assuring me: "I tell you, Judge, the Salvation ladies are the real thing. You never see their pictures in the magazines, and they don't drink tea in any of the swell joints; they're right here on the job all the time." Or, "Say, Judge, if we hadn't just pulled them out of the last town that went to pieces, they'd have stayed there to be shot up with the rest of us." Or: "They feed us up. They go under fire with us. And they don't preach to us. They're all like these two, and, gee, we're *for* them!"

The very same things might have been said of many of the Y. M. C. A. workers, yet not once did I hear them said. When the Y was mentioned, both men and officers either criticized or remained silent, and most of the soldiers' criticisms were so violent as to be unprintable.

"We've had six Y. M. C. A. preachers here in the last two weeks," one of the men said to me. "They've been joy-riding up and down the lines, preaching to us about the dangers of booze, women, and gambling. And it's the holy truth, Judge, we're so sore that every one of us is feeling like having a hell of a time with all three the first leave we get." I heard another soldier announce the arrival of a Y preacher by singing out. "Well, well; here comes Old Wine, Women, and Song again!" Over and over, the boys would say, "That sissyfied son of a gun is using up gasoline over here, to warn us fellows against the skirts, when he ought to be down in the trenches where he belongs or get to blazes out o' here." Or: "What is that dolled-up guy doing behind a counter, selling cigarettes and living in the best billet in town, when he ought to be soaking with the rest of us? He's a fake. That's what he is—a fake!" At mess after mess with the officers, I would hear: "Well, heaven help the Y after this war! How the fellows will hate it!" And again and again they would sum it all up: "The Y is the biggest failure in the war. The biggest, bar none!"

I was myself talking in the Y. M. C. A. huts. I knew with what sincere devotion the Y workers were giving themselves to their work, and it fairly made my heart ache to learn how their efforts were unappreciated. It was pathetic to see the bewilderment of many of the preachers and secretaries who felt the army's antagonism and did not understand the cause of it. I found it almost equally pitiful that the soldiers themselves d not know what was the matter, but tried to justify their feelin by making charges against the Y of which it was not guilty.

What was really wrong?

The truth became apparent in a very curious way. Some the Y workers proposed that the soldiers at the Y meetin should be asked to answer a questionnaire in which they shou give the three cardinal sins that were most abhorred by the s dier. The average answer was to be taken as a "message" fr the doughboys in France to those back in America. And, course, it was hoped that, after all the crusading that had be done against drinking, gambling, and immorality, the bo would line up solidly against those three vices.

The result was startling. No matter where the vote was take and no matter how the question was asked, the soldiers answer invariably that to them the first great sin was cowardice, and t first great virtue was courage.

With the same unanimity, they replied that the second wo sin was selfishness, and the second greatest virtue self-sacrifice.

The third vice was variously expressed as snobbishness, h headedness, boastfulness, or hypocrisy. And one of the Y sec taries told me that when he tried to get the boys to decla against personal immorality, they just gave him the "horse-laugh

Here, then, was one fundamental cause of misunderstandi between the Y and the men whom it was so eager to help. the directions issued by the Association to its workers, the grea est stress was laid upon the importance of saving soldiers fr sin and getting them to "accept and follow Jesus Christ." The were declared to be "fundamental objectives." They were given in the "Manual of Camp Work" issued to secretaries a workers as late as June, 1918. And the soldiers had no patien with such objectives. As one of them put it to me: "Look that bunch of roughnecks there! Not a one of them has seen t inside of a church in years, but I tell you they're real Christia They love one another, and it's the real thing in loving, for they lay down their lives for each other and divide their last crus with a comrade. We get that sort of thing at the front mo than we ever had it in the churches or in the Y. M. C. A. at hom And when we're doing it and feeling it here, the less talk th give us about it the better—especially when the talk comes fr some of these dolled-up guys that don't know as much about it we do."

When I went into the trenches, I could see the thing for m self. Here was true Christianity in action, before the face





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d another show
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ask, and a third outfit
e with a helmet. It was
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ss with which they led
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enches, and it was in the
y the men in machine-
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eeted me and my guides—in cheer
l whispers, full of comradeship and
spoken affection. These men were
actising their fundamental virtues,
urage, self-sacrifice, and sincere humility. In a
ry real sense, they were saving the world. They
re laying down their lives for humanity. They
re loving their neighbors as themselves and
tter than themselves. Face to face with eternity,
ey were truly following the example of Christ on
e cross. They were not thinking of saving their
uls. They were thinking of nothing so selfish.
d when they came back from that Calvary, in
ich they had seen their comrades die, what
tience would they have with smug exhortations
out personal sins, individ-
l salvation, and the self-satisfaction of superior virtue?

Naturally, they had none whatever. If you preach to a man that he must do right because he will be punished if he does wrong, you are preaching a cowardly ethic. It does not matter whether you threaten him with jail or with hell-fire, you are appealing to his fear. Such appeals are never ry effective, even in peace-time. I have found them a com-te failure among children in our juvenile-court work, for mple. And to the soldiers they were worse than puerile. ey offended against the first tenet of the doughboy's faith—t the most damnable of all sins is cowardice.

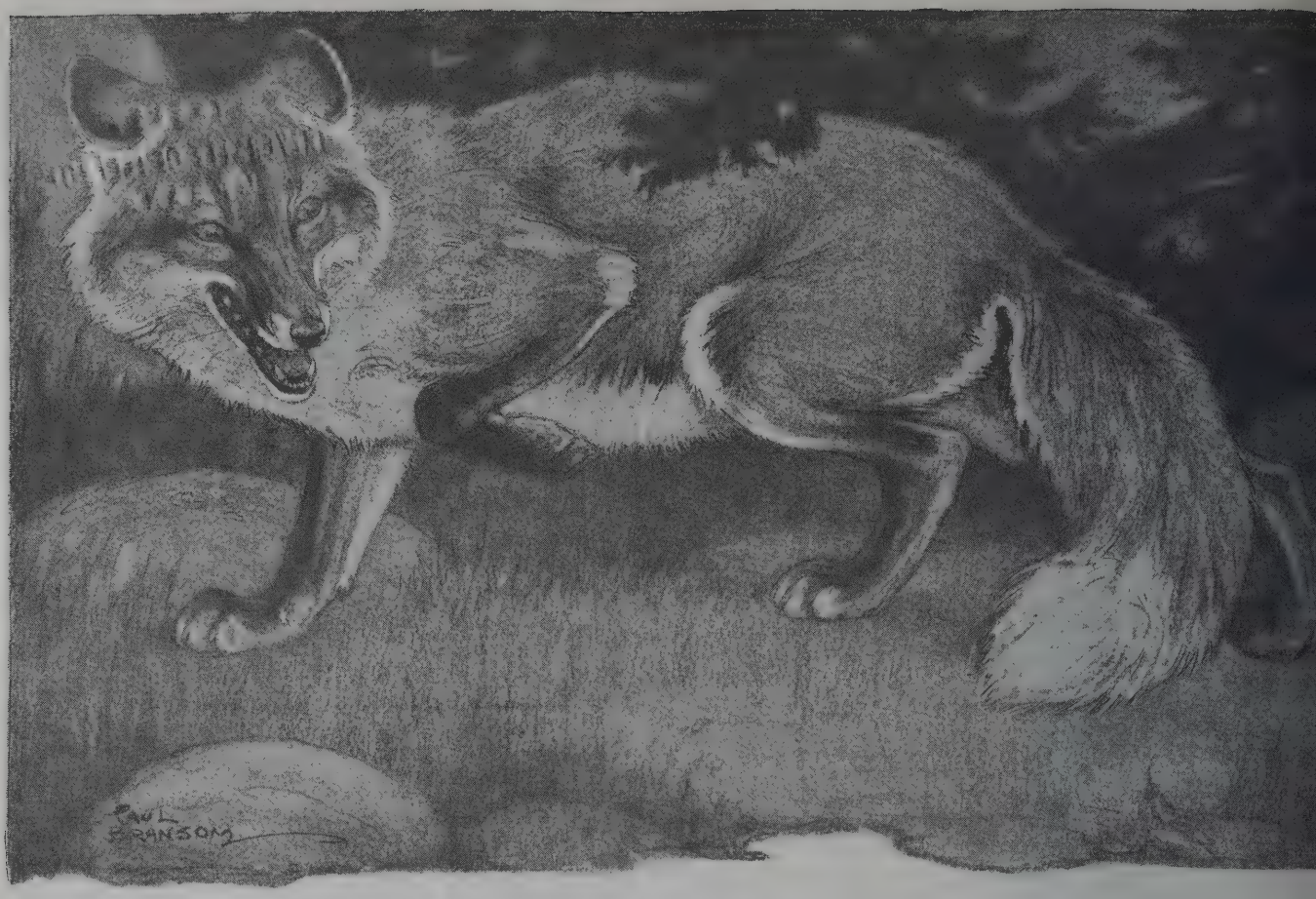
Similarly, the men resented the way in which the preachers handled the question of personal immorality, although they did not at all resent the handling of the same subject by their officers. The difference was due to the fact that the officers and the wiser Y. M. C. A. workers made a straight appeal to the boys to avoid immorality in order to keep themselves "fighting fit" and to protect their comrades from the infection of disease. They pointed out the physical effects of sexual vice and lectured on the use of prophylactics to guard against infection. They appealed to the men's loyalty to the cause for which they were fighting and to their loyalty to the comrades who were fighting beside them. The wiser Y. M. C. A. workers, as I have said, made the same plea, but I heard one of the Y leaders in England argue against the use of prophylactics because these would save the sinner from the "blight of sin." He was willing to have the innocent suffer with the guilty, "even to the third and fourth generation." He insisted that the only salvation in such matters came from the saving grace of redemption in "the blood of the Lamb." And this selfish and antisocial point of view, offensive enough in times of peace, was abhorrent to the soldier, whose whole life and personality had been submerged in the great common fight of his nation for its social existence.

Furthermore, some of the Y workers arrived in France with an evangelical Sunday-school attitude of superior virtue. They were men who had been picked for their mission as being conspicuously free of the vices of drinking, gambling, and personal immorality. They came to uplift the unregenerate roughneck by precept and example. They had no opportunity to show their courage. Their personal sacrifice was so small beside the soldier's self-immolation that it was quite invisible. And their assumption of evangelical superiority seemed to convict them of the soldier's third cardinal sins—snobbishness, lack of humility, boastfulness. The army called them the "Holier-than-thou's."

The Salvation Army avoided this reproach by not preaching, by giving devoted service only, and by sharing the soldier's daily life of hardship and danger as much as possible. The Salvation lassie had learned humility in street-corner meetings, and in services in dark and dingy little buildings where the very poor and lowly came. The doughboy had seen those meetings at home, and he knew how humble they were. He saw among the "Salvation ladies" no unconscious assumption of superior holiness. The Salvation Army had no money to spend on motor-cars and gasoline and comfortable billets for its workers; and those workers were not of the social class that has afternoon tea at conspicuous hotels and inevitably gets its pictures in the newspapers. They practised the doughboy's religion, and the boys loved them.

I had heard that the war had brought a great religious revival among the warring people of Europe, and I had expected to see signs of it among the soldiers. There were none of the traditional sort. I asked the officers of most

(Continued on page 126)



And the skunk, glancing back with bright eyes of vigilance and understanding, passed on as if t

Stripes *th*

By Charl

Illustrated b

ON the edge of evening, when the last of the light was gathered in the pale-green upper sky, and all the world of the quiet backwoods clearings was sunk in a soft violet dusk, a leisurely and self-possessed little animal came strolling among the ancient stumps and mossy hillocks of the open upland sheep pasture. He was about the size of an average cat, but shorter of leg, with a long, sharp-muzzled head, and he carried his broad, feathery tail very high in a graceful arch like a squirrel in good humor. Unlike most other creatures of the wild, his coloring was such as to make him conspicuous rather than conceal him. He was black, with a white stripe down his face, a white patch on the back of his neck, and a white stripe all the way along each side of his body. And, also unlike the rest of the furtive folk, he seemed quite unconcerned to hide his movements from observation. Neither was he forever glancing this way and that, as if on the watch for enemies. Rather he had the air of being content that his enemies should do the watching—and avoid him.

The skunk—for such was the undignified appellation of this very dignified personality of the wilderness—was pleasantly engrossed in his own business. That business, at the moment, consisted of catching the big, fat, juicy, copper-brown June-bugs as they emerged from their holes in the sod, crawled up the binding grass stems, and spread their wings for their heavy evening flight. It was easy hunting, and he had no need of haste. To snap up these great slow and clumsy beetles as they clung upon the grass stems was as easy as picking strawberries—and, indeed, not altogether dissimilar, as he would nip off the hard, glossy wing-cases of the big beetles as one nips off the hull of the berry before munching the succulent morsel.

Having slept the day through in his snug burrow in the underbrush which fringed the forest edge of the clearing, he had come forth into the dewy twilight equipped with a fine appetite. He had come with the definite purpose of hunting June-bugs—this being the season, all too brief, for that highly favored delicacy. At first, he had thought of nothing else. But when he had taken the edge off his hunger, he began to consider the chances of varying his diet. As he seized an unlucky beetle, close to the edge of a flat, spreading juniper bush, a brooding ground-sparrow flew up, with a startled cheep, from under his very nose. He dropped the beetle and made a lightning pounce at the bird. But her wing had flicked him across the eyes confusingly, and he missed her. He knew well enough, however, what her presence there among the warm grass tussocks meant. He went nosing eagerly under the juniper bush and soon found a nest wi four little brown-mottled eggs in it. Tiny though they we they made a titbit very much to his taste, all the more so th they were very near hatching. Having licked his jaws and fa tidiously polished the fur of his shrewd, keen face, he saunter off to see what other delicacies the evening might have in sto for him.

A little further on, toward the center of the pasture, he ca upon a flat slab of rock, its surface sloping toward the sou its southward edge slightly overhanging and fringed with s grass. He knew the rock well—knew how its bare surface dra in the summer sun all day long and held the warmth throughc the dew-chill nights. He knew, too, that other creatures besi himself might very well appreciate this genial warmth. Stealthi and without the smallest disturbance of the grassy fringe, sniffed along the overhanging edge of the rock. Suddenly stiffened, and his sharp snout darted in under the rock. Then jerked back—with the writhing tail of a snake between his jaw

The prize was a big black-and-yellow garter-snake, not from three feet long—not venomous, but full of energy and fig It tried to cling to its hiding-place; but the shrewd skunk, inste of attempting to pull it out straight, like a cork from a bott neck, ran forward a pace or two and, as it were, "peeled" it for It doubled out, struck him smartly in the face with its harml fangs, and then coiled itself about his neck and fore legs. Th was a moment of confused rough-and-tumble, but the sku knew just how to handle this kind of antagonist. Having bitt the reptile's tail clean through, he presently, with the help of practised little paws, succeeded in getting hold of it by the ba an inch or two behind the head. This ended the affair as



ilight world belonged to him

Unconcerned

. D. Roberts

ul Bransom

struggle; and the victor proceeded to round off his supper on snake. He managed to put away almost all but the head and tail, and then, after a meticulous toilet to fur and ws (for he was as fastidiously cleanly as a cat), he sauntered ck toward his burrow in the underbrush, to refresh himself th a nap before seeking further adventures.

Directly in his path stood three or four young seedling s, about two feet high, in a dense cluster. Half a dozen paces yond this tiny thicket, a big red fox, belly to earth, was ndlessly stalking some quarry, perhaps a mouse, which uld be heard ever so faintly rustling the grass stems at the ge of the thicket. To the skunk, with his well-filled belly, e sound had no interest. He rounded the thicket—and came ce to face with the fox.

Neither in size, strength, nor agility was he any match for e savage red beast which stood in his path and was quite pable, indeed, of despatching him in two snaps of his long, n jaws. But he was not in the least put out. Watchful but ol, he kept straight on, neither delaying nor hastening his surely and nonchalant progress. The fox, on the other nd, stopped short. He was hungry. His hunting was interfered th—for that rustling under the fir branches had stopped. s fine red brush twitched angrily. Nevertheless, he had no omach to tackle this easy-going little gentleman in the black-d-white stripes. Showing his long white teeth in a vindictive t noiseless snarl, he stepped aside. And the skunk, glancing ck with bright eyes of vigilance and understanding, passed on if the twilight world belonged to him. He knew—and he ew his enemy knew as well—that he carried with him a con-aled weapon of such potency that no fox, unless afflicted with adness, would ever willingly run up against it.

Reaching his burrow in the underbrush without further adven-re, he found it empty. His mate and her young ones—now three-quarters grown—were scattered away, foraging for themselves over the wide, forest-scented clearings. It was a spacious burrow, dug by a sturdy, surly old woodchuck who, though usually as pugnacious as a badger and an obstinate stickler for his rights, had in this case yielded without a fight to the mild-mannered little usurper, and humped off in disgust to hollow a new abode much deeper in the forest, where such a mischance would not be likely to happen him again. Under the tenancy of the skunk family, the burrow was sweet and dry and daintily kept. With a little grumble of content deep in his throat, he curled himself up and went to sleep.

When he woke and set forth again to renew his foraging, although he had only slept an hour, his vigorous digestion had quite restored his appetite. He had no more thought for June-bugs. He wanted bigger game—more red-blooded, and with some excitement in it. He thought of the farmyard, half a mile away across the clearings, down over the round of the upland. It was weeks now since he had visited it. There might be something worth picking up. There might be a mother hen with chickens in a pen which he could find a way into. There might be a hen sitting on her clutch of eggs in a stolen nest under the barn. He had discovered, in previous seasons, that most sitting hens had their nests provided for them in secure places which he could in no way manage to come at. But he had also found that sometimes a foolish and secretive—and very young—hen will *hide* her nest in some such out-of-the-way place as

under the barn floor, where the troublesome human creatures who preside over the destinies of hens cannot get at it. Here she keeps her precious eggs all to herself till she has enough to cover comfortably, and then she proceeds to the pleasant task of brooding them and has things all her own way till some night-prowler comes along and convicts her of her folly.

A full moon, large and ruddy like a ripe pumpkin, was just rising behind the jagged black tops of the spruce forest. It threw long, fantastic, confusing shadows across the dewy hillocks of the pasture. Hither and thither, in and out and across the barred streaks of light, darted the wild rabbits, gamboling as if half beside themselves, as if smitten with a midsummer madness by the capricious magic of the night. But if mad, they retained enough sound sense to keep ever at a prudent distance from the leisurely striped wayfarer who appeared so little interested in their sport. Though they were bigger than he, they knew that if they should venture within reach of his pounce, his indifference would vanish and his inexorable fangs would be in their throats.

Knowing his utter inability to compete with the speed of the rabbits, now they were wide-awake, the skunk hardly noticed their antics but kept on his direct path toward the farmyard. Presently, however, his attention was caught by the rabbits scuttering off in every direction. On the instant, he was all alert for the cause. Mounting a hillock, he caught sight of a biggish, shaggy-haired dog some distance down the pasture. The dog was racing this way and that as crazily, it seemed, as the rabbits, with faint little yelps of excitement and whines of disappointment. He was chasing the rabbits with all his energy; and it was evident that he was a stranger, a newcomer to the wilderness world, for he seemed to think he might hope to catch the fleet-footed creatures by merely running after them. As a matter of fact, he had just arrived, that same day, at the backwoods farm, from the city down the river. His experience had been confined to streets and gardens and the chasing of cats, and he was daft with delight over the spacious freedom of the clearings. The skunk eyed him scornfully, and continued his journey with the unconcern of an elephant.

A moment later, the dog was aware of a little, insignificant black-and-white creature coming slowly toward him as if unconscious of his presence. Another rabbit! But as this one did not seem alarmed, he stopped and eyed it with surprise, his head cocked to one side in inquiry. The skunk half turned and moved off slowly, deliberately, at right angles to the p he had been following.

With a yelp of delight, the dog dashed at this easy vict which seemed so stupid that it made no effort to escape. He almost upon it. Another leap, and he would have had it in jaws. But the amazing little animal turned its back on h stuck its tail straight in the air, and jerked up its hind quar with a derisive gesture. In that instant, something hot and struck the inexperienced hunter full in the face—something indeed, but overwhelming, paralyzing. It stopped him dead his tracks. Suffocating, intolerably pungent, it both blin him and choked him. His lungs refused to work, shutting spasmodically. Gasping and gagging, he groveled on his b and strove frantically to paw his mouth and nostrils clear of dense, viscous fluid which was clogging them. Failing in t he fell to rooting violently in the short grass, biting and tear at it, and rolling in it, till some measure of breath and eyesi returned to him. Thereupon, his matted head all stuck with g and moss and dirt, he set off racing madly for the farmhou where he expected to get relief from the strange torment wh afflicted him. But when he pawed and whined at the kitch door for admittance, he was driven off with contumely and broo sticks. There was nothing for him to do but slink away with shame to a secluded corner between the wagon-shed and the pen, where he could soothe his burning muzzle in the cool we



He turned and raced for the underbr

id fresh earth. On the following day, one of the farm-hands, ith rude hands and unsympathetic comment, scrubbed him olently with liquid soap and then clipped close his splendid aggy coat. But it was a week before he was readmitted to the mfortable fellowship of the farmhouse kitchen.

For a moment or two, with a glance of triumph in his bright es, the skunk had watched the paroxysms of his discomfited e. Then, dropping the tip of his tail back into its customary sdainful arch, he had turned back toward his burrow. This as a redoubtable foe whom he had just put to rout, and he had pended most of his armory upon him. He had no wish to risk nother encounter until the potent secretion which he carried in sac between the powerful muscles of his thighs should have had me to accumulate again. He dropped, for that night, all notion the distinctly adventurous expedition to the farmyard, con- nting himself with snapping up a few beetles and crickets as went. He was lucky enough to pounce upon an indiscreet ld-mouse just as she emerged from her burrow; and then a few inutes' digging with his powerful and expert fore paws had rved to unearth the mouse's nest with her half-dozen tiny blind icklings. So he went home well satisfied with himself. Before entering, he again made a careful toilet; and as the opening of ie sac from which he had projected the potent fluid into his iemy's face had immediately closed up tight and fast, he carried no trace of the virulent odor with him. Indeed, that fluid was a thing which he never by any chance allowed to get onto his own fur. Always, at the moment of ejecting it, the fur on his thighs parted and lay back flat to either side of the naked vent of the sac, and the long tail cocked itself up rigidly, well out of the way. It was a stuff he kept strictly for his foes, and never allowed to offend either himself or his friends.

On entering his burrow, he found there his mate and all the youngsters curled up together in the sleep of good digestion and easy conscience. He curled himself up with them, that the supply of his high explosive might accumulate during another forty winks.

About an hour before the dawn, he awoke again, feeling hungry. The rest of the family were still sleeping, having gorged themselves, as he might have done had it not been for that encounter with the misguided dog. He left them whimpering contentedly in their cozy slumber, and crept forth into the dewy chill alone, his heart set on mice and such like warm-blooded game.

The moon was now high overhead, sailing honey-colored through a faintly violet sky. The rough pasture, with its stumps and hillocks, was touched into a land of dream.

Now it chanced that an old bear, who was accustomed to foraging in the valley beyond the cedar swamp, had on this night decided to bring her cub on an expedition toward the more dangerous neighborhood of the clearings. She wanted to begin his education in all the wariness which is so necessary for the creatures of the wild in approaching the works and haunts of man. On reaching the leafy fringe of bushes which fringed the rude rail fence dividing the forest from the pasture, she cautiously poked her head through the leafage, and for perhaps a minute, motionless as a stone, she interrogated the bright open spaces with eyes and ears and nostrils. The cub, taking the cue from his mother, stiffened to the like movelessness at her side, his bright little eyes full of interest and curiosity. There was no sign of danger in the pasture. In fact, there were the merry rabbits, hopping about in the moonlight undisturbed. This was a sign of security quite good enough for the wise old bear. With crafty and experienced paws, she forced a hole in the fence—leaving the top rail above the binder in its place—and led the eager cub forth into the moonlight.

The special notion of the bear in coming to the pasture was to teach her cub the art of finding, unearthing, and catching the toothsome wild mice. Keeping along near the fence, she sniffed

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fast as his little legs would carry him

The Moonlit Way

XXVIII

THE MOONLIT WAY

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

BARRES whistled and sang alternately as he tied his evening tie before his looking-glass. He was dressing for the spectacle-play and dance at Hohenlinden, the Gerhardt place.



"I care not, I,
Whoever she be,
I could not love
her more!"

he chanted gaily, examining the effect and buttoning his white waistcoat.

Westmore, loitering near and waiting for him, referred again indignantly to Renoux's report concerning the presence of Freund and Lehr at the Northbrook railway station.

"If I catch them hanging around Thessa," he said, "I'll certainly beat them up, Garry."

"Deal with anything of that sort directly; that's always the best way. No use arguing with a Hun. When he misbehaves, beat him up. It's the only thing he understands."

"Well, it's all right for us to do it now, as long as the French government knows where Thessa is," remarked Barres, drawing a white clove-carnation through his buttonhole. "But what do you think of them, planning wholesale murder like that? Isn't it the fine flower of Prussianism? There's the real and porcine *boche* for you, somber, savage, stupidly ferocious, swinishly persistent, but never quite cunning enough, never sufficiently subtle in planning his filthy and murderous holocausts."

Westmore nodded.

"Quite right. The Lusitania and Belgium cost the Hun the respect of civilization, and are driving the civilized into a common understanding. We'll go in before long; don't worry."

They descended the stairs together just as dinner was announced.

Mrs. Barres said laughingly to her son:

"Your father is still fishing, I suppose; so, in spite of his admonition to me by letter this morning, I sent over one of the men with some thermos bottles and a very nice supper. He grumbles, but he always likes it."

"I wonder what Mr. Barres will think of me," ventured Dulcie. "He left such a pretty little rod for me. Thessa and I have been examining it. I'd like to go, only," she added, with a wistful smile, "I have never been to a real party."

"Of course you're going to the Gerhardts," insisted Lee, laughing. "Dad is absurd about his fishing. I don't believe any girl ever lived who'd prefer fishing on that foggy lake at night to dancing at such a party as you are going to to-night."

"Aren't you going?" asked Thessalie, but Lee shook her head, still smiling.

As for Dulcie, she was in the seventh heaven, thrilled with the dreamy beauty of it all and the exquisite phantoms floating on the greensward under her enraptured eyes

"We have two young setters down with distemper, and mother and I always sit up with our dogs under such circumstances."

Dog-talk absorbed everybody during dinner. Mrs. Barres and Lee were intensely interested in Thessalie's description of the Grand Duke Cyril's Russian wolfhounds, with which she had coursed and hunted as a child.

Before coffee had been served in the entrance-hall, the kennel master sent in word that one of the pups, a promising Blue

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GARRET BARRES, a painter, lives in Dragon Court, a studio-building in New York City. The superintendent of the building is Lawrence Soane, an irresponsible and dissipated Irishman, who has a charming daughter, Dulcie, still a schoolgirl. The child is on a plane of refinement far above that of her father, and Barres, taking pity on her loneliness (her only companions are three cats), makes a friend of her, for which she is profoundly grateful, and she becomes his model.

One day, early in 1916, Barres meets a girl whom he had encountered just once, under somewhat unusual circumstances, two years before in France. She was then a famous dancer known as Nihla Quellen, but her real name is Thessalie Dunois, and she is of Alsatian origin. She has risen to prominence under the patronage of Count d'Éblis, a senator of France who is involved in German plots against his country. Thessalie met him in Constantinople, through a friend of her father's, Ferez Bey, a Turk, who is also engaged in German intrigue. D'Éblis wants to marry her, but she does not love him and will not do so. Finally, the traitor accuses her of betraying him and, in fear, she escapes in disguise to New York. D'Éblis sends word to Max Freund, a German agent in America, to get rid of her at the first favorable opportunity, and she is closely watched by him.

Freund makes friends with Soane, a rabid hater of England. They become associated in a German-Irish plot against England, in which Murtagh Skeel, a sensitive and refined type of Irishman, is one of the leaders. Freund enlists the services of Soane in watching for Thessalie's visits to Barres's studio. Barres invites Dulcie, Thessalie, and a sculptor friend, James Westmore, who has become much interested in Thessalie, to visit at his father's place, Foreland Farms, in northern New York.

The night before they leave, Barres and Georges Renoux, a friend of his Paris days and now in the French secret service, with several of Renoux's companions, break up a meeting of German agents in a café. They secure some papers which refer to German schemes, including the Casement expedition to Ireland and a plot to destroy the locks of the Welland Canal. Adolf Gerhardt, a German-American banker, with a country place at Northbrook, near Foreland Farms, is mentioned as raising the funds for the latter scheme. Murtagh Skeel and Ferez Bey are also implicated. A wireless despatch sent by way of Mexico concerns the treachery of d'Éblis, and says that Nihla Quellen cannot be expected to serve the cause. Renoux has information from home that Thessalie is ready to betray France, but Barres takes him to the studio, and after a talk with the girl, the Frenchman admits his error.

At Foreland Farms an opportunity comes for Westmore to declare his love for Thessalie, but she responds no further than to wish him luck in his courtship; also Barres realizes that he is in love with Dulcie. That evening, the Gerhardts, accompanied by Skeel, who is their guest, dine at the farm. It turns out that Skeel has been in love with Dulcie's mother, but he had gone to India and did not know she had married. Dulcie can tell him little about herself except that she does not now believe she is Soane's daughter. Late that night Renoux turns up. He has trailed some German agents to Northbrook.

There is to be an outdoor fête at the Gerhardts' the next evening, and the Barres family and guests are invited. The fête has been staged by Corot Mandel, an effete character who also lives in Dragon Court.

Belton, had turned very sick indeed, and would Mrs. Barres come as soon as convenient.

It was enough for Mrs. Barres and for Lee; they both excused themselves without further ceremony and went away together to the kennels, apparently quite oblivious of their delicate dinner gowns and slippers.

"I've seen my mother ruin many a gown on such errands," remarked Garry, smiling.

"I think that is very splendid," murmured Dulcie, relinquishg her coffee-cup to Garry and suffering a maid to invest her ith a scarf and light silk wrap.

"My mother *is* splendid," said Garry, in a low voice. "You ill see her prove it some day, I hope."

The girl turned her lovely head curiously, not understanding. arry laughed, but his voice was not quite steady when he said, "But it all depends on you, Dulcie, how splendid my mother ay prove herself."

"On *me?*"

"On your—kindness."

"My—'*kindness?*'"

Thessalie came up in her pretty carnation-rose cloak, esquired by the enraptured Westmore, expressing admiration for the clothing adorning the very obvious object of his devotion.

"All girls can't wear a thing like that cloak," he was explaining proudly. "Now, it would look like the devil on you, Dulcie, with your coppery hair and——"

"What exquisite tact!" shrugged Thessalie, already a trifle restive under his constant attendance and unremitting admiration. "Can't you, out of your richly redundant vocabulary, find something civil to say to Dulcie?"

But Dulcie, still preoccupied with what Barres had said, merely gave her an absent-minded smile and walked slowly out beside her to the porch, where the headlights of a touring car threw two broad beams of gold across the lawn.

It was a swift, short run through the valley northward among the hills, and very soon the yellow lights of Northbrook's summer homes dotted the darkness ahead, and cars were speeding in from every direction—from Ilderness, Wythem, East and South Gorloch—carrying guests for the Gerhardts' moonlight spectacle and dance.

Apropos of the promised spectacle, Barres observed to Dulcie that there happened to be no moon, and consequently no moon-

light, but the girl, now delightfully excited by glimpses of Hohenlinden festooned with electricity, gaily reproached him for being literal.

"If one is happy," she said, "a word is enough to satisfy one's imagination. If they call it a moonlight spectacle, I shall certainly see moonlight whether it's there or not."

"They may call it heaven, too, if they like," he said, "and I'll believe it—if you are there."

At that, she blushed furiously.

"Oh, Garry! You don't mean it, and it's silly to say it!"

"I mean it all right," he muttered, as the car swung in through the great ornamental gates of Hohenlinden. "The trouble is that I mean so much—and *you* mean so much to me—that I don't know how to express it."

The girl, her face charmingly aglow, looked straight in front of her out of enchanted eyes, but her heart's soft violence in her breast left her breathless and mute; and when the car stopped, she hardly dared rest her hand on the arm which Barres presented to guide her in her descent to earth.

It may have been partly the magnificence of Hohenlinden that so thrillingly overwhelmed her as she seated herself with Garry on the marble terrace of an amphitheater among brilliant throngs already gathered to witness the eagerly discussed spectacle. And it really was a bewilderingly beautiful scene, there under the summer stars, where a thousand rosy lanterns hung tinting the still waters of the little stream that wound through the clipped greensward which was the stage.

The green foliage of a young woodland walled in this vernal scene; the auditorium was a semicircle of amber marble—rows of low benches, tier on tier, rising to a level with the lawn above.

The lantern light glowed on pretty shoulders and bare arms, on laces and silks and splendid jewels, and stained the somber black of the men with vague warm hues of rose.

Westmore, leaning over to address Barres, said, with an amused air,

"You know, Garry, it's Corot Mandel who is putting on this thing for the Gerhardts."

"Certainly I know it," nodded Barres. "Didn't he try to get Thessa for it?"

Thessalie, whose color was high and whose dark eyes, roaming, had grown very brilliant, suddenly held out her hand to one of two men who, traversing the inclined aisle beside her, halted to salute her.

"Your name was on our lips," she said gaily. "How do you do, Mr. Mandel? How do you do, Mr. Trenor? Are you going to amaze us with a miracle in this enchanting place?"

The two men paid their respects to her, and, with unfeigned astonishment and admiration, to Dulcie, whom they recognized only when Thessalie named her with delighted malice.

"Oh, I say, Miss Soane," began Mandel, leaning on the back of the marble seat, "you and Miss Dunois might have helped me a lot if I'd known you were to be in this neighborhood."

Thessalie was chattering away with Corot Mandel and We-



She turned to run; but he had already blocked th
toward her, white as a cadave

more; Esmé Trenor gazed upon Dulcie in wonder not unmixe with chagrin.

"You've never forgiven me, Dulcie, have you?"

"For what?" she inquired indifferently.

"For not discovering you when I should have."

She smiled, but the polite effort and her detachment of a interest in him were painfully visible to Esmé.

"I'm sorry you still remember me so unkindly," he murmured

"But I never do remember you at all," she explained, so can didly that Barres was obliged to avert his amused face, an

smé Trenor reddened to the roots of his elaborate hair. Mandel, ith a wry grin, linked his arm in Trenor's and drew him away ward the flight of steps which was the stage-entrance to the essing-rooms below.

"Good-by," he said, waving his hat. "Hope you'll like my oonlit frolic."

"Where's your bally moon?" demanded Westmore.



ay to the stone steps, and now he came creeping istracted from sheer terror

As he spoke, an unseen orchestra began to play "*Au clair de la ne*," and, behind the woods, silhouetting every trunk and branch id twig, the glittering edge of a huge, silvery moon appeared.

Slowly it rose, flashing a broad path of light across the lawn, flected in the still, little river. And when it was in the position operly arranged for it, some local Joshua—probably Corot landel—arrested its further motion, and it hung there, flooding ie stage with a witching luster.

All at once, the stage swarmed with supple, glimmering apes. Oberon and Titania came flitting down through the trees; Puck, scintillating like a dragon-fly, dropped on the sward, seemingly out of nowhere.

It was a wonderfully beautiful ballet, with an unseen chorus singing from within the woods like a thousand seraphim.

As for the play itself, which began with the calm and silvered river suddenly swarming alive with water-nymphs, it had to do, spasmodically, with the love of the fairy crown prince for the very attractive water-nymph, Ythali. This nimble lady, otherwise, was fiercely wooed by the King of the Mud-turtles, a most horrid and sprawling shape, but a clever foil—with his army of river-rats, minks, and crabs—to the nymphs and wood-fairies.

Also, the music was refreshingly charming, the singing excellent, and the story interesting enough to keep the audience amused until the end.

There was, of course, much moonlight dancing, much frolicking in the water, few clothes on the Broadway principals, fewer on the chorus, and apparently no scruples about discarding even these. But the whole spectacle was so unreal, so spectral, that its shadowy beauty robbed it of offense.

That sort of thing had made Corot Mandel famous. He calculated to the width of a moonbeam just how far he could go. And he never went a hair's breadth farther.

Thessalie looked on with flushed cheeks and parted lips, absorbed in it all with the savant eyes of a professional. She also had once coolly decided how far her beauty and talent and adolescent effrontery could carry her gay disdain of man. And she had flouted him with indifferent eyes and dainty nose uplifted—mocked him and his conventions with a few rubles in her dressing-room—slapped the collective face of his sex with her insolent loveliness and careless smile.

Perhaps, as she sat there watching the fairy scene, she remembered her ostrich and the German embassy, and the aged Von der Goltz Pasha, all over jewels and gold, peeping at her through thick spectacles under his red fez.

Perhaps she thought of Ferez, too, and maybe it was thought of him that caused her smooth young shoulders the slightest of shivers, as though a harsh breeze had chilled her skin.

As for Dulcie, she was in the seventh heaven, thrilled with the dreamy beauty of it all and the exquisite phantoms floating on the greensward under her enraptured eyes.

No other thought possessed her save sheer delight in this revelation of pure enchantment.

So intent, so still, she became, leaning a little forward in her place, that Barres found her far more interesting and wonderful to watch than Mandel's cunningly contrived illusions in the artificial moonlight below.

And now Titania's trumpets sounded from the woods, warning

all of the impending dawn. Suddenly the magic fairy moon vanished like the flame of a blown-out candle; a faint rosy light grew through the trees, revealing an empty stage and a river on which floated a single swan.

Then, from somewhere, a distant cock-crow rang through the dawn. The play was ended.

Two splendid orchestras were alternating on the vast marble terraces of Hohenlinden, where hundreds of dancers moved under the white radiance of a huge silvery moon overhead—another contrivance of Mandel's—for the splendid sphere aglow with white fire had somehow been suspended above the linden trees, so that no poles and no wires were visible against the starry sky.

And in its milky flood of light the dancers moved amid a wilderness of flowers or thronged the supper-rooms within, where Teutonic architectural and decorative magnificence reigned in one vast, incredible, indigestible gastronomic apotheosis of German *Kultur*.

Barres, for the moment, dancing with Thessalie, pressed her fingers with mischievous tenderness and whispered:

"The moonlit way once more with you, Thessa! Do you remember our first dance?"

"Can I ever thank God enough for that night's folly?" she said, with such sudden emotion that his smile altered as he looked into her dark young eyes.

"Yet that dance by moonlight exiled you," he said.

"Do you realize what it saved me from, too? And what it has given me?"

He wondered whether she included Westmore in the gift. The music ceased at that moment, and, though the other orchestra began, they strolled along the flowering balustrade of the terrace together until they encountered Dulcie and Westmore.

"Have you spoken to your hostess?" inquired Westmore. "She's over yonder on a dais, enthroned like Germania or a Metropolitan Opera valkyrie. Dulcie and I have paid our homage."

So Barres and Thessalie went away to comply with the required formality, and, when they returned from the rite, they found Esmé Trenor and Corot Mandel cornering Dulcie under a flowering orange tree, while Westmore, beside her, chatted with a most engaging woman who proved, later, to be also a practising physician.

Esmé was saying languidly that anybody could fly into a temper and kick his neighbors, but that indifference to physical violence was a condition of mind attained only by the spiritual intellect of the psychic adept.

"Passivism," he added, with a wave of his lank fingers, "is the first plane to be attained on the journey toward Nirvana. Therefore I am a pacifist, and this silly war does not interest me in the slightest."

The very engaging woman, who had been chatting with Westmore, looked round at Trenor, evidently much amused.

"I imagined that you were a pacifist," she said. "I fancy, Mr. Mandel, also, is one."

"Indeed I am, madam!" said Corot Mandel. "I've plenty to do in life without strutting round and bawling for blood at the top of my lungs."

"Thank heaven," added Esmé, "the President has kept us out of war. This business of butchering others never appealed to me—except for the slightly unpleasant sensations which I experience when I read the details."

"Oh! Then unpleasant sensations so appeal to you?" inquired Westmore, very red.

"Well, they *are* sensations, you know," drawled Esmé. "And for a man who experiences few sensations of any sort, even unpleasant ones are pleasurable."

Mandel yawned and said:

"The war is an outrageous bore. All wars are stupid to a man of temperament. Therefore, I'm a pacifist. And I had rather live under Prussian domination than rush about the country with a gun and sixty pounds of luggage on my back." He looked heavily at Dulcie, who had slipped out of the corner on the terrace, where he and Esmé had penned her. "There are other things to do more interesting than jabbing bayonets into Germans," he remarked. "Did you say you hadn't any dance to spare us, Miss Soane? Nor you, either, Miss Dunois? Oh, well—" He cast a disgusted glance at Barres, squinted at Westmore through his greasy monocle in hostile silence, then, taking Esmé's arm, made them all a too profound obeisance and sauntered away along the terrace.

"What a pair of beasts!" said Westmore. "They make me actually ill."

Barres shrugged and turned to the very engaging lady beside him.

"What do you think of that breed of human, Doctor?" he inquired.

She smiled at Barres and said:

"Several of my own patients who are suffering from the same form of psychoneurotic trouble are also peace-at-any-price pacifists. They do not come to me to be cured of their pacifism. On the contrary, they cherish it most tenderly. In examining them for other troubles, I happened upon what appeared to me a very close relation between the peculiar attitude of the peace-at-any-price pacifist and a certain type of unconscious pervert."

"That pacifism is perversion does not surprise me," remarked Barres.

"Well," she said, "the pacifist is not conscious of his real desires and therefore cannot be termed a true pervert. But the very term, 'pacifism', is usually significant, and goes very deep psychologically. In analyzing my patients, I struck against a buried impulse in them to suffer tyrannous treatment from an omnipotent master. The impulse was so strong that it amounted to a craving and tried to absorb all the psychic material within its reach. They did not recognize the original impulse, because that had long ago been crushed down by the exactions of civilized life. Nevertheless, they were tortured and teased, made unsettled and wretched by a something which continually baffled them. Deep under the upper crust of their personalities was concealed a seething desire to be completely, inevitably, relentlessly, unreservedly overwhelmed by a subjugation from which there was no escape." She turned to Westmore. "It's purely pathological, the condition of those two self-confessed pacifists. The pacifist loves suffering. The ordinary normal person avoids suffering when possible. He endures it only when something necessary or desirable cannot be gained in any other way. He may undergo agony at the mere thought of it. His bravery consists in facing danger and pain in spite of fear. But the extreme pacifist, who is really an unconscious pervert, loves to dream of martyrdom and suffering. It must be a suffering, however, which is forced upon him, and it must be a personal matter, not impersonal and general, as in war. And he loves to contemplate a condition of complete captivity—of irresponsible passivity, in which all resistance is in vain."

"Do you know, they disgust me, those two!" said Westmore angrily. "I never could endure anything abnormal. And now that I know Esmé is—and that big lout, Mandel—I'll keep away from them. Do you blame me, Doctor?"

"Well," she said, much amused and turning to go, "they're very interesting to physicians, you know—these non-resisting pacifistic perverts. But outside a sanatorium I shouldn't expect them to be very popular." And she laughed and joined a big good-looking man who had come to seek her, and who wore the button of the French Legion of Honor.

Thessalie had strolled forward along the terrace by herself, interested in the pretty spectacle and the play of light on jewels and gowns.

Westmore, busy in expressing to Barres his opinion of Esmé and Mandel, did not, at the moment, miss Thessalie, who continued to saunter on along the balustrade of the terrace, under the blossoming row of orange trees.

Just below her was another terrace and an oval pool set with tiny jets which seemed to spray the basin with liquid silver. Silvery fish, too, were swimming in it near the surface, sometimes flinging themselves clear out of water, as though intoxicated by the unwonted luster which flooded their crystal pool.

To see them nearer, Thessalie ran lightly down the steps and walked toward the shimmering basin. And at the same time the head and shoulders of a man in evening dress, his bosom crossed by a sash of watered red silk, appeared climbing nimbly from a still lower level.

She watched him step swiftly upon the terrace and cross it diagonally, walking in her direction toward the stone stair which she had just descended. Then, paying him no further attention, she looked down into the water.

He came along very near to where she stood, gazing into the pool, peered at her curiously, was already passing at her very elbow when something made her lift her head and look round at him.

The shock of seeing him drove every vestige of color from her own face.

The man halted, staring at her in unfeigned amazement. Suddenly he snarled at her, baring his teeth in her shrinking face.

"*Kismet dir!*" he whispered. "It ees *you!* Nihla Quellen! *Now* I begin onderstan'! Yas; I now onderstan' who arrange it that they haf arrest my good frien' Tauscher! It ees *you*, then! Vot Igel, he has tol' me, 'Look out once eef she escape—thees yoong leopardess'——"



N BY W. D. STEVENS

She moved toward the bed, where Thessalie lay all huddled up, her face buried in the tumbled pillows

"Ferez!" Thessalie's young figure stiffened, and the color flamed in her cheeks.

"You leopardess!" he repeated, every tooth agrin again with rage. "So thees is 'ow you strike! Ver' well. Yas; I see 'ow it ees you strike at——"

"Ferez," she cried, "listen to *me!*"

"I 'ear you. *Allez.*"

"Ferez Bey, I am not afraid of you!"

"Ees it so?"

"Yes, it is so. I *never* have been afraid of you! Not even there on the deck of the Mirage, that night when you tapped the hilt of your Kurdish knife and spoke of Seraglio Point. Nor when your scared spy shot at me in the corridor of the Tenth Street house, or afterward at Dragon Court. Or now. Do you understand, Eurasian jackal? Or *now!* What are you doing in America? Kassim Pasha is your den, where your *rayah* loll and scratch in the sun. It is their *Keyeff!* And yours!"

She took a quick step toward him, her eyes flashing, her white hand clenched.

"*Allah Kerim*—do you say? *El Hamdu Lillah!* Do you take yourself for the *muezzin* of all jackals, then, howling blasphemies from some minaret in the hills? Do you understand what they'd do to you in the *Hirka-i-Sherif Jamesi?* Because you are *nothing*—do you hear?—nothing but an Eurasian assassin! And Moslem and Christian alike know where *you* belong among the lost pariahs of Stamboul!"

The girl was utterly transfigured. Whatever of the Orient was in her, now blazed white hot.

"What have I done to you, Ferez? What have I ever done to you that you, even from my childhood, come always stepping noiselessly at my skirt's edge—always padding behind me at my heels, silent, sinister, whimpering with bared teeth for the courage to bite which God denies you?"

The man stood almost motionless, moistening his dry lips with his tongue, but his eyes moved continually, stealing uneasy glances round him and upward, where, on the main terrace above them, the heads of the throng passed and repassed.

"Nihla," he said, "for all thees scorn and abuse of me, you know, in the false heart of you, why it ees so if I have seek you."

"You dealer in lies—you would have sold me to d'Éblis! You thought you *had* sold me. You were paid for it, too."

"An' still." He looked at her furtively.

"What do you mean? You conspired with d'Éblis to ruin me, soul and body. You involved me in your treacherous propaganda in Paris. Through you, I am an exile. If I go back to my own country, I shall go to a shameful death. You have blackened my honor in my country's eyes. But that was not enough. No! You thought me sufficiently broken, degraded, terrified to listen to any proposition from you. You sent your agents to me with offers of money if I would betray my country. Finding I would not, you whined and threatened. Then, like the Eurasian dog you are, you tried to bargain. You were eager to offer me anything if I would keep quiet and not interfere——"

"Nihla!"

"What?" she said contemptuously.

"In spite of thees—of all you say—I have love you!"

"Liar!" she retorted wrathfully. "Do you dare say that to me, whom you have already tried to murder?"

"I say it—yas. Eef if has not been so, then you were dead long time."

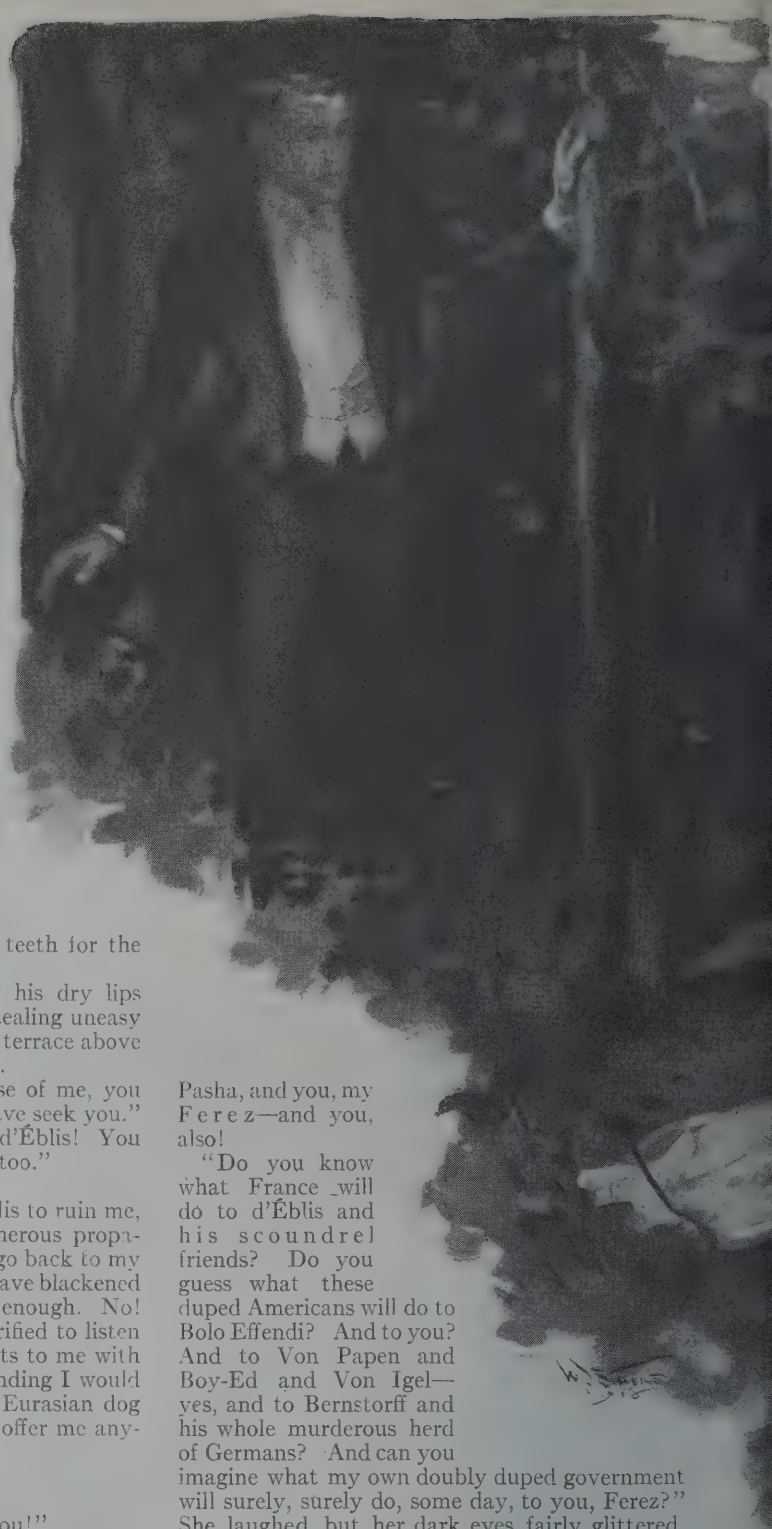
"You—you are trying to tell me that you spared me?" she demanded scornfully.

"It ees so. Alexandre—d'Éblis, you know?—long time since he would have safety for us all—thees way. *Non! Je ne pourrais pas vous tuer, moi!* It ees not in my heart, Nihla. Because I have love you long time—ver' long time."

"Because you have *feared* me long time, ver' long time," she mocked him. "That is why, Ferez—because you are afraid, because you are only a jackal. And jackals never kill. No!"

"You say thees-a to me, Nihla?"

"Yes; I say it. You're a coward! And I'll tell you something more. I am going to make a complete statement to the French government. I shall relate everything I know about d'Éblis, Bolo Effendi, a certain bureaucrat, an Italian politician, a Swiss banker, old Von der Goltz Pasha, Heimholz, Von der Hohe Pasha, and you, my Ferez—and you, also!



"Do you know what France will do to d'Éblis and his scoundrel friends? Do you guess what these duped Americans will do to Bolo Effendi? And to you? And to Von Papen and Boy-Ed and Von Igel—yes, and to Bernstorff and his whole murderous herd of Germans? And can you imagine what my own doubly duped government will surely, surely do, some day, to you, Ferez?" She laughed, but her dark eyes fairly glittered. "*My* martyrdom is ending, God be thanked! And then I shall be free to serve where my heart is—in Alsace! Alsace—forever French!"

In the white light, she saw the sweat break out on th forehead, saw him grope for his handkerchief—and drav knife instead—never taking his eyes off her.

She turned to run; but he had already blocked the wa stone steps, and now he came creeping toward her, whi cadaver, distracted from sheer terror, and rubbing the k against his thigh.

"So you shall do thees—a filth to me—eh, Nihla?" h pered, with blanched lips. "It ees on me, your frien', you to keel me, eh, my leopardess? Ver' well. But firs' I tea some things you don' know—thees a-way, my Nihla!"

He came toward her stealthily, moving more swiftly as the stone basin of the pool between them and cast an a glance up at the distant terrace.

"Jim!" she cried frantically. "Jim! Help me, Jim!"

The gay din of the music above drowned her cry; she

:z darted toward her, but again he doubled and sprang back ar the stone steps, and she halted, white and breathless, yet ed for instant flight.

gain and again she called out desperately for aid; the noise of the orchestra smothered her cry. And if, indeed, anybody from the terrace above chanced to glance down, it is likely that they supposed these two were skylarking merrymakers at some irresponsible game of catch-who-can.

Suddenly Thessalie remembered the lower level, where the automobiles were parked, on the terrace or in the house, Westmore, Barres, and Dulcie Soane had followed the winding main drive as far as the level, where their car was waiting among scores of other cars.

But Thessalie was not there; the chauffeur had not seen her.

"Where in the world could she have gone?" faltered Dulcie. "She was standing up there on the terrace with us a moment ago; then, the very next second, she had vanished utterly."

Westmore, grim and pallid, walked back along the drive; Dulcie followed with Barres. As they overtook Westmore, he cast one more glance back at the ranks of waiting cars, then stared up at the terraced hill above them, over which the artificial moon again hung above the lindens, glowing with pallid, lambent fires.

There was a vague whitish object on one of the grassy slopes—something in motion up there—something that was running erratically but swiftly—as though in pursuit—or *pursued!*



Thessalie, lying in Dulcie's arms, unclosed her eyes and looked up at him

from which Ferez had first appeared. She could escape way. There were the steps, not very far behind her. The instant, she turned and ran like a deer

nd after her sped Ferez, his broad, thin-bladed knife pressed against the crimson sash across his breast, his dead-white ge distorted with that blind, convulsive fear which makes derers out of cowards.

XXIX

THE RESCUE

THOROUGHLY worried by this time over the sudden disappear- of Thessalie Dunois, and unable to discover her anywhere

"My God! What's that, Garry?" he burst out. "That thing up there on the hillside!"

He sprang for the steps, Barres after him, taking the ascent at incredible speed, up, up, then out along a shrub-set, grassy slope.

"Thessa!" shouted Westmore. "Thessa!"

But the girl was flat on her back on the grass now, fighting sturdily for life—twisting, striking, baffling the whining, panting thing that knelt on her, holding her and trying to drive a knife deep into the lithe young body which always slipped and writhed out of his trembling clutch.

Again and again he tore himself free from her grasp; again and again his armed hand sought to strike, but (*Continued on p*

Adventures

By Roland Pertwee

Illustrated by Gerald Leake



ESME WELDON, Marigold Wade, Joyce Sedgwick, and Brenda Druce grouped themselves on Phillida's bed and whispered romantically. Very sweet they looked, and almost a complete palette of colors was assembled from their masses of untied hair, their cottony dressing-gowns, and the knitted woolly slippers which hung from their excited toes and revealed the coral pink of their small round heels.

Some sat with feet tucked beneath them, and others with dangling legs that were still too young to reach the floor.

As if by magnetism, their curly heads clustered to a common center, and the center was Phillida.

Phillida hugged her knees, and her chin rested upon them. Her bluebell eyes shone bright, and her half-drawn-in lower lip glistened with the moist perfection of youth.

"Yes; he's lovely," she announced. "Perfect!"

"I could just adore him," said Brenda, frowning hard with the tremendousness of her emotions.

"So could I," echoed Marigold and Joyce very rapturously.

It was Esme who averred how wonderful it would be to marry him. Esme was older than the rest, and that was why her mind ran on wedding-bells.

"I'm satified just to see him there," came from Brenda, with a romantic thrill in her voice.

All save Phillida caught their breaths in gaspy sighs of glorious discontent.

"Oh dear!" and "He is so sweet!" they said.

Then Phillida spoke again, and spoke to some purpose.

"Seems to me we do nothing but talk. We're always talking about him, but none of us has ever tried to talk to him——"

"'Cause we can't," interrupted Esme.

"We could, if we had the pluck. 'T any rate, I'm going to. Yes, I am; I'm going to write to him—what's more."

"How could you?" gasped Joyce.

"At boys' schools they have all their letters opened." The warning came from wide-eyed Marigold. "Then you'd be found out, and wouldn't there be a fuss just—o-oh!"

"Miss Maysfield would be furious," said Esme.

"Let her be!" replied Phillida, in revolutionary tones. She sterned her red little lips, and the lines of her brows straightened with resolve. "I don't care—besides, I shouldn't be such a silly as to post the letter."

"How would he get it, then?"

"If I told you, one of you might try it instead."

"No, we shouldn't."

"Do tell, Phillida!"

"We wouldn't—really! 'Sides, it doesn't matter who talks to him, so long as one of us does."

There is a glorious impartiality about schoolgirl affection. No one is particularly concerned on whose bosom the rose nestles, provided the fragrance can be shared among them.

Little girls are like anarchists where emotions are at stake. They draw lots who shall walk by the side of Cupid, just as the Black Hand dip into the hat for the honor of bombing a grand duke.

When we are grown up, love flourishes in solitude, but while we are little and short-skirted, and while our plaited hair cuddles in the napes of our necks, love is only accessible when approached in company.

Each one of five little girls can be infinitely more in love whispering with the rest than alone with her own thoughts.

But Phillida was not quite of the general run. She was adventurous.

"I want him for myself," she said, "and I shan't tell anyone what my plan is."

"Then you're very horrid," said Joyce. "You're very horrid indeed."

"But if you get him, you'll tell us all about it, won't you?" pleaded Marigold.

Phillida nodded.

"Of course I'll do that."

"When'll you start trying?"

"Soon."

The years which rested heavily upon Esme whispered w of caution.

"I think it would be better if we didn't try to know him," mused. "Better as it is."

"'Tisn't, then. I suppose we are in love—aren't we?"

"Oh, yes," said everyone emphatically.

"Then what's the good of being in love if we don't do anyt about it?"

The indisputable truth of this theory set everyone think and only Esme provided a dissentient note.

"We were in love with Henry Ainley last," she said, "but n of us ever spoke to him."

"I kissed his photograph every night after the gas was tu out," Marigold asserted.

"He signed mine," said Phillida, "and I kissed the inky until it smudged."

Phillida always went one better than anyone else.

"Yes; but we never spoke to him," persisted Esme. " yet we were quite happy."

Phillida tossed her head and bit her brown, curly hair.

"I wasn't—particularly," she said. "Anyway, I am tire being in love with pictures; I want a real adventure." pointed through the open window into the sapphire night. that little light there. That's the dormitory where he sleeps

"How do you know?"

"I do know. He's in the fourth form, and all the fourth-f boys sleep there. The milkman told me. It's only about four feet to the ground, and there's a rain-pipe. If he's plucky, think nothing of climbing down."

"Oh, you are exciting!" twittered Brenda, twiddling her so fast that her shoes fell off. "In the middle of the night, d' mean?"

Phillida nodded.

"But how would you get out?"

"I'd jump."

"You wouldn't be able to get back again."

"One of you could open the door when I made a noise lik owl."

A certain lack of enthusiasm followed this statement. It Joyce who said,

"I wonder what his name is."

"Galahad, I should think," proposed Marigold, who had the "Idylls."

"No; I am sure it's Raymond or Romeo," said Brenda.

Phillida scoffed.

"No one is called Romeo nowadays," she said. "Dick he is any rate, he's 'Dick' to me." And as a matter of fact, his n actually was Dick—Master Richard Omerod Frayne, to be exact.

Undoubtedly Dick was a very beautiful boy—beautif built, admirably set up, and possessed of a well-ordered, c



eems to me we do thing but talk. We're ways talking about n, but none of us s ever tried to talk him— —"

likely to set any susceptible heart in a flutter. He had a pious expression, compensated for by a roguish glint in the and a perplexing humor about the corners of his mouth.

ick was thirteen, and in some respects he looked too good to rue, while in others he looked as if he could be exceedingly hty.

n Sundays he wore a white surplice over a purple undergown, his place in the choir-pews was lighted on sunny mornings shaft of amber light which percolated through the stained- window and flooded the little chorister in an aureole of en splendor.

ere he sat or stood, as the case might be, and raised his clear s voice to the emergency of prayer. An expression of extreme tion illuminated his heavenly countenance, while his laugh- eyes, piercing the gloom of the side aisle, rested upon the l oval faces of Miss Maysfield's pupils as he sang, "Lord have y, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this

illida he knew by sight, and many of his glances were di- d at her to be returned with stalwart and unflinching est.

o one could say they made eyes at each other; that would be ely untrue. They merely looked at each other with grave eciation, taking pride, it seemed, in testing who would be the to droop or turn away. In this respect, they were admirably hed, for neither could claim a victory of even the smallest . While they looked, they thought things into each other's is. Thus, he would flash,

You look a topping kid."

nd she,

I love you. I love you. I love you."

infant affairs of the heart, the girl child is always the more onstrative. Hers is the task of Love's herald, and she it is who t speak the lines. The boy is far less constant. His attention ders; at any moment he may seek distraction from Cupid's arrows by launching a stone at a blackbird with his trusty catapult; at any moment he may vote Love aside to attempt some perilous scramble upon the rocks. She, the girl child, must ever be ready to win him back to ways of tenderness by beseechings or with praises of his prowess.

"Please, Miss Maysfield," said Phillida, as, on the following Sunday, they filed into church, "may I sit on the outside of the pew? I feel a little faint, and in case I wanted to slip out——"

Permission was granted, and the small conspirator took her place with an admirable semblance of indisposition. In the palm of her left hand, concealed in the depths of her gray-squirrel muff, was a tiny note.

Presently the organ sighed and broke into a fuller chord, and from the side aisle came the clergy and the choir. It was very lucky Dick should have been walking on the right, since Phillida was seated on the left.

She flashed an instantaneous command as he came out of the vestry door, then turned her head to the front again. Her hand projected ever so slightly beyond the oak side of the pew, and, as Dick came level, she hardly felt the touch of his fingers as the note passed.

The piety on his face, as she glimpsed it in three-quarter profile, surpassed anything he had revealed. Just a speck of white showed in his close-shut fist, and that was all

Phillida sighed happily.

"I'm better now," she told Miss Maysfield, but that lady had turned to frown into silence a sudden whispering from Brenda, Esme, Joyce, and Marigold.

Phillida turned and scowled at them, too, but there was light of triumph in her eyes. Later in the service, while singing a hymn, Marigold interpolated the words: "She did it," thus destroying the scansion of the verse.

When the choir filed out at the close of the service, Master Richard Omerod Frayne nodded with truly amazing subtlety to Phillida.

The whole affair was conducted with consummate tact on both sides. Not a soul in the church, save those in the know, had excuse to suspect anything of being wrong. After all, nothing was wrong, unless you chance to be one of those people who look askance at venture and throw up your hands at the word "romance."

That night, as half-past eleven boomed sonorously from the town-hall clock, a violent eruption took place in Phillida's bed. Sheets and blankets flew into the air, and the young lady herself, dressed in a short skirt, a blue jersey, and a rakish tam-o'-shanter, sprang lightly to the floor and seized a pair of shoes from under a chair. Simultaneously, the occupants of four other beds sat up and began to whisper.

"Are you really going?"

"'Course I am."

"I say! It's fearful adventure."

"Pooh!" said Phillida, as, with one foot tucked across her knee, she tightened the laces of her shoes. "You must dummy my bed, Marigold, in case Miss Peters comes in, and don't forget to slip down-stairs directly you hear the note of an owl."

"All right," said Marigold fearfully; "but what's an owl sound like?"

"I don't know—some funny old row it'll be."

It was Esme who said,

"You'd better not go."

Phillida, with her feet squarely planted on the floor, her hands thrust deep into the jersey pockets, and her tam-o'-shanter dragged over her right eye, looked the very spirit of adventure.

"I'm jolly well going," she said, "and if you say another word, I won't tell you a single thing about it. 'Night everybody."

"When'll you be back?"

"Don't know—depends."

She swung a brown-stockinged leg over the sill, gripped the branch of a laburnum tree, and let herself down hand over hand. There was a faint thud as she dropped to the grass, and a moment later the sound of a light footstep running fast on the sandy road.

Phillida did not stop running until she reached the esplanade, then, walking briskly she turned to the left toward the massive silhouette of St. Elwyn's College. There was no one about, and she slipped through the tradesmen's entrance to the grounds beyond, without attracting notice. Here, in the shadow of a small oasis of flowering shrubs, she came to a halt and, resting her back against a tree, looked upward to the first-floor windows.

As twelve o'clock struck, up went a sash. Something, probably a rope snaked down the wall, followed a second later by a spritely figure which seemed almost ghostlike in the light of the moon.

Dick did not stop to look about when he reached the ground, but headed straightway for the clump of bushes.

In view of the pains they had been at to make each other's better acquaintance, their first greeting might be regarded as disappointing.

"Hello! How are you?" said Phillida.



"You're a distracting being," said Dick. "Just distracting!"

"Going strong, thanks. You all right?"

"Yes, thanks."

"I'm jolly glad."

Then there was a pause, and inspiration well-nigh perishe

"What are we going to do?" Phillida demanded.

"Don't mind—whatever you like."

"Let's get away from here, then."

"Right-o!"

She stretched out a hand and he took it, and, by common sent, they ran their fastest across the football field.

They were hot and breathless when they arrived at the which fenced the far end, and their little palms stuck toge with perspiration.

"That was fine," said Dick. "You can run. I say, we s have to squirm through this; d'you mind? It's barbed wire, you'll tear your dress like old fits if you don't squirm flat."

"I don't care," said Phillida, and threw herself on the gras

"I'll lead and give you a tow," he suggested, and wriggled u the ill-humored wire with great agility. "Give us a hand," ordered, and dragged Phillida through with her buttons ful grass. "That's fine!" he announced, as they shook the e from their clothes and brushed themselves down with his "Now what?"

"How about the beach?"

"Jolly! Come on, then."

He seized her hand again and off they started. Once they to take cover while a silent-footed constable prowled past, with this exception they met no one.

"Wish I'd brought some tuck. We could have had an orgy the pebbles."

"I've got some pennies," said Phillida. "Wouldn't be so to get some chew from the sweet-machines by the pier."

"By Jingo, that's a notion!" Suddenly, a better one str him. "Wouldn't it be just terrific if we sneaked on to the itself? We could, you know. 'Tisn't anything of a clim Phillida's eyes sparkled gloriously. "Are you game?"

"'Course I am!" she retorted. "I'm game for anything yo do."

"You're jolly plucky, then," he said. "Aren't you afraid being caught?"

"No fear."

"I thought girls were."

"They jolly well aren't. I should care if I was caught so long as I'd ha good spree beforehand. A spree is wo any amount of wiggings."

"What do you call a spree?" he ask

"This is a spree—a lark."

"'Course," said Dick dubiously. "girls don't get proper wiggings. Now, were caught, I shouldn't half catch it. I I'd get twenty."

"Twenty what?" She knew very w but it gave an added zest to the expedit to know the hazard which he ran by dulging in it.

"Twenty cuts—hard 'uns, too."

"P'r'aps you wish you hadn't co then."

"No, I don't."

"But you're afraid just the sam

"I—jolly well—am—not."

Phillida favored him with a pr glance and a friendly pressure of hand, without which it is proba they would have had a row.

"We shall have to be stalky he he said, as they approached the tu stile office at the foot of the p "There's a watchman in there. he'd fire the alarm if he heard us."

Phillida was first to scale the raili and her little white teeth shone in moonlight as she touched the planking the far side. Dick joined her in a seco and, with panther stealth, they mo away.

"We'll go round the far end behind pavilion," he whispered. "There's amount of machines there, and not a sou be able to hear us."

Before a very imposing automatic sw



WN BY GERALD LEAKE

She stopped and looked up at him reproachfully from under her springing lashes. "I suppose you want to make it up," she said

deliverer, which soberly faced the shores of France, they halted and laid in supplies. Dick would not hear of allowing Phillida to spend her money, and, indeed, he accounted it as a loss of prestige to allow her to change his silver for some of her coppers.

No gallant ever feasted his lady-love in the palm court at the Savoy with greater chivalry.

They sat together on the balustrade with their feet dangling and the happy wavelets splashing like laughter against the musselly piles of the pier. As a safeguard, they twined arms about each other's waists.

For something to say, they talked of the adventure in glowing terms—also, they talked of the chocolate in glowing terms. They talked of adventure with their mouths full of chocolate and of chocolate with their eyes full of adventure.

"I never knew chocolate tasted so good before," declared Dick.

"It's the ripping time we're having."

They did not speak of each other at all, except once, when Phillida asked what he would do if she fell into the sea. His reply was conclusive and all that could be desired in the circumstances.

"Jolly well jump in after you."

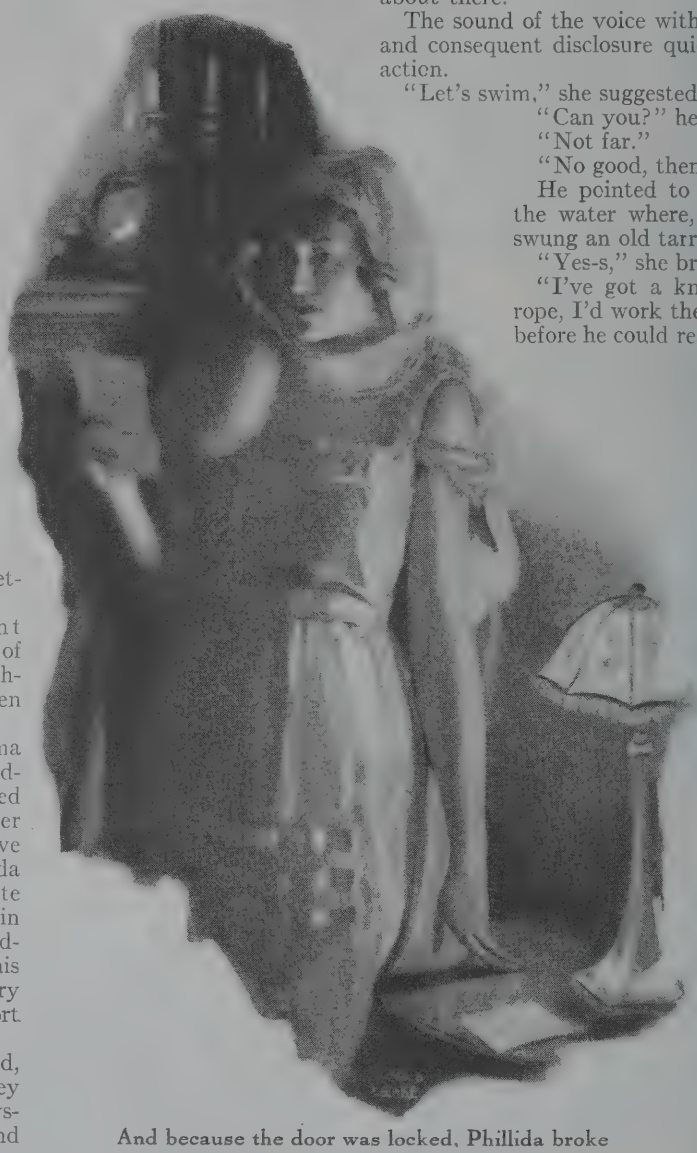
With this exception, they devoted their attention to a kind of detached appreciation.

After a while, it became difficult to find fresh synonyms for a "topping evening," so they returned to the sweet-machine.

But here disappointment awaited them, for the supply of the especial quality of refreshment they favored most had given out.

So Dick bought two Marsuma cigarettes and a box of windfusees. Possibly they realized that the cigarettes, taken after their other excesses, would prove a fatal mistake, for Phillida dropped hers into the sea quite early in the smoking, and Dick, in a spirited effort to catch it in mid-air, had the misfortune to lose his own. This loss he lamented very heartily, but he made no effort to buy a fresh stock.

The fusees, on the other hand, were entirely successful. They burned with a bright and mystic light, smelled aromatic, and hissed pleasantly when thrown into the water beneath.



And because the door was locked, Phillida broke the seal and read

In the pleasure of watching these coruscations, it escaped their notice that pyrotechnics is not the wisest form of entertainment for would-be concealed folk to engage in.

The night watchman, unlike the usual run of his kind, occasionally indulged in a spell of watching. It was pure misadventure that one fusee, thrown farther than the rest, should have drawn a line of yellow light across his focal plane. Perceiving this unusual circumstance, there remained no choice for him but to investigate. Therefore, stepping lightly, he made his way to the pier-head.

Evidently Fate had no mind that our hero and heroine should be caught unawares, for some extra sense prompted Phillida to turn her head as the figure loomed some fifty paces distant.

"Run!" she cried, and gripped Richard Frayne by the hand.

They had little enough time for decisions, for, on being discovered, the watchman quickened his pace. Escape to the mainland was out of the question, but to delay capture they raced down the iron steps to the lower story of the pier, where, in the daytime, the steamboats made fast.

"You won't get far that way," came a nasty voice from ab
"So I'll just wait here till you gives yourselves up."

It was true. They had committed themselves to a cul-de-

"Now we've done it," gasped Phillida.

"It's all my rotten fault," said Dick.

The night watchman lolled against the railing and lighte pipe. Very sure of his prey was he.

"It'll be awful if we are caught," said Phillida.

"Never mind," said Dick sternly; "I'll marry you if we a

He must have read the phrase in a book somewhere—or it was some latent ancestral gallantry which sprang it to his

"Better come up," called the watchman. "No good hang about there."

The sound of the voice with its horrible guarantee of capt and consequent disclosure quickened the twain to the need action.

"Let's swim," she suggested.

"Can you?" he asked.

"Not far."

"No good, then. Oh, look there!"

He pointed to a small stairway leading dow the water where, riding at the end of a long r swung an old tarred rowboat.

"Yes-s," she breathed. "Could we? In tim

"I've got a knife," he said. "If you'd cut rope, I'd work the oars, and we ought to get a before he could reach us."

They both breathed har in—out—then held it and

The night watchman reali their intention almost be they had started. and t heard him shout as he clatte down the iron stairs and ra along the jetty.

He was down the sma stairs and had laid a hand the rope as Phillida slashe the knot.

"Let go, you horrid—h rid—" she cried, hacking as spoke.

The last strand parted Dick, straining at the o pulled savagely out to sea.

"It's a race who'll get to beach first," he gasped; "b mean to win."

And win he did. Very sp did it was to cleave the wa in the moonlight, and it voked from Phillida,

"Isn't it gorgeous being love?"

"Ra-ther," came the bre less rejoinder.

They beached the boat the sand, then legged it for they were worth, and scramb up to the esplanade.

"Think we'd better go b don't you?" said Phillida.

"P'r'aps we had. Where do you live in holiday-times?"

"Canterbury."

"So do I. How jolly funny! P'r'aps we shall meet there."

"We might."

"Be rather fun?"

"Yes; rather."

"We've had a tremendously topping evening."

"Absolutely nutting!"

"Best ever!" said Dick.

After that, they didn't speak until Phillida pointed at a house and said,

"Here I am."

"Hope you get in safe."

"Hope you do."

Obviously this was the end, but the problem was how to en properly. Each left it to the other to solve and waited in sile

"Better say good-night," suggested Dick.

"Good-night," said Phillida, but she did not move.

"How would it be," said Dick, with an obvious effort, "if I to kiss you?"

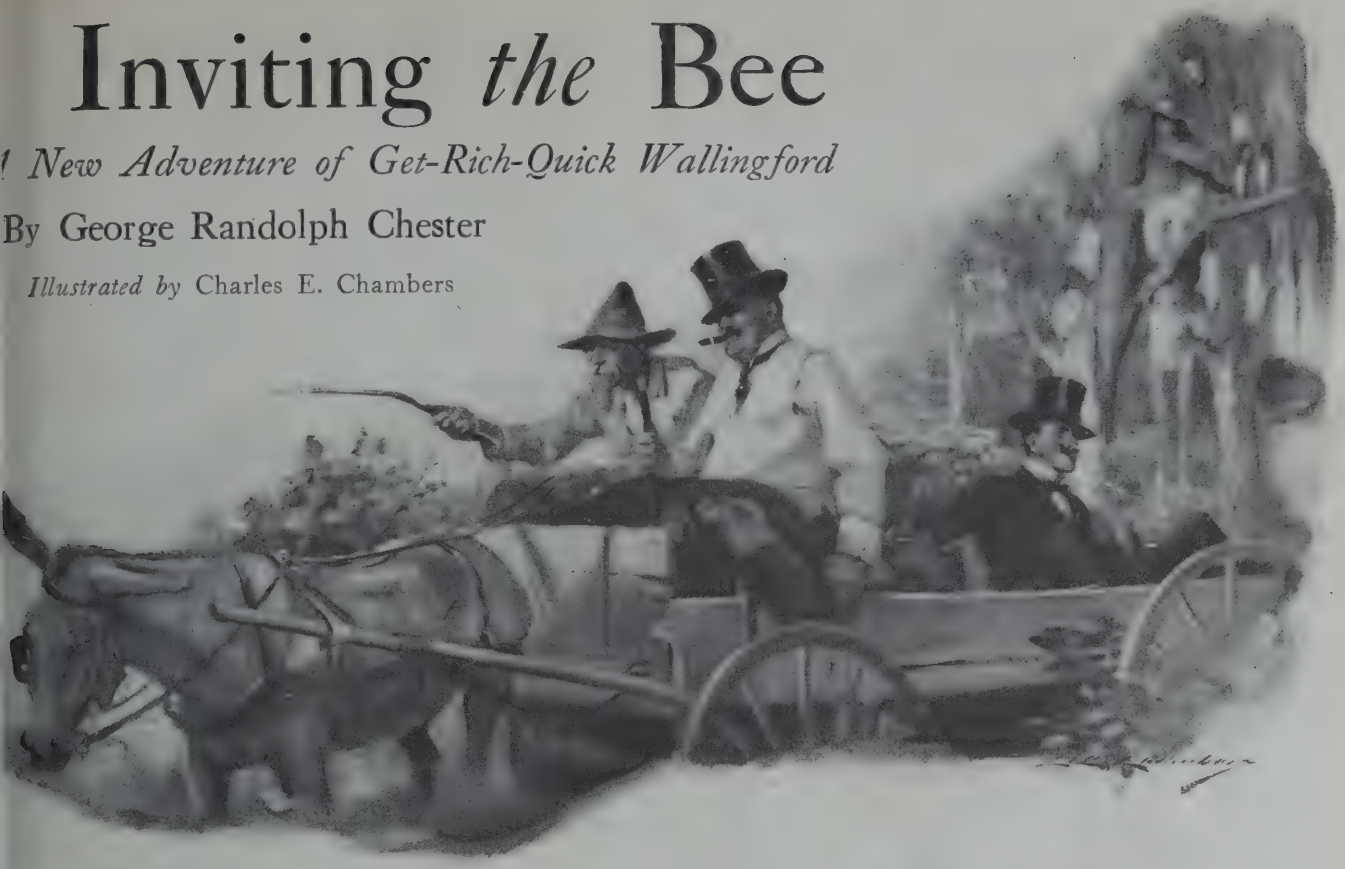
(*Continued on page*

Inviting *the* Bee

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



"Gid-dap, Jed!" chuckled Wallingford. "I don't want to miss to-day's train. In which direction does it go?"

AND Christopher Columbus thought the earth was round," remarked Blackie Daw, his back to the sea and his face to the future—which consisted of a flat waste of sand and a distant stretch of dead trees hung h Spanish moss. "Where do you suppose we are, Jim?"

'On land!" snapped big Jim Wallingford, his red face grimed h engine-oil, and he slammed his monkey-wrench into the rks of the speed-boat which had chosen to balk at this deso- e spot.

'"Every cloud has its silver lining,'" grinned Blackie, pop- g his cap into the bag he had brought from the Swallow, and ting his silk hat on the back of his head with careful jaunti- s, though his hair was dripping salt spray. "You wanted to ne north by water and study the possibilities of the country. ll, study." And he struck out in his long, swinging, light- ted stride.

Wallingford looked hopelessly up and down the coast. Sand othing but sand! A lone buzzard circled in slow, lazy sweeps r billowing sea and barren land, and the hot sun blazed down. th a smothered oath, J. Rufus dragged his silk hat from its nest under a seat, put his dripping coat across his arm, ked up his bag, and followed toward the funereally draped es, his thick legs pumping up and down like piston-rods; and r and anon he mopped his dripping brow with his wet shirt- eve, and ever and anon he stopped to pant, and ever and anon swore. He was almost to the blessed shade when Blackie hed out of the woods astride a bony-featured, fly-bitten, lop- ed, wall-eyed, and faded mule.

'Saved!" yelled Blackie, stopping his steed with a flourish, l hopping off. "Here's your taxi, Jim."

Wallingford stepped back to exchange a glare of mutual dislike h the beast.

'Where did you get it?"

'Found it eating a tree. We'll ride and tie." And Blackie, ning the handles of the two bags with a handkerchief, flung m over the back of the animal. "You'll stick on Pet as long you can stand it, then fasten him to something and walk on, l I'll do the same. Give me your leg."

'Where do we go?" Wallingford hung back with considerable sgiving.

'Leave it to Pet. He might find a human. Lift your foot, i. Come here, mule! Stand over! Back up! Whoa! Dang i, whoa! Now, Jim, put your hand on Pet's forward hump, and when I boost, you straddle—facing frontward, please. Now —one, two, three, whoop-la!"

With a mighty thud, Wallingford came down on the bony back, and frantically saved himself from going on over, while the astonished mule jumped forward eight feet, then stopped abruptly. Never, in all Pet's experience, had he carried so much dead weight, and he needed to decide what he should do about it.

"Gid-dap!" And J. Rufus pounded with his heels.

Nothing happened.

"Come on!" Blackie pulled at the bit. Nothing happened. "Grip the wheel, Jim." And taking off his coat, Blackie swung it round his head and larruped Pet on the rump. Nothing happened. "Listen, mule!" Lifting one of the long ears, Blackie put two fingers in his mouth and whistled a blast.

"Wait!" yelled J. Rufus, but he was too late. The mule's tail had come straight up with a jerk, and his ears had shot straight forward; then, with one wild bray, in answer to the whistle, away he tore, the bags flopping, and J. Rufus, his arms round Pet's neck and his legs round Pet's middle, bumping up and down with a "Huh!" at every bump.

About half a mile into the woods, where a vague road curved, Blackie found a silk hat. A mile further on, he found two bags. Another mile, and he met the mule coming back—alone. Some distance beyond, he found J. Rufus sitting on a log, with one hand at the back of his head and one at the base of his spine, cursing weakly but earnestly.

"Why, hello, Jim!" hailed Blackie, stopping the docile Pet with a "Whoa!" and a slap on the neck as he jumped to the ground. "Here's your hat. Give me your leg."

"Not!" declared J. Rufus, with great vigor. "I'll stay here till the buzzards get me rather than stride that thing again."

And they were still arguing this matter of life and death when through the woods there came a rumble and a creak and a slow, monotonous jolt—a springless and wobble-wheeled wagon driven by a humped and bony-featured man with colorless whiskers, and drawn by a mule so like Pet that the relationship was beyond question.

"Where-all did you get William?" droned the man, stopping stock-still, while the mules spread their legs and brayed at each other.

"Is William yours?" inquired Blackie courteously, while Wallingford rose from the log, brightening at the sight of anything on wheels.

"I reckon," droned the man. "Nobody else lives in these parts."

"How far is it to any place?" Wallingford now, and he was brisk.

"About fifteen mile."

"In which direction?"

"Oh, any ways. Tullapalm's up thataways, and Sweetrun's down thataways, and Sant' Anna's over thataways; back thataways's the ocean."

Blackie had already piled the bags in the wagon, and had shaken William's ear in farewell.

"Where do we go from here?" he asked, jumping up and letting his legs dangle.

"Tullapalm." And the native moved over to give Wallingford a seat. "Gid-dap, Jed!"

J. Rufus breathed a sigh of relief, and his mind sprang back to its normal channel—commerce.

"What's the principal crop around here?"

"Childern," droned the native. "Gid-dap, you Jed!" And he whacked the mule with a short stick. Jed merely flicked his ear. "Man tried to raise oranges back there once, God knows why."

"What's at Tullapalm?"

"A waterin'-tank. Man tried to run a store there once, God knows why."

"What's at Sweetrun?"

"Used to be a cane-mill there once."

"God knows why," supplemented Blackie, lighting a cigarette.

"And Sant' Anna?"

"A harbor. Gid-dap, Jed! Fishin'-town. They's a boat stops there once a week."

"Cheerful prospects, Jim," grinned Blackie. "Didn't you once say that a smart man could do business any place?"

"Gid-dap, Jed!" chuckled Wallingford. "I don't want to miss to-day's train. In which direction does it go?"

"What do you care?" demanded Blackie; and, seized with a sudden inspiration, he jumped off the wagon, ran ahead, grabbed Jed's bit, and lifted one of the long ears. "Listen, mule!" Putting two fingers in his mouth, he whistled a blast, and sprang for the tail of the wagon as it shot past him.

It was well to have stimulated Jed, for just as they rattled and jolted and bumped past one of the two shanties which comprised Tullapalm, the train thundered in, and the fireman slammed down the spout of the watering-tank. Tossing a bill to their rescuer, Blackie and Wallingford dashed for the train, and as they set foot on the platform of a car, Civilization for the first time opened her friendly arms.

"But good-by business," said Blackie, as he looked at the sign on the weather-beaten station. "We're headed south again!"

"We're headed for a drink," chuckled Wallingford. "Suppose you go locate the diner while I wash up."

A few minutes later, when Blackie returned with the cheerless news that this was a temperance train and was shy one diner, he found Wallingford waiting for him outside the wash-room curtain, the joy of life in his eye.

"Got a live one in here," he husked in Blackie's ear. "But the orange-land ballyhoos got on at the last stop, and they saw him first. Come in and fan 'em away."

II

A PINCH-EYED man with a frank blue tie was busy at one of the wash-basins, and round his green-striped shirt-sleeves were clustered five eager gentlemen, lean gentlemen for the most part, ranging from the fuzz of the first mustache to the gray of passing hair; but they were all alert, and they all had brilliantly printed folders in their hands, and they were all talking. For just one moment, Blackie Daw surveyed that interesting tableau; then he gave his pointed mustaches a smoothing twist, and pulled a huge wad of bills from his pocket.

"Well, boys," said he; "we're coming into the orange belt."

The five eager gentlemen turned sharpy. They saw before them a well-dressed, confiding-looking stranger who was counting money—large bills!

"Have a folder!" immediately offered the five eager gentlemen, as they surged straight for Blackie and thrust at him brilliant lithographs of oranges, whole, iced, and on trees.

"Thanks, boys!" exclaimed Mr. Daw, accepting the literature with gratitude, and stuffing his money into his pocket without completing the count. "Nothing but the most tempting orange grove will satisfy me—one where the golden blossoms perennially bloom, and balmy breezes——"

He was not allowed to finish. Five eager voices drowned hi out.

"A man needs a little shark insurance on these trains," chuckl the hugely pleasant Wallingford, leaning against the door the side of the pinch-eyed man; but he found an inattentive ea The pinch-eyed man was interested in orange groves, and, tal ing his towel with him, he joined the group.

"What was you saying about that hundred-and-twenty-ac place?" he inquired, nudging the side of the gray-haired sale man; but he found an inattentive ear. The gray-haired sale man was trying to reach the coat lapel of Blackie Daw, and w shouting,

"Every orange a prize-winner, a perfect sphere of even colo and of flavor unsurpassed!"

"Air!" grinned Blackie, catching the energetic signal of Rufus, and he bulged out of the smoking-compartment, followe by the entire brigade of lithograph specialists.

"The poor boob!" laughed Wallingford. "It's all right get stung when you're not watching, but to ask the bee to s on you is inviting a plaster."

"They won't put the jab into me," asserted Wallingford "live one," tossing aside the towel and gazing into the mirr his approbation of the smartest man he knew. "They can pa me all the information they have, and put on the loud pedal, bu when I buy my orange land, I'll see it with my own eyes."

"Right you are!" And J. Rufus beamed on his fellow travele "I can see that you've cut your eye-teeth."

"Oh, some!" The fellow traveler slipped into his ready-mac coat. "I'm from the flyest town in the United States, and the can't get up so early in the morning but what they find me tal ing in the milk."

"Have a cigar," immediately offered Wallingford, beginnir to feel very much at home. "Nothing gives me more pleasu than to meet a man who is safe from harm." He lighted a matc for the habitual forerunner of the caroling lark, and they s beside the speeding landscape. "Why do you want an oran grove?"

"To teach my son-in-law a lesson." And he chewed int Wallingford's fine cigar with a callousness which made that co noisseur wince. "I sent him down here five years ago, befo I was used to having a son-in-law, to buy himself some oran land. Do you know what they handed that city simp? Tw hundred acres of the sand you see right out there."

Wallingford chuckled.

"They'd never have stung you that way," he commente and out of the corner of his eye waited for the certain smirl It came. Fairly interesting subject, the pinch-eyed man! T an amateur he would look like a yield of from three to five tho sand dollars, but to one of Wallingford's experience he promise to assay considerably more—considerably. "And I'll make a litt bet with you. You won't buy an orange grove. You'll prol ably, if you come South, invest in some manufacturing industr I've been figuring on something of the sort myself." And i stantly he set his creative faculties to work.

"Nothing doing!" was the emphatic reply. The pinch-ey squinted as they surveyed Wallingford. A jovial man, a likab man, a prosperous man. Why, that diamond in his cravat mu be worth two or three thousand dollars! The pinch-eyes rove to the landscape, satisfied. "I get plenty of manufacturing home. Aster's Patent Garter-snaps; Aster's Patent Cuf adjuster; Aster's Patent Natural-knot Scarf-tiers. Look this!" And, lifting his bright-blue cravat, he showed the papie mâché form which made cravat-tying no longer a mystery but matter of mechanics, and, once tied, always tied!

"Remarkably ingenious!" enthusiastically complimente Wallingford, and dropped from his mind a dozen half-forme inventions which had sprung there. "Perhaps a winter reso along entirely new and novel lines might——"

"Orange grove!" interrupted Mr. Aster with emphasis, an Wallingford fought off a feeling of depression. Here was a ideal man with whom to do business—one who had money spend and was anxious to spend it, one who thought well himself and was consequently unprotected, one who had all th earmarks, symptoms, and mental habits of a preordained "fal guy"; but he was hades-bent on orange groves, and nothi else.

"Go right to it!" invited Wallingford, giving up. "I suppo every man has to buy an orange grove once." He pulled himse together. While there was life there was hope! "Suppose yo have dinner with me to-night—a bird and a bottle of bubbles

"Fine!" agreed Mr. Aster. "Where?"

"Oh, at the best hotel, whatever it is."



S BY CHARLES L. CHAMBERS

"Well, you're one of us now," considered the neighbor, "and you'll be wanting to sell. So here's what you must never tell a possible purchaser"

Mr. Aster rose briskly and left the smoking-room, followed with stubborn determination by the wondering Wallingford. In a double seat, at the other end of the car, they found Blackie Daw entirely surrounded by eager gentlemen. There were eight of them now, and Mr. Daw was the most enthusiastic of all. He was comparing platted orange groves inch by inch, and weighing the advantages of each against each; and every man among the eight was certain of a sale if he could only outtalk the other seven.

"What's the best hotel where we're going?" demanded Mr. Aster, at the edge of the group.

The alert gray-haired home-offerer glanced over his shoulder.

"Magnolia."

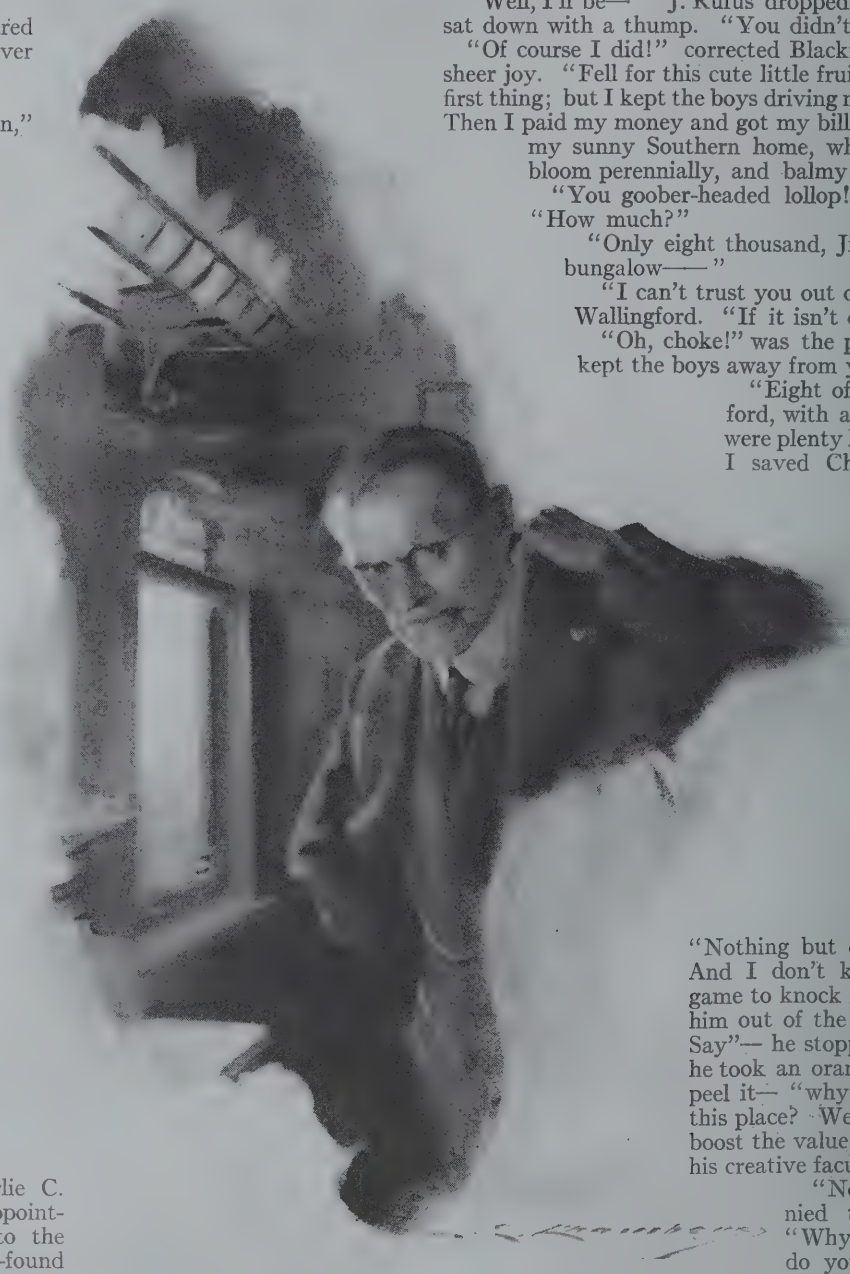
"I'll be there at seven," Mr. Aster told his prospective host, and, turning his back on that large person, he sat on the arm of a seat and resisted all efforts to drag him away from orange information until they arrived "where they were going."

There, however, Blackie, answering that savage gleam in his partner's eye, dashed for a seven-passenger machine which was marked "For Hire," and said:

"Come on, boys! Every man has a chance, and the one with the goods gets my money. Show me your groves!"

Laughing, they piled in with him, for it was a train with no "prospects" but Blackie Daw, and the pinch-eyed man, and the big Wallingford, who distinctly would not buy—and far be it from each of the eight to permit any one of the other seven to walk away untrammeled with those nice crisp bills! Thus it was that Charlie C. Aster, sullen with disappointment, was again left to the jealous care of his new-found friend.

"I'm going to price some orange groves before dinner!" he blurted, and strode toward a taxi.



The fellow traveler slipped into his ready-made coat. "I'm from the flyest town in the United States, and they can't get up so early in the morning but what they find me taking in the milk"

III

It was eleven-thirty before Wallingford, weary in body and soul, but upheld by a certain negative triumph, could spare a moment for the queer note he had received from Blackie Daw.

Chloroform your hick into the hay as early as possible, and bring your pajamas to 2754 Laurel Road. Horace G.

With his mind full of worry as to what new folly Blackie might have committed, he went up to Charlie Aster's door and heard him snore, went into the next room for his own bag, hurried down, jumped into a machine, and whizzed out into the bright moonlight. At Twenty-seven fifty-four Laurel Road, he found a brilliantly illuminated bungalow set into the front of a prim little orange grove. The door was wide open, and on the porch sat a lanky figure, smoking, and rocking serenely, and taking an occasional taste of an immense orange.

"Come right in and make yourself at home, Jim," invited Blackie, rising politely and pulling forward a big rocker. "Have an orange?"

"What's the thought?" inquired Wallingford, looking curiously into the house. "Who lives here?"

"I do."

"Well, I'll be—" J. Rufus dropped his bag on the floor and sat down with a thump. "You didn't——"

"Of course I did!" corrected Blackie, with the exultation of sheer joy. "Fell for this cute little fruit-laden paradise the very first thing; but I kept the boys driving me round until ten o'clock. Then I paid my money and got my bill of sale, and moved into my sunny Southern home, where the golden blossoms bloom perennially, and balmy breezes——"

"You goober-headed lollop!" chuckled Wallingford. "How much?"

"Only eight thousand, Jim; completely furnished bungalow——"

"I can't trust you out of my sight," complained Wallingford. "If it isn't one idiot stunt, it's——"

"Oh, choke!" was the pleasant interruption. "I kept the boys away from your fish, didn't I?"

"Eight of 'em," admitted Wallingford, with a sigh; "that's all. There were plenty left, however. Five times I saved Charlie from wasting our money, and the only way I got him to bed was to put gin in his champagne. It was a dark and stormy night."

"Have an orange?" offered Blackie, and pushed the basket closer. "Why didn't you interest our mackerel in one of your own flossy little business opportunities?"

"Orange grove!" growled J. Rufus. "Nothing but orange grove, blast him! And I don't know enough about the game to knock it properly. I can't beat him out of the notion with a hammer—Say"— he stopped rocking; he chuckled; he took an orange at last, and began to peel it— "why can't we frame him for this place? We can figure some way to boost the value." And instantly he set his creative faculties to work.

"Not so!" indignantly denied the new orange-grower. "Why, you fat money-grubber, do you know what I propose to do the first thing to-morrow morning? I shall go out into my own orange grove, and from my own orange trees pluck my own orange blossoms to send to my own Violet Bonnie. She didn't have any the day we were married."

"Well, we can spare a few blossoms, I guess," granted Wallingford, and went on with his planning.

"Hello, neighbor!" A machine had stopped in front of the gate, just ahead of the one which still waited for J. Rufus's use or dismissal, and a pleasant-looking fellow with a dimple in his chin jumped out and came up the walk.

"Hello, neighbor!" returned Blackie. "Have an orange?"

"No, thanks," laughed the neighbor. "I heard down-town that this place had been sold again. Anything I can do to make you happy? I live right next door."

"Glad you do." And Blackie gave him (*Continued on page 127*)



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The Moonlit Way

((*Continued from page 79*)

she always managed to seize and drag it aside with the terrible strength of one dying. And at last, with one crazed, superhuman effort, she wrested the knife from his unnerved fist, tore it out of his spent fingers. It fell somewhere near her on the grass; he strove to reach it and pick it up, but already her dauntless resistance began to exhaust him, and he groped for the knife in vain, trying to pin her down with one hand while, with desperate little fists, she rained blows on his bloodless face that dazed him.

But there was still another way—a much better way, in fact. And, as the idea came to him, he ripped the red-silk sash from his breast and, in spite of her struggles, managed to pass it round her bare neck.

"Now," he panted, "I keep my word at last! *C'est fini, ma petite Nihla!*"

"Jim! Help me!" she gasped, as Ferez pulled savagely at the silk noose, tightened it with all his strength, knotted it. And in that same second he heard Westmore crashing through the shrubbery close to him.

Instantly he rose to his knees on the grass, bounded to his feet, leaped over the low shrubs, and was off down the slope—gone like a swift hawk's shadow on the hillside. Barres was after him now.

Had it not been for the knife lying beside her on the grass—the blade very bright in the starlight—truly the youthful soul of Thessalie would have escaped its bodily tenement.

At the edge of the Cerhardt pine woods, Barres, at fault, baffled, furious, out of breath, and glaring round him in the dark, sullenly gave up the hopeless chase, turned in his tracks, and came back. Thessalie, lying in Dulcie's arms, unclosed her eyes and looked up at him.

"Are you all right?" he asked, kneeling and bending over her.

"Yes. Jim came."

Westmore's voice was shaky.

"We worked her arms—Dulcie and I—started respiration. She was nearly gone. That beast strangled her."

"I lost him in those woods below. Who was he?"

"Ferez Bey."

Thessalie sighed, closed her eyes.

"She's about all in," whispered Westmore. And, to Dulcie: "Let me take her. I'll carry her to the car."

At that, Thessalie opened her eyes again, and the old, faintly humorous smile glimmered out at him as he stooped and lifted her from the grass.

"Can I really trust myself to your arms, Jim?" she murmured.

"You'd better get used to 'em," he retorted. "You'll never get away from them again—I can tell you that right now!"

"Oh—in that case, I hope they'll be—comfortable—your arms."

"Do you think they will be, Thessa?"

"Perhaps." She gazed into his eyes very seriously from where she lay cradled in his powerful arms. "I'm tired, Jim. So sore and bruised. When he was choking me, I tried to think of you—believing it was the end—my last conscious thought——"

"My darling!"

"I'm so tired," she breathed, "so lonely. I shall be—contented—in your arms. ways——"

She turned her head and rested her che against his breast with a deep sigh.

He held her in his arms in the car all t way to Foreland Farms. Dulcie, howeve had possessed herself of Thessalie's l hand, and when she stroked it and press it to her lips, the girl's tightening finge responded, and she always smiled.

"I'm just tired and sore," she explain languidly. "Ferez battered me about dreadfully. It was so mortifying. I d spised him all the time. It made me fu ous to be handled by such a contemptib and cowardly creature."

"It's a matter for the police now," marked Barres gloomily.

"Oh, Garry!" she exclaimed. "What very horrid ending to the moonlit way took together so long ago—the lovely, s very path of Pierrot!"

"The story of Pierrot is a tragedy, Thes We have been luckier on our moonlit way

"Than Pierrot and Pierrette?"

"Yes. Death always saunters along t path of the moon, watching for those w take it. You are very fortunate, Pierrette

"Yes," she murmured, "I am fortuna Am I not, Jim?" she added, looking wistfully into his shadowy face above h

"I don't know about that," he sai "but there'll be no more moonlight bu ness for you unless I'm with you. A under those circumstances," he added, "I knock the block off old man Death if tries to flirt with you."

"How brutal! Garry, do you hear h language to me?"

"I hear," said Barres, laughing. "Yo young man is a very matter-of-fact you man, Thessa, and I fancy he means wh he says."

She looked up at Westmore; her li barely moved.

"Do you—dear?"

"You bet I do!" he whispered. "I pull this planet to pieces looking for y if you ever again steal away to a rendezvo with old man Death."

When the car arrived at Foreland Farm Thessalie felt able to proceed to her roo upon her own legs and with Dulcie's ar around her.

Westmore bade her good-night, kissi her hand—awkwardly—not being co vincing in any rôle requiring attitudes.

He wanted to take her into his arm but seemed to know enough not to do Probably she divined his irresolute sta of mind, for she extended her hand in pretty manner quite unmistakable. A the romantic education of James Westmore began.

Barres lingered at the door after We more departed, obeying a whispered asi from Dulcie. She came out in a few m ments, carefully closing the bedroom doo and stood so, one hand behind her st resting on the knob.

"Thessa is crying. It's only the natur relaxation from that horrible tension. shall sleep with her to-night."

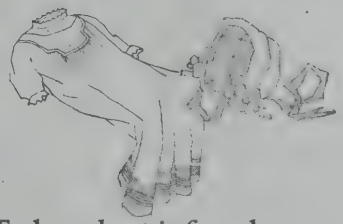
"Is there anything——"

"Oh, no! She will be all right. Garr are they—are they—in *love?*"



His fragile dresses—his delicate woolens
How to keep them sweet and fresh





How to wash his woolens

TO wash his flannels, blankets and afghans like new, use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a bowlful of water. Dissolve in boiling or *very hot* water, whisk into a thick lather and add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Put the woolens in, work them up and down, and squeeze the suds through the garments. *Do not rub.* Rinse three times in water the same temperature as the water in which you washed the garments. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing water, but do not beat into a lather. This leaves the woolens softer and fluffier. Squeeze the water out. *Do not twist.* Dry in a moderate temperature. Press with a warm iron.

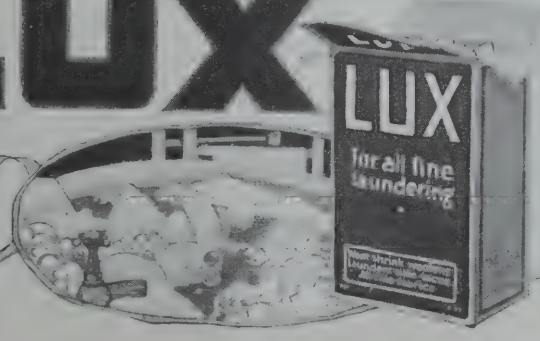
To launder his fine dresses

FOR his fine white garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of Lux in a gallon of boiling or *very hot* water, and whisk into a thick lather. Put the clothes in and squeeze the suds through them thoroughly—*do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear, hot water, and dry in the sun. Dampen, then press with a hot iron.

His delicately-tinted silks

For his tiny silk things, make the Lux lather with boiling or *very hot* water and add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. *Do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze out—do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron.

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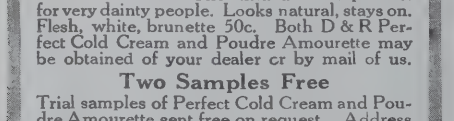
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'It rather looks that way, doesn't it?" he said, smiling.

She gazed at him questioningly, almost fearfully.

"Do *you* believe that Thessa is in love with Mr. Westmore?" she whispered.

"Yes, I do. Don't you?"

"I didn't know. I thought so. But——"

"But what?"

"I didn't—didn't know—what you would think of it. I was afraid it might—might make you—unhappy."

"Why?"

"Don't you *care* if Thessa loves somebody else?" she asked breathlessly.

"Did you think I did, Dulcie?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't."

There was a strained silence; then the girl smiled at him in a confused manner, drew a swift, sudden breath, and, as he stepped forward to detain her, turned sharply away, pressing her forearm across her eyes.

"Dulcie! Did you understand me?" he said, in a low, unsteady voice.

She was already trying to open the door, but he dropped his right hand over her fingers where they were fumbling with the knob, and felt them trembling. At the same moment, the sound of Thessalie's smothered and convulsive sobbing came to him, and Dulcie's nervous hand slipped from his.

"Dulcie," he pleaded, "will you come back to me if I wait?"

She had stopped; her back was still toward him, but she nodded slightly, then moved toward the bed, where Thessalie lay all huddled up, her face buried in the tumbled pillows.

Barres noiselessly closed the door.

He had already started along the corridor toward his own room when the low sound of voices in the staircase-hall just below arrested his attention—his sister's voice and Westmore's. And he retraced his steps and went down to where they stood together by the library door.

Lee wore a nurse's dress and apron, such as a kennel-mistress affects, and her strong, capable hands were full of bottles labeled "Grover's Specific"—the same being dog-medicine of various sorts.

"Mother is over at the kennels, Garry," she said. "She and I are going to sit up with those desperately sick pups. If we can pull them through to-night they'll probably get well eventually, unless paralysis sets in. I was just telling Jim that a very attractive young Frenchman was here only a few minutes before you arrived. His name is Renoux. And he left this letter for you—fish it out of my apron pocket, there's a dear!"

Her brother drew out the letter; his sister said:

"Mr. Renoux went away in a car with two other men. He asked me to say to you that there was no time to lose—whatever he meant by that. Now I must hurry away." She turned and sped through the hall and out through the swinging screen door on the north porch. Garry had already opened the note from Renoux, glanced over it; then he read it aloud to Westmore.

MY DEAR COMRADE:

The fat's in the fire! Your agents took Tauscher in charge to-day. Max Freund and Franz Lehr have just been arrested by yo excellent postal authorities. Warrants out for Sendelbeck, Klein, and Hochste I think the latter are making for Mexi but your secret-service people are close their heels.

Recall for Von Papen and Boy-Ed is cert to be demanded by your government. Mi will look after Bolo Effendi and d'Éblis a their international gang of spies and croo Ferez Bey, however, still eludes us. He somewhere in this vicinity, but, of course, ev when we locate him again, we can't touch hi All we can do is to point him out to your go ernment agents, who will then keep him sight.

So far so good. But now I am forced to a a very great favor of you, and, if I may, your friend, Mr. Westmore. It is this: Ske contrary to what was expected of him, did n go to the place which is being watched. N have any of his men appeared at that rende vous, where there lies the very swift and we armed launch, Togue Rouge, which we h every reason to suppose was to be their cra in this outrageous affair.

As a matter of fact, this launch is Tauscher But it, and the pretended rendezvous, are wh you call a "plant." Skeel never intended assemble his men there, never intended to u that particular launch. Tauscher mere planted it. Your men and the Canadia agents, unfortunately, are covering th vicinity and are still watching for Skeel, w has a very different plan in his crazy head.

Now, this is Skeel's plan, and this is t situation learned by me from papers discover on Tauscher:

The explosives bought and sent there b Tauscher himself are on a big, fast power-bo which is lying at anchor in a little cove calle Saibling Bay. The boat flies the Queb Yacht Club ensign and a private pennant, which it has no right.

Two of Skeel's gang are already aboard—man named Con McDermott and anothe Kelly Walsh. Skeel joins the others at hamlet near the lake-shore known as Thr Ponds. The tavern is a notorious and di reputable old brick hotel—what you call "speak-easy." That is their rendezvous.

Well then, I have wired to your peopl to Canada, to Washington. But Three Pond is not a very long drive from here, if one ignor speed-limits. Yes? Could you help us mai tain a close surveillance over that tavern t night? Is it too much to ask?

And if you and Mr. Westmore are gracious inclined to aid us, would you be so kind as t come armed? Because, *mon ami*, unless you government people arrive in time, I sha certainly try to keep Skeel and his gang fro boarding that boat.

Au revoir, donc. I am off with Jacques Alo and Émile Souchez for that charming summe resort, the Three Ponds Tavern, where, fro the neighboring roadside woods, I shall hop to flag your automobile by sunrise and welcom you and your amiable friend, Mr. Westmor as our brothers in arms.

RENOUX, your comrade and friend.

There was a silence. Then Westmo looked at his watch.

"We ought to hustle," he remarke "I'll get on some knickers and stick a coup of guns in my pocket. You'd better tel phone to the garage."

As they hastened up the stairs togethe Barres said,

"Have I time for a word with Dulcie?

"That's up to you. I'm not going t say anything to Thessa. I wouldn't ca to miss this affair. If we arrived too lat and they had already dynamited the Wel land Canal, we'd never forgive ourselves

Barres ran for his room.

The conclusion of ***The Moonlit Way*** will appear in ***April Cosmopolitan.***

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DENTAL authorities believe that "Acid-Mouth" is the chief cause of tooth decay, and that 95 in 100 people have it. That is why 95 in 100 Litmus Test Papers turn pink.

And that is why it is important for you to send for our free Litmus Test Papers and make your own test for "Acid-Mouth." It's very simple. You place one of the papers on your tongue. If it remains blue, you are 1 in 20—your mouth is normal. But if it turns pink—as it is very likely to do 19 times in 20—you have proof positive that your mouth is in an unfavorably acid condition and needs immediate attention if you would save your teeth from gradual destruction.

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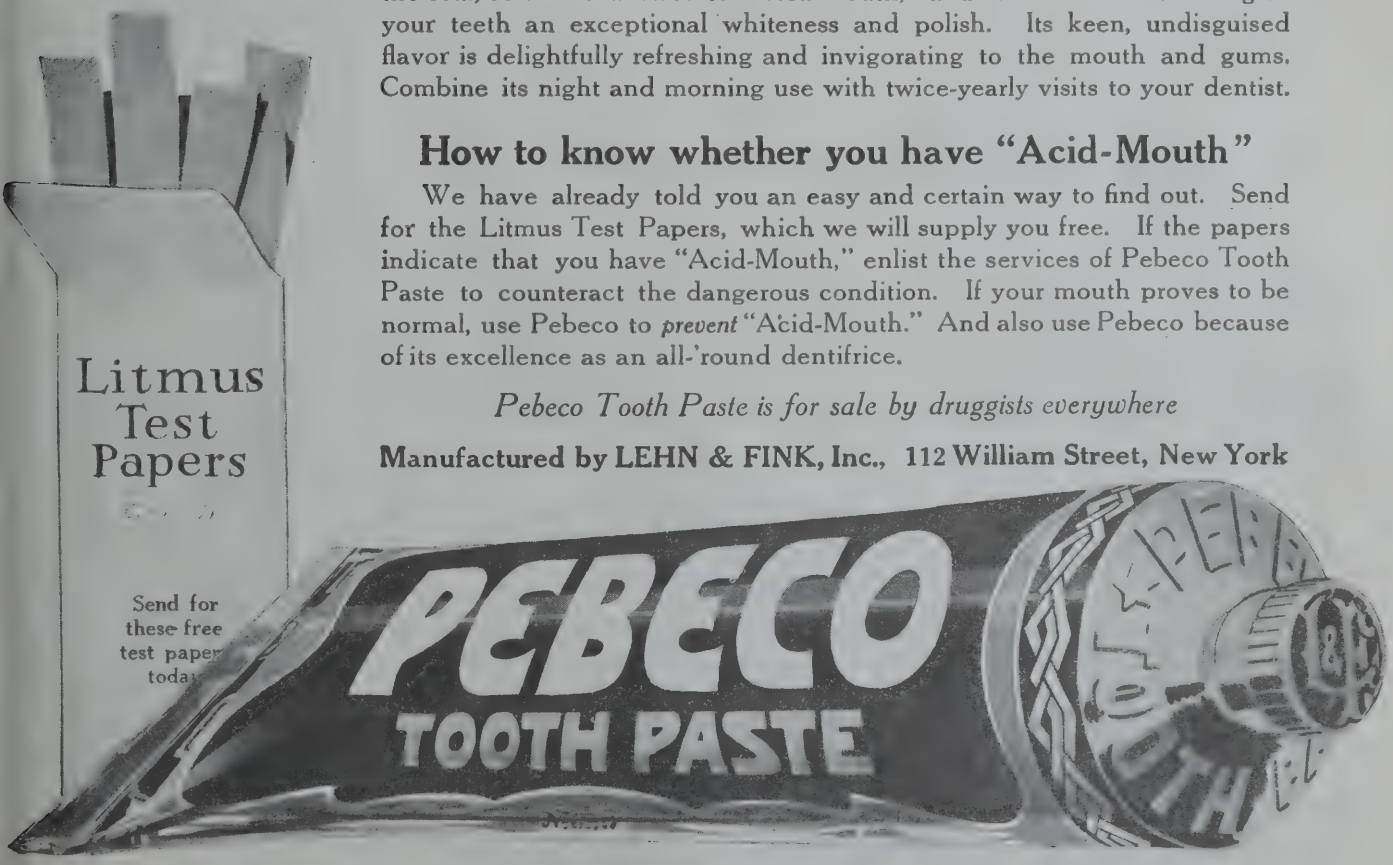
You must also counteract "Acid-Mouth." But Pebeco does both. It is the real, scientific answer to "Acid-Mouth," and its faithful use will give your teeth an exceptional whiteness and polish. Its keen, undisguised flavor is delightfully refreshing and invigorating to the mouth and gums. Combine its night and morning use with twice-yearly visits to your dentist.

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We have already told you an easy and certain way to find out. Send for the Litmus Test Papers, which we will supply you free. If the papers indicate that you have "Acid-Mouth," enlist the services of Pebeco Tooth Paste to counteract the dangerous condition. If your mouth proves to be normal, use Pebeco to *prevent* "Acid-Mouth." And also use Pebeco because of its excellence as an all-'round dentifrice.

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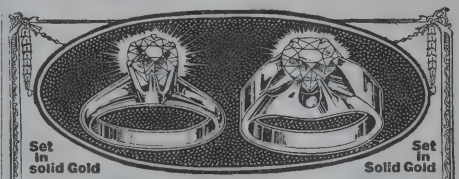
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"Humoresque"

(*Continued from page 39*)

door out there, boy, so there ain't a draft in the wings. Here, Leon, your violin. Got your neckerchief? Listen how they're shouting—it's for you—Leon—darlink—go!"

In the center of that vast human bowl which had finally shouted itself out, slim, boylike, and in his supreme isolation, Leon Kantor drew bow and a first thin, pellucid, and perfect note into a silence breathless to receive it.

Throughout the arduous flexuosities of the Mendelssohn E-minor concerto, singing, winding from tonal to tonal climax, and out of the slow movement, which is like a tourniquet twisting the heart into the spirited *allegro molto vivace,* it was as if beneath Leon Kantor's fingers the strings were living vein-cords, youth, vitality, and the very foam of exuberance racing through them.

That was the power of him—the Vichy and the sparkle of youth, so that, playing, the melody poured round him like wine and went down seething and singing into the hearts of his hearers.

Later, and because these were his people and because they were dark and Slavic with his Slavic darkness, he played, as if his very blood were weeping, the "Kol Nidre," which is the prayer of his race for atonement.

And then the super-amphitheater, filled with those whose emotions lie next to the surface and whose pores have not been closed over with a water-tight veneer, burst into its cheers and its tears.

There were fifteen recalls from the wings, Abrahm Kantor standing counting them off on his fingers, and trembling to receive the Stradivarius. Then, finally, and against the frantic negative pantomime of his manager, a scherzo, played so lacily that it swept the house in lightest laughter.

When Leon Kantor finally completed his program, they were loath to let him go, crowding down the aisles upon him, applauding up, down, round him, until the great disheveled house was like the roaring of a sea, and he would laugh and throw out his arm in wide-spread helplessness, and always his manager in the background, gesticulating against too much of his precious product for the money, ushers already slamming up chairs, his father's arms out for the Stradivarius, and, deepest in the gloom of the wings, Sarah Kantor, in a rocker especially dragged out for her, and from the depths of the black-silk reticule, darning his socks.

"*Bravo—bravo!* Give us the 'Humoresque' — Chopin nocturne — polonaise —'Humoresque'! *Bravo—bravo!*"

And even as they stood, hatted and coated, importuning and pressing in upon him, and with a wisp of a smile to the fourth left box, Leon Kantor played them the "Humoresque" of Dvorak, skedaddling, plucking, quirking—that laugh on life with a tear behind it. Then suddenly, because he could escape no other way, rushed straight back for his dressing-room, bursting in upon a flood of family already there before him. Isadore Kantor, blue-shaven, aquiline, and already graying at the temples; his five-year-old son, Leon; a soft little pouter-pigeon of a wife, too, enormous of bust, in glittering ear-drops



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and a wrist-watch of diamonds half buried in chubby wrist; Miss Esther Kantor, pink and pretty; Rudolph; Boris, not yet done with growing-pains.

At the door, Miss Kantor met her brother, her eyes as sweetly moist as her kiss.

"Leon, darling, you surpassed even yourself!"

"Quit crowding, children! Let him sit down. Here, Leon, let mamma give you a fresh collar. Look how the child's perspired! Pull down that window, Boris. Rudolph, don't let no one in. I give you my word if to-night wasn't as near as I ever came to seeing a house go crazy. Not even that time in Milan, darlink—when they broke down the doors, was it like to-night——"

"Ought to seen, ma, the row of police outside——"

"Hush up, Roody! Don't you see your brother is trying to get his breath?"

From Mrs. Isadore Kantor: "You ought to seen the balconies, mother. Isadore and I went up just to see the jam."

"Six thousand dollars in the house to-night if there was a cent," said Isadore Kantor.

"Hand me my violin please, Esther. I must have scratched it, the way they pushed."

"No, son; you didn't. I've already rubbed it up. Sit quiet, darlink!"

He was limply white, as if the vitality had flowed out of him.

"God! Wasn't it—tremendous?"

"Six thousand if there was a cent," repeated Isadore Kantor; "more than Rimsky ever played to in his life!"

"Oh, Izzy, you make me sick, always counting—counting."

"Your sister's right, Isadore. You got nothing to complain of if there was only six hundred in the house. A boy whose fiddle has made already enough to set you up in such a fine business, his brother Boris in such a fine college, automobiles—style—and now because Vladimir Rimsky, three times his age, gets signed up with Elsass for a few thousand more a year, right away the family gets a long face——"

"Ma, please; Isadore didn't mean it that way!"

"Pa's knocking, ma; shall I let him in?"

"Let him in, Roody. I'd like to know what good it will do to try to keep him out."

In an actual rain of perspiration, his tie slid well under one ear, Abrahm Kantor burst in, mouthing the words before his acute state of strangulation would let them out.

"Elsass—it's Elsass outside—he—wants—to sign—Leon—fifty concerts—coast to coast—two thousand—next season—he's got the papers—already drawn up—the pen outside waiting——"

"Abrahm!"

"Pa!"

In the silence that followed, Isador Kantor, a poppiness of stare and a violent redness set in, suddenly turned to his five-year-old son, sticky with lollypop, and came down soundly and with smack against the infantile, the slightly outstanding, and unsuspecting ear.

"*Momser!*" he cried. *Chamner! Lump! Ganef!* You hear that? Two thousand! Two thousand! Didn't I tell you—didn't I tell you to practise?"

Even as Leon Kantor put pen to this

princely document, Francis Ferdinand of Austria, the assassin's bullet true, lay dead in state, and let slip were the dogs of war.

In the next years, men, forty deep, were to die in piles; hayricks of fields to become human hayricks of battle-fields; Belgium disemboweled, her very entrails dragging, to find all the civilized world her champion, and between the poppies of Flanders, crosses, thousands upon thousands of them, to mark the places where the youth of her allies fell, avenging outrage. Seas, even when calmest, were to become terrible, and men's heart-beats, a bit sluggish with the fatty degeneration of a sluggard peace, to quicken and then to throb with the rat-a-tat-tat, the rat-a-tat-tat of the most peremptory, the most reverberating call to arms in the history of the world.

In June, 1917, Leon Kantor, answering that rat-a-tat-tat, enlisted.

In November, honed by the interim of training to even a new leanness, and sailing-orders heavy and light in his heart, Lieutenant Kantor, on two days' home-leave, took leave of his home, which can be cruelest when it is tenderest.

Standing there in the expensive, the formal, the enormous French parlor of his up-town apartment de luxe, from not one of whose chairs would his mother's feet touch floor, a wall of living flesh, mortared in blood, was throbbing and hedging him in.

He would pace up and down the long room, heavy with the faces of those who mourn, with a laugh too ready, too facetious in his fear for them.

"Well, well, what is this, anyway, a wake? Where's the coffin? Who's dead?"

His sister-in-law shot out her plump, watch-incrusted wrist.

"Don't, Leon!" she cried. "Such talk is a sin! It might come true."

"Rosie-Posy-butter-ball," he said, pausing beside her chair to pinch her deeply soft cheek, "Cry-baby-roly-poly, you can't shove me off in a wooden kimono that way."

From his place before the white-and-gold mantel, staring steadfastly at the floor-tiling, Isadore Kantor turned suddenly, a bit whiter and older at the temples.

"Don't get your comedy, Leon."

"'Wooden kimono'—Leon?"

"That's the way the fellows at camp joke about coffins, ma. I didn't mean anything but fun. Great Scott—can't anyone take a joke?"

"O God! O God!" His mother fell to swaying, softly hugging herself against shivering.

"Did you sign over power of attorney to pa, Leon?"

"All fixed, Izzy."

"I'm so afraid, son, you don't take with you enough money in your pockets. You know how you lose it. If only you would let mamma sew that little bag inside your uniform with a little place for bills and a little place for the asfitidy!"

"Now, please, ma—please! If I needed more, wouldn't I take it? Wouldn't I be a pretty joke among the fellows, tied up in that smelling stuff? Orders are orders, ma; I know what to take and what not to take."

"Please, Leon, don't get mad at me, but if you will let me put in your suitcase just one little box of that salve for your finger-tips, so they don't crack——"

Pausing as he paced to lay cheek to her hair, he patted her.



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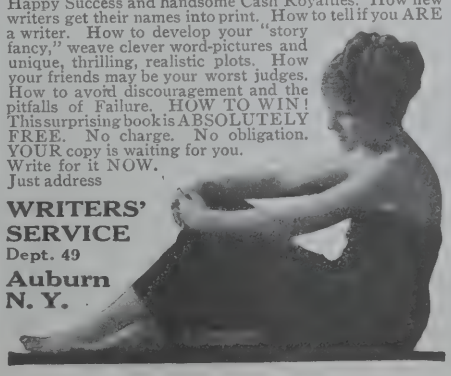
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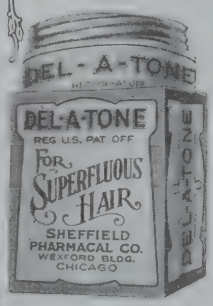
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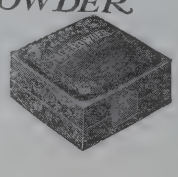
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"Three boxes if you want. Now, how's that?"

"And you won't take it out so soon as my back is turned?"

"Cross my heart."

His touch seemed to set her trembling again, all her illy concealed emotions rushing up.

"I can't stand it! Can't! Can't! Take my life—take my blood, but don't take my boy—don't take my boy——"

"Mamma, mamma, is that the way you're going to begin all over again after your promise?"

She clung to him, heaving against the rising storm of sobs.

"I can't help it—can't—cut out my heart from me, but let me keep my boy—my wonder-boy——"

"Oughtn't she be ashamed of herself? Just listen to her, Esther! What will we do with her? Talks like she had a guarantee I wasn't coming back. Why I wouldn't be surprised if by spring I wasn't tuning up again for a coast-to-coast tour——"

"'Spring'—that talk don't fool me—without my boy, the springs in my life are over——"

"Why, ma, you talk like every soldier who goes to war was killed. There's only the smallest percentage of them die in battle——"

"'Spring,' he says; 'spring!' Crossing the seas from me! To live through months with that sea between us—my boy maybe shot—my——"

"Mamma, please!"

"I can't help it, Leon; I'm not one of those fine mothers that can be so brave. Cut out my heart, but leave my boy—my wonder-boy—my child I prayed for!"

"There's other mothers, ma, with sons."

"Yes, but not wonder-sons! A genius like you could so easy get excused, Leon. Give it up. Genius it should be the last to be sent to—the slaughter-pen. Leon darlink—don't go!"

"Ma, ma—you don't mean what you're saying. You wouldn't want me to reason that way. You wouldn't want me to hide behind my—violin."

"I would! Would! You should wait for the draft. With my Roody and even my baby Boris enlisted, ain't it enough for one mother? Since they got to be in camp, all right, I say, let them be there, if my heart breaks for it, but not my wonder-child! You get the exemption, Leon, right away for the asking. Stay with me, Leon! Don't go away! The people at home got to be kept happy with music. That's being a soldier, too, playing their troubles away. Stay with me, Leon! Don't go leave me—don't—don't——"

He suffered her to lie, tear-drenched, back into his arms, holding her close in his compassion for her, his own face twisting.

"God, ma, this—this is awful! Please—you make us ashamed—all of us! I don't know what to say. Esther, come quiet her—for God's sake quiet her!"

From her place in that sobbing circle, Esther Kantor crossed to kneel beside her mother.

"Mamma, darling, you're killing yourself! What if every family went on this way? You want papa to come in and find us all crying? Is this the way you want Leon to spend his last hour with us——"

"O God—God!"

"I mean his last hour until he comes back, darling. Didn't you just hear him say, darling, it may be by spring?"

"'Spring'—'spring'—never no more springs for me——"

"Just think, darling, how proud we should be. Our Leon, who could so easily have been excused, not even to wait for the draft."

"It's not too late yet—please, Leon——"

"Our Roody and Boris both in camp too, training to serve their country. Why, mamma, we ought to be crying for happiness! As Leon says, surely the Kantor family who fled out of Russia to escape massacre should know how terrible slavery can be. That's why we must help our boys, mamma, in their fight to make the world free. Right, Leon?"—trying to smile with her red-rimmed eyes.

"We've got no fight with no one! No child of mine was ever raised to so much as lift a finger against no one. We've got no fight with no one."

"We have got a fight with some one. With autocracy! Only, this time it happens to be Hunnish autocracy. You should know it, mamma; oh, you should know it deeper down in you than any of us, that fight our family right here has got with autocracy!"

"Leon's right, mamma darling, the way you and papa were beaten out of your country——"

"There's not a day in your life you don't curse it without knowing it! Every time we three boys look at your son and our brother Mannie, born an—an imbecile—because of autocracy, we know what we're fighting for. We know. You know, too. Look at him over there, even before he was born, ruined by autocracy! Know what I'm fighting for? Why, this whole family knows! What's music, what's art, what's life itself in a world without freedom? Every time, ma, you get to thinking we've got a fight with no one, all you have to do is look at our poor Mannie. He's the answer! He's the answer!"

In a foaming sort of silence, Mannie Kantor smiled softly from his chair beneath the pink-and-gold shade of the piano-lamp. The heterogeneous sounds of women weeping had ceased. Straight in her chair, her great shelf of bust heaving, sat Rosa Kantor, suddenly dry of eye; Isador Kantor head up. Erect now, and out from the embrace of her daughter, Sarah looked up at her son.

"What time do you leave, Leon?" she asked, actually firm of lip.

"Any minute, ma. Getting late."

This time she pulled her lips to a smile, waggling her forefinger.

"Don't let them little devils of French girls fall in love with my dude in his uniform."

Her pretense at pleasantry was almost more than he could bear.

"Hear! Hear! Our mother thinks I'm a regular lady-killer! Hear that, Esther?"—pinching her cheek.

"You are, Leon—only—only, you don't know it."

"Don't you bring down too many beaus while I'm gone, either, Miss Kantor!"

"I—won't, Leon."

Sotto voce to her: "Remember, Esther, while I'm gone, the royalties from the Discaphone records are yours. I want you to have them for pin-money and—maybe a dowry?"

She turned from him.

"Don't, Leon—don't——"

"I like him! Nice fellow, but too slow! Why, if I were in his shoes, I'd have popped long ago."

She smiled with her lashes dewy.

There entered then, in a violet-scented little whirl, Miss Gina Berg, rosy with the sting of a winter's night, and, as usual, swathed in the high-napped furs.

"Gina!"

She was for greeting everyone, a wafted kiss to Mrs. Kantor, and then arms wide, a great bunch of violets in one outstretched hand, her glance straight sure and sparkling for Leon Kantor.

"Surprise—everybody—surprise!"

"Why, Gina—we read—we thought you were singing in Philadelphia to-night!"

"So did I, Esther darling, until a little bird whispered to me that Lieutenant Kantor was home on farewell leave."

He advanced to her down the great length of room, lowering his head over her hand, his puttee-clad legs clicked together.

"You mean, Miss Gina—Gina—you didn't sing?"

"Of course I didn't! Hasn't every prima donna a larynx to hide behind? She lifted off her fur cap, spilling curls.

"Well I—I'll be hanged!" said Lieutenant Kantor, his eyes lakes of her reflected loveliness.

She let her hand linger in his.

"Leon—you—really going—how—terrible—how—how—wonderful!"

"How wonderful—your coming!"

"I—you think it was not nice of me—to come?"

"I think it was the nicest thing that ever happened in the world."

"All the way here in the train, I kept saying—crazy—crazy—running to tell Leon — Lieutenant — Kantor good-by — when you haven't even seen him three times in three years——"

"But each—each of those three times we—we've remembered, Gina."

"But that's how I feel toward all the boys, Leon—our fighting boys—just like flying to them to kiss them each one good-by."

"Come over, Gina. You'll be a treat to our mother. I—well, I'm hanged—all the way from Philadelphia!"

There was even a sparkle to talk then, and a let-up of pressure. After a while, Sarah Kantor looked up at her son, tremulous but smiling.

"Well, son, you going to play—for your old mother before—you go? It'll be many a month—spring—maybe longer before I hear my boy again except on the discaphone."

He shot a quick glance to his sister.

"Why, I—I don't know. I—I'd love it, ma, if—if you think, Esther, I'd better."

"You don't need to be afraid of me, darlink. There's nothing can give me the strength to bear—what's before me like—like my boy's music. That's my life, his music."

"Why, yes; if mamma is sure she feels that way, play for us, Leon."

He was already at the instrument, where it lay swathed, atop the grand piano.

"What'll it be, folks?"

"Something to make ma laugh, Leon—something light, something funny."

"'Humoresque?'" he said, with a quick glance for Miss Berg.

"'Humoresque,'" she said, smiling back at him.

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National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

He capered through, cutting and playful of bow, the melody of Dvorak's, which is as ironic as a grinning mask.

Finished, he smiled at his parent, her face still untearful.

"How's that?"

"It's like life, son, that piece. I aughing and making fun of—the way just as we think we got—we ain't got."

"Play that new piece, Leon, the one you set to music. You know. The words by that young boy in the war who wrote such grand poetry before he was killed. The one that always makes poor Mannie laugh. Play it for him, Leon."

Her plump little unlined face innocent of fault, Mrs. Isadore Kantor ventured her request, her smile tired with tears.

"No, no—Rosa—not now—ma wouldn't want that."

"I do, son; I do! Even Mannie should have his share of good-by."

To Gina Berg: "They want me to play that little setting of mine of Allan Seeger's poem, 'I have a rendezvous.'"

"It—it's beautiful, Leon! I was to have sung it on my program to-night—only, I'm afraid you had better not——"

"Please, Leon! Nothing you play can ever make me as sad as it makes me glad. Mannie should have too his good-by."

"All right then, ma, if—if you're sure you want it. Will you sing it, Gina?"

She had risen.

"Why, yes, Leon."

She sang it then, quite purely, her hands clasped simply together and her glance mistily off, the beautiful, the heroic, the lyrical prophecy of a soldier-poet and a poet-soldier.

> But I've a rendezvous with Death
> On some scarred slope of battered hill,
> When spring comes round again this year
> And the first meadow-flowers appear.

In the silence that followed, a sob burst out stifled from Esther Kantor, this time her mother holding her in arms that were strong.

"That, Leon, is the most beautiful of all your compositions. What does it mean, son, that word, 'rondy-voo'?"

"Why I—I don't exactly know. A rendezvous—it's a sort of meeting, an engagement, isn't it, Miss Gina? Gina?"

"That's it, Leon—an engagement."

"Have I an engagement with yo Gina?"

"Oh, how—how I hope you have, Leon

"When?"

"In the spring?"

"That's it—in the spring."

Then they smiled, these two, who h never felt more than the merest butter wings of love brushing them, light as lash No word between them, only an unfinish sweetness, waiting to be linked up.

Suddenly there burst in Abrahm Kant

Those vigorous stories of wild-animal life

which have made the name of

James Oliver Curwood

a recognized trade-mark for the best in stories of the Great Outdoors will be published hereafter in

Cosmopolitan.

The first of a new series, the stories of

Swift Lightning,

will appear in the next—the **April**—issue.

"Quick, Leon! I got the car dow stairs. Just fifteen minutes to make th ferry. Quick! The sooner we get him ov there the sooner we get him back! I' right, mamma? Now—now—no wate works! Get your brother's suitcase, Is dore. Now—now—no nonsense—quick!

With a deftly maneuvered round of goo bys, a grip-laden dash for door, a throbbin moment of turning back when it seemed a though Sarah Kantor's arms could not ur lock their deadlock of him, Leon Kar tor was out and gone, the group of fac point-etched into the silence behind hi The poor mute face of Mannie, laughin softly. Rosa Kantor crying into her hand Esther, grief-crumpled, but rich in th enormous hope of youth. The sweet Gin to whom the waiting months had alread begun their reality.

Not so Sarah Kantor. In a bedroo adjoining, its high-ceilinged vastness a cold as a cathedral to her lowness o stature, sobs dry and terrible were rum bling up from her, only to dash against lip tightly restraining them.

On her knees beside a chest of drawers and unwrapping it from swaddling-clothes she withdrew what at best had been a sorr sort of fiddle. Cracked of back and soli tary of string it was as if her tremblin arms, raising it above her head, would mak of themselves and her swaying body th tripod of an altar. The old twisting an prophetic pain was behind her heart. Lik the painted billows of music that the ol Italian masters loved to do, there woun and wreathed about her clouds of song.

> But I've a rendezvous with Death
> On some scarred slope of battered hill,
> When spring comes round again this year
> And the first meadow-flowers appear.

Fannie Hurst's next story, ***Even as You and I,*** will appear in ***April Cosmopolitan.***



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So says many a pretty woman who owes much of loveliness to this symbolic San-Tox nurse.

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Stripes the Unconcerned

(*Concluded from page 71*)

the tussocky, uneven grass with practised nose. But the first thing she came upon was a bumblebee's nest. This was far more to her taste than any mice. She gave a low call to the cub, but the cub was preoccupied, now sniffing at the rabbit-tracks, now lifting himself on his hind quarters to stare longingly at the rabbits, who were hopping off to discreeter distance. The mother did not insist on his coming to watch her tackle the bees' nest. After all, he was perhaps a bit young to face the stings of the angry bees, and she might as well have the little hoard of honey and larvæ and bee-bread for herself. The cub wandered off a little way, with some vague notion of chasing the elusive rabbits.

Just then, through the edge of the underbrush, appeared the skunk, stretching himself luxuriously before he started off across the pasture. He saw the bear, but he knew that sagacious beast would pay him no attention whatever. He trotted out into the moonlight and pounced upon a fat black cricket as an appetizer.

The cub caught sight of the pretty little striped creature and came darting clumsily and gaily to the attack. He would show his mother that he could do some hunting on his own account. The striped creature turned its back on him and moved off slowly. The cub was delighted. He was just going to reach out a rude little paw and grab the easy prize. Then the inevitable happened. The pretty striped creature gave its stern a contemptuous jerk; and the deluded cub fell in a heap, squealing, gasping, choking, and pawing convulsively at the horrible sticky stuff which filled his mouth and eyes.

Just before the catastrophe occurred, the old bear had looked up from her business with the bees and had uttered a loud "woof" of warning. But too late. The last thing in the world she wanted to do was to try any fooling with a skunk. But now her rage at the suffering and discomfiture of her little one swept away all prudence. With a grunt of fury, she charged at the offender. One glance at the approaching vengeance convinced the skunk that this time he had made a mistake. He turned and raced for the underbrush as fast as his little legs would carry him. But that was not fast enough. Just as he was about to dart under the fence, a huge black paw crashed down upon him, and his leisurely career came to an end.

The bear, in deep disgust, scraped her reeking paw long and earnestly in the fresh earth beneath the grass, then turned her attention to the unhappy cub. She relieved her feelings by giving him a sharp cuff which sent him sprawling a dozen feet. Then, relenting, she showed him how to clean himself by rooting in the earth. At length, when he could see and breathe once more with some degree of comfort, she indignantly led him away, back into the depths of the consoling forest.

The France We Are Learning To Know

(*Continued from page 41*)

banks were already firmly and beautifully built up, and the factory chimneys had to find a footing in the outskirts. Any American with eyes to see, who compares the architectural use to which Paris has put the Seine with the wasteful degradation of the unrivaled twin river-fronts of New York, may draw his own conclusions as to the sheer material advantage of taste in the creation of a great city.

Perhaps the most curious instance of taste-blindness in dealing with such an opportunity is to be found in Boston, where Beacon Street calmly turned its wealthy back to the bay, and fringed with clotheslines the shores that might have made of Boston one of the most beautifully situated cities in the world. In this case, industry did not encroach or slums degrade. The Boston aristocracy appropriated the shore of the bay for its own residential uses, but apparently failed to notice that the bay was there.

Taste, also—the recognition of a standard—explains the existence of the French Academy, and of the French national theater, the Théâtre Français.

It would be difficult for anyone walking along the Quai Malaquais, and not totally insensible to architectural beauty, not to be charmed by the harmony of proportion and beauty of composition of a certain building with curved wings and a small central dome that looks across the Seine at the gardens of the Louvre and the spires of Saint German l'Auxerrois.

That building, all elegance, measure, and balance from its graceful cupola to the stately stone vases at the angles of the lateral colonnades—that building is the old Collège des Quatre Nations, the Institute of France and the home of the French Academy.

In 1635, at a time when France was still struggling with the heavy inheritance of feudalism, a bad man and great statesman, the mighty Cardinal Richelieu, paused in his long fight with the rebellious vassals of the crown to create a standard of French speech: "To establish the rules of the language, and make French not only elegant but capable of dealing with the arts and sciences."

Think of the significance of such an act at such a moment! France was a welter of political and religious dissension; everything in the monarchy, and the monarchy itself, was in a state of instability. Austria and Spain menaced it from without; the great vassals tore it asunder from within. During the Great Assizes of Auvergne, some of the most powerful of these nobles were tried, punished, and stripped of their monstrous privileges; and the record of their misdeeds reads like a tale of Sicilian brigandage or Corsican vendetta.

Gradually the iron hand of Richelieu drew order—a grim, pitiless order—out of this uninhabitable chaos. But it was in the very thick of the conflict that he seemed to feel the need of creating, then and there, some fixed principle of civilized life, some kind of ark in which thought and taste and "civility" could take shelter.



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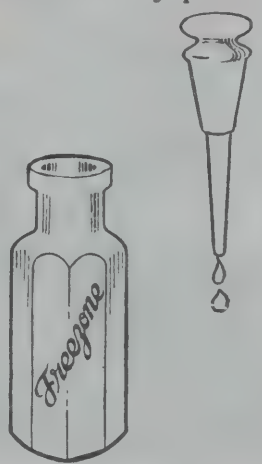
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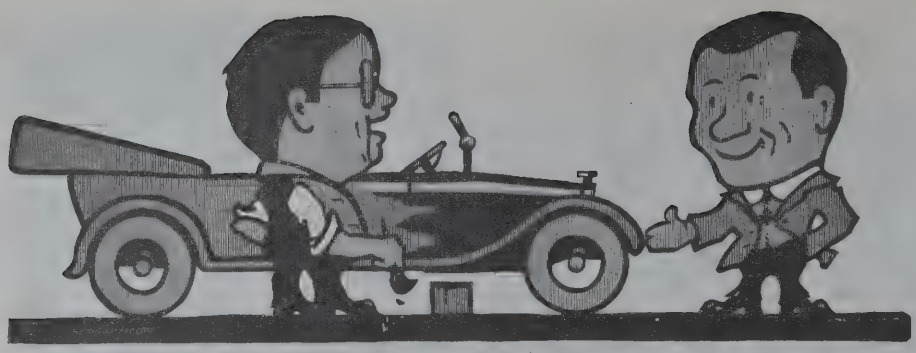


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It was as if, in the general upheaval, he wished to give stability to the things which humanize and unite society. And he chose "taste"—taste in speech, in culture, in manners—as the fusing principle of his new Academy.

The traditional point of view of its founder has been faithfully observed for nearly three hundred years by the so-called "Forty Immortals," the Academicians who throne under the famous cupola. The Academy has never shrunk into a mere retreat for lettered pedantry; as M. Saillens says in his admirable little book, "Facts about France," "The great object of Richelieu was national unity," and "The Forty do not believe that they can keep the language under discipline by merely publishing a dictionary now and then (the first edition came out in 1694). They believe that a standard must be set, and that it is for them to set it. Therefore, the Academy does not simply call to its ranks famous or careful writers, but soldiers as well, bishops, scientists, men of the world, men of social rank, so as to maintain from generation to generation a national conservatory of good manners and good speech."

For this reason, though Frenchmen have always laughed at their Academy, they have always respected it, and aspired to the distinction of membership. Even the rebellious spirits who satirize it in their youth usually become, in maturity, almost too eager for its recognition; and, though the fact of being an Academician gives social importance, it would be absurd to pretend that such men as Pasteur, Henri Poincaré, Marshal Joffre sought the distinction for that reason, or that France would have thought it worthy of their seeking if the institution had not preserved its original significance.

That significance was simply the safeguarding of what the French call "*les choses de l'esprit*," which cannot quite be translated "things of the spirit," and yet means more nearly that than anything else. And Richelieu and the original members of the Academy had recognized from the first day that the language was the chosen vessel in which the finer life of a nation must be preserved.

It is not uncommon nowadays, especially in America, to sneer at any deliberate attempts to stabilize language. To test such criticisms, it is useful to reduce them to their last consequence—which is almost always absurdity. It is not difficult to discover what becomes of a language left to itself, without accepted standards or restrictions; instances may be found among any savage tribes without fixed standards of speech. Their language speedily ceases to be one, and deteriorates into a muddle of unstable dialects. Or, if an instance nearer home is needed, the lover of English need only note what that rich language has shrunk to on the lips, and in the literature, of the heterogeneous hundred millions of American citizens who, without uniformity of tradition or recognized guidance, are being suffered to work their many wills upon it.

But at this point it may be objected that, after all, England herself has never had an Academy, nor could ever conceivably have had one, and that, whatever the English of America has become, the English of England is still the language of her great tradition, with perfectly defined standards of taste and propriety.

England is England, as France is France: the one feels the need of defining what the other finds it simpler to take for granted. England has never had a written Constitution; yet her constitutional government has long been the model of free nations. England's standards are all implicit. She does not feel the French need of formulating and tabulating. Her Academy is not built with hands, but it is just as powerful, and just as visible to those who have eyes to see; and the name of the English Academy is Usage.

IV

I SAID just now, "If any of ou American soldiers look up at the niches in the portal of a French cathedral, they are likely to be struck first of all by"—such and such things.

In our new army, all the arts and professions are represented, and if the soldier in question happens to be a sculptor, an architect, or an art critic, he will certainly note what I have pointed out; but if he is not a trained observer, the chances are that he will not even look up.

The difference is that in France almost everyone has the seeing eye, just as almost everyone has the hearing ear. It is not a platitude, though it may be a truism, to say that the French are a race of artists; it is the key that unlocks every door of their complex psychology, and consequently the key that must be oftenest in the employer's hand.

The gift of the seeing eye is, obviously, a first requisite where taste is to prevail. And the question is: how is the seeing eye to be obtained? What is the operation for taste-blindness? Or is there any; and are not some races—the artistically non-creative—born as irremediably blind as Kentucky cave-fishes?

The answer might be *yes*, in the case of the wholly non-creative races. But the men of English blood are creative artists too; theirs is the incomparable gift of poetic expression. And any race gifted with one form of artistic originality is always acutely appreciative of other cognate forms of expression. There has never been a race more capable than the English of appreciating the great plastic creators, Greece, Italy, and France. This gift of the critical sense in those arts wherein the race does not excel in original expression seems an inevitable by-product of its own special endowment. In such races, taste-blindness is purely accidental, and the operation that cures it is the long, slow, old-fashioned one of education. There is no other.

The artist-races are naturally less dependent on education: to a certain degree their instinct takes the place of acquired discrimination. But they set a greater store on it than any other races because they appreciate more than the others all that, even to themselves, education reveals and develops.

It is just because the French are naturally endowed with taste that they attach such importance to cultivation, and that French standards of education are so infinitely higher and more severe than those existing in Anglo-Saxon countries. We are too much inclined to think that we have disposed of the matter when we say that, in our conception of life, education should be formative and not

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instructive. The point is, the French might return, what are we to be formed for? And, in any case, they would not recognize the antithesis, since they believe that to form, one must instruct—instruct the eye, the ear, the brain, every one of those marvelous organs of sense so often left dormant by our Anglo-Saxon training.

It used to be thought that if savages appeared unimpressed by the wonders of Occidental art or industry, it was because their natural *hauteur* would not let them betray surprise to the intruder. Their romantic illusion has been dispelled by modern investigation, and the traveler now knows that the savage is unimpressed because *he does not see* the new things presented to him. It takes the most complex assemblage of associations, visual and mental, to enable us to discover what a picture represents: the savage placed before such familiar examples of the graphic art as "The Infant Samuel" or "His Master's Voice" would not *see* the infant or the fox-terrier, much less guess what they were supposed to be doing.

As long as America believes in short cuts to knowledge, in any possibility of buying taste in tabloids, she will never come into her real inheritance of English culture. A gentleman traveling in the Middle West met a charming girl who was a "college graduate." He asked her what line of study she had selected, and she replied that she had learnt music one year, and languages the next, and that last year she had "learnt art."

It is the pernicious habit of regarding the arts as something that can be bottled, pickled, and absorbed in twelve months (thanks to "courses," summaries, and abridgments) that prevents the development of a real artistic sensibility in our eager and richly endowed race. Patience, deliberateness, reverence: these are the fundamental elements of taste. The French have always cultivated them, and it is as much to them as to the eagle-flights of genius that France owes her long artistic supremacy.

From the Middle Ages to the Revolution, all the French trade-gilds had their traveling members, the "Compagnons du Tour de France." Not for greed of gold but simply from the ambition to excel in their own craft, these "companions," their trade once learned, took their staves in hand and wandered on foot over France, going from one to another of the cities where the best teachers of their special trades were to be found, and serving an apprenticeship in each till they learned enough to surpass their masters. The "tour de France" was France's old way of acquiring "efficiency," and even now she does not believe it can be found in newspaper nostrums.

Mrs. Wharton's next article will appear in ***April Cosmopolitan.***

The Uncertain Element

(*Continued from page 63*)

the cold and flooded kiosks and hotel with all manner of cooling viands and drinks, and, furthmore, urged on and even encouraged the theatrical company, as though seven days' rain were nothing but a shower. It wanted only five days to the performance, and there were few signs of a break. George Henry, however, found cause for some disquietude in the behavior of the barometer which they had recently purchased.

"Pull up the window, Stephen," he begged that evening, "and see what it looks like."

Stephen obeyed and looked out over the Embankment. The sound of the rain was clearly audible; the sky was black and overcast.

"Hopeless," he declared cheerily. "Have you seen the evening paper? There are floods all over the country."

George Henry stood gazing at the rising mercury.

"All the same," he muttered, "I don't quite understand this."

The next morning broke dull and gray, but rainless, with a curious, unanalyzable heat. Before eleven o'clock, the explanation was forthcoming. The gray mists had passed like cobwebs. Overhead was one great arc of deep-blue sky, and the hottest sun which had ever shone down upon a damp and beflooded country. In two days the change was magical. The floods vanished like breath from a looking-glass. The grass became as dry as though rain had never been heard of. There was a rush throughout London for out-of-door restaurants, cool drinks, and Panama hats. Another three days and men were wearing tropical hats and carrying sun-umbrellas, and the muslins of their womenkind became more and more diaphanous. People rushed to the river at the week-end, and Mr. Hiram B. Pluck produced from the bottom of his steamer-trunk a white linen suit and a marvelous straw hat. Stephen and George Henry Underwood motored down to Rawlingsey on the day before the opening and were aghast at what they found there. The place was like a paradise, an oasis in a sun-baked island. The deep green of the lawns and trees was exquisitely refreshing. The fifty or so visitors and newspaper men and the bulk of the theatrical company were lolling about in garden chairs in front of the wooden hotel, which seemed, by some magical stroke of genius, to have become a bower of roses. A very well-known journalist, hearing who they were, came up and talked to them.

"I am going to boom this show in my paper, Mr. Underwood," he declared. "I think you've a most amazing success before you."

"Dear me!" Stephen replied.

"You think the weather will hold up?" George Henry asked anxiously.

"Not a doubt about it, I should say," was the cheerful reply.

They sought out their manager. Stephen drew him on one side.

"Mr. Pluck," he said, "we took advantage of a momentary fit of depression on your part. My brother and I have decided that to-morrow morning it will be at your option to return to your original position as a partner in the syndicate."

Mr. Pluck was for once in his life taken aback.

"You are princes, gentlemen," he declared, "princes; but I will not take advantage of you until I have told you the

truth. The news has been sticking in my throat, and that's a fact. I was offered, an hour ago, a fifteen-thousand-pound deal in seats from one of your best libraries. We spoke of two or three hundred per cent. You are going to make a thousand per cent."

The two brothers looked at one another. Stephen took his brother's arm and led him away toward their waiting car. There was something funereal about their promenade.

"Our proposition stands, Mr. Pluck," he insisted. "The scheme is yours, not ours. We shall not be content unless you share in the profits."

"You are princes of the blood, sir," Mr. Pluck declared, as he wrung their hands in farewell. "By Gad, sir," he went on, turning to one of the journalists who was loitering near, "those men are going to make a fortune, and they deserve it! They've got more pluck than any Wall Street speculator I ever met. They're big men."

The echo of his words reached the two brothers as they drove off, lingered in their memory after that first wonderful week, when the takings beggared all description, came back to them again a fortnight later, when they found their entire capital repaid and a fortune staring them in the face, and continually haunted them when they found themselves pointed out at the Milan as the men who had financed the theatrical Eldorado of modern times.

"It is most satisfactory, of course," Stephen confessed, one morning at luncheon, "but——"

"Most gratifying," George Henry echoed dismally, "but——"

"I dreamed of our dear father's letter last night," Stephen continued abruptly. "What would he say if he knew that we were still spending less than a sixth of our income?"

George Henry provided a little common sense for their mutual comfort.

"Stephen," he said, "we've done everything possible except chuck the money away. We can't do that. The luck's been against us, or with us—whichever way you like to put it. It can't go on. Meanwhile, we've done our best."

Mr. Pluck passed through the restaurant, escorting his niece, who was very elegantly dressed in half-mourning, carried a small Pomeranian under her arm, and was followed by a French maid carrying her jewel-case. She paused to greet the two brothers with indescribable cordiality.

"You dear, sweet men!" she exclaimed. "I shall never be able to see you without coming up and wanting to throw my arms round your neck."

"You forget," Stephen reminded her, "that it is your uncle who is responsible for the whole scheme."

She smiled up at Mr. Hiram B. Pluck, but she nevertheless shook her head.

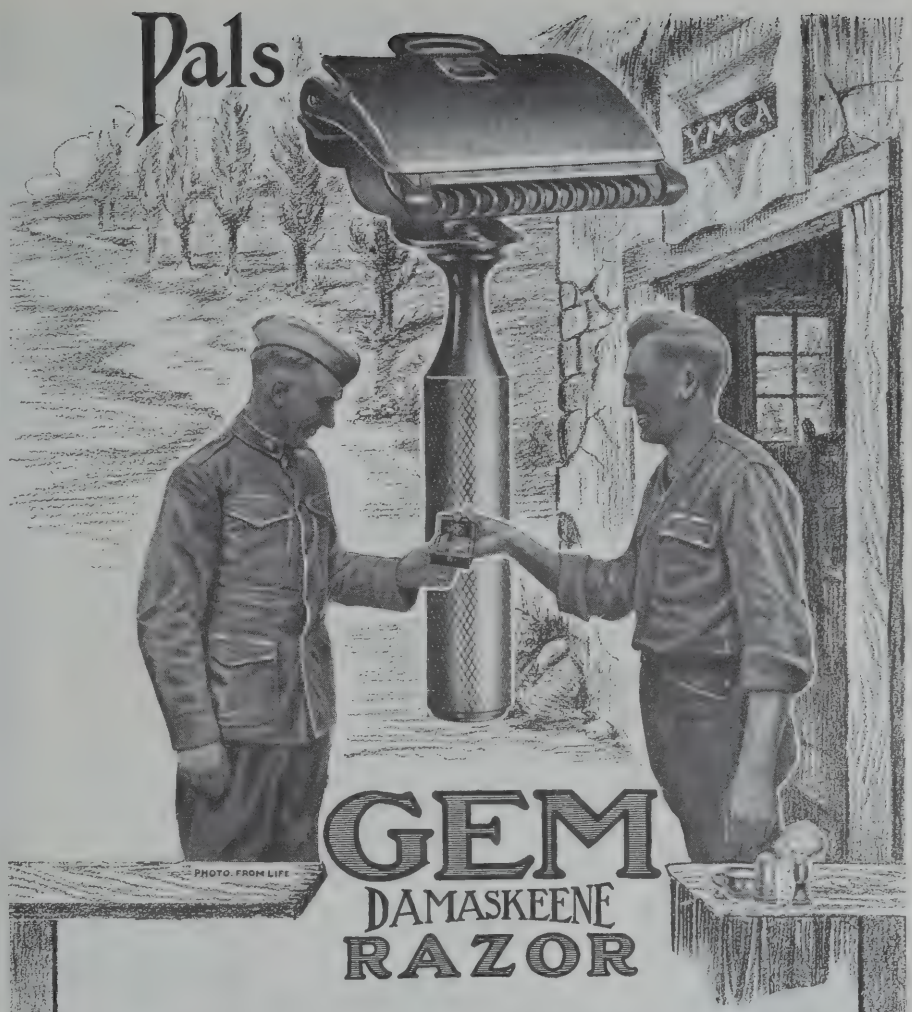
"It was your courage in persevering, your generosity, and—your wonderful luck," she declared.

She passed on, and the two brothers exchanged glances.

"I suppose we are fortunate, George Henry," Stephen observed, with a sigh.

"I suppose we are," George Henry assented gloomily.

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Adventures

(*Continued from page 84*)

Phillida thought about it; then she said, "No; I don't think so."

"Just as you'd rather," he hastened to say.

"I think we'd better not—I think it would be silly."

"Right-o! It would a bit."

"Although it would be jolly, too, in a way."

"It would," he admitted.

"I say," said Phillida; "did you tell anyone about this excursion of ours?"

"N-no," said Dick rather stonily.

"N-neither did I—at least, only some very special friends."

"I told a few special friends, but very special."

"I know—and they—they'll expect to hear about it."

"I 'spect they'll ask."

"That's just it," said Phillida; "and it would seem a bit to them, wouldn't it? Tell you what—if you like, you can say you kissed me, and I'll say the same of you."

"All right then; but if we're going to say that, mightn't we just as well do it?"

"No," said Phillida; "better not. 'Sides, it's rather fun not to do something you want to."

"'Tis," he said; "but it's frightfully difficult. Good-night."

"Get back safe. Goo'-night."

The two warm little palms met for an awkward second; then Phillida slipped away into the darkness, and Dick ran silently down the sandy road toward his school.

II

"YOU'RE a distracting being," said Dick. "Just distracting!"

"Yaa-boo," smiled Phillida. "Give me a cigarette."

He did not take his eyes from her as he withdrew a leather case from his white polo breeches and dropped it into her lap.

"I don't know how to take you," he lamented. "Now I suppose you want a match."

"I do. Remember the old box of fusees Dick? They were nearly our undoing.' She laughed retrospectively. "It was fun that evening."

"I wonder," he said, "was it?" There was a serio-comic smile on his face as he added, "Sometimes I feel like tracing your very *méchant* ways to that old long-ago evening."

"You silly little thing!" grinned Phillida.

"No; but I do—really! I had the upper hand then, if I had cared to use it."

"How?"

"You were the more in love those days.'

"Uh-hunh—per-her-raps I was—but what of it?"

"Only, that if I had been as good as I am sure I looked, I should have replied to your billet with an inspired little sermon preaching the value of righteousness and the obligation of young ladies to avoid running about with young gentlemen in the wicked little hours after midnight."

He looked rather awkward as he spoke, and Phillida's arched brows straightened warningly.

"Richard Ormerod Frayne," she said, "you are preaching now."

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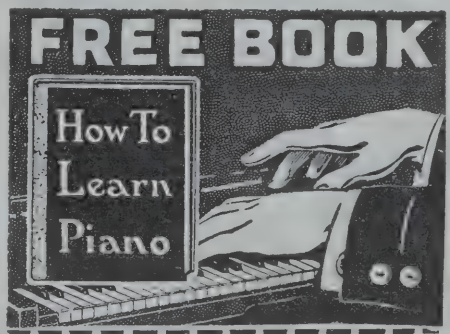
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"I am," he confessed.

"Then," said Phillida, "please don't."

For a while he kicked the soft turf with the toe of his riding-boot. Then he met her eyes squarely, and said,

"Just have to." She would have interrupted, but he went on quickly: "You are such a tremendous dear, Phil! I can't endure the idea of your running risks. It isn't really worth it."

There was a pathetic honesty in his voice, but Phillida replied:

"If I had had a taste for salvation, Dicky, I should have married into the Church instead of becoming engaged to you. A very nice curate at Canterbury proposed to me once. He had a tessellated straw hat and such an engaging manner. But a girl generally judges a man by his boots, and his were—you know—square toes and blacking. They chilled me dreadfully, for it seemed they were soled with convention and uppered with propriety." Her eyes rested on Dick's beautifully cut riding-boots, shining gaily in the afternoon sun, then flashed up to meet his. "You're a fraud! Yes, you are; for, at heart, you are every bit as saintly as you looked in church."

"You are wrong," he replied. "It is just because I am not a saint that I speak so. Fair dos, Phillida; give a chap a chance. It doesn't pay for a girl to play with fire as you do."

"'Fire?'"

"Yes, I mean fire. These suppers and dance clubs are all jolly well now and then—but you're there too often—it is just asking for trouble."

"What trouble?"

"Talk, if you like."

"Talk won't hurt me," she laughed.

"Then it hurts me—hurts me damnably. I hate to think of you being seen out at all hours with all manner of casual acquaintances. It isn't worth the candle, old girl."

"Just a minute," said Phillida. "Let's understand one another. I want to be quite sure what you're driving at—that's all."

But he could only repeat,

"It isn't worth the candle—men aren't as trustworthy as you believe, Phil."

"'Trustworthy!' It looks as if they aren't very trusting." She pelted the phrase at him accusatively, and he answered back hotly enough:

"You've no right to say that. I trust you absolutely."

"But do you?"

"You know I do."

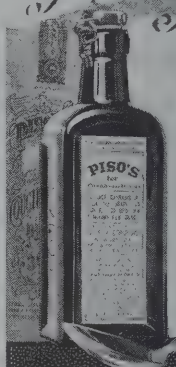
"Of course, if you aren't satisfied—" She did not finish the sentence but started another, speaking very fast. "Oh, it's rotten of you—rotten! Little cathedral-cityism! You'd better choose again, Dick—you can. Just because you've no joy of life—no spirit of adventure. What's the harm? There is none. It makes me furious. A narrow-minded prejudice that seems to fancy every hour after midnight is steeped in sin and vice. Too childish! Too silly! Suppose it does amuse me to dance and dash around with a few light-hearted, clean-hearted souls—am I to be branded for it? Can't you see the difference in jolliness and wickedness?"

"Very well," he answered.

"I doubt it. After all, I lured you out, didn't I?"

"Don't be foolish, Phillida."





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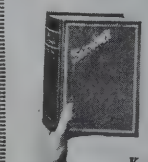


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"But I did. Perhaps you think I am not ble to take care of myself."

"I know you are. You are strong nough to fight against everything but—ircumstance."

"'Circumstance?'"

"Yes—prepared circumstance. That's omething which may get the better of any ne of us."

Suddenly she laughed.

"Hoo, Dick; you are a fool! I'd be shamed to make such a confession."

"I mean it."

"You must be startlingly weak."

"I am."

"I don't like weak people overmuch. I lon't like people whose strength lies in rgument and convention. Perhaps it was ust as well we had this talk."

The meaning of her words was not too ubtle to comprehend.

"That means good-by to me, eh?" he ueried.

"If you please," she replied. Her voice vas none too steady.

But Dick's ears were dulled for the noment, for a devil of anger was tattooing n his brain.

"Right!" he said. "You can pitch my ove overboard, if you wish, and heaven rant you satisfaction in the cargo you exchange it for. It's a fine alternative at ny rate—a parcel of trivial friends, a ragtime band, and the choice of a dozen sporting-cars to skid you to the doors of nalf the restaurants in town." Then suddenly the devil died and was replaced by a pathetic little boy who stretched out his hand and said, "Oh, Phil, Phillida dear —I do love you, and want you so!"

But Phillida had gone, and the small nalf-hoop of diamonds which glistened in the grass looked like wet eyes crying.

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And yet, so long as the world revolves in space and the tides come up the rivers rom the sea, man- and womankind will give advice, and man- and womankind will refuse to accept it. Experience teaches, says the old Latin proverb, but, in truth, experience teaches nothing, for men still persevere in the ways of their forefathers, and the missionary still tramps across the swamps of Africa toward the predestined stew-pot of the cannibal.

Very like a missionary did Dick feel during the aching days of loneliness which followed the foregoing dialogue. Also, he was oppressed with the unsatisfying consciousness of having done what he believed to be the "right thing." It would have been so easy to have let Phillida romp along in her reckless, unthinking way and to have said nothing, but a very vivid terror lived in him that perchance her name might come to be spoken of lightly by one of the harebrained companions who shared her harmless escapades.

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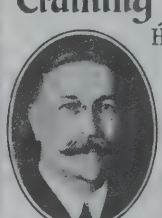
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Very splendid it is—very honest and healthy, very trusting—and there would not be a fault in the scheme if God had made all men gentlemen. But there lies the flaw and there the answer as to why some of the sweetest and best suddenly throw up their hands and topple unsuspectingly into the dark.

Phillida was a great litle sport—no enterprise was too hazardous for her to engage upon. Her exquisite good looks and unrivaled *diablerie* set the heart of bohemian London into a whirl. In their legion they beset her, and she, with a delightful impartiality, favored each alike with a familiar *camaraderie*, a joyous wit, and an excellent good faith. In the measure of the peril she ran lay the measure of her security, and none who admired overreached the margins of admiration.

Fortified by this knowledge, she could not forgive Dick for his words of caution. It was the first time a shadow of doubt had been thrown across her path, and it left a hot resentment. She could not forgive him, but she missed him horribly, for the rest did not count with her at all. They were merely toys to be cupboarded as a child's are for the more rapturous moments spent at the tables of their mothers and fathers.

She hated losing Dick. She frowned for him in the dark, kicked her feet against the bed-rails, bit the pillow, and cried.

And because she was unhappy, she flung herself more recklessly into the silly round of pleasures, and, as a perfectly natural result, she came to be talked about.

Thus it happened that there was a fight in Wilfred Dean's rooms, and Preston Wake was carried out in the arms of three companions.

Dick did not let him go, however, before he had exacted a very absolute denial of all that had been said before.

"Say it's a lie," he said, standing over the fallen figure, who, a moment before had hinted darkly of his powers of conquest.

"B-but she did come to my rooms," stuttered Wake.

"Give a reason—the real reason."

"It was raining—there was no hood on the car, and, as she was in evening dress, suggested she should shelter there till the storm passed."

"And that's the truth?"

"Yes."

"Right! Now, what did you mean when you said, 'I believe it could be worked'?"

"N-nothing."

"Nothing, eh?"

"No."

"You believed nothing of the kind. You knew it was just a dirty lie?"

"Y-yes."

"You're a cad, then—aren't you?"

"Suppose so."

"Then say it—say, 'I'm a cad.'"

"'I—I'm a cad,'" faltered Wake.

"Carry him out," said Dick.

That was on Thursday, and by Saturday morning Dick had made up his mind what he would do. Incidentally, he had not slept during the nights between, which, in some degree, explains the nature of his plans. Sleeping on a determination is the best means of weighing its value. Faults appear with greater definition in the lemon light of early morning. But Dick's plan was a fever-plan, and contained the elements of a distraught imagination. It was useless, so he argued, to preach to Phillida of the error and peril of her ways; nothing would serve but to show her the peril in a living form, and to this end he made his preparations.

There would be a gala at Raymur's on Saturday night, and dancing until the small hours. All the "bloods" of the town would be there, and certainly Phillida among them.

Dick was not a member, but it was easy to gain admittance. It struck him as an ironical turn of humor to telephone to Preston Wake for an invitation. Wake was in no mood for fresh conclusions, and he sent the ticket by a messenger-boy in the shortest possible time. "Herewith. P. W.," he wrote, and Dick laughed as he read the words and stuck the card in his mirror.

His eyes were very bright from want of sleep, and his skin felt hot and aching.

"Get me a barber," he ordered, and when his man returned with a barber, Dick was shaved and massaged and toileted into a smoother frame of mind.

He dined alone at his favorite grill-room, and perhaps drank more than usual. His voice struck him as peculiar and remote as he called for his bill, signed it, and rose from the table. He had been scribbling on the back of the menu between courses, and he doubled the card and dropped it in his pocket before leaving.

Outside, his long sporting two-seater waited at the curb. There was no chauffeur, and he swore at the commissionaire, who had difficulty in swinging the starting-handle. To excuse himself, he gave the man a sovereign.

You can always judge the temper or spirit of a youth by the sounds from the exhaust of his automobile. As Dick "took off" from the doors of the restaurant, the roar was like the opening chorus of a great offensive.

He went no further than his chambers in Jermyn Street, and here he rewrote the substance of what he had scrawled across the menu. He read it, put it in an envelop, and slipped it behind a photograph on the mantel-shelf.

After this, he walked up and down for a while, tried the key of the room-lock—straightened his writing-table, and looked into the small inner apartment where he breakfasted, to assure himself there were glasses, wine, and sandwiches.

The time seemed to pass with leaden sloth, and presently he could endure his own society no longer and, descending to the car, made his way to the club.

It was twelve-thirty before he emerged and climbed into the car again. A few brandies and soda and two nights without sleep had somehow altered the values of ordinary affairs. It seemed a matter of very small consequence whether or not he ran over the folk who leaped aside as the



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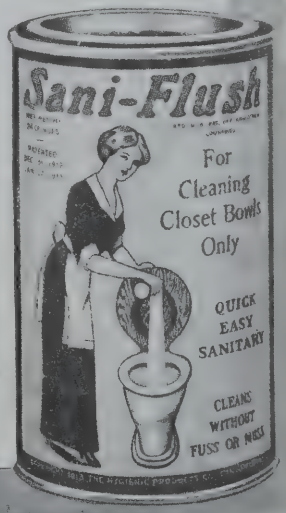
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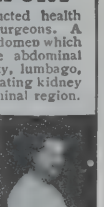

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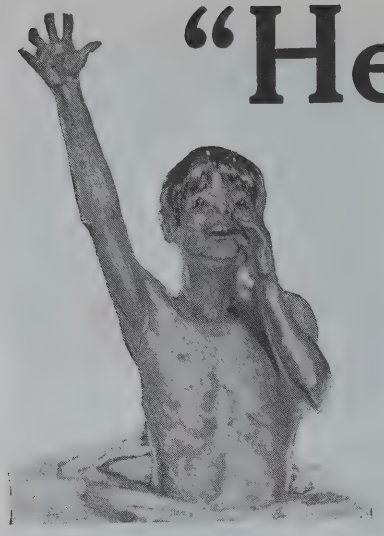
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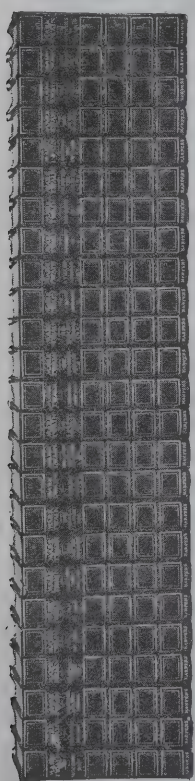
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big car drilled recklessly through the traffi Outside the entrance to Raymur's, he pe formed a very fine skid to the unlimite admiration of the ultramarine-liveri door-boy, who was a competent judge such affairs.

In the foyer, there was an intoxicati odor of flowers—which sprang from clu ters of pink roses which hung everywher

Dick handed in his coat and hat ar mounted the broad stairway.

He must have looked very handsom for several women and even a few me turned to glance again as he passed the by. With his straight features and curl smooth hair, his height and breadth shoulder, no other man in the ballroo could compare favorably. Some of th same inspired piety and quasi-humorou ness which, when a boy, his face had e pressed still haunted his looks that nigh

Phillida saw him several minutes befo he saw her, and her heart thumped, despi her efforts to quiet it. She must hav guessed he was there in search of her, an with all a woman's cruelty, she looke through and beyond him when their ey met.

Dick laughed and passed her by, and i the buffet beyond an idea came to him.

"A sheet of note-paper and a brandy an soda," he told the waiter.

It was a very discreet sheet of not paper and a very infinitesimal envelop th waiter brought. They were accustomed t the request, and had provided themselv with the means of meeting it in an a tractive form.

Dick laughed again as he wrote. Th written words, as nearly as his memor served him, were those which Phillida ha used in the billet she had palmed him in th church. Only the rendezvous and the hou were different.

I like you. If you like me, let's meet on th first landing at 1:15. We could have adve tures. One who loves you, DICK.

P. S.—Burn this.

He rolled it up very small and, holdin it in his closed fist, with just a corne showing, walked toward the place wher she was sitting. As he approached, h hummed an old chant which the choir use to sing.

Phillida looked up, and he flashed at he just the same glance which years before sh had flashed at him. She read its meanin in an instant, and he felt the brush of he fingers as the note changed hands.

Then he passed through to the ballroom all atingle with the foretaste of adventur

There was no one on the first landin when he took his place there, but as th silver bell of the down-stair clock struck th quarter, Phillida rustled through an arch way of palms and roses.

She stopped and looked up at him re proachfully from under her springin lashes.

"I suppose you want to make it up, she said.

Never had she looked sweeter or mor desirable—never had her straight frow seemed lovelier. His heart swayed towar her irresistibly. But this was no part the plan.

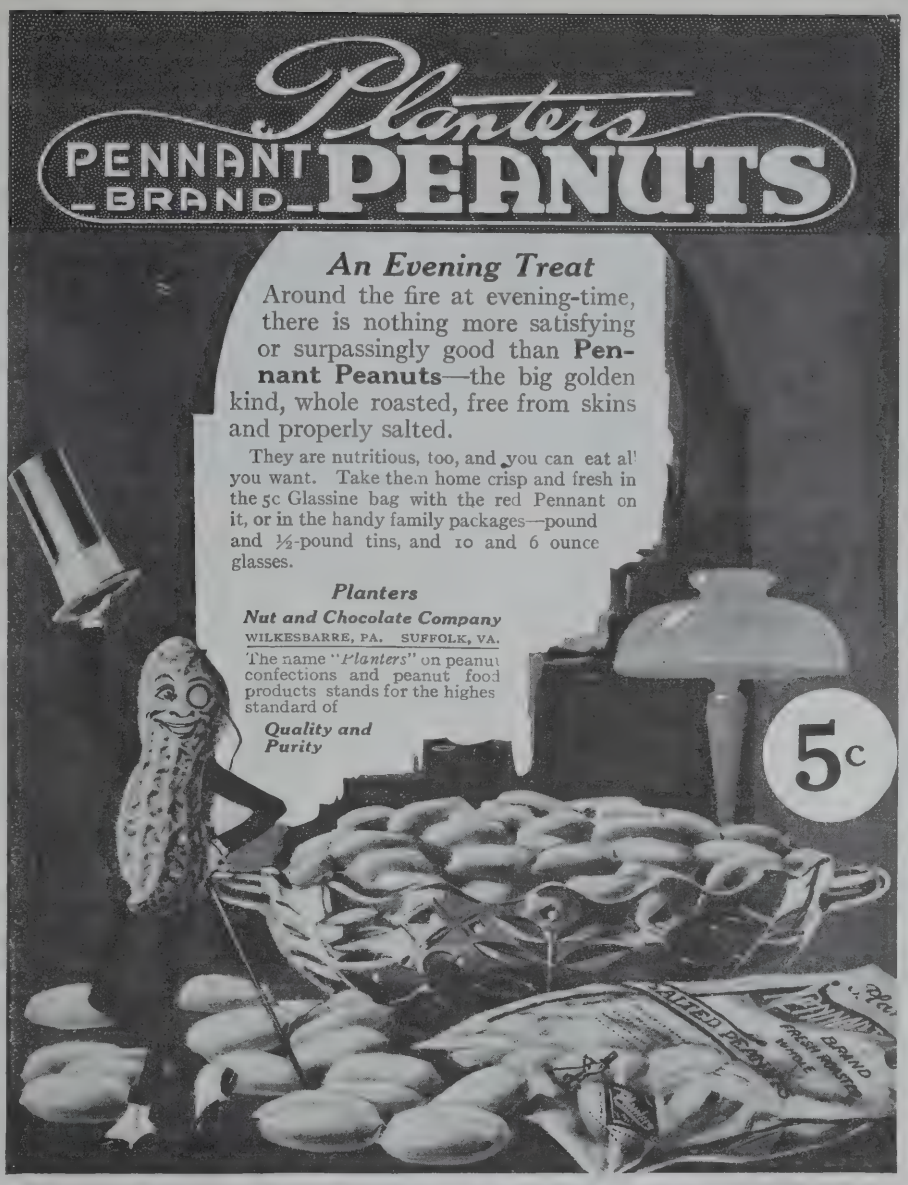
"Just for to-night, if you would."

"I don't think you deserve it."

"Let's forget the quarrel and be adven turers again."

She looked at him, and a smile awoke

Wouldn't be bad," she said.
Then let's begin as we began that
i t."
he smile broke into a laugh, and
nory threw back the words of the past.
Hello!" she said. "How are you?"
Going strong," came the answer.
ou all right?"
Yes, thanks."
I'm jolly glad."
nd they laughed as merrily as children.
Come on; let's dance."
ne shot out a hand.
Since there's no footer field to cross."
is hand fastened upon hers, and they
to the ballroom.
he chandeliers were out and the floor
lit up by harlequin-lights from the
s in the gallery above.
hrough the ever-changing colors they
ced to the madness of the ragtime band.
ne moment, as he looked down on her,
was bathed in lavender.
You are like a dawn fairy," he said—and
t, as a mighty glow of tomato-colored
t flooded them all, "And now you are
ire."
hey supped together, and he ordered
mpagne. Of this she only sipped, but
drank with the reckless energy of
itement.
What now?" she asked, as they left
table.
Anything," he said. "I've a car be-
. Wouldn't it be terrific to spin out
ewhere? Are you game?"
nd the old reply,
I'm game for anything you'll do."
he wrapped herself in furs and he put
g about her.
)nce more the door-boy was moved to
niration as the steel-studded tires
icked on the asphalt and the long car
led itself into the night.
A very sociable car was Dick's—almost
lying in a punt to ride in it. It seemed
urd to be so comfortable at such a
ed. He headed west, and soon they
e tearing up Kingston Hill as though it
l been a down grade.
Not once did Phillida ask where they
e going—she seemed utterly contented
l care-free, and this made him frown
terly and strengthened his resolve.
They passed through Cobham and Rip-
, turned left, and climbed to the hills
r Shere and the valleys where once the
on used to roam. Back through
atherhead they made their way, and the
cks were striking four as once again
y entered the great West End.
t seemed that Dick had been delaying
home-coming, for in the last few miles
had slackened speed. Also, he had
ked very little.
'Are you cold?" he asked, as they came
posite the Ritz.
'Just a bit."
He hesitated.
'Better come to my rooms for a mo-
nt; there's sure to be a fire and a sand-
h."
'I think I'll go right back."
Dick laughed.
'Not game?" he said.
'Silly little thing!" she flashed back.
'll come if you like."
He twisted the car savagely into St.
nes's Street, turned sharp to the left,
l pulled up before his chambers.
'Up you go!" For some reason, he
med breathless.




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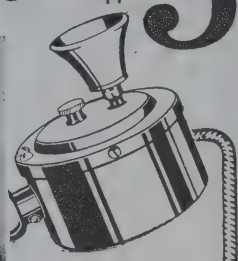
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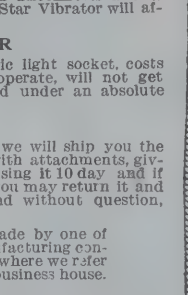
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The fire needed very little attention and soon sprang to life, lighting the room with a pleasant dancing yellow.

Dick switched on a little table-lamp and that was all.

"Just see if there are some sandwiches," he said, and then called from the inner room, "Will you have champagne or some claret?"

"Don't think I want anything," came the answer.

He opened a bottle and brought in the tray.

"Just a little." He poured out the wine and helped himself liberally. "Topping evening," he said.

"Ra-ther—absolutely."

"'Fraid you might have been bored."

"Why ever should I?"

"Well"—he seemed to have difficulty in finding the words—"'tisn't altogether a novelty—is it?"

"No; we've had a truant-night before."

"Yes; I wasn't thinking of that. I mean, you've done a nocturnal run with other chaps, haven't you?"

"A few times when the mood seized me. I've liked this best, though. This has been a really topping adventure."

"Yes, it has, and it isn't over yet."

She looked at him, puzzled, but he did not meet her eyes. Instead, he moved to the door and fiddled, so it seemed, with the handle; then his hand went to his pocket and dropped a key there. The plan was beginning to work; Phillida had not followed his actions, but she rose and stood with her back to the fire.

And suddenly,

"Oh, glorious—glorious you look!" said Dick. The words were wrung from him, and he was unconscious of saying them, and only conscious of a yielding desire.

Then, somewhere inside his brain—his better nature rose up and cried: "Shame! Open that door! The plan is damnation!" But the schemes we devise from our imaginings, the schemes we bring into being as servants sometimes grow mighty and master us.

"We're here—alone," said Dick hoarsely, "alone—you and I—understand?"

Next he knew, he had thrown his arms round her and was kissing her hair madly.

Phillida cried out once, and her hand stretched anywhere for support. It struck the tray which slipped with a crash to the floor. The shutter of a little Swiss clock sprang open and "Cuc-koo! Cuc-koo!" sang the foolish little plaster bird from within.

The madness snapped. Dick released his hold and fell back against the mantelshelf, covering his eyes.

Then Phillida's voice, sounding very far away,

"You—Dick—oh!"

"Come on," said the Plan; "show her what it was all about."

Dick fumbled with his hand on the mantel and seized the letter.

"Read that," he said, but he knew the plan had not worked and the letter was a lie.

"Open the door," said Phillida.

"Read it first."

He thrust it into her hand, turned away, threw up the window, and leaned out into the night.

And because the door was locked, Phillida broke the seal and read:

I want to frighten you. I have chosen i way. Sooner or later this would have l pened to you in reality; sooner or later would have stumbled in the trap of prepa circumstances. I can hardly hope you forgive, but that could not dissuade me shall be rewarded if the sacrifice has not b made in vain. Dic

Twice she read it; then her eyes tur to him in the shadows by the window.

"And this is true?"

Just audibly he replied,

"Yes."

"You thought out each detail to br me—for this."

"Yes; I brought you here for this."

A silence, then:

"Are you satisfied when the whole th from beginning to end was a fake? Ar to believe I have done any wrong—or r any risk just because you act a prepa scene and play the part of a seducer? that to teach me anything but disgus of you?" He was silent. "That's wh you want me to believe?" Still no rep "That you were acting?"

Very slowly he straightened hims turned, and faced her.

"I meant to act," he said; "but—y God, it was real enough!"

He could not meet her eyes, but walk quickly to the door, unlocked it, and thr it open.

"Dick!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Dicky

"Go now," he begged. "There's no ing you can say of me that I cannot say myself."

"But perhaps there is," came t answer.

"I have failed loathsomely—that's al

She drew her cloak about her and ca to the door. There she stopped.

"You haven't failed. You succeede because you failed."

But he was too shaken to read h meaning.

"You meant to act this thing for m sake and, instead, because of me? C Dicky!"

He looked at her and partly understoo

"Good God," he said, "there is forgi ness in your eyes!"

"There's nothing to forgive. It's on that we have grown up suddenly—so su denly that it isn't safe any longer for us steal out at night or sit on the railings the end of the pier. Thanks for the less Dick. Our adventure-days are all ov Isn't it awfully sad?"

There was something perplexing b infinitely appealing in her tone. S stretched out a hand, and his closed upon Very serious they were—very serious until he found a smile moving the corn of her mouth—a quaint smile that he cou not pretend to understand.

And, as he looked, it lighted in her ey as well.

"I don't believe you," he said. "A venture will never die in your soul."

"Do you want it to die, Dick?"

"No," he said; "no—no! I want it live forever—if only I might be there share it."

"We met in a church first, didn't w Dick?—and I said, 'Will you,' and y said 'I will,' but nobody heard us."

And suddenly his arms went round h

"Let's find another church and say again—ever so much louder this time."

"It would be a terrific adven——"

But the sentence was never finished.

The Passionate Pilgrim

(*Continued from page 31*)

"First, as to your charges. I think I ay call them that."

"Oh, yes," said Qualters, lighting a esh cigar; "they're charges."

"As to who I am, then, all I'll say now it really doesn't matter. I come from where. I represent nobody. My interest n't in anything you gentlemen could fer me. Certainly not money. I've rown that away before now. About is twenty thousand dollars, I told e literal truth. It was the gift of a nnection with whom I will have nothing do. I wouldn't touch a cent of it. s there were some difficulties in the way sending it back, I simply gave it away. don't want ever to hear of it again."

Mr. Amme spoke now for the first time, y, sharp.

"May I ask what it is that you're terested in, Mr.—Mr. Stafford?" he ked.

Calverly glanced at him.

"That's not an easy question to answer."

"Oh, then——"

"Wait, please! Perhaps I'd better y that I'm interested, if in anything, the art of writing." And, noting the zzled expression on Amme's neat little ce, he added, "I recognized that you ay find it a little hard to believe that."

"Oh, no," put in Qualters easily; we're capable of understanding that. o on."

"Mr. Listerly offered me this job. I dn't ask for it—didn't know anything out it. I didn't think at first I'd care r it. But I had to do something. As a ewspaper man, I was a failure. They dn't like my work. So I began at this. hen a curious thing happened."

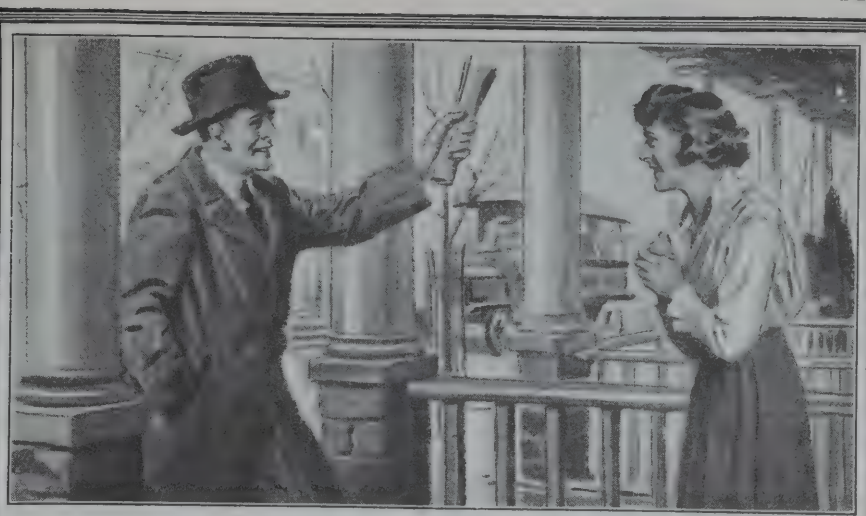
He paused. O'Rell mumbled some- ing that sounded like "Very curious," d hitched forward.

"Yes," said Calverly simply; "in the urse of my work, I met Miss Cantey. e spoke of her father. I told her—pretty ankly, doubtless—that most of the stand- d biographies seem to me untrue to man character and a false influence in e training of the young."

"You'll admit that discretion has its es." This from Amme.

The young man glanced at him, said, Sometimes I wonder," and pressed on. e had seemed calm enough. But now e inner excitement, the nerve-tension at would inevitably cause such stable siness men and lawyers as these to assify him as an irresponsible egotist, came evident. It was a part of him; couldn't conceal it long.

"Miss Cantey showed me her father's st request, written in his own hand. bore on this matter of the biography. think I can remember part of his nguage. He said: 'If you feel that you n, have them tell the truth about me. on't for a moment forget that they'll ght like rats. Don't let Amme have a nd in it, or O'Rell, or those. Perhaps isterly would help. He's a trimmer, but 's not hard-shell, like the others.'" He rew it at them and stared them down. That," he said, "was what he thought you gentlemen."



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Amme knit his brows. O'Rell's face clouded. Qualters laughed softly.

"Miss Cantey knew my views. They were, are, the same as her father's. The neat wire baskets of colorless documents you set out for me, Mr. Amme, were just what he didn't want and what I don't want. From the way you're going at me, all of you, I see that you're bent on doing what he said you'd do. You're fighting like rats. That's why you brought me here to-night. And now we seem to be facing the question: Are Mr. Cantey's wishes to be respected or are they not? Is the last great purpose of Mr. Cantey's life to be carried out, or not?"

O'Rell was leaning heavily on the desk.

"Have you seen all the papers in that safe?"

"No."

This reply brought momentary relief to the general manager of County Railways. He said more easily:

"What you say about Mr. Cantey's last wishes is only an assertion." This brought a nod from Amme. "You never knew the man. We were his intimates for many years. We know a good deal more about his attitude toward life than you."

"I tell you I've read his own words."

O'Rell waved a disgusted hand.

Qualters now tapped on the table with his pencil.

"You talk rather well," he said, "whoever you are. But we've given about time enough to this. If we choose, we can make you pretty unhappy in this town. We have about evidence enough now to put you away for a little term in prison. We may yet decide to do that. Using an assumed name to get access to important business secrets isn't nice. Doesn't look well. But, first, I'm willing to give you a chance to get quietly out of town. What do you say?"

"I don't know as I can subscribe to that, Oswald," said O'Rell. "First, I'd like to know what other papers he's read there."

Calverly looked at him, and, as he looked, his spirits, which had risen a little in the heat of the quiet but intense conflict, sank again.

They were the world, these men. And what was he? It was the old trouble all over again, like his two pitilessly illuminating experiences in the *News* office. Truth wasn't wanted. There were too many established properties to protect. He wondered a little at his own vanity—he called it that—in withholding the fact that he had already given up the Cantey job. Why bother? What difference did anything make, now?

A telephone-bell rang. He listened indifferently as Qualters took up the receiver. Then he started, all alert. For he distinctly heard a woman's voice say—the odd, grating voice that can sometimes be heard at some distance from the telephone,

"Is Mr. Stafford there?"

There was only one woman who knew where he might be. There was only one woman in his heart.

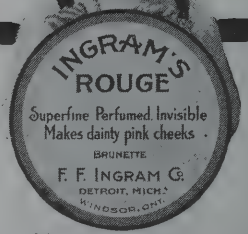
He heard Qualters say pleasantly, casually,

"No; there's no such person here."

He sprang forward, reached for the receiver, jerked it and Qualters' hand away from the hook; shouted, "Yes; I am here!"

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Qualters relinquished the instrument with a shrug.

Calverly forgot the rich room and the hard, hostile men in it. The voice was Miriam Cantey's. Suddenly he felt her presence; he could see her eyes, her hair; he could feel her in his arms. All his firmness melted away. She was saying:

"I'd rather not say much over the wire. But they've broken into your room—at your boarding-house. I believe they were after father's papers. Could you—could you come up here?"

"Yes," he replied; "I will. Very soon."

"I'm in the study."

"All right."

"I'm wondering—I'll tell you all about the other matter—but I'm wondering if you feel as I'm beginning to—that we oughtn't to—well, let ourselves be beaten. Father wanted it so. Oughtn't we to fight it through?"

"It's—I—it's difficult."

"I know. Either way. We must try to think it out. I'll wait here in the study. We can talk better here. The house is quiet."

There was a heavy, uncertain step in the hall. The door burst open, and the Honorable Tim MacIntyre stood before them, hat awry, face flushed, straggling lock of black hair hanging low on the Napoleonic forehead.

"It's not there!" he cried. "And by God, O'Rell, if you think you can make a monkey out o' me—taking chances like that——"

O'Rell muttered an oath, sprang up, tried to crowd the excited mayor straight back out the door. The odor of liquor pervaded the room.

Calverly only half heard. Miriam's voice was at his ear. He couldn't catch what she was saying.

"Just a moment," he said, and placed a hand over the transmitter.

The Honorable Tim had by this time eluded O'Rell and was plunging toward the desk.

Amme had risen, and was pulling nervously at his neatly trimmed beard. Qualters sat tipped back in his chair, balancing a paper-knife across a steady forefinger, looking on with much the expression he might have exhibited at a good play.

Calverly himself was up now; he backed round the desk, still holding the telephone.

Mayor Tim banged a fist on the desk.

"There's a limit to what I'll do for you, O'Rell! When it comes to coarse work——"

Qualters caught his inflamed eye, and with the paper-knife indicated the young man at the telephone.

MacIntyre knit his brows, drew himself up, stared in blank confusion.

Calverly spoke into the telephone.

"What was that? I didn't quite catch it. Sorry."

"I said—you won't be long?"

"No. A few minutes. Just as soon as I can manage."

"What was all that noise? You're not in trouble?"

"I'm supposed to be. I don't seem to care."

"That's good."

The mayor was bellowing,

"What's he doing here?"

For a moment, he had Calverly's arm, but was promptly shaken off. Then O'Rell caught him and pressed him toward the door.

"What *is* it?" Thus Miriam. "I'm getting pretty nervous. I wish you were here."

Calverly chuckled.

"It's the burglar, I think," he said.

He could feel Qualters' cool eyes look up at this and study him.

Mayor Tim heard it, too, and came plunging back, dragging O'Rell after him. Calverly raised an elbow to ward him off.

"I can't talk now," he said. "This is bedlam. But don't worry. I'll come soon."

"I think——"

"What was that? They're making so much noise."

"I think I—need you."

It was the voice of love—tender, frank beyond all evasion.

He compressed his lips. His eyes shone. He shook his head as if to throw off the ugly world that pressed him so, and held the telephone jealously away from the hostile ears that surrounded him.

"I'll come," he said, and put the instrument down.

The words were commonplace enough, hers and his, but in his ears, in his heart, they might have been the song of unimaginable angels.

And now, dimly at first, then with a sobering brain, he became aware that the mayor was still bellowing at him.

Qualters said,

"Oh, keep still, Tim!"

"But he used an ugly word—a vi'lant word—an' by God, he'll apol'gize ri' now, ri' here! I'm the mayor o' this—he said, 'Burglar.'"

Calverly seated himself on a corner of the desk.

"Well," he asked, "what are you?"

The mayor again drew himself up, but found it difficult to hold the picture. He seemed to be trying to frown majes'ically.

"It seems that somebody broke into my room," said Calverly. "And your mayor talks as if he knew something about it. I gather, too, that Mr. O'Rell put him up to it. Well, it isn't the first time these two precious birds have shared dirty work. There was the County Railways melon. And Mr. Cantey left a record of a ten-thousand-dollar bribe they both had a hand in. Some years back."

This brought O'Rell himself to Calverly's side.

"I've taken about all I care to take from you," he said roughly. "Will you take our offer and leave town to-night, or have we got to break you?"

Calverly gravely considered this, spread his hands.

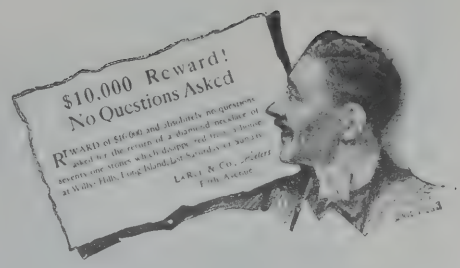
"I think I'll tell you," he said, musing aloud.

"Go on," said Qualters. "Tell us. Sit down, Harvey."

But O'Rell shook his head and stood angrily listening.

The mayor, however, found an armchair helpful.

"I took home a box of paper from Mr. Cantey's safe this afternoon," said Calverly. "That was what your burglar was after, I suppose. But I took them back this evening. They're in the safe now."



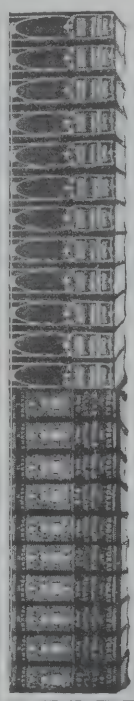
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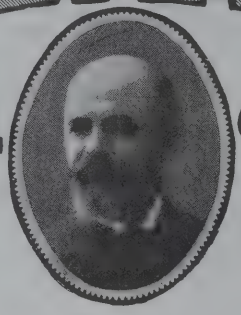
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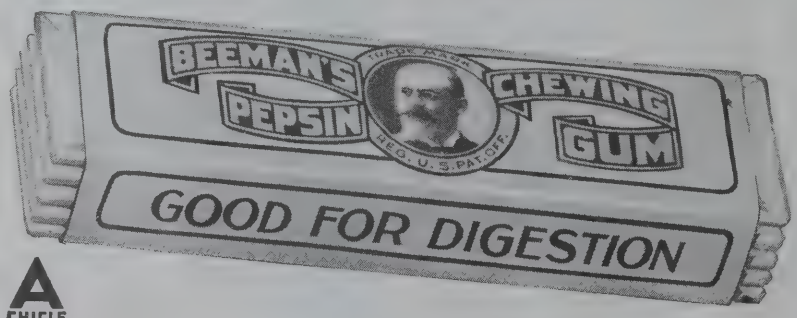
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"Why did you take them back?" asked Qualters.

"Because I decided not to go on with the work."

"That's interesting. Why?"

"I don't know that the reasons are any of your business."

"Perhaps not. Go on."

"That's all. All there was."

"'Was'? Is there more now?"

"I rather think so. Yes; it begins to seem so."

"You're considering reopening the matter?" Calverly gravely bowed. "Writing the book?" He bowed again. "Why?"

"Because you're all a lot of crooks. Because it's the duty of somebody to expose you. Jim Cantey felt that, and was willing to play Sampson to get it done. O God, for a little truth, a little decency! I'm not much, heaven knows, but at least I may be a vehicle for this thing. It's got to be done."

"Oswald, how long are you going to stand this?" cried O'Rell.

Qualters raised a soothing hand. Almost confidentially, very quietly, he asked of Calverly,

"Was that Miss Cantey that called you?"

"I—well—yes."

"Sounded like her voice. You realize, of course, that you've taking advantage of her. This name-business is sure to come out. They'll have to call you a fortune-hunter. It's going to hurt her."

But Calverly merely compressed his lips again.

A moment later, though, he turned on O'Rell. The mayor was growing sleepy and didn't matter.

"Probably I ought to be afraid of you," he said, "but I don't seem to be. Do what you like. I don't care. Of course you can have one of the mayor's friends hit me over the head. Do it to-night if you like. I'm going direct to the Cantey's from here. A little later I'll be walking from there to my boarding-house. Fairly early, too, as I imagine my room'll have to be put to rights after your friend's visit."

He walked out.

O'Rell sprang up. But Qualters waved him aside, said,

"Oh, let him go!"

Amme excused himself then. Amme was not the sort of man who had rough contacts with life. He had been spared a good deal. He was plainly disturbed now, a little shocked. Qualters indulged in a smile over him.

O'Rell helped the mayor home. Qualters walked out with them as far as the mail-box on the corner.

He put off the deeply angry O'Rell with a quiet;

"We'll have to play him a little. That book isn't published yet. It isn't even written. There's time enough."

When they were gone, an oddly comic couple—the mayor walking wide, the general manager of County Railways arm in arm with him, dragging him on, soothing him in the moments of song—Qualters took a letter from his pocket and dropped it into the box. The Cantey financial machine was still strong, but the Cantey political machine was cracking badly, was about gone. Harvey would do pretty much as he was told after this. It had been quite a day for

the Painter interests. Quaint ideas that boy had. And a queer mystery about him. Interesting.

Calverly, as he hurried up the hill, believed that he was thinking about the biography. So intent was be on thinking about it, that he muttered aloud. The excitement that was steadily, irresistibly rising within him he couldn't explain then.

He had no outside eye on it. He knew, yet didn't know, that he was being swept along, more and more swiftly, to his emotional Niagara.

He rang, all confusion, brushed past the doorman with the slightly raised eyebrows, ran lightly, quickly up the stairs.

The study door was closed. He paused before it. His breath was quite gone; his heart was beating uncontrollably high.

The book! They must talk about that!

She said she would be in the study. But how had she managed that?

There was a rustle in the hall. He started, turned, saw a woman just disappearing through a doorway. The nurse, doubtless. Miriam trusted her.

With an all but overpowering sensation of taking an irrevocable step, crossing a rubicon—fighting impulses to stop longer, get his head clear, think it out—he opened the door, stepped in, and closed it softly behind him.

There was Miriam, a filmy white heap, on the floor by the desk, leaning wanly against it.

He sprang forward, saying something—he never knew what—and tenderly lifted her in his arms.

He placed her in the big chair between the safe and the desk. Her hands were clinging to his sleeve. His mind was a whirl of pure feeling.

"You fell—" he was murmuring.

"That was nothing. But you were so long."

"I hurried."

"I know. But I wanted you so to come."

"You wonderful girl!"

"Oh, no—weak, pitiful! But I'm beginning."

"You'll let me help you?"

"O—o—oh, yes!"

They were groping for each other. Very gently he knelt close at her side; drew her head to his shoulder, kissed her.

"It had to be," she murmuerd.

"Yes, dear; it had to be. I'm a wreck of a man——"

"No, dear!"

"But such as I am, my life is yours. It would be so easy to die for you. But I must live for you. I'm beginning, too."

Time floated by. Miss Russell stood apologetically in the doorway. They looked down at her from the heights.

"You are tired, sweet," he whispered. "I'm going to let her take you to bed." And, standing beside the woman of his heart, he said: "Miss Russell, we can trust your discretion for the present. An announcement will be made later. For Miss Cantey has promised to be my wife."

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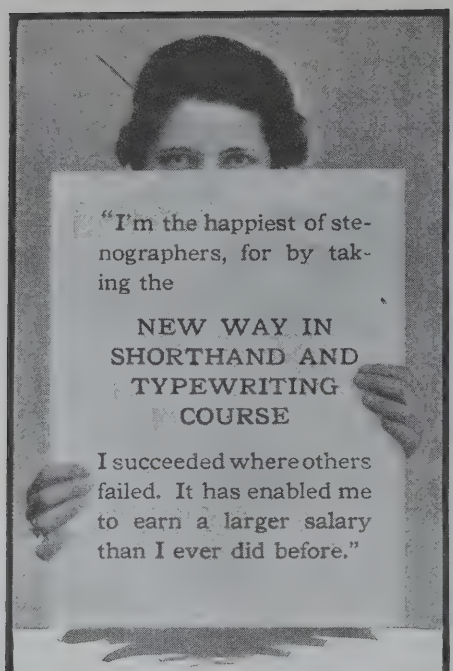
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The Doughboy's Religion

(*Continued from page 67*)

of the Allied forces in France, and they replied that there was no religious revival. "Go to the churches," they said, "and see." So I went to church after church and found them empty. I attended a service at Westminster Abbey, and saw a few conventional church attendants scattered throughout the chill gloom and echoing emptiness of that great tomb of England's dead. And when the clergyman mounted the pulpit, it was to bemoan the fact, as he said, that "the Church seems no longer able to lead," that it had "lost its influence with the toilers of the world," and that the loss was "mostly the fault of the Church."

He seemed as pitiful as the bewildered Y workers who realized that they had lost their influence with the army. Unfortunately, there was no one there to propose that the Churches should submit a questionnaire to the toilers of the world. But on that very same day I had seen the toilers of London answering the unspoken question of the clergyman in Westminster Abbey, although they answered it by their actions more than by words.

I saw thousands of working men and women going in what was really a religious procession to Albert Hall, carrying the banners of their faith. On those banners were inscribed such dogmas as, "Justice, not Charity," and "What we fought for we are going to have." Albert Hall was crowded. Ten thousand people stood outside the building after it was filled to suffocation. And the men and women who spoke to this enthusiastic congregation preached the same religion that I had seen lived in the trenches of France.

That was the answer. There was a great religious revival in Europe, but it was not the selfish religion of individual salvation; and the Churches failed in the war, as the Y. M. C. A. failed, because the Churches were still preaching from the text: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and the people were thinking, "What shall it profit a man to save his own soul if the whole world is to be lost?" The preachers were preaching the old cowardly religion of individual salvation. The people were living the brave new religion of the salvation of the world. The preachers were denouncing drinking, gambling, and immorality. The people were denouncing cowardice, selfishness, and egotism.

That is why the incident of Corporal Hall and the colonel's safe was illuminating to me. Under the old religion, Corporal Hall was an outcast and a sinner. Under the new religion, he had become one of the saviors of the world, ready to die for his fellows. Some of the finest soldiers that I met in France had been convicts. One of the most courageous had been one of the worst of "sinners" in time of peace. Another, whom I came to respect and admire immensely, had been convicted as a thief. Moreover, I met some who, in peace-times, had aided in stealing public-utility franchises or had otherwise promoted schemes to rob and exploit great masses of people—evils, of course, far more harmful than burglary or petty stealing. And all these men had been converted, so to speak, to the new religion of war. They had learned to serve, to sacrifice, and, if need be, to die for others.

The Y. M. C. A. is a great institution. It has done a great work in peace as well as in war. It would be unworthy of its opportunity if it did not take to heart the lesson which the doughboy tried to teach it. For that is a peace-time lesson also, and the failure of the Y and the failure of the Churches during this war is the same failure that they were guilty of in time of peace. The war has only made their failure more glaringly obvious.

The Christian religion is not a religion of individual salvation and selfish virtue. It is a religion of love and self-sacrifice and humility. The preachers who went up and down the battle-lines in automobiles, exhorting the men to save their own souls made the mistake of the preachers who carry the same message up and down the lines in peace-time. The expensive automobiles and the comfortable billets in war are the expensive churches and the fat clerical livings of peace. The men in the front-line trenches are the toilers in the dangers and hardships of the country's essential industries. The antagonism between the soldier and the Y worker is the antagonism between the working man and the fashionable preacher. In the great war which society is always waging against the forces of nature, the men in the trenches of industry are the front-line soldiers protecting the world against want and hardship, while they suffer and die themselves, that others may be safe. Great masses of those others, the idle and leisured classes, live without a thought for the welfare of the man who toils for them. They go to church to be told how to save their own selfish souls, and their religion has as little appeal to the soldier of peace as to the soldier of war.

What the Churches and the Y. M. C. A. had to learn in Europe, they have to learn in America. They must preach and practise the religion of service. Westminster Abbey will be as crowded as Albert Hall when the surpliced clergyman mounts the pulpit in the abbey to demand that society shall do for its workers what it does for its soldiers, and denounce the parasite and the exploiter of the people in peace-time as the slacker and the traitor are denounced in war-time, and organize the industries of peace for the common good of all citizens as the industries of war are organized.

A transport, called the France, recently arrived at its pier in New York with several thousand American soldiers and officers from the front. Some one called for cheers for the Red Cross. The men responded with a will. A call for cheers for the Salvation Army met with as hearty a response. "Now, altogether," a soldier shouted; "three cheers for the Y. M. C. A.!" And the doughboys answered, "Boo!"

The same answer is waiting for the Churches unless they learn their lesson. The preacher must get into the fight for humanity if he is to regain his influence with humanity. He must give up his automobile and his soft billet behind the war-zone, and share the hardships and the struggles of mankind, preaching courage,

unselfishness, and humility by his example, trying to save men from sin by changing the conditions that make for sin, and saving his own soul by helping to save the world. The Joint Commission on Social Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church has seen the light. It "earnestly urges the Church at large to study the program of the British Labor Party, characterized by Bishop Brent 'as the one great religious utterance of the war.'" This great religious utterance declares for a reconstruction of the national life in order to use the surplus wealth of the nation for the good of all the people of the nation, and to assure to every citizen the decent opportunity to live a healthy and happy and serviceable life. There is no other hope for the Churches. The war has discovered a new religion—a religion ages old—the religion of Christ in action. The Churches must preach and practise that religion or prepare to hear their call for cheers greeted with a universal "Boo!" when democracy's next great campaign is over and the ships again come in.

Judge Lindsey's next article will appear in ***April Cosmopolitan.***

Inviting the Bee

(Continued from page 88)

a chair and a cigarette. "Meet pal." And he introduced Wallingford. "Got ice enough for some high-balls?"

"Thanks for the order!" And, lifting up his voice from where he sat, the neighbor yelled, "Hey, Ham!"

"Yassah," came a sleepy reply from the distance.

"Cracked ice!"

"Yassah."

"Sorry I wasn't home when you were looking at this place." And the neighbor turned engagingly to Blackie. "I think you might have liked mine a little better."

Wallingford suddenly stopped rocking. "What's wrong with all these blooming paradises?" he wanted to know. "Why is everybody so anxious to sell?"

"Well, you're one of us now," considered the neighbor, "and you'll be wanting to sell. So here's what you must never tell a possible purchaser. What you get out of your grove will be the oranges you can eat, for the balance aren't worth the picking. This is one of those few unfortunate localities where the growers didn't organize in time to protect themselves against the fatal combination of commission-house and shipping trust."

"And you can't even give them to your neighbors," chuckled Wallingford. "Poor pal!"

"Does the combine attack orange blossoms?" Blackie anxiously inquired. At that moment the ice was heard clinking across the adjoining lawn, and the neighbor ran over to the hedge to meet it.

"I have it!" suddenly said Wallingford, smiting his big fist on Blackie's sharp knee. "I can clear Charlie from this bunch with the commission-house pest and the freight-rate blight; then I'll stick to his elbow and protect him all through the orange belt."

"Oh, extract your hook, Jim, and toss him back in," counseled Blackie.

"Wait till I tell you," chuckled Wallingford, his broad shoulders heaving. "It's a scream! You'll stay behind and——"

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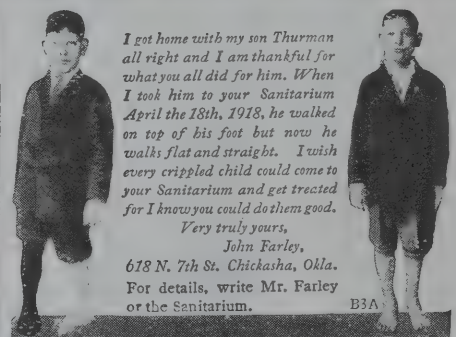
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"Here's the ice!" called the pleasan neighbor, hurrying back to the porc "Where's the rest of the makings?"

IV

NEVER had Wallingford put in such weary time as in the days which followe for from early dawn to the wee small hou he kept at Charlie Aster's elbow. H allowed himself no minute of rest, lest, that minute, some enterprising oran salesman might thrust a fountain pen in Charlie's hand; so, night after night, they traveled through the orange bel Wallingford retired exhausted and Charl retired discouraged.

"Well, I guess I win my bet," remarke J. Rufus, with an attempt at joviality they motored back to their starting-poi and drew up at the Magnolia Hotel. knew you'd be too wise to fall for the orange-grove fakes."

"I don't know," confessed Charlie, h eyes pinching almost shut. "If you hadn been along, I believe I'd have bought som of them. Honest, I don't see yet wha was the matter with the one down Edena, or that one at Lake Loisseau, or couple of others."

"I forget," yawned Wallingford, su pressing a chuckle. He had made th commission-house pest and the freigh rate blight stretch as far as he could, an when that wouldn't stretch to fit, he lie with ease and confidence, since he had th prestige of the first truth. "Suppose w give up one day to pleasure before you g home, Charlie. We'll go out to-morro in a——"

"Sorry, Jim," crisply broke in Charli "I can't leave my son-in-law in charge my business any longer."

"Oh, yes, you can," disputed Wallin ford. "One more day won't hurt."

"Can't do it!" He was most decisiv about it. "I've overstayed my time no I've wired that I'm coming home. And that son-in-law of mine says anything me about an orange grove, there'll be family row."

The huge J. Rufus surveyed Charl Aster for a moment with a darkening brov then he jerked back his suavity.

"All right, pal! Suppose we break th law with a nice cold quart?"

"Don't care if I do." A smile brigh ened the Aster countenance. Charlie wa growing used to champagne and wel selected dinners and the unstinted ho pitality of extravagant J. Rufus. Wit alacrity he took his place at a table, an with the impatience of eager anticipatio he waited for the opening of the bottle.

J. Rufus watched him narrowly as h emptied his second hissing glass of th second bottle. If the third glass didn do the work, it was on the cards fo Charlie's fourth to be spiked with th strongest liquid known to the drink-mix ing profession, and if that didn't do th work, it was on the cards for Charlie t be kidnaped or something, for he certainl was not going to start home in the morn ing. After all these days!

The third one did its duty, however Charlie leaned forward, and clinked glas to glass, and said:

"Oh, well, Jimmy; we're a short tim living and a long time dead. I can affor to do anything I want. What's our pro gram for to-morrow, old top?"

"I've located a motor-boat." And Wallingford's beam now was genuine. "We'll go out early and cut our signatures on the briny deep. How about it?"

"It's a go!" loudly proclaimed the care-free Charlie. "Drink out, Jim; I'll buy the next bottle!"

So it happened that early the next morning the Swallow sputtered out of the harbor with Wallingford and his friend Charlie aboard, and the minute they struck the open water, J. Rufus shot up the coast with a speed which took the breath of Mr. Aster and blanched the face of Mr. Wallingford; for the latter gentleman had more caution than recklessness, and only the necessities of business could make him ignore the thumping beneath his ribs.

At last, as the sun shot almost straight down, J. Rufus slacked and drew inshore, and began to watch the indentations of the beach, and, by and by, he ran in at a place where one lone buzzard slowly circled the billowing sea and the barren land.

"Some run, eh, Charlie?" said Wallingford over his shoulder, exultation in his voice but relief in his heart. "Looks like a good spot for lunch." And, clambering out, he hauled the Swallow up high on the beach and helped Charlie forward and picked up the lunch-hamper.

At the top of the bank J. Rufus paused, and a broad smile wreathed his round pink face as he viewed the landscape o'er. Sand up-shore, sand down-shore, and, across in the distance, a stretch of dead trees hung with Spanish moss. But midway a flourishing little grove of orange trees, heavy with luscious fruit!

"Well, by ginger!" exclaimed Charlie Aster, forgetting his hunger. "Oranges!"

"Hoodooed!" complained Wallingford. "And I brought you up here to get away from orange groves!"

"Mighty fine-looking trees!" And Charlie struck straight out for them. "You know, Jim," he said to the figure which plodded heavily behind him, "I never would have believed that this kind of ground would have produced oranges; but this much is a cinch. When I see the fruit growing, I know the land will grow fruit."

He hurried forward and picked an orange. It was delicious, out there in the hot sun after an all-morning thirst, and, as Charlie ate, his enthusiasm grew. He was on his second one when his huge companion arrived, with a dripping brow and breath which came like the escape of an exhaust-pipe.

"They're great!" asserted Charlie, his mouth full. "Have one?"

Wallingford accepted that invitation with an eagerness that seemed almost anxious. He examined the fruit before he began to peel it. The skin was moist and bright. He looked round him with a trace of worry on his countenance.

"I never knew this place was here," he confessed.

"I wonder who owns it." Charlie surveyed the landscape for a possible house; and at that moment there came round the corner of the little grove a long, lean, lank individual in bright-yellow boots, bright-yellow khaki, a bright-yellow sombrero, and bright-yellow sun-glasses; and beneath the sharp-pointed nose was a pair of sharp-pointed black mustaches. The guy that made himself a mark on the train!

"Well?" demanded the "mark" gruffly.

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Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed** /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus / will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and O will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke ——

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus / and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle **O** and you will have / (medo), which is **meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

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Cosmopolitan 3-'19

(Continued from page 10)

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"Good-morning." Mr. Aster was most pleasant. "Fine oranges!"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Daw, and he cast a troubled glance at Jim Wallingford. "How did you come here?"

"Little spin in the motor-boat," explained Mr. Wallingford suavely, and he smiled at Mr. Daw—smiled broadly. "Do you own this land?"

"You might as well sit down," returned Mr. Daw most ungraciously. He was even ungracious to Jim; and the glance of the beady eyes behind the spectacles was furtive as he drew a rough table and some rough stools from the edge of the grove. He put half a dozen oranges on the table and sat down; and the first thing he did was to stamp violently on Jim's left foot.

"Huh!" grunted Wallingford involuntarily. "Excellent oranges, Mr. ——"

"Daw!"

"Mr. Daw," finished Wallingford, looking at his partner sidewise. "Do you own this land?"

The orange farmer rolled an orange off the table, picked it up, stamped on Jim's foot, and cleared his throat.

"Well, yes."

"What are you asking for it?" inquired Mr. Aster, his eyes pinching.

"I'm not asking anything for it." And Blackie picked up one of the oranges and examined it minutely. It was moist and bright.

"Don't blame you," responded Mr. Aster. "Just the same, everything has its price, you know."

"Charlie, do you still want to buy an orange grove?" chuckled Wallingford; and Mr. Aster turned on him.

"Look here, Jim," he sharply observed: "If you know anything against this section, out with it!"

"How could I?" Wallingford stiffened with dignity. "Didn't know the place was here."

"Good!" And Charlie Aster rolled an orange under his palm. "What I'm after is facts. How about the commission-house squeeze, Mr. Daw?"

"They don't know I'm here." And the orange-grower twisted his mustaches in relief. This was a question he could answer freely. "Nobody does. This is an experimental farm."

"Have you tried to get a freight contract?"

"There's nothing to ship as yet." And again Mr. Daw answered brightly and freely. "There won't be until there are more oranges here."

"Uh-hunh." And the pinch-eyes pinched nearly shut. The time to get a freight contract was before! "What would you consider a reasonable price for your land, Mr. Daw?"

Blackie was long in answering.

"It's not for sale."

"Oh, yes, you will!" suddenly flared Jim Wallingford, and brought his fist on the table with a bang. "I'll tell you something, Mr. Daw: Mr. Aster has a long-term contract for all the freight shipped out of Sant' Anna. Huh!" This closing grunt was in response to a violent stamp delivered on his right foot by Mr. Aster. "And think it over, Mr. Daw," went on J. Rufus, with a reproachful glance at his friend Charlie. "You can't ship an orange without Mr. Aster says so." And his whole body quivered with pain as he jerked up his right foot from a second

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amp. "Now, Mr. Daw, will you sell?" is left foot that time, and a purple flush agony crept into his temple.

"No!" snapped Blackie.

"You idiot!" growled Wallingford.

Mr. Aster had been pondering deeply, ith more than one troubled sidewise ance at Wallingford, but now he straight- ied.

"I can make an offer, anyhow," he sug- sted. "Considering the location—an ut-of-the-way place like this, you know -and your hauling-distance, and the work iat has to be done, and offsetting that ith the success of your first experiment, 'd be willing to pay two hundred an acre r your tract. Take it or leave it."

Wallingford resisted the temptation to ib his hands together, and for a moment e forgot the abuse which his sand-blistered et had suffered. Suddenly, he happened notice the gloomy look in Mr. Daw's untenance, and ferocity gleamed in im's eye. There was a sharp crack like a roomstick on a fence-paling, and Blackie's es stung with sudden moisture.

"Oh, well, I guess you got me," he umbled.

"I thought you two could get together." Ir. Wallingford radiated the pleasure dmissible in a disinterested mutual friend. wo hundred acres at two hundred dollars n acre! Forty thousand dollars! Thirty- ve thousand clear velvet! And all over ut collecting the money! "Now, gentle- en, I suppose you'll want me to witness bill of sale right here, and— Ugh!" He abbed his hair as a violent stamp de- ended on each foot simultaneously.

"No," refused Blackie Daw; "I have go to town first."

"Not here," amended Charlie Aster. We'll wait until Mr. Daw transfers the eed. Here's a hundred dollars, though, Ir. Daw, to bind the bargain." And he oved the bill across at Blackie. "I got nportant business down in the city."

Mr. Wallingford rose and glared in both erplexity and anger at his two friends; en he limped after Charlie.

"You could have taken a bill of sale," e advised. "All you have to do is to rop in at the steamer office and get that eight contract in a hurry; only, don't y, 'Oranges.'"

"Lord, that was a nervy bluff!" whis- ered Charlie; then he grinned appreciа- vely. "It worked, though; but I wouldn't e up to a formal transfer until I get that eight contract. Daw might smell a rat nd beat me to it. Then where would I ?"

"You're safe," laughed Wallingford. The Swallow can outrun that long-legged ider. I guess I'm your friend to-day."

"Hey!" The earnest voice of Mr. Daw; nd Wallingford, leaving Charlie to hurry wn to the boat with the unopened ham- er, limped back to Blackie.

"What do you mean, you bone-hoofed ule?" he savagely exploded. "You ever came so near gumming a game in our life! A forty-thousand drag at that!"

"You poor lump!" returned Blackie idly. "The stuff's off. Didn't you get y of my letters or telegrams?"

"How could I," snarled Wallingford, moving as fast as I did? What's wrong? hy did you hang back on this sale?"

"Because I don't own the property. hy? I couldn't locate the owner. Why? e was hopping over the orange belt, lap-

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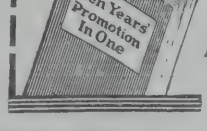
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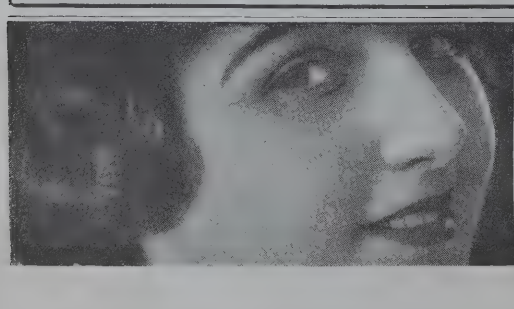
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ping up champagne. With whom? Y
Jim, the guy that owns this land is Cha
C. Aster!"

It was not until Charlie C. A
emerged triumphantly from the office
the steamship company, with a long-t
contract for the exclusive freightage f
Sant' Anna, that Wallingford was abl
recover from the shock of his awful b
and gain an inspiration.

"Great idea!" he suddenly burst
and the gloom disappeared from his ro
pink face as if by magic. "You k
that experimental orange grove yo
buying from Mr. Daw——"

"No question about it now, Ji
exulted Charlie, tapping his pocket. "
go back home and show my son-in
how to buy sand."

"Congratulations," chuckled Wall
ford. "Well, I'm going to start an exp
mental farm of my own. I'm going in
tea cultivation. I'm going to buy a t
of useless sandy soil, and——"

"Say," interrupted Charlie eagerly,
mind habitually fixed on the main cha
"I still have son-in-law's sandy soil up
Tullapalm, wherever that is. Let's ru
and see it."

"Give me a written guarantee it
under water?" And Wallingford
pressed a grin. Charlie had come o
land from Tullapalm to view his prop
the first time, and there had been
orange grove on it; moreover, his me
map was confused. But if he should c
over from Tullapalm now!"

"Not an acre of it; at least, not wh
saw it."

"Then it is entirely a matter of pri
And Wallingford slapped his old fr
Charlie on the shoulder. "Make it ch
enough, and I'll buy it sight unseen."

Charlie's eyes pinched nearly s
Counting principal and interest——

"Fifteen dollars an acre," he cri
stated, and his friend Jim took him
the arm.

"We'll go right over and see to the de

Son-in-law's two hundred acres
transferred five times between the ow
ship of Charles C. Aster and Charle
Aster, two agents dropping in betw
Wallingford and Blackie Daw. T
there remained but one thing—to stic
Charlie's elbow until that forty-thous
dollar check passed through the
York clearing-house; and the best
was to go right on home with the
orange-grower and delay him en route
riotous living.

"Not me," refused Blackie, wher
was proffered an urgent invitation to
the party and help. "I stick here to n
my orange trees back to my orange g
behind my bungalow. And if there's a
dies, it goes on the expense account."

The next ***Wallingford*** story will appe
in ***April Cosmopolitan.***

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n the Makaloa Mat

(*Continued from page 23*)

And it was on to Kilauea—the dream ear its ending; and of course we tossed the pit of sea-surging lava our offer- to the fire-goddess of *maile leis* and of and hard *poi* wrapped moist in the *ti* es. And we continued down through Puna and, in the end, came to Hilo he sea.

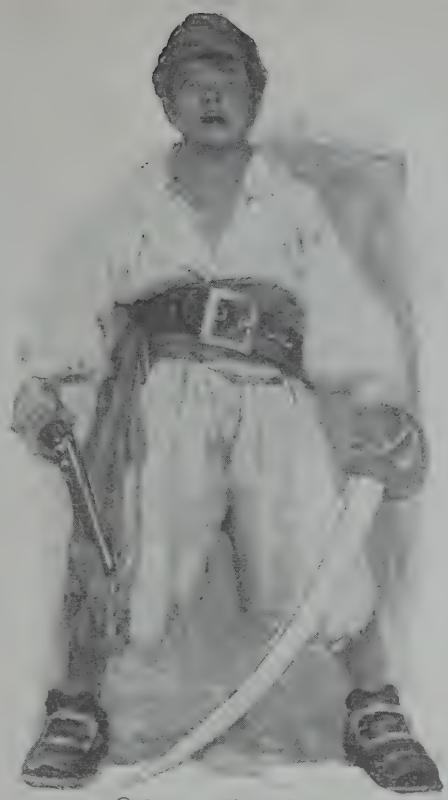
It was the end. We had never spoken. vas the end recognized and unmen- ed. The yacht waited. We were s late. Honolulu called, and the news that the king had gone particularly *ule* [insane], that there were Catholic Protestant missionary-plottings, and trouble with France was brewing. As had landed at Kawaihae two weeks re with laughter and flowers and song, hey departed from Hilo. It was a y parting, full of fun and frolic and ousand last messages and reminders jokes. The anchor was broken out to ng of farewell from Lilolilo's singing on the quarter-deck, while we, in the canoes and whale-boats, saw the first ze fill the vessel's sails and the distance n to widen.

hrough all the confusion and excite- t, Lilolilo, at the rail, who must say farewells and quip last jokes to many, ed squarely down at me. On his head vore my *ilima lei*, which I had made him and placed there. And into the es, to the favored ones, they on the t began tossing their many *leis*. I had xpectancy of hope. And yet I hoped, small, wistful way that I know did not y in my face, which was as proud and y as any there. But Lilolilo did what ew he would do, what I had known the first he would do. Still looking squarely and honestly in the eyes, he my beautiful *ilima lei* from his head tore it across. I saw his lips shape, not utter aloud, the single word: '*Pau*' sh]. Still looking at me, he broke both s of the *lei* in two again, and tossed fragments, not to me but down over- into the widening water. *Pau*. It finished."

or a long space, Bella's vacant gaze ed on the sea horizon. Martha ven- d no mere voice-expression of the sym- y that dampened her own eyes.

And I rode on that day, up the old, trail along the Hamakua coast," Bella med, with a voice at first singularly and harsh. "That first day was not ard. I was numb. I was too full with wonder of all I had to forget to know I had to forget it. I spent the night Laupahoehoe. Do you know, I had cted a sleepless night. Instead, weary the saddle, still numb, I slept the t through as if I had been dead.

But the next day, in driving wind and ching rain! How it blew and poured! trail was really impassable. Again and n our horses went down. At first, the boy uncle John had loaned me with the es protested; then he followed stolidly. pack-horse was abandoned at Kukui- e. We almost swam up Mud Lane in ver of mud. At Waimea, the cowboy to exchange for a fresh mount. But lasted through. From daybreak till night I was in the saddle, till uncle n, at Kilohana, took me off my horse



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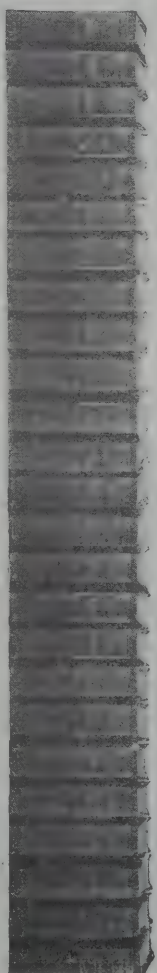
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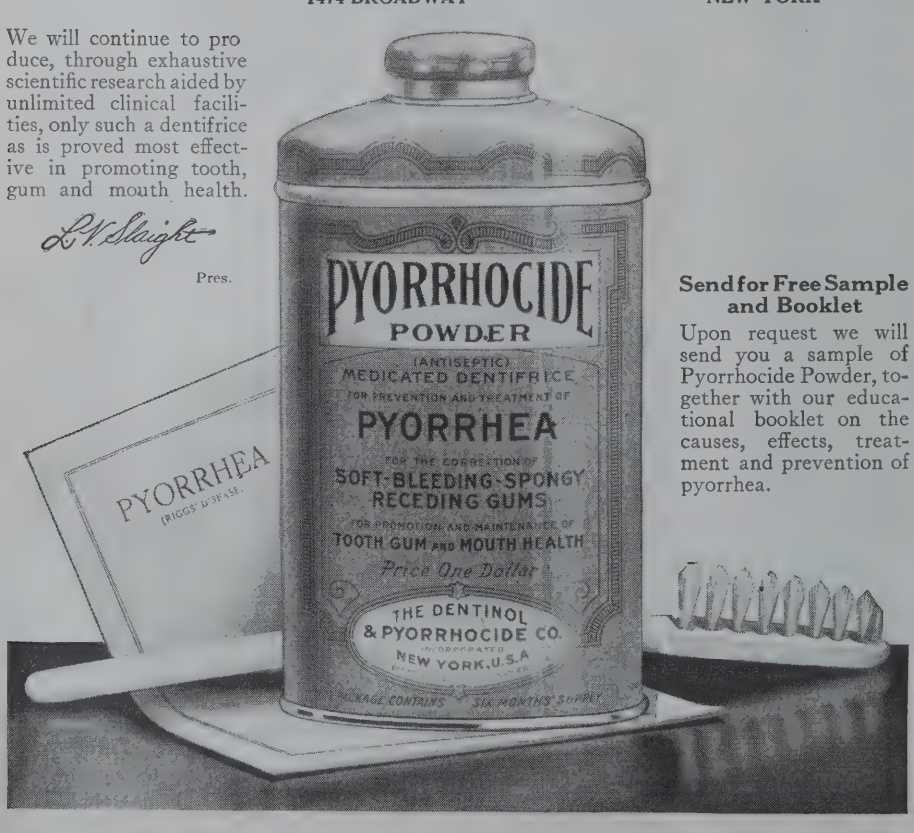
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in his arms, and carried me in and rou
the women from their beds to undress
and *lomi* me, while he plied me with
toddies and drugged me to sleep and for
fulness. I know I must have babbled
raved. Uncle John must have gues
But never to another, nor even to me,
he ever breathe a whisper. Whatever
guessed he locked away in the tabu r
of Naomi.

"I do have fleeting memories of s
of that day, all a broken-hearted,
rage against fate—of my hair down
whipped, wet and stinging, about m
the driving rain, of endless tears of wee
contributed to the general deluge, of
sionate outbursts and resentments aga
a world all twisted and wrong, of beat
of my hands upon my saddle-pommel
asperities to my Kilohana cowboy,
spurs into the ribs of poor, magnifi
Hilo, with a prayer on my lips, burs
out from my heart, that the spurs w
so madden him as to make him rear
fall on me and crush my body forever
of all beauty for man, or topple me off
trail and finish me at the foot of the
[precipices], writing '*Pau*' at the en
my name as final as the shaped '*Pau*
Lilolilo's lips when he tore across my *i*
lei and dropped it in the sea——

"Husband George was delayed in H
lulu. When he came back to Nahal
was there waiting for him. And solem
he embraced me, perfunctorily kissed
lips, gravely examined my tongue, dec
my looks and state of health, and sent
to bed with hot stove-lids and a dosag
castor-oil. Like entering into the
chinery of a clock and becoming one of
cogs or wheels, inevitably and remorsele
turning round and round, so I entered
into the gray life of Nahala.

"But there was no more of my dra
to husband George, as had been the pr
ise ere the Princess Lihue invited m
the progress and uncle John loaned me
horse. You see, sister Martha, not
would have happened had uncle John
fused me the horse. But I had kn
love, and I had known Lilolilo; and
chance after that had husband Georg
win from me heart of esteem or a
tion? And for two years, at Nahal
was a dead woman who somehow wa
and talked, and baked and scrubbed,
mended socks and saved kerosene.
doctors said it was the shoddy under
that did for him, pursuing as always
high-mountain Nahala waters in
drenching storms of midwinter.

"When he died, I was not sad. I
been sad too long already. Nor was I
Gladness had died at Hilo when Li
dropped my *ilima lei* into the sea, and
feet were never happy again. Li
passed within a month after husb
George. I had never seen him since
parting at Hilo. La, la! Suitors a-n
have I had since; but I was like
John. Mating for me was but once. U
John had his Naomi room at Kilohan
have had my Lilolilo room for fifty
in my heart. You are the first, s
Martha, whom I have permitted to
that room——"

A motor swung the circle of the d
and from it, across the lawn, approa
the husband of Martha. Erect, sle
gray-haired, of graceful military bea
Roscoe Scandwell was a member of
"Big Five," which, by the interlockin

nterests, determined the destinies of all Hawaii. Himself pure *haole*, New England orn, he kissed Bella first, arms around, full-party, in the Hawaiian way. His alert eye old him that there had been a woman-talk, nd, despite the signs of all generousness of motion, that all was well and placid in he twilight wisdom that was theirs.

"Elsie and the younglings are coming—ast got a wireless from their steamer," he nnounced, after he had kissed his wife. And they'll be spending several days ith us before they go on to Maui."

"I was going to put you in the rose oom, sister Bella," Martha Scandwell lanned aloud. "But it will be better for er and the children and the nurses and verything there, so you shall have Queen Emma's room."

"I had it last time, and I prefer it," Bella said.

Roscoe Scandwell, himself well taught f Hawaiian love and love-ways, erect, lender, dignified, between the two nobly roportioned women, an arm around each f their sumptuous waists, proceeded with hem toward the house.

The last ***Jack London*** story, ***The Bones of Kahekili,*** will appear in an early issue.

Bargain-Price

(*Concluded from page 57*)

ats and surer than bolts of lightning, the Cantonese were on top of the Kid. They eld him with vicious hammer-locks. They pulled him to his feet.

"So you done me dirt, you yellow bum!" e snarled, but his face was a dirty, pale olor, like an old lime wall. His lips were lue. "You ain't going to do that on me? What's the use? Give me mine." His oice cracked like a faulty whistle. "I'll o bughouse."

"You will keep him there," went the uting Chinese voice, "Hong Wah and ing Lu, until he goes mad."

"And then let him loose?" Hong Wah's uttural tones inquired.

"No," Mun Sin's voice was decisive; he might get well again. Kill him."

The bloused figures began dragging he killer away. He turned and shouted ne last appeal. Already his mouth was witching; his eyes were rolling.

"If you want the girl, you can have her or nothing!" he shouted. "You said ou'd treat me square and pay me for her, ut——"

"But I am paying you," said Mun Sin.

Morris Hoffman, fattest, greatest and ost enthusiastic of impresarios, turned o the telephone.

"Ah, Mr. Sin, you were right, sir. She's ne greatest in the world. I've handled em all, and I know. A great artist. We're getting down to work immediately. ut, Mr. Sin——"

"Yes," came the lisping Manchu tones. "She told me she was Mike Pachico's irl. The one they called 'the Killer.' o make him let her go, you must have aid a fortune."

"I paid him for her—yes," said Mun in; "but I got her from him for next to othing. A bargain-price."

A new ***Donn Byrne*** story, ***Beulah Land,*** will appear in ***April Cosmopolitan.***



Sanford Bennett at 50



Sanford Bennett 78

An Old Man at Fifty A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

By V. O. SCHWAB

There is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. Today he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. Today they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out broken-down, decrepit old man. Today he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising: Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness—how it removes and prevents constipation and its many attendant ills; external cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

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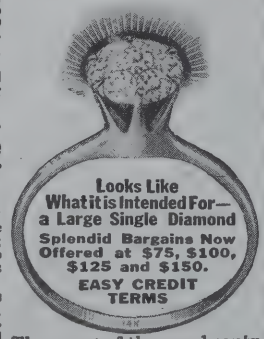
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Saint's Progress

(*Continued from page 48*)

The canon seemed, with a stammer of words, to try to blunt the edge of that clear question.

"My visit is quite informal, my dear fellow; I can't say at all. But there is evidently much feeling; that is what I wanted you to know. You haven't quite seen, I think, that——"

Pierson raised his hand.

"I can't talk of this."

The canon rose.

"Believe me, Edward, I sympathize deeply. I felt I had to warn you." He held out his hand. "Good-by, my dear friend; do forgive me!" And he went out. In the hall, an adventure befell him so plump and awkward that he could barely recite it to Mrs. Rushbourne that night.

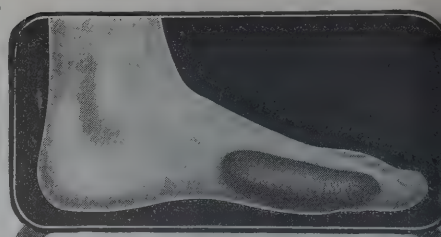
"Coming out from my poor friend," he said, "I ran into a baby's perambulator, and that young mother, whom I remember as a little thing"—he held his hand at the level of his thigh—"arranging it for going out. It startled me; and I fear I asked foolishly, 'Is it a boy?' The poor young thing looked up at me. She has very large eyes, quite beautiful, strange eyes. 'Have you been speaking to daddy about me?' 'My dear young lady,' I said, 'I'm such an old friend, you see. You must forgive me.' And then she said, 'Are they going to ask him to resign?' 'That depends on you,' I said. Why do I say these things, Charlotte? I ought simply to have held my tongue. Poor young thing—so very young! And the little baby!"

"She has brought it on herself, Alec," Mrs. Rushbourne replied.

VII

THE moment his visitor had vanished, Pierson paced up and down the study with anger rising in his heart. His daughter or his parish! The old saw, "An Englishman's house is his castle," was being attacked within him. Must he not, then, harbor his own daughter, and help her by candid atonement to regain her inward strength and peace? Was he not thereby acting as a true Christian, in by far the hardest course he and she could pursue? To go back on that decision and imperil his daughter's spirit, or else resign his parish—the alternatives were brutal! This was the center of his world, the only spot where so lonely a man could hope to feel even the semblance of home; a thousand little threads tethered him to his church, his parishioners, and this house—for to live on here, if he gave up his church, was out of the question. But his chief feeling was a bewildered anger that, for doing what seemed to him his duty, he should be attacked by his parishioners.

A passion of desire to know what they really thought and felt—these parishioners of his, whom he had befriended, and for whom he had worked so long—beset him now, and he went out. But the absurdity of his quest struck him before he had gone the length of the square. One could not go to people and say, "Stand and deliver me your inmost judgments." And suddenly he was aware of how far away he really was from them. Through all his ministrations had he ever come to



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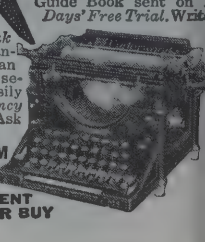
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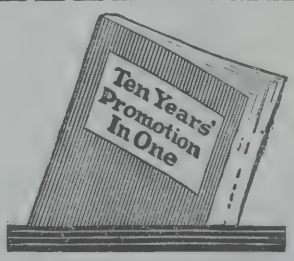
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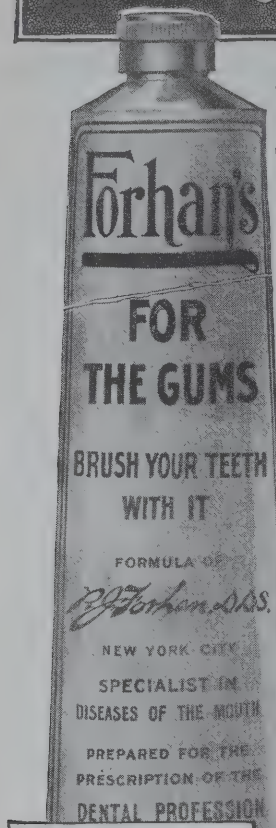


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know their hearts? And now, in this dire necessity for knowledge, there seemed no way of getting it. He went at random into a stationer's shop; the shopman sang bass in his choir. They had met Sunday after Sunday for the last seven years. But when, with this itch for intimate knowledge on him, he saw the man behind the counter, it was as if he looked on him for the first time. The Russian proverb, "The heart of another is a dark forest," flashed into his mind while he said,

"Well, Hodson, what news of your son?"

"Nothing more, Mr. Pierson, thank you, sir; nothing more at present."

And it seemed to Pierson, gazing at the man's face clothed in a short, grizzling beard cut rather like his own, that he must be thinking, "Ah, but what news of your daughter?" No one would ever tell him to his face what he was thinking. And, buying two pencils, he went out. On the other side of the road was a bird-fancier's shop, kept by a woman whose husband had been taken for the army. She was not friendly toward him, for it was known to her that he had expostulated with her husband for keeping larks and other wild birds. And quite deliberately he crossed the road and stood looking in at the window, with the morbid hope that from this unfriendly one he might hear truth. She was in her shop and came to the door.

"Have you any news of your husband, Mrs. Cherry?"

"No, Mr. Pierson; I've not—not this week."

"He hasn't gone out yet?"

"No, Mr. Pierson; 'e 'as not."

There was no expression on her face—perfectly blank it was. Pierson had a mad longing to say: "For God's sake, woman, speak out what's in your mind; tell me what you think of me and my daughter. Never mind my cloth." But he could no more say it than the woman could tell him what was in her mind. And with a "Good-morning," he passed on. No man or woman would tell him anything, unless, perhaps, they were drunk. He came to a public house, and for a moment even hesitated before it, but the thought of insult aimed at Noel stopped him, and he passed that, too. And then reality made itself known to him. Though he had come out to hear what they were thinking, he did not really want to hear it, could not endure it if he did. He had been too long immune from criticism, too long in the position of one who may tell others what he thinks of them.

And standing there in the crowded street, he was attacked by that longing for the country which had always come on him when he was hard pressed. He looked at his memoranda. By stupendous luck, it was almost a blank day. An omnibus passed close by which would take him far out. He climbed on to it, and traveled as far as Hendon, then, getting down, set forth on foot. It was bright and hot, and the May-blossom in full foam. He walked fast along the perfectly straight road till he came to the top of Elstree Hill. There, for a few moments, he stood gazing at the school-chapel, the cricket fields, the wide land beyond. All was very quiet, for it was lunch-time. A horse was tethered there, and a strolling cat, as though struck by the tall, black incongruity of his figure, paused in her progress, then, slither under the wicket-gate, arched her b and rubbed herself against his leg, cri ling and waving the tip of her tail. Pier bent down and stroked the creatu head; but, uttering a faint "miaou," cat stepped daintily across the ro Pierson, too, stepped on, past the villa and down over a stile into a field-pa At the edge of the young clover, unde bank of hawthorn, he lay down on back, with his hat beside him and his a crossed over his chest.

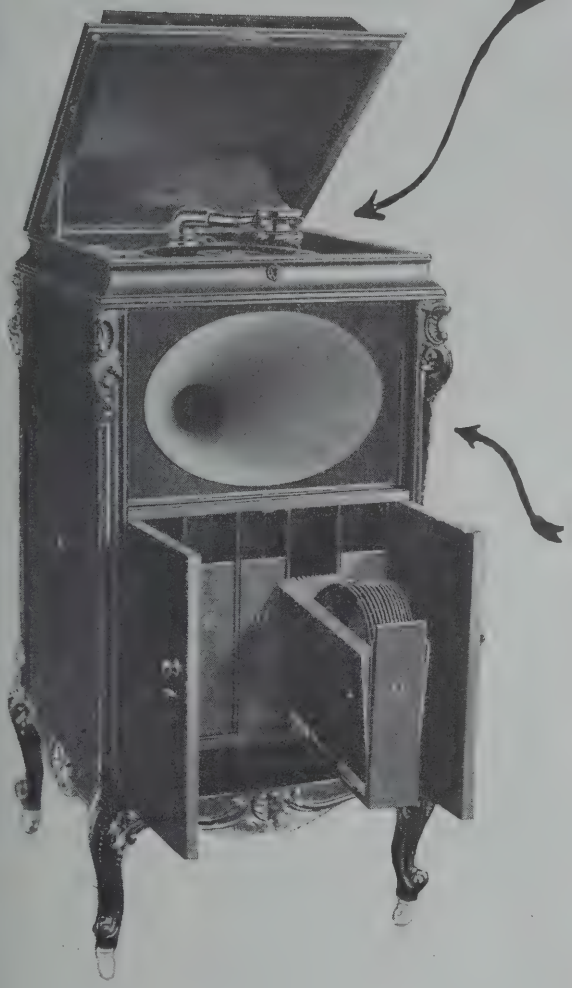
The scent of the May-blossom bo down by the sunshine, drenched his sen he closed his eyes, and, at once, as resenting his momentary escape, his m resumed debate with startling intens This matter went to the very well-sprin had a terrible and secret significance. to act as conscience bade him rende him unfit to keep his parish, all was b on sand, had no deep reality, was rooted in convention. Charity, and forgiveness of sins honestly atoned fo what became of them? Either he wrong to have espoused for her straig forward confession and atonement, or t were wrong in chasing him from t espousal. There would be no mak those extremes to meet. But if he w wrong, having done the hardest th already—where could he turn? Church stood bankrupt of ideals. He as if pushed over the edge of the wo with feet on space, and head in so blinding cloud.

"I cannot have been wrong," thought; "any other course was so mu easier. I sacrificed my pride and my p girl's pride. I would have loved to let run away. If for this we are to be sto and cast forth, what living force is th in the religion I have loved; what does all come to? Have I served a sham? cannot and will not believe it. Someth is wrong with me, something is wrong but where?"

He rolled over, lay on his face, a prayed. He prayed for guidance and liverance from the gusts of anger wh kept sweeping over him, even more for lief from the feeling of personal outrage the unfairness of this thing. He striven to be loyal to what he thought right, had sacrificed all his sensitivene all his secret, fastidious pride in his ch and himself. For that he was to be thro out! Whether from prayer or from scent and feel of the clover, he found pr ently a certain rest. Away in the distan he could see the spire of Harrow chur The Church! No! She was not, co not be, at fault. The fault was in hims "I am unpractical," he thought. "It is I know. Agnes used to say so."

There were lambs in the next field; watched their gambolings, and his he relaxed. Brushing the clover-dust off black clothes, he began to retrace his ste The boys were playing cricket now, a he stood a few minutes watching the He had not seen cricket played since war began; it seemed almost oth worldly, with the click of the bats and shrill young voices, under the dista drone of that sky-hornet threshing alo to Hendon. A boy made a good leg-b "Well played!" he called. Then, su denly conscious of his own incongru and strangeness in that green spot, turned away on the road back to Lond

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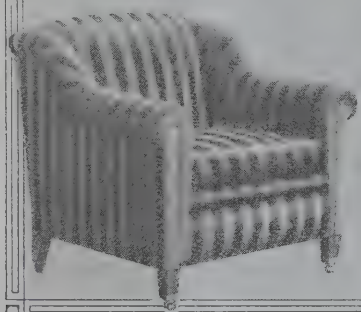
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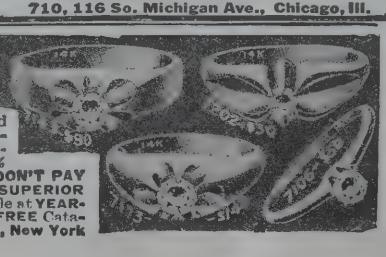
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To resign, to await events, to send Noel away—of those three courses, the last alone seemed impossible. "Am I really so far from them," he thought, "that they can wish me to go—for this? If so, I had better go. It will be just another failure. But I won't believe it yet; I can't believe it."

He did not reach home till six, having eaten nothing since breakfast. Intending to have a bath and lie down till dinner, he went up-stairs.

Unwonted silence reigned. He tapped on the nursery door. It was deserted. He passed through to Noel's room; but that, too, was empty. The wardrobe stood open as if it had been hastily ransacked, and her dressing-table was bare. In alarm, he went to the bell and pulled it sharply. The old-fashioned ring of it jingled out far below. The parlor-maid came up.

"Where are Miss Noel and Nurse, Susan?"

"I didn't know you were in, sir. Miss Noel left me this note to give you. They —I——"

Pierson stopped her with his hand.

"Thank you, Susan; get me some tea, please." With the note unopened in his hand, he waited till she was gone. His head was going round, and he sat down on the side of Noel's bed to read.

DARLING DADDY:

The man who came this morning told me of what is going to happen. I simply won't have it. I'm sending Nurse and baby down to Kestrel at once, and going to Leila's for the night until I've made up my mind what to do. I knew it was a mistake my coming back. I don't care what happens to me, but I won't have you hurt. I think it's hateful of people to try and injure you for my fault. I've had to borrow money from Susan—six pounds. Oh, daddy dear, forgive me!

Your loving,
NOLLIE.

He read it with unutterable relief; at all events, he knew where she was—poor, wilful, rushing, loving-hearted child, knew where she was, and could get at her. After his bath and some tea, he would go to Leila's and bring her back. Poor little Nollie, thinking that by just leaving his house she could settle this deep matter! He did not hurry, feeling decidedly exhausted, and it was nearly eight before he set out, leaving a message for Gratian, who did not, as a rule, come in from her hospital till past nine.

The day was still glowing, and now, in the cool of evening, his refreshed senses soaked up its beauty. "God has so made this world," he thought, "that, no matter what our struggles and sufferings, it's ever a joy to live when the sun shines or the moon is bright or the night starry. Even we can't spoil it." In Regent's Park, the lilacs and laburnums were still in bloom, though June had come, and he gazed at them in passing as a lover might at his lady. His conscience pricked him suddenly. Mrs. Mitchett and the dark-eyed girl she had brought to him on New Year's eve, the night he had learned of his own daughter's tragedy—he had never thought of them since! How had that poor girl fared? He had been too impatient of her impenetrable mood. What did he know of the hearts of others, when he did not even know his own, could not rule his feelings of anger and revolt, had not guided his own daughter into the



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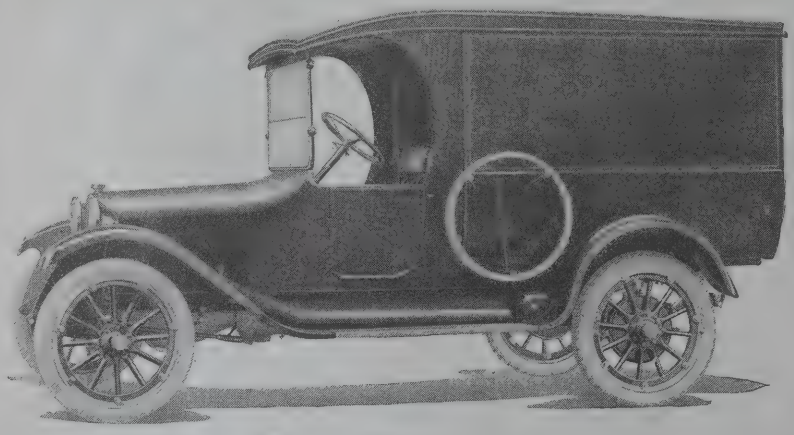
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waters of safety? And Leila! Had he not been too censorious in thought? How powerful, how strange was this instinct of sex, which hovered and swooped on lives, seized them, bore them away, then dropped them exhausted and defenseless! Some munition-wagons, painted their dull gray, lumbered past, driven by sunburned youths in drab. Life-force, death-force—was it all one; the great, unknowable momentum from which there was but the one escape—in the arms of their heavenly Father? Blake's little old stanza came into his mind:

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburned face
Are but a cloud and like a shady grove.

For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear His voice,
Saying, "Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice!"

"Learned the heat to bear!" Those lambs he had watched in a field that afternoon, their sudden little leaps and rushes, their funny, quivering, wriggling tails, their tiny, nuzzling black snouts—what little miracles of careless joy among the meadow-flowers! Lambs, and flowers, and sunlight! Famine, lust, and the great gray guns! A maze, a wilderness; and, but for faith, what issue, what path for man to take which did not keep him wandering hopeless in its thicket? "God preserve our faith in love, in charity, and the life to come!" he thought.

2

The church clock was striking nine when he reached Leila's flat, went up, and knocked. Sounds from a piano ceased; the door was opened by Noel.

She recoiled when she saw who it was, and said:

"Why did you come, daddy? It was much better not."

"Are you alone here?"

"Yes; Leila gave me her key. She has to be at the hospital till ten to-night."

"You must come home with me, my dear."

Noel closed the piano and sat down on the divan. Her face had the same expression as when he had told her that she could not marry Cyril Morland.

"Come, Nollie," he said; "don't be unreasonable. We must see this through together."

"No."

"My dear, that's childish! Do you think the mere accident of your being or not being at home can affect my decision as to what my duty is?"

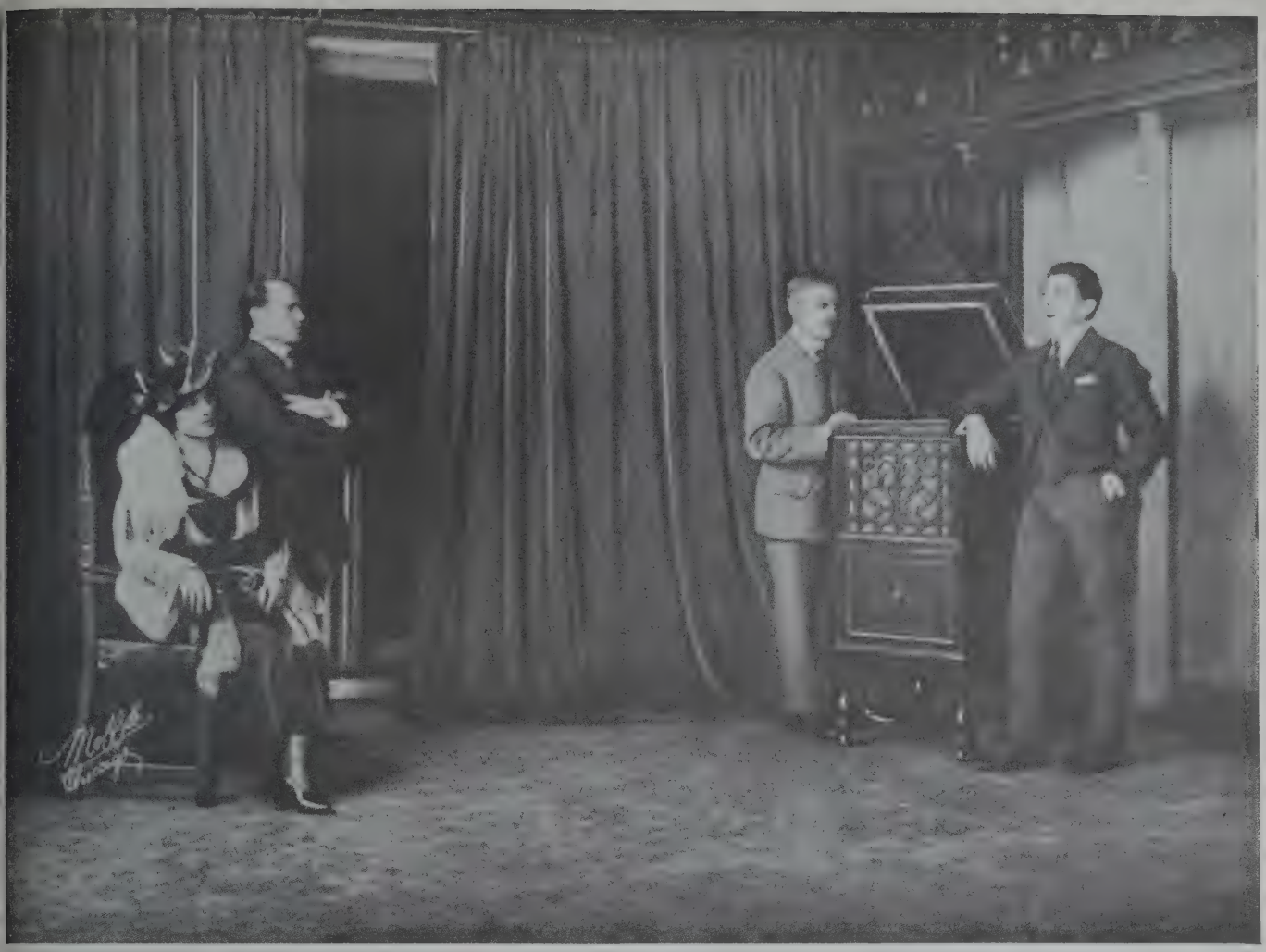
"Yes; it's my being there that matters. Those people don't care, so long as it isn't an open scandal."

"Nollie!"

"But it is so, daddy. Of course it's so, and you know it! If I'm away, they'll just pity you for having a bad daughter. And quite right, too. I am a bad daughter."

Pierson smiled.

"Just like when you were a tiny."



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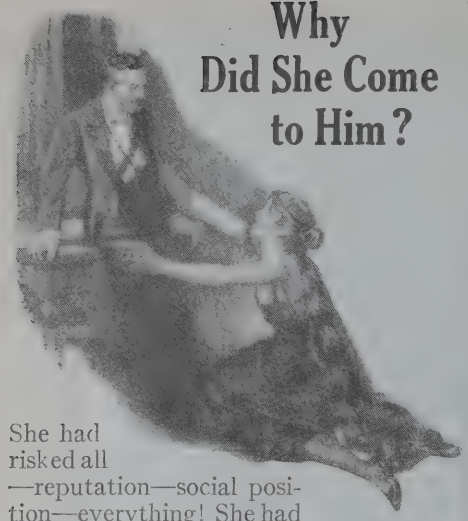
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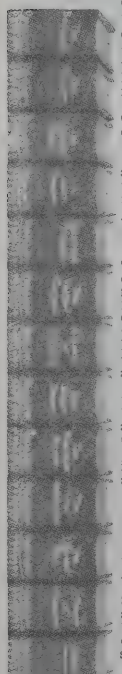
She had risked all—reputation—social position—everything! She had wrecked another man's life for her husband's career. Yet, in the dark hours of the night, on the very eve of the triumph of all her plans, she went to the man she had so cruelly wronged, and to him she poured out a strange story. Was it madness, or—

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"I wish I were a tiny again, or ten years older. It's this *half*-age— But I'm not coming back with you, daddy; so it's no good."

Pierson sat down beside her.

"I've been thinking this over all day," he said quietly. "Perhaps in my pride I made a mistake when I first knew of your trouble. Perhaps I ought to have accepted the consequences of my failure then, and have given up and taken you away at once. After all, if a man is not fit to have the care of souls, he should have the grace to know it."

"But you *are* fit!" cried Noel passionately. "Daddy, you *are* fit!"

"I'm afraid not. There is something wanting in me—I don't know exactly what, but something very wanting."

"There isn't! It's only that you're too good—that's why!"

Pierson shook his head.

"Don't, Nollie."

"I will!" cried Noel. "You're too gentle, and you're too good. You're charitable, and you're simple, and you believe in another world—that's what's the matter with you, daddy. Do you think *they* do, those people who want to chase us out? They don't even begin to believe, whatever they say or think. I hate them, and sometimes I hate the Church—either it's hard and narrow, or else it's worldly." She stopped at the expression on her father's face, the most strange look of pain and horror, as if an unspoken treachery of his own had been dragged forth for his inspection.

"You're talking wildly," he said, but his lips were trembling. "You mustn't say things like that; they're blasphemous and wicked."

Noel bit her lips, sitting very stiff and still, with her fair, cropped head against a high blue cushion. Then she burst out again.

"You've slaved for those people years and years, and you've had no pleasure and you've had no love; and they wouldn't care *that* if you broke your heart. They don't care for anything, so long as it all seems proper. Daddy, if you let them hurt you, I won't forgive you!"

"And what if *you* hurt me now, Nollie?"

Noel seized his hand and pressed it to her warm cheek.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! I don't—I won't! Not again. I've done that already."

"Very well, my dear; then come home with me, and we'll see what's best to be done. It can't be settled by running away."

Noel dropped his hand.

"No. Twice I've done what you wanted, and it's been a mistake. If I hadn't gone to church on Sunday to please you, perhaps it would never have come to this. You don't *see* things, daddy. I could tell, though I was sitting right in front. I knew what their faces were like, and what they were thinking."

"One must do right, Nollie, and not mind."

"Yes; but what is right? It's not right for me to hurt you, and I'm not going to."

Pierson understood all at once that it was useless to try and move her.

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I suppose I shall go to Kestrel to-morrow. Auntie will have me, I know. I shall talk to Leila."

"Whatever you do, promise to let me know."

Noel nodded.

"Daddy, you look awfully, awfully tired. I'm going to give you some medicine." She went to a little three-cornered cupboard and bent down.

Medicine! The medicine he wanted was not for the body. The knowledge of what his duty was—that alone could heal him!

The loud popping of a cork roused him.

"What are you doing, Nollie?"

Noel rose with a flushed face, holding in one hand a glass of champagne, in the other a biscuit.

"You're to take this, and I'm going to have some myself."

"My dear," said Pierson, bewildered, "it's not yours."

"Drink it, daddy! Don't you know that Leila would never forgive me if I let you go home looking like that? Besides, she told me I was to eat. Drink it! You can send her a nice present. Drink it!" And she stamped her foot.

Pierson took the glass, and sat there nibbling and sipping. It was nice—very! He had not quite realized how much he needed food and drink. Noel returned from the cupboard a second time; she, too, had a glass and a biscuit.

"I like it," she said. "There—you look better already. Now you're to go home, daddy, at once, in a cab if you can get one; and tell Gratian to make you feed up, or you won't have a body at all. You can't do your duty if you haven't one, you know."

Pierson smiled, and finished the champagne.

Noel took the glass from him.

"You're my child to-night, and I'm going to send you to bed. Don't worry, daddy; it'll all come right." And, taking his arm, she went down-stairs with him and blew him a kiss from the doorway.

He walked away in a sort of dream. Daylight was not quite gone, but the moon was up, just past its full, and the search-lights had begun their nightly wanderings. It was a sky of ghosts and shadows, fitting to the thought which came to him. The finger of Providence was in all this—perhaps! Why should he not go out to France? At last—why not? Some better man, who understood men's hearts, who knew the world, would take his place; and he could go where death made all things simple, and he could not fail. He walked faster and faster, full of an intoxicating relief. Thirza and Gratian would take care of Nollie far better than he. Yes; surely it was ordained! Moonlight had the town now; and all was steel-blue, the very air steel-blue—a dream-city of marvelous beauty, through which he passed, exalted. Soon he would be where that poor boy and a million others had given their lives, with the mud and the shells and the scarred gray ground, and the jagged trees, where Christ was daily crucified—there where he had so often longed to be these three years past.

It was ordained!

And two women whom he met looked at each other when he had gone by, and those words. "The bloody crow!" which they had been about to speak, died on their lips.

The next instalment of ***Saint's Progress*** will appear in ***April Cosmopolitan.***

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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month

Cynthia Stockley

SOME writers understand politics, some know war, quite a few understand men; very, very few *know* women. Cynthia Stockley does. She has shown this in one story after another, but never to quite such advantage as in the short novel, ***Lost Loraine Loree,*** which begins in the next—the May—COSMOPOLITAN. It is the story of a beautiful, impulsive bride left alone in the temptations of the African diamond-fields.

Rupert Hughes

HERE'S good news for the more than a million buyers of COSMOPOLITAN: Rupert Hughes' short stories are to be a month-to-month feature hereafter. His first story for you, a story called ***Read It Again,*** comes in the May issue. You'll want to do just what the title suggests.

James Oliver Curwood

DON'T let any mischance cause you to miss reading his story, "Swift Lightning," in this issue. After you've read it, there'll be no need to urge you to read ***The Hungry Horde*** in the next—the May—issue. You'll be as impatient to get it as the thousands of Curwood "fans" throughout the country are for each new red-blooded story of the Great Outdoors from his pen.

A New Writer

COSMOPOLITAN doesn't introduce many new writers to its pages. We demand the best and will consider only the best. Which generally means the work of the famous in writing. But now and then the stories of a newcomer are so startlingly excellent as to warrant a place in America's Greatest Magazine. Remember this when you read ***The Last Adventure*** in the next—the May—issue. It is by Frank R. Adams, who used to write such attractive light operas as "The Time, The Place, and The Girl," and such popular songs as "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Mr. Adams—he's Lieutenant Adams, on duty in France these days—has gone in for fiction, and he has been a success from the start. His stories will be a feature of our future.

And Then Some

THESE are only a hint of the May COSMOPOLITAN. John Galsworthy, Donn Byrne, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Judge Lindsey, Samuel Merwin, George Randolph Chester, and others of distinction will be among those present as usual.

That "as usual" means a lot. COSMOPOLITAN doesn't have the best now and then; it has the best always. And that is the answer to—

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COSMOPOLITAN

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Largeness of Heart

By Frank Crane

SOLOMON is reputed to be "the wisest man."

When the Lord asked him what he wanted most, he answered, "Largeness of Heart."

The more we think that over, the more we are convinced that Solomon's reputation is not without foundation.

Largeness of Heart—is anything better?

It means power to love radiantly, to act nobly, to think deeply, to enjoy richly, to suffer divinely, to plan magnificently.

It means room in the heart for both lover, neighbor, and friend, for children and animals, for other nations than our own, for the poor and the rich, for nature, and for all things God has made.

It means hospitality for all opinions, appreciation for all faiths, response to all enthusiasms.

The Large of Heart have no enemies, for they have already understood them, and to understand is to forgive.

What ails most of us is our Narrowness of Heart.

We are overwhelmed with To-day, because the heart has no To-morrow.

We are imprisoned in the cell of fear.

We are islanded in the foggy sea of doubt.

We are ringed about with the serpent-fire of suspicion.

We are walled up in pride.

We are bound hand and foot by the bands of undisciplined passion, unintelligent credulity, fatuous ignorance.

Narrowness of Heart makes war; Largeness of Heart makes peace. Narrowness brings tears; Largeness wipes them away.

Enlarge your Heart!

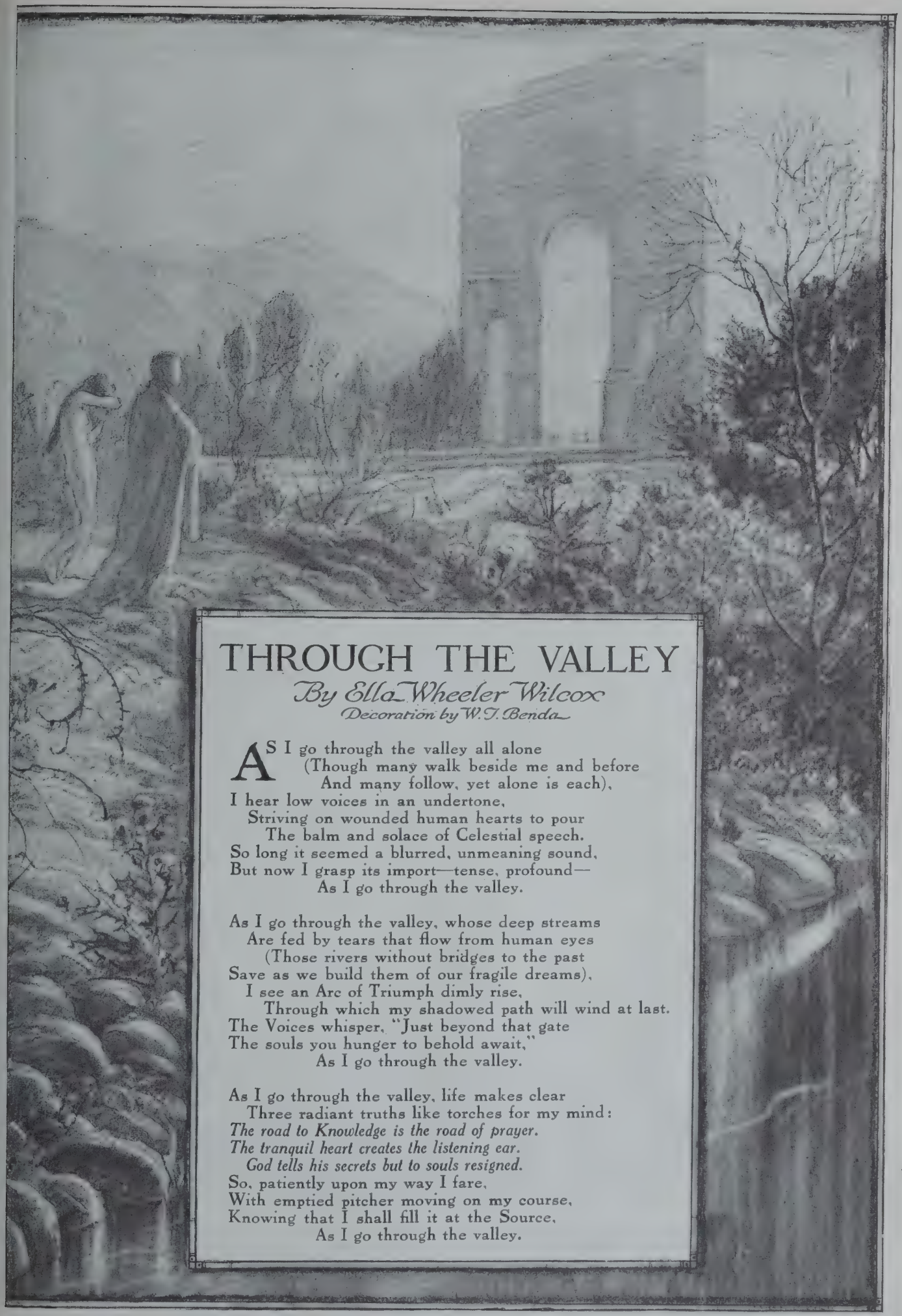
Why live in a hut when you should dwell in a palace?

Call in the workmen—Courage, Hope, Love, Wisdom, and Cheer—that they may tear down your mud walls and erect for you a king's palace.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!"

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W. T. Benda



THROUGH THE VALLEY

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by W. T. Benda

AS I go through the valley all alone
(Though many walk beside me and before
And many follow, yet alone is each),
I hear low voices in an undertone,
Striving on wounded human hearts to pour
The balm and solace of Celestial speech.
So long it seemed a blurred, unmeaning sound,
But now I grasp its import—tense, profound—
As I go through the valley.

As I go through the valley, whose deep streams
Are fed by tears that flow from human eyes
(Those rivers without bridges to the past
Save as we build them of our fragile dreams),
I see an Arc of Triumph dimly rise,
Through which my shadowed path will wind at last.
The Voices whisper, "Just beyond that gate
The souls you hunger to behold await,"
As I go through the valley.

As I go through the valley, life makes clear
Three radiant truths like torches for my mind:
The road to Knowledge is the road of prayer.
The tranquil heart creates the listening ear.
God tells his secrets but to souls resigned.
So, patiently upon my way I fare,
With emptied pitcher moving on my course,
Knowing that I shall fill it at the Source,
As I go through the valley.



He paid no attention to the young she wolf who ran at his side. She was a slim, beautiful little beast, and all the effort of her agile young body was to keep shoulder to shoulder with him. With the birthright of young motherhood a little ahead of her, there had risen in her an instinct even greater than the instinct to kill

(*Swift Lightning*)

A Writer Who Knows The Wilderness

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S romances of the wilds are to be a feature of Cosmopolitan. They are at once the most fascinating and the most accurate stories of life in the frozen North, for Mr. Curwood uses the art of the skilled novelist to present the facts of the trained explorer.

Mr. Curwood has "hit" pretty nearly every trail in the North, from Hudson Bay to the Rockies—four times to Hudson Bay, four times to different parts of the Barren Lands, twice into the country of the Great Bear, twice to the Arctic, and three times through British Columbia and the Yukon region. He has traveled thousands of miles with pack-horse outfits, thousands of miles in canoe, and other thousands on snow-shoes and by dog-sledge.

In these stories he has taken a wolf for his central character—Swift Lightning, a magnificent pirate with a trace of dog in his veins. In following Swift Lightning's adventures, you will see many of the marvels of the North—one of them the driving of the caribou from the barrens by huge packs of the white arctic wolves. So great, at certain times, are these herds in migration that Inspector E. A. Pelletier, on his patrol from Fort Saskatchewan to Chesterfield Inlet and Hudson Bay, reported to the controller of police at Ottawa the passage of *forty thousand head in one day!* West of the Great Bear, Mr. Curwood himself saw a herd of twenty thousand.

The departure of the caribou from a region often means famine to the natives, and in these years of famine, monster packs of wolves roam the barrens. Mr. Curwood has seen packs a hundred strong, and Corporal M. Joyce, of "the Mounted," reported a pack *one thousand strong*.

This is the setting for the stories of Swift Lightning. We commend them as one of the most distinctive features of America's Greatest Magazine.



James Oliver Curwood

Swift Lightning

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

STRANGE and mysterious whispers of the arctic night were in the air. It was twilight—early twilight—of the long gray months of sunless gloom that were descending swiftly upon the frozen-in world that caps the North American continent above the arctic circle. Underfoot there were less than a dozen inches of snow, hard and fine, each particle like a granule of sugar, and under it the ground was frozen four feet down. It was sixty degrees below zero.

Upon the bald crest of an ice hummock that overlooked the white sweep of Bathurst Inlet, Swift Lightning sat squatted upon his haunches, gazing forth upon his world. It was Swift Lightning's third winter—his third Long Night. And the twilight of its coming stirred him with a strange uneasiness. This twilight was not like the twilight of the South, but was a vast, gray, chaotic emptiness in which vision traveled far but saw nothing. Earth and sky and sea and plain mingled into one. There were no clouds, no sky, no horizon, no moon, no sun, no stars. It was worse than night. A little later there would be many of these things, and Swift Lightning's shadow would run with him in the chase.

Now his world was a pit. And that pit was filled with sound which he had never liked, and which at times filled him with a great yearning and a strange loneliness. There was no wind, but in the gray chaos that hung under the sky there traveled moanings and whisperings at which the little white foxes yapped incessantly. He hated these foxes. Above all other things he hated them. Their yapping filled him with a bit of their own ravening madness. He wanted to tear them into pieces. He wanted to still their voice; he wanted to rid the earth of them.

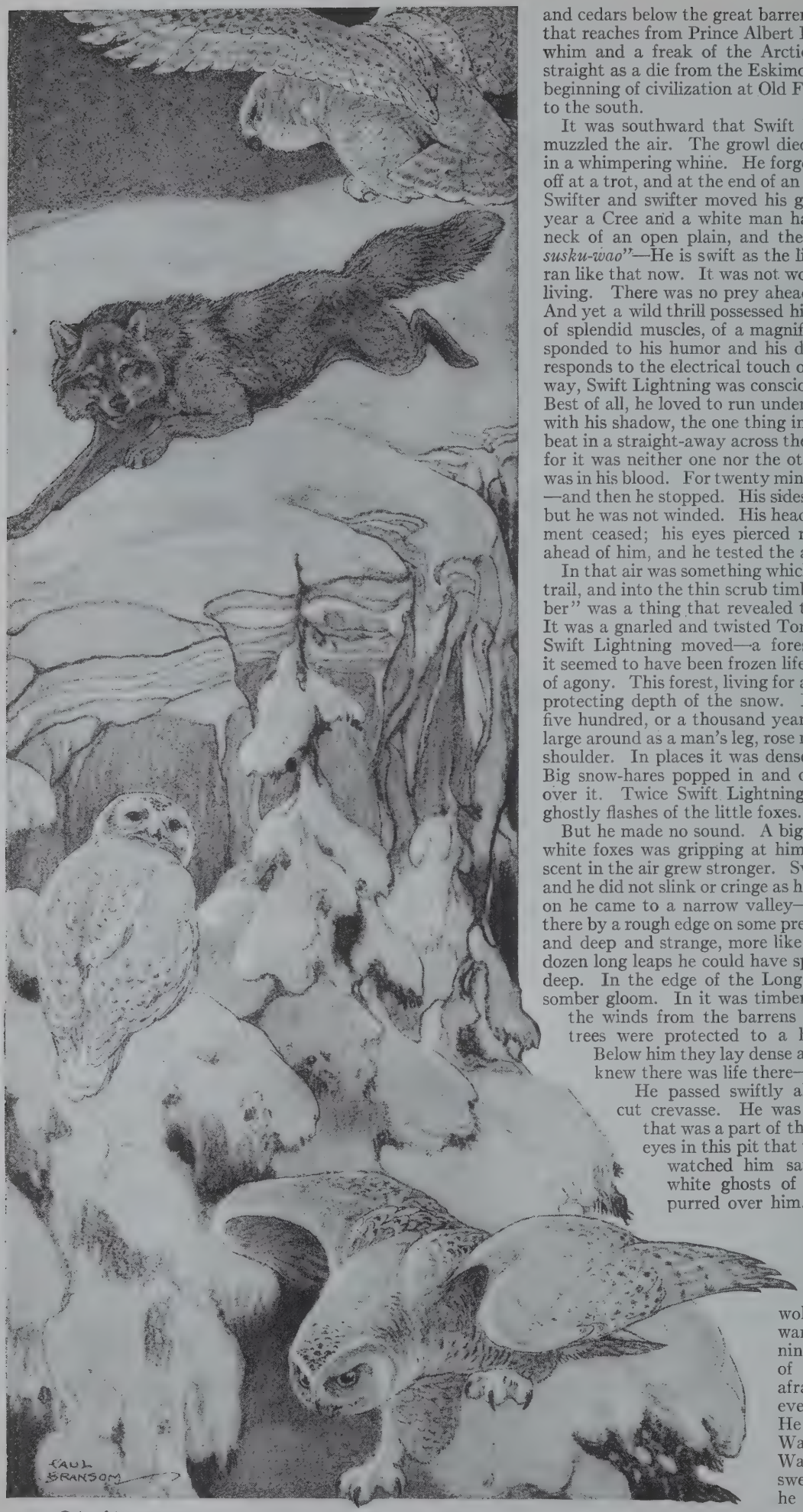
But they were elusive and hard to catch. Experience had taught him that.

On his crag of ice he drew his lips back until his milk-white fangs were bared. A snarl gathered in his throat, and from his squatted haunches he stood to his feet. He was a splendid beast. Not half a dozen wolves between Keewatin and the Great Bear could stand shoulder to shoulder with him in size. He did not stand altogether like a wolf. He was square-chested, and his great head held itself high. About him was little of the sneaking and cautious alertness of his brethren. He looked forth openly and unafraid. His back was straight, his hips free of the "wolf-droop," and all over he was the soft and elusive gray of the gray brush-rabbit. His head had about it a massiveness that was strange to the wolf breed; his eyes were wider apart, his jowl heavier. And his tail did not drag. For Swift Lightning was a throwback—a throwback of twenty wolf generations. That many years ago, his forefather had been a dog. And the dog was a great Dane. For twenty years his blood had run with the wolves, for twenty years it had bred with them, until, at the end of the fifth breeding-season, the strain of the great Dane was utterly submerged in the wild-wolf breed. And for fifteen years thereafter his ancestors had been wolves—hungry, meat-questing white wolves of the great barrens, wolves with drooping backs and haunches, wolves with dragging tails and narrow eyes—wolves who did not hate the little white foxes as he hated them, and as the great Dane of twenty years ago had hated them.

But Swift Lightning, standing on his crag of ice, a throwback of twenty wolf generations, knew as little of the drop of "dog" that was in him as he did of the mysterious wailings and moanings high up in the gloom between him and the sky. He was wolf. As he stood there, the snarl in his throat, his long fangs bared to the yapping of the foxes, he was all wolf. But in his wild and savage soul, a soul hardened to its fight for existence, its ceaseless strife—hardened to battle, starvation, cold, and death—the voice of that great-Dane forefather of nearly a quarter of a century gone was trying to make itself understood.

And Swift Lightning, as he had more than once answered the call before, answered it now. Blindly, without reason, without understanding, a helpless instinct within him groping for the light, he went down from the crag of ice to the level of the sea.

The "sea" was Bathurst Inlet. As Coronation Gulf is a part of the Arctic Ocean, so Bathurst Inlet is a part of Coronation Gulf. Wide at the mouth but tapering down to the slimness of a lady's finger, it reaches two hundred miles into Mackenzie Land, so that on its ice one may travel from the grassless and shrubless regions of the walrus and the white bear to the junipers, birches,



Out of it rose great white ghosts of snow-owls. Their huge wings purred over him

and cedars below the great barrens. It is the long and open trail that reaches from Prince Albert Land down into open timber—a whim and a freak of the Arctic, a road that points the way straight as a die from the Eskimo igloos of Melville Sound to the beginning of civilization at Old Fort Reliance, five hundred miles to the south.

It was southward that Swift Lightning turned his head and muzzled the air. The growl died away in his throat and ended in a whimpering whine. He forgot the little white foxes. He set off at a trot, and at the end of an eighth of a mile he was running. Swifter and swifter moved his great gray body. In his second year a Cree and a white man had seen him running across the neck of an open plain, and the Cree had said, "*Weya mekow susku-wao*"—He is swift as the lightning. And Swift Lightning ran like that now. It was not work. It was his play—his joy in living. There was no prey ahead of him. He was not hungry. And yet a wild thrill possessed him, the thrill of swift movement, of splendid muscles, of a magnificent and tireless body that responded to his humor and his desires as a faultless mechanism responds to the electrical touch of a man's hands. In his savage way, Swift Lightning was conscious of this power within himself. Best of all, he loved to run under the moon and the stars, racing with his shadow, the one thing in all the Northland he could not beat in a straight-away across the barren. To-night, or to-day—for it was neither one nor the other now—the madness of speed was in his blood. For twenty minutes he ran his race with nothing—and then he stopped. His sides rose and fell in swift breathing, but he was not winded. His head was alert the instant his movement ceased; his eyes pierced restlessly the chaotic emptiness ahead of him, and he tested the air.

In that air was something which drew him at right angles to his trail, and into the thin scrub timber along the shore. This "timber" was a thing that revealed the mighty forces of the Arctic. It was a gnarled and twisted Tom Thumb of a forest into which Swift Lightning moved—a forest warped and contorted until it seemed to have been frozen lifeless while writhing in a tempest of agony. This forest, living for ages, had never grown above the protecting depth of the snow. It might have been a hundred, five hundred, or a thousand years old, and its mightiest tree, as large around as a man's leg, rose no higher than Swift Lightning's shoulder. In places it was dense. And at times it was shelter. Big snow-hares popped in and out. A huge white owl floated over it. Twice Swift Lightning bared his fangs as he caught ghostly flashes of the little foxes.

But he made no sound. A bigger thing than his hatred of the white foxes was gripping at him now, and he moved on. The scent in the air grew stronger. Swift Lightning faced it squarely, and he did not slink or cringe as he advanced. Half a mile farther on he came to a narrow valley—a seam in the earth scratched there by a rough edge on some prehistoric glacier. It was narrow and deep and strange, more like a crevasse than a valley. In a dozen long leaps he could have spanned it. Yet was it half that deep. In the edge of the Long Night it was already a pit of somber gloom. In it was timber—real timber—for each winter the winds from the barrens swept it full of snow, and its trees were protected to a height of thirty or forty feet. Below him they lay dense and black. And Swift Lightning knew there was life there—if he cared to seek it.

He passed swiftly along the crest of this glacier-cut crevasse. He was no more than a gray shadow that was a part of the gloom. But there were many eyes in this pit that were born to darkness, and they watched him savagely. Out of it rose great white ghosts of snow-owls. Their huge wings purred over him. He heard the vicious snap of their murderous beaks. He saw them, but he did not stop, and neither was he afraid. A fox would have scurried for safety. Even a wolf would have swung barrenward, snarling. But Swift Lightning troubled himself to do neither of these things. He was not afraid of owls. He was not afraid even of the great white bears. He knew that he could not kill Wapusk, the ice-monster, but that Wapusk could crush him with one sweep of his huge paw. Still, he was not afraid. In all his world, only one thing held him

in awe, and suddenly that rose up before him, a shadow in the gloom.

It was a cabin—a cabin built of saplings dragged from out of the darkness of the glacier-slash. Out of it rose a chimney, and from the chimney came smoke. Swift Lightning had smelled the smoke a mile away. For several minutes he stood without moving. Then he circled slowly until he came on that side of the cabin where there was a window.

Three times in twice as many months he had done this same thing, and had squatted himself on his haunches and had looked at that window. Twice he had come at night—this once in the winter gloom. Each time, the window had been aglow with light that was within the cabin. The window was aglow now. To Swift Lightning it was like a square patch of ruddy sun. From it poured a pale-yellow *something* out into the night. Swift Lightning knew fire—but until he found the cabin, he had never known fire like this, a fire without flame. It was as if the world had grown dark because of that cabin, for within the cabin the sun had hidden itself.

In his deep chest his heart beat fast, and his eyes glowed strangely as he faced the lighted window a hundred feet away. Back over twenty generations of wolves the drop of "dog" that was in him sped like a homing pigeon—back to the days of the great Dane, who had slept in the circle of the white man's fire and had felt the touch of the white man's hand, back to sun, and life, and warmth, and the love of a master's voice. It was the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane, that sat at his side as he looked at the yellow window. It was the spirit of Skagen that was in him. And it was the ghost of Skagen that had run with him through the gloom to seek the smell of the white man's smoke.

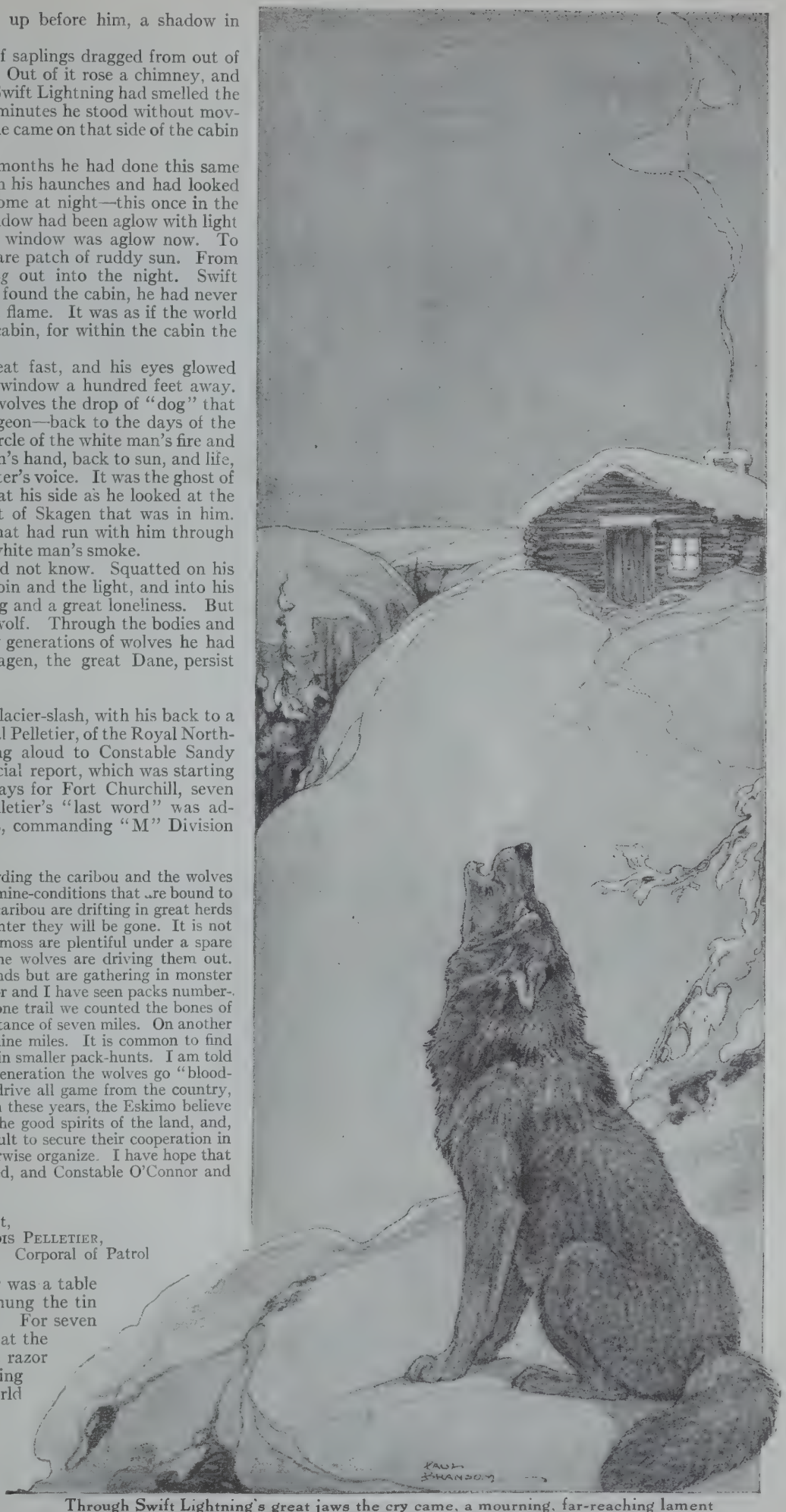
These things Swift Lightning did not know. Squatted on his haunches, he faced silently the cabin and the light, and into his savage heart came a great yearning and a great loneliness. But not understanding. For he was wolf. Through the bodies and the hearts and the blood of twenty generations of wolves he had come. Yet did the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane, persist at his side as he watched.

In the cabin at the edge of the glacier-slash, with his back to a stove red-hot with juniper, Corporal Pelletier, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, was reading aloud to Constable Sandy O'Connor an appendage to his official report, which was starting by Eskimo sledge within a few days for Fort Churchill, seven hundred miles to the south. Pelletier's "last word" was addressed to Superintendent Starnes, commanding "M" Division at Churchill, and it read:

I beg to append the following regarding the caribou and the wolves as an emphasis to my report on the famine-conditions that are bound to grip the Northland this winter. The caribou are drifting in great herds to the south and west, and by midwinter they will be gone. It is not because of lack of feed. Lichens and moss are plentiful under a spare foot of snow. It is my conviction the wolves are driving them out. They are not hunting in scattered bands but are gathering in monster packs. Five times Constable O'Connor and I have seen packs numbering from fifty to three hundred. On one trail we counted the bones of two hundred caribou slain within a distance of seven miles. On another we counted more than a hundred in nine miles. It is common to find where thirty or forty have been killed in smaller pack-hunts. I am told by the older Eskimo that once in a generation the wolves go "blood-mad," gather in monster packs, and drive all game from the country, slaughtering what does not escape. In these years, the Eskimo believe their "devils" have triumphed over the good spirits of the land, and, because of this superstition, it is difficult to secure their cooperation in great wolf-hunts which we might otherwise organize. I have hope that the younger Eskimo may be convinced, and Constable O'Connor and I are working to that end.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
FRANÇOIS PELLETIER,
Corporal of Patrol

Between Pelletier and O'Connor was a table of split saplings, and over them hung the tin oil lamps that lighted the window. For seven months they had stood their post at the top of the earth, and for them the razor was forgotten and civilization a thing far off. On the map of the world there was one other place where the Law was personified farther north, and that was over at Herschel Island. But Herschel Island, with its barracks and its comforts and its luxuries, was



Through Swift Lightning's great jaws the cry came, a mourning, far-reaching lament

not like this shack at the edge of the glacier-slash. And the two men, as they sat in the glow of the lamp, were a part of the savagery which they policed. O'Connor, with a giant's shoulders, red-headed, red-bearded, doubled his huge red fists in the middle of the table and grinned across at Pelletier, whose beard and hair were as black as O'Connor's were red. And Pelletier grinned back, a bit apologetically. Seven months of hell and the anticipation of five more ahead of them had not spoiled their sense of comradeship.

"It's fine," said O'Connor, admiration in his blue eyes. "If I could write like that, Pelly, I'd be south and not here—for Kathleen would have married me long ago. But you've forgotten something, Pelly. You didn't put in what I told you about the leaders—the leaders of the packs."

Pelletier shook his head.

"It doesn't sound good," he said. "It doesn't sound—reasonable."

O'Connor rose to his feet and stretched himself.

"Then damn the reason of it," he protested. "I say, is there reason in anything up here, Pelly? I tell you these Eskimo with their guinea-hen clack are *right*. If the devil himself ain't leading the packs, I'm black an' not white an' my name ain't O'Connor. I'd tell that to the super till I was black in the face, I would. If we could get the leaders——"

He stopped suddenly and faced the window. And Pelletier, stiffening where he sat, also listened.

Again it was Skagen—the spirit of Skagen, and not Swift Lightning—who howled at the white men's cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash. Through Swift Lightning's great jaws the cry came, a mourning, far-reaching lament that pointed straight up into the gray mash of the sky—a call back through those twenty generations to masters who long ago had forgotten or were dead. No wolf among the great packs had a voice that rose from deeper in the chest or reached farther into the distance than Swift Lightning's. It began low, mourning, filled with a weird sadness, but steadily increasing in volume until, at last, inspiration seemed to fill the soul of the musician, and the world shivered and grew silent in the sovereignty of that cry. In that world, it was a message of life, and yet of death—a thing that traveled in wind and storm and darkness—the one thing of all others feared, awesome, inspiring, terrible. And the world shuddered and shrank from it, even while it opened wide its ears to listen.

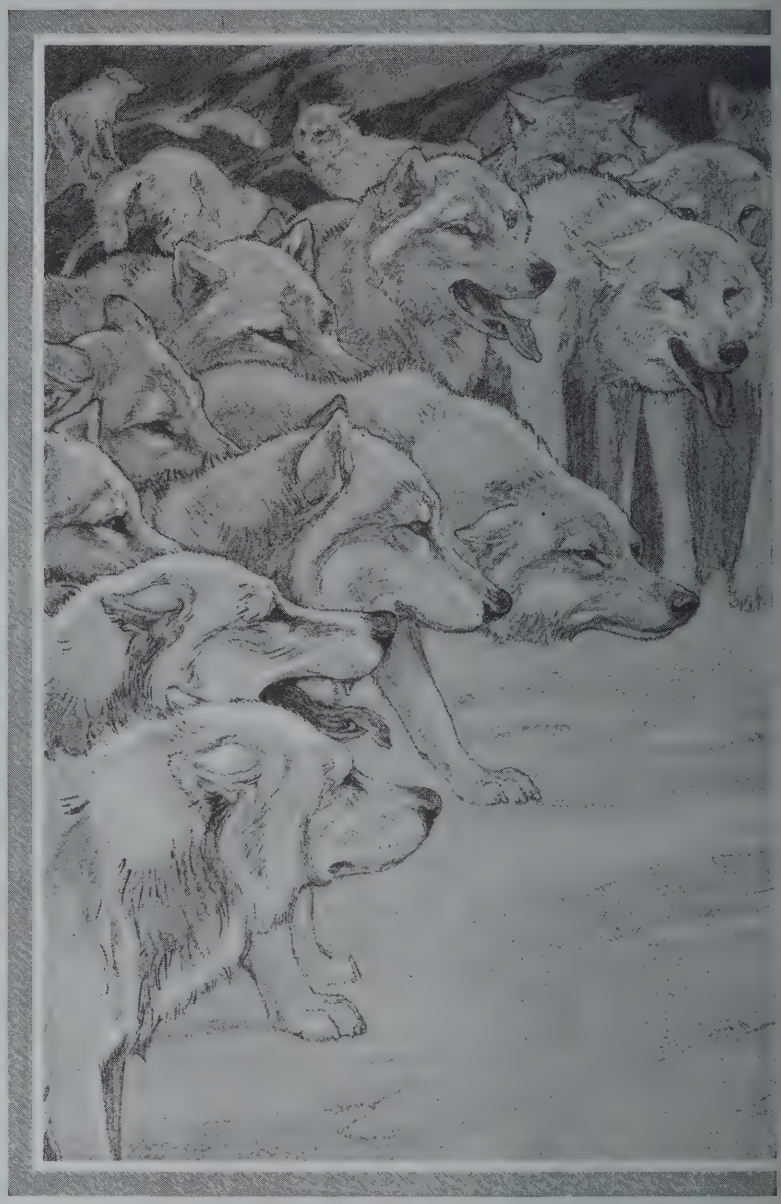
Thus Swift Lightning howled at the little cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash. And before the echoes of his howl had died away over the wide barrens, the door of the cabin opened, and in its path of light stood a man. It was O'Connor. Into the grayness he stared, and his arms moved suddenly, bringing something to his shoulder. Twice before this hour Swift Lightning had seen the flash of fire and heard the crash of strange thunder that followed movements like O'Connor's. The second time, a thing like burning iron had seared a long furrow in his shoulder. Instinct told him it was death that hummed close over his head now. He turned, and the farther gloom swallowed him up. But he did not run. He was not frightened. Another thing than the fear of death struggled in the wild and blood-yearning soul of him. It was the spirit of Skagen, the great Dane, fighting for survival, overwhelmed at last.

And when again Swift Lightning reached out and sped like a shadow through the gloom, the ghost of Skagen no longer ran at his side.

II

The shot—that deadly humming in the air—and again the fierce red blood of the wolf sped like running fire through Swift Lightning's veins. Gone was the ghost of Skagen. Gone was the lure of man. Submerged, devoured, drowned in a flood of savagery was that drop of "dog" within him. A few hours had Swift Lightning lapsed from his clanship, but he had returned again. Once more was he the raw, magnificent, unafraid pirate of the barrens, a buccaneer of the great snows, Kakea Iskootao—a hell-driver among beasts. Swiftly O'Connor had wrought the change—O'Connor and his rifle.

Mile after mile of the white plain dropped behind Swift Lightning. An hour ago, his greatest desire had been to go to the white men's cabin, to drink the scent of its mystery in the air, to look at the window lighted with the glow of a yellow sun. Now that desire was as if it had never been. There was no process of reasoning within his brain, no thread of understanding. Only, he knew, from that greatest of all his instincts—the instinct of self-preservation—that the soft purring that had passed so closely over his head was a song of death. Yet he did not run because he was afraid. He loved death; he wrought death; because of death he lived—and never had he fled from its thrill.



Slowly, hardly more than an inch at a time, they began to
in a red-eyed and watchful ring about them. *Uchu-*

Yet had his instincts seized unerringly upon the message of O'Connor's bullet. It was a death he could not cope with, a death which he could not fight and himself destroy, a thing treacherous and unfair. And treacherous things he hated. This hatred was another thing born in him without process of reason. For Skagen, the great Dane, had been fair to man and beast until his great heart died. With Swift Lightning it was a heritage.

A new pulse stirred him. The loneliness that had drawn him to the cabin and the call of a breed long dead were replaced by another and more thrilling desire—the desire to rejoin his pack. The spell was broken. Again he was wolf—all wolf.

Straight as a compass might have pointed, he streaked across the barren—five miles, six, seven, almost ten. Then he stopped, and, with his sharp ears thrown to the wind ahead, he listened.

Three times in the next three miles he stopped and listened. And the third time he heard faintly and far away the voice of Baloo giving the hunt-cry to the pack—Baloo the Slaughterer,

Baloo the Long-Winded, to whom size and swiftness and giant strength had given the leadership of packs. Swift Lightning sat back on his haunches and answered. He was not alone. From south, east, west, and north came echoes of the pack-cry. Baloo was the center of it. His note was longer, more frequent, more significant, and those of the white wolves who were hungry for new blood and fresh meat turned in its direction. In ones and twos and threes they trotted over the frozen barren. For seven days and nights, as hours were counted, there had been no big kill, and long fang and bloodshot eye were eager for the sight and the taste of game to-night.



circle, and as they circled, those wolves that were near left their feasting and gathered *kipoowin*—the death-ring—out of which only one of them would come alive

As it surged in the wildest of the wolves, so that desire surged through Swift Lightning. Many of the pack had gathered and were on the move when he joined them. They ran silently now, a white, close-shouldered, ghostly incarnation of savagery, a mighty force of jaw and fang and muscle bent on death. Perhaps there were fifty, and the number steadily increased—up to sixty, eighty, a hundred. At their head ran Baloo. In all the pack only one other wolf could compare with him in size and strength, and that was Swift Lightning. Wherefore Baloo hated him. Czar and overlord of all the others, he sensed in Swift Lightning a menace to his sovereignty. Yet they never had fought. This, again, was because of the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane. For Swift Lightning, unlike any wolf that ever was born, coveted no power of leadership. In his youth and his strength, his individual prowess, his power to kill, lived the joy and the thrill and the fulfilment of his life. For days and weeks at a time, he hunted alone, and held himself aloof from the pack. In those days and weeks his voice gave no response to its call. He adventured alone. He ran alone. Always alone—except that at these times the ghost of Skagen ran at his side. When he returned, Baloo looked at him with red and bloodshot eyes, and the fangs of his great jaws were unsheathed in jealous menace.

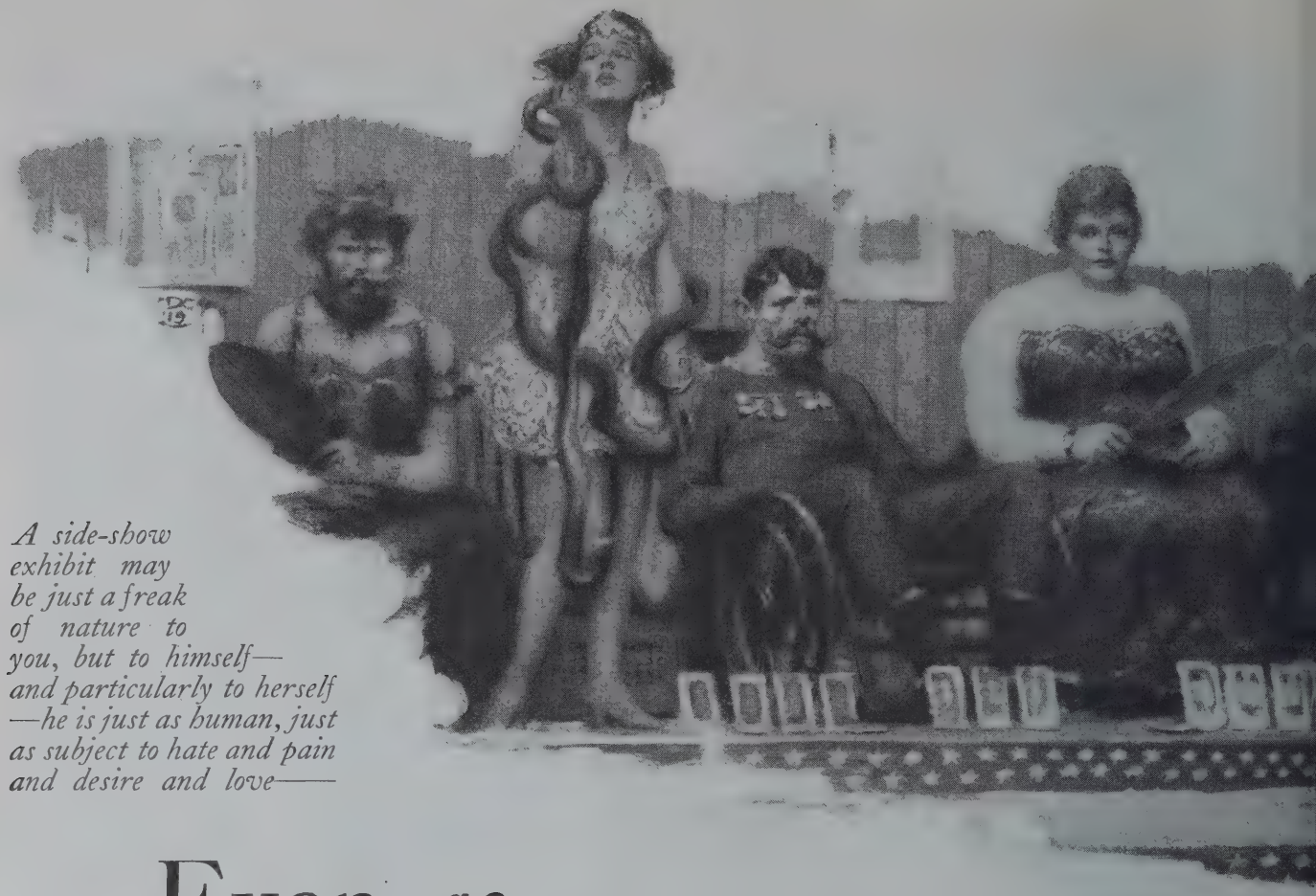
Swift Lightning, in the mastering youth of his three years, had no desire to fight his kind. He fought, but it was not the fighting of oppression—not the fighting of his own choice—and he did not kill the conquered, as Baloo would have killed them. Many a swift gash of resentment he had taken from smaller and weaker wolves without demanding the vengeance which lay within the power of his jaws. Yet in his heart ran at times red murder.

It was there now. Never had the desire to kill been stronger in him, and he thought little of Baloo as he ran close to the head of the pack.

As the arctic fight for existence weighs heavily in the lives of men, so it is with the wolves. Baloo and his pack did not run as the forest wolves run. Their excitement was repressed, and once it had set foot to the trail, the pack gave forth no sound. It was a weird and ghostly monster of a thing sweeping through the gloom like a Brobdingnagian *loup-garou* moved by the pulse of a single heart. Its silence was the silence that comes with the Long Night. One standing a distance away would have heard its passing—the purring beat of a multitude of feet, its panting breath, the clicking of jaws, a low, terrible whining.

In Swift Lightning's throat was that whine. This was his game, this his reward for living. He paid no attention to the young she wolf who ran at his side. She was a slim, beautiful little beast, and all the effort of her agile young body was to keep shoulder to shoulder with him. Three times Swift Lightning heard her panting breath close to his neck, and once he turned slightly so that his muzzle touched her back. With the birthright of young motherhood a little ahead of her, there had risen in her an instinct even greater than the instinct to kill. In Swift Lightning there was no responsive thrill. The day and the hour had not come. One passion possessed him now—the passion to overtake what was ahead of him, to tear and to rend, to bury his fangs in living flesh and hot, red blood.

Swift Lightning, first of all the pack, caught what a hundred white muzzles were seeking in the air—the scent of the caribou herd. Another quarter-mile, and it was coming up strong in the wind, and Baloo turned with his horde southwest. The speed of the pack increased, and slowly, very slowly, the monster shadow made up of a hundred racing bodies began to disintegrate, and the wolves to scatter. There had been no signal. Baloo, the leader, had made no sound. Yet it was as if a command had leaped from brain to brain, and each of a hundred wolves had responded to it. Open day would have revealed a mighty (*Continued on page 110*)



A side-show exhibit may be just a freak of nature to you, but to himself—and particularly to herself—he is just as human, just as subject to hate and pain and desire and love——

Even *as* You *and* I

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

THERE is an intensity about September noonday on Coney Island, aided and abetted by tin roofs, metallic façades, gilt domes, looking-glass fronts, jeweled spires, screaming peanut- and frankfurter-stands, which has not its peculiar kind of equal this side of opalescent Tangier. Here the sea air can become a sort of hot camphor-ice to the cheek, the sea itself a percolator, boiling up against a glass surface. Beneath the tin roofs of Surf Avenue, the indoor heat takes on the kind of intense density that is cotton in the mouth and ringing in the ears.

At one o'clock, the jibberwock exteriors of Surf Avenue begin fantastic signs of life. The House of Folly breaks out, over its entire façade, into a chicken-pox of red and green, blue and purple, yellow, violet, and gold electric bulbs. The Ocean Waves concession begins its side-splitting undulations. Maha Mahadra, India's foremost soothsayer (down in police, divorce, and night courts as Mamie Jones, May Costello, and Mabel Brown respectively) loops back her spangled portière. The Baby Incubators slides open its ticket-windows. Five carousels begin to whang. A row of hula-hula girls in paper necklaces appears outside of "Hawaii," gelatinously naughty and insinuating of hip. There begins a razzling of the razzle-dazzle. Shooting-galleries begin to snipe into the glittering noon, and the smell of hot spiced sausages and stale malt to lay on the air.

Before the Palace of Freaks, a barker slanted up his megaphone, baying to the sun:

"Y-e-a-o-u! Y-e-a-o-u! The greatest show on the Island! Ten cents to see the greatest freak congress in the world. Shapiro's freaks are gathered from every corner of the universe. Enter and shake hands with Baron de Ross, the children's delight, the world's smallest human being; age, forty-two years, eight months; height, twenty-eight inches; weight, fourteen and one-half pounds, certified scales! Enter and see the original and only authentic Siamese twins! The ossified man! You are cordially invited to stick pins into this mystery of the whole medical world. Jastrow, the world's most famous strong man and glass-eater, will perform his world-startling feats. Show about to begin! Our glass-eater eats glass, not rock-candy—anyone doubting same can sample it first. We have on view within, and all included in your ten cents' admission, the famous Teenie, absolutely the heaviest woman in captivity. We guarantee Teenie to tip the certified scales at five hundred and fifty-five, a weight unsurpassed by any of the heavyweights in the history of the show business. Come in and fox-trot with Teenie, the world-wonder! Come in and fox-trot with her! Show begins immediately! Y-e-a-o-u! Y-e-a-o-u!"

Within the Palace of Freaks, her platform elevated and railed in against the unduly curious, Miss Luella Hoag, all that she was so raucously purported to be, sat back in her chair, as much in the attitude of relaxing as her proportions would permit.

There is no way in which I can hope to salve your offended estheticisms with any of Miss Hoag's better points. What matters it that her skin was not without the rich quality of cream too thick to pour, when her arms fairly dimpled and billowed of this creaminess, and, above her rather small ankles, her made-to-order red-satin shoes bulged over of it, the low-cut bosom of her red-and-sequin dress a terrific expanse of it, her hands small cushions of it, her throat quivery and her walk a waddle with it. All but her face—it was as if the suet-like inundation of the flesh had not dared here. The chin was only slightly doubled, the cheeks just a shade too plump. Neither was the eye heavy of lid or sunk down behind a ridge of cheek. Between her eyes and upper lip, Miss Hoag looked her just-turned twenty; beyond them she was antediluvian, deluged, smothered beneath the creamy billows and billows of self.

And yet, sunk there like a flower-seed planted too deeply to push its way up to bloom, the twenty-year-old heart of Miss Hoag beat beneath its carbonaceous layer upon layer, ever skipped a beat at spring's palpitating sweetness, dared to dream of love, weep of desire, ache of loneliness and loveliness.

Isolated thus by the flesh, the spirit, too, had been caught in nature's sebaceous trick upon Miss Hoag. Life had passed her

Fannie Hurst has specialized in stories so unusual as to place her work in a class of its own; but even she has never written so extraordinarily unusual a story as this.



oy slimly. But Miss Hoag's redundancy was not all literal. A sixth and saving sense of humor lay like a coating of tallow protecting the surface of her. For nature's vagary, she was pensioned on life's pay-roll at eighteen dollars a week.

"Easy money, friends," Miss Hoag would *ad lib.* to the line-up outside her railing. "How would some of you like to sit back and draw your wages just for the color of your hair or the size of your shoes? You there, that sailor boy down there, how'd you like to have a fox-trot with Teenie? Something to tell the jackies about. Come on, Jack Tar; I'm light on my feet, but I won't guarantee what I'll be on yours. Step up and have a round."

Usually the crowd would turn sheepish and dissolve at this Terpsichorean threat. In fact, it was Miss Hoag's method of accomplishing just that.

In the August high noon of the Coney Island Freak Palace, which is the time and scene of my daring to introduce to you the only under-thirty-years and over-one-hundred-and-thirty-pounds heroine in the history of fiction, the megaphone's catch of the day's first dribble of humanity and inhumanity had not yet begun its staring, gaping invasion.

A curtain of heat that was almost tangible hung from the glass roof. The ossified man, sworn by clause of contract impervious alike to heat and cold, urged his reclining wheel-chair an imperceptible inch toward the neighboring sway of Miss Hoag's palm-leaf. She widened its arc subtly.

"Ain't it a fright?" she said.

"Sacred Mother of the Sacred Child!" said the ossified man, in a patois of very South Italy.

Then Miss Hoag turned to the right, a rail partitioning her from the highly popular spectacle of the Baron de Ross, christened, married, and to be buried by his nomenclature in disuse, Edwin Ross MacGregor.

"Hot, honey?"

The baron, in a toy rocker that easily contained him, turned upon Miss Hoag a face so anachronistic that the senses reeled back. An old face, as if carved out of a paleolithic cherry-stone; the years furrowed in; the eyes as if they had seen, without marveling, the light of creation; even the hands, braceleted in what might have been portière-rings, leanly prehensile. When the baron spoke, his voice was not unlike the middle C of an old harpsichord whose wires long since had rusted and died. He was frock-coated like a clergyman or a park statue of a patriot.

Of face, a Chaldean sire; of dress, a miniature apotheosis of the tailor's art; of form, a paleolithic child.

"Blow me to a ice-cream cone? Gowann, Teenie, have a heart!"

Miss Hoag billowed into silent laughter.

"Little devil! That's six you've sponged off me this week, you little whippersnapper!"

The baron screwed up into the tightest of grimaces.

"Nice Teenie—nice old Teenie!"

She tossed him a coin from the small saucerful of them on the table beside her. He caught it with the simian agility of his tiny hands.

"Nice Teenie! Nice old Teenie!"

A first group had strolled up, indolent and insolent at the spectacle of them.

"Photographs! Photographs! Take the folks back home a signed photograph of Teenie—only ten cents, one dime! Give the kiddies a treat—signed photograph of little Teenie!"

She would solicit thus, canorous of phrase, a fan of her cardboard likenesses held out, invitational.

Occasionally there were sales, the coins rattling down into the china saucer beside her, oftener the mere bombardment of insolence and indolence, occasionally a question.

This day, from a motor-man, loitering in uniform between runs:

"Say, Skinnay, whatcha weigh?"

Whatever of living tissue may have shrunk and quivered deep beneath the surface of Miss Hoag was further insulated by a certain professional pride—that of the champion middleweight for his cauliflower ear, of the beauty for the tiny mole where her neck is whitest, the *ballerina* for her double joints.

"Wanna come up and dance with me and find out?"

"O Lord!"—receding from the crowd and its trail of laughter. "O Lord! Ex-cuse me. Good-night!"

A CHILD: Missus, is all of you just one lady?

"Bless your heart, little pettie, they gimme a good measure, didn't they? Here's a chocolate drop for the little pettie."

"Come away! Don't take nothing from her!"

"I wouldn't hurt your little girl, lady. I wouldn't harm a pretty hair of her head. I love the kiddies."

"Good-by, missus."

"Good-by, little pettie."

A MAN: Say, was you born in captivity—in this line o' work?

"Law, no, friend. I never seen the light of the show business up to eight year ago. There wasn't a member of my family, all dead and put away now, weighed more'n one-fifty. They say it of my mother, she was married at ninety pounds and died at a hundred and six."

"You don't say so!"

"I was born and raised on a farm out in Ohio. Bet not far from your part of the country, from the looks of you, friend. Buckeye?"

"Not a bad guess at that—Indiana's mine."

"Law, to my way of thinking, there's no part of the Union got anything on the Middle States. Knock me around all you want, I always say, but let me be buried in the Buckeye State. Photographs? Signed photographs at ten cents each! Take one home to the wife, friend, out in Indiana. Come, friends; what's a dime? Ten cents!"

The crowd, treacle-slow and swinging its children shoulder-high, would shuffle on, pause next at the falsetto exhortations of the baron, then on to the collapsibilities of the boneless wonder, the flexuosities of the snake-charmer, the goose-fleshing, the terrible crunchings of Jastrow the Granite Jaw. A commotion, this last, no tunlike the steam-roller leveling of a rock road.

Miss Hoag retired then back to her chair, readjusting the photographs to their table-display, wielding her fan largely.

"Lord," she said, across the right railing, "wouldn't this weather fry you!"

The baron wilted to a mock swoon, his little legs stiffening at a hypotenuse.

"Ice-cream cone!" he cried. "Ice-cream cone, or I faint!"

"Poor Jastrow—just listen to him! Honest, that grinding goes right through me. He hadn't ought to be showing to-day, after the way they had to have the doctor in on him last night. He hadn't ought to be eating that nasty glass."

"Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

"Yes; it's awful, Mabel! A fellow snagging up his insides like Jastrow. I never knew a glass-eating artist in my life that lived to old age. I was showing once with a pair of glass-eating sisters, the twins Delamar, as fine a pair of girls as ever——"

"Sure—the Delamars—I know 'em; they——"

"Remember the specialty they carried, stepping on a piece of plate glass and feeding each other the grounds——"

"Sure."

"Well, I sat up for three weeks running with one of them girls—the red-haired one—til she died off of sorosis of the liver——"

"Sure enough—Lizzie Delamar!"

"Lida, the other one, is still carrying the act on street-fair time, but it won't surprise me to hear of her next. That's what'll happen to Granite Jaw one of these days, too, if he——"

"Pretty soft on the Granite Jaw, ain't cha? M-m-m yum-yum—pretty soft!" When the baron mouthed, he became in expression Punchinello with his finger 'longside his nose, his face tightening and knotting into cunning. "Pretty soft on the Granite Jaw; yum—yum—yum!"

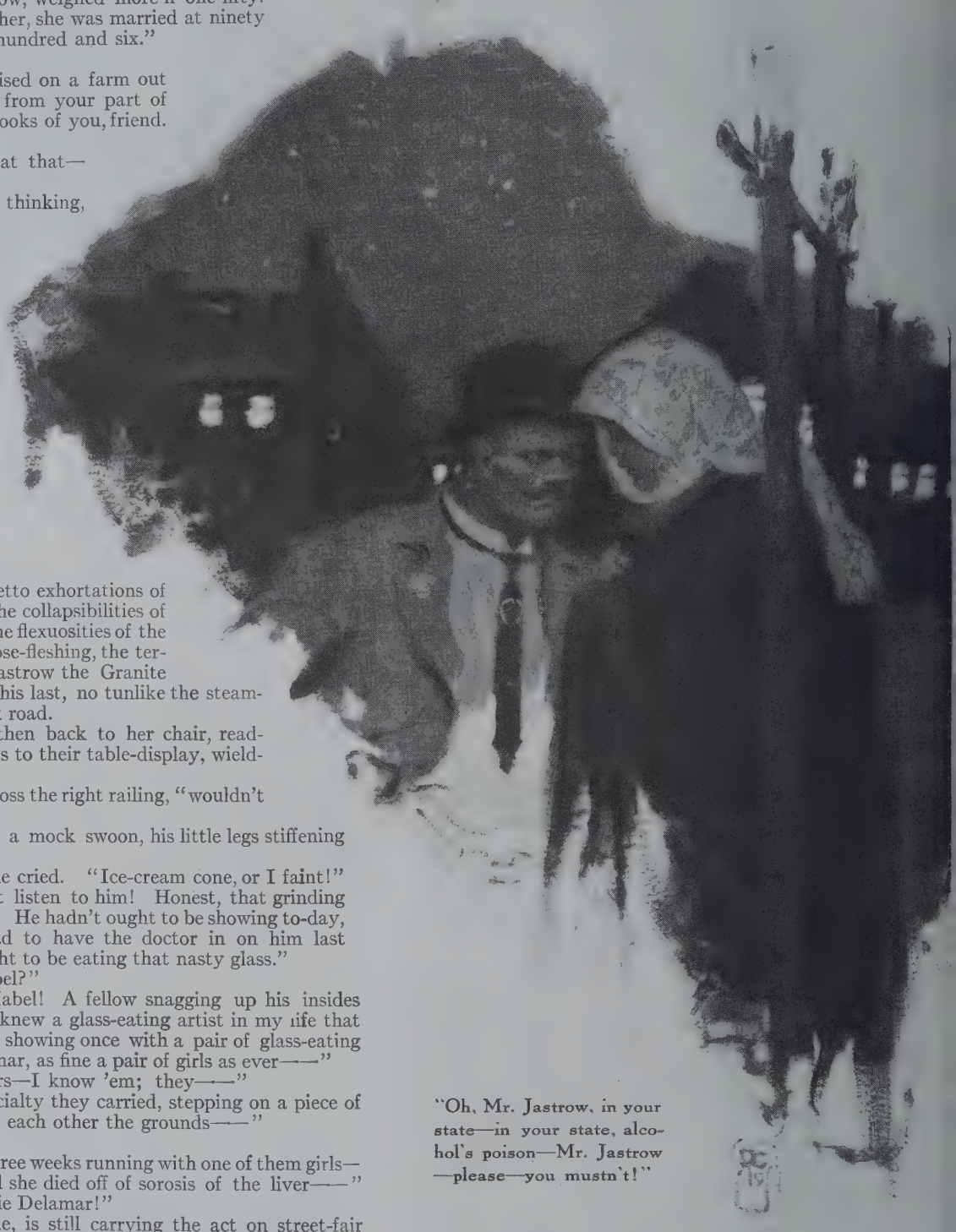
"Little devil! Little devil! I'll catch you and spank you to death."

"Yum! Yum!

"It's better to have loved a short man,
Than never to have loved atall."

"Little peewee, you! Jastrow ain't short. Them thick, strong-necked kind never look their height. That boy is five feet two if he's an inch. Them stocky ones is the build that make the strong kind. Looka him lift up that cannon-ball with just his left hand. B-r-r-r-r—listen how it shakes the place when he lets it fall—looka—honest, it makes me sick—it's a wonder he don't kill himself!"

"Better to have loved a short man,
Than never to have loved atall."



"Oh, Mr. Jastrow, in your state—in your state, alcohol's poison—Mr. Jastrow—please—you mustn't!"

The day, sun-riddled, stare-riddled, sawdusty and white with glare, sloughed into the clanging, banging, electric-pianoed, electrifying Babylonia of a Coney Island Saturday night. The erupting lava of a pent-up work-a-week, odoriferous of strong foods and wilted clothing, poured hotly down that Boulevard of the Bourgeoise, Surf Avenue. The slow, thick blood of six days of pants-pressing and boiler-making, of cigarette-rolling and typewriting, of machine-operating and truck-driving, of third-floor-backs, congestion and indigestion, of depression and suppression, demanding the spurious kind of excitation that can whip the blood to foam. The terrific gyration of looping the loop, the

comet-tail plunge of shooting the chutes, the rocketing skyward, and the delicious madness at the pit of the stomach on the downward swoop. The bead on the apple juice, the dash of mustard to the frankfurter, the feather tickler in the eye, the barker to the ear, and the thick festival-flavored sawdust to the throat.

By eleven o'clock, the Freak Palace was a gelatinous congestion of the quickened of heart, of blood, of tongue, and of purse. The crowd stared, gaped, squirmed through itself, sweated.

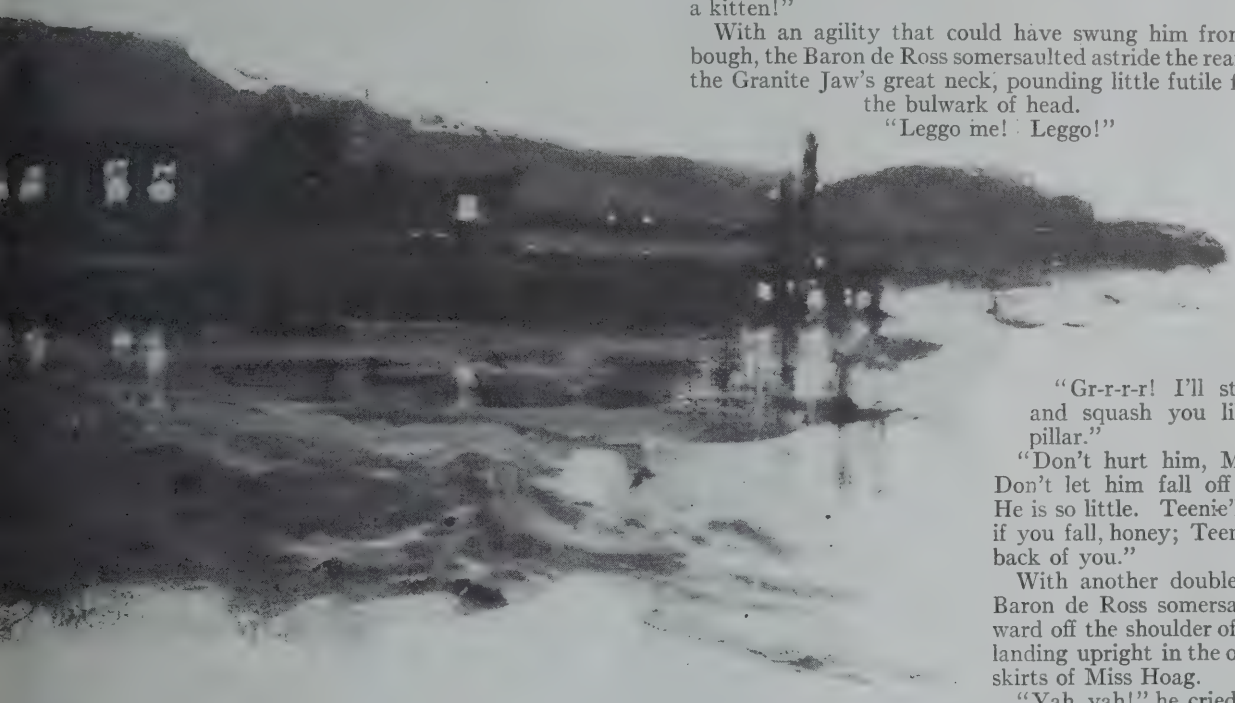
By twelve o'clock, from her benchlike throne that had become a strait-jacket to the back, a heaviness had set in that seemed to thicken Miss Hoag's eyelids, the flush receding before doughiness.

A weary mountain of the cruelly enhancing red silk and melting sequin paste, the billowy arms inundated with the thumb-deep dimples lax out along the chair-sides, as preponderous and preposterous a heroine as ever fell the lot of scribe, she was nature's huge joke—a practical joke, too, at eighteen dollars a week, bankbooks from three trust companies, and a china pig about ready to burst.

"Cheer up, Ossi! It might be worse," she said across the left rail, but her lids twitching involuntarily of tiredness.

"Sacred Mother of the Sacred Child!" said the ossified man, in Italian.

The sword-swallower, at the megaphone instance of the barker, waggled suddenly into motion, and, flouncing back her bushy knee-skirts and kissing to the four winds, threw back her head



and swallowed an eighteen-inch carpenter's saw to the hilt. The crowd flowed up and around her.

Miss Hoag felt on the undershelf of her table for a glass of water, draining it.

"Thank God," she said; "another day done!" And began getting together her photographs into a neat packet, tilting the contents of the saucer into a small biscuit-tin and snapping it around with a rubber band.

The Baron de Ross was counting, too, his small hands eager at the task.

"This island is getting as hard-boiled as an egg," he said.

"It is that," said Miss Hoag, making a pencil insert into a small memorandum-book.

"You!" cried the baron, the screw-lines out again, "you money-bag tied in the middle! I know a tattooed girl worked with you once on the St. Louis World's Fair Pike says you slept on a pillow stuffed with greenbacks."

"You're crazy with the heat," said Miss Hoag. "What I've got out of this business, I've sweated for."

Then the Baron de Ross executed a pirouette of tiny self.

"Worth your weight in gold! Worth your weight in gold!"

"If you don't behave yourself, you little peewee, I'll leave you to plow home through the sand alone. If it wasn't for me playing nurse-girl to you, you'd have to be hiring a keeper. You better behave."

"Worth your weight in gold! Blow us to a ice-cream cone, eh, Ossi?"

The crowd had sifted out; all but one of the center aisle of grill arc-lights flickered out, leaving the Freak Palace to a spluttering kind of gloom. The snake-charmer of a thousand iridescencies wound the last of her devitalized cobras down into its painted chest. The Siamese twins wound out of their embrace and went each his way. The Princess Albino wove her cotton hair into a plait, finishing it with a rapidly wound bit of thread. An attendant trundled the ossified man through a rear door. Jastrow the Granite Jaw flopped on his derby slightly askew, and strolled over toward that same door, hands in pocket. He was hewed like an ox. Short and as squattily packed down as a Buddha, the great sinews of his strength bulged in his short neck and in the backs of the calves of his legs, even rippled beneath his coat. It was as if a compress had reduced him from great height down to his tightest compactness, concentrating the strength of him. Even in repose, the undershot jaw was plunged forward, the jowls bonily defined.

"Worth her weight in gold! Blow us to a ice-cream cone, eh, Jastrow? She's worth her weight in gold."

Passing within reach of where the Baron de Ross danced to his ditty of reiteration, Jastrow the Granite Jaw reached up and in through the rail, capturing one of the jiggling ankles, elevating the figure of the Baron de Ross to a high-flung torch.

"Lay off that noise," said Jastrow the Granite Jaw, threatening to dangle him head downward; "lay off, or I'll drown you like a kitten!"

With an agility that could have swung him from bough to bough, the Baron de Ross somersaulted astride the rear of Jastrow the Granite Jaw's great neck, pounding little futile fists against the bulwark of head.

"Leggo me! Leggo!"

"Gr-r-r-r! I'll step on you and squash you like a caterpillar."

"Don't hurt him, Mr. Jastrow! Don't let him fall off backward! He is so little. Teenie'll catch you if you fall, honey; Teenie's here in back of you."

With another double twist, the Baron de Ross somersaulted backward off the shoulder of his captor, landing upright in the outstretched skirts of Miss Hoag.

"Yah, yah!" he cried, dancing in the net of skirt and waggling his hands from his ears. "Yah, yah!"

The Granite Jaw smoothed down the outraged rear of his head, eyes rolling and smile terrible.

"Wow!" he said, making a false feint toward him.

The baron, shrill with hysteria, plunged into a fold of Miss Hoag's skirt.

"Don't hurt him, Jastrow; he's so awful little! Don't play rough."

THE BARON (*projecting his face round a fold of skirt*): Worth her weight in go-uld—go-uld!

"He's always guying me for my saving ways, Jastrow. I tell him I ain't got no little twenty-eight-inch wife out in San Francisco sending me pin-money. Neither am I the prize little grafter of the world. I tell him he's the littlest man and the biggest grafter in this show. Come out of there, you little devil! He thinks, because I got a few hundred dollars laid by, I'm a bigger freak than the one I get paid for being."

Jastrow the Granite Jaw flung the crook of his walking-stick against his hip, leaning into it, the flanges of his nostrils widening a bit, as if scenting.

"You old mountain-top," he said, screwing at the upcurving mustache, "who'd have thought you had that pretty a penny saved?"

"I don't look to see myself live and die in the show business, Mr. Jastrow."

"Now you said something, Big Tent."

"There's a farm out near Xenia, Ohio, where I lay up in winter, that I'm going to own for myself one of these days. I've seen too many in this business die right in exhibition and the show have to chip in to bury 'em for me not to save up against a rainy day."

"Lay it on, Big Tent; I like your philosophy."

"That's me every time, Mr. Jastrow. I'm going to die in a little story-and-a-half frame house of my own with a cute little pointy roof, and one potato patch right up to my back steps, and my own white leghorns crossing my own country road to get to the other side. Why, I know a 'fat' in this business, Aggie Lamont——"

"Sure—me and the baroness played Mexico City Carnival with Aggie Lamont. Some heavy!"

"Well, that girl, in her day, was one of the biggest tips to the scale this business ever seen. What happens? All of a sudden, just like that—pneumonia! Gets up out of bed eight weeks later skin and bones—down to three hundred and sixty-five pounds and not a penny saved. I chipped in what I could to keep her going, but she just down and died one night. Job gone. No weight. In the exhibit business, just like any other line, you got to have a long head. A 'fat's' got to look ahead for a thin day. A 'strong' for a weak day. That's why I wish, Mr. Jastrow, you'd cut out that glass-eating feature of yours."

"How much you got, Airy-Fairy? Lemme double your money for you."

"She's worth her weight in gold."

"Lemme double it."

"Like fun I will. A spendthrift like you!"

"Which way you going?"

"We always go home by the beach. Shapiro made it a rule that the 'bigs' and 'littles' can't ever show themselves on Surf Avenue."

"Come on, you little flea; I'll ride you up the beach on my shoulder."

"Oh, Mr. Jastrow, you—you going to walk home with me—and—Baron?"

"Come on, was what I said."

He mounted the Baron de Ross to his bulge of shoulder with veriest toss, Miss Hoag, in a multifold cape that was a merciful shroud to the bulk of her, descending from the platform. The place had emptied itself of its fantastic congress of nature's pranks, only the grotesque print of it remaining. The painted snake-chests, closed. The array of gustatory swords, each in flannelet slip-cover. The wild man's cage, empty. The tiny velocipede of the Baron de Ross, upside down against rust. A hall of wonder here. A cave of distorted fancy. The Land of the Cow Jumped over the Moon and the Dish Ran Away with the Spoon.

Outside, a moon, something bridal in its whiteness, beat down upon a kicked-up stretch of beach, the banana-skins, the pop-corn boxes, the gambados of erstwhile revelers violently printed into its sands. A platinum-colored sea undulated in.

The leaping, bounding outline of Luna Park winked out even as they emerged, the whole violent contortion fading back into silver mist. There was a new breeze, spicily cool.

Miss Hoag breathed out,

"Ain't this something grand?"

"Giddy-ap!" cried the baron, slappity-slappity at the great boulder of the Granite Jaw's head. "Giddy-ap!"

They plowed forward, a group out of Phantasmagoria—as motley a threesome as ever strode this side of the Land of Anesthesia.

"How do you like it at Mrs. Bostum's boarding-house, Mr. Jastrow? I never stop anywheres else on the Island. Most of the Shapiro concession always stops there."

"Good as the next," said Mr. Jastrow, kicking onward.

"I was sorry to hear you was ailing so last night, Mr. Jastrow, and I was sorry there was nothing you would let me do for you. They always call me 'the doc' around exhibits. I say—but you just ought to heard yourself yell me out of the room when I come in to offer myself——"

"They had me crazy with pain."

"You wasn't so crazy with pain when the albino girl come down with the bottle of fire-water, was he, Baron? We seen him throwing goo-goos at Albino, didn't we, Baron?"

The Baron (*impish in the moonlight*): He fell for a cotton-top.

"He didn't yell the albino and her bottle out, did he, Baron?"

"It's this darn business," said Mr. Jastrow, creating a storm of sand spray with each stride. "I'm punctured up like a tire."

"I been saying to the baron, Mr. Jastrow, if you'd only cut out the glass-eating feature. You got as fine a appearance and as fine a strong act by itself as you could want. A short fellow like you with all your muscle-power is a novelty in himself.



In a dawn that came up pink as the palm of a babe, but flowed bulb dangling over the Granite Jaw's rumpled, tumbled bed

Honest, Mr. Jastrow, it—it's a sin to see a fine-set-up fellow like you killing yourself this way. You ought to cut out the granite-jaw feature."

"Yeh—and cut down my act to half-pay. I'd be full of them tricks—wouldn't I? Show me another jaw-act measures up to mine. Show me the strong-arm number that ever pulled down the coin a jaw-act did. I'd be a sweet boob—wouldn't I?—to cut my pockabook in two. I need money, Airy-Fairy. My God, how I got the capacity for needing money!"

"What's money to health, Mr. Jastrow. It ain't human or freak nature to digest glass. Honest, every time I hear you crunching, I get the chills!"

Then Mr. Jastrow shot forward his lower jaw with a milling motion.

"Gr-r-r-r-r!"
"She's sweet on you, Jastrow, like all the rest of 'em.

"Better to have loved a short man
Than never to have loved atall."

"Baron, I—I'll spank!"
"Worth her weight in gold!"
"Where you got all that money soaked, Big Tent?"



rather futilely against the tired, speckled eye of incandescent of pain, a gray-looking group stood in whispered conference

"Aw, Mr. Jastrow, the baron's only tormenting me."
"She sleeps on a pillow stuffed with greenbacks."
"Sure I got a few dollars saved, and I ain't ashamed of it. I've had steady work in this business eight years now, ever since the circus came to my town out in Ohio and made me the offer, but that's no sign I can be in it eight years longer. Sure I got a few dollars saved."
"Well, whatta you know—a Big Tent like you?"
"Ain't a Big Tent like me human, Mr. Jastrow? Ain't I—ain't I just like any other—girl—underneath all this?"
"Sure, sure!" said Mr. Jastrow. "How much you to the good, little one?"
"I've about eleven hundred dollars with my bank-books and pig."
"'Leven hundred! Well, whatta you know about that? Say, Big Tent, better lemme double your money for you."
"Aw, you go on, Mr. Jastrow; ain't you the torment, too?"
"Say, gal, next time I get the misery, you can hold my hand as long as your little heart desires. 'Leven hundred to the good! Good-night! Get down off my shoulder, you little flea, you; I got to turn in here and take a drink on the strength of that. 'Leven hundred to the good! Good-night!"
"Oh, Mr. Jastrow, in your state—in your state, alcohol's poison—Mr. Jastrow—please—you mustn't!"
"Blow me, too, Jas! Aw, say—have a heart! Blow me to a bracer, too."
"No, no, Mr. Jastrow; don't take the baron. The little fellow can't stand alcohol. His baroness don't want it—anyways, it's against the rules—please——"
"You stay and take the lady home, flea. See the lady home like a gentleman. 'Leven hundred to the good—say, I'd see a lady as far as the devil on that! Good-night!"

At Mrs. Bostum's boarding house, one of a row of the stare-faced packing-cases of the summer city, bathing-suits drying and kicking over veranda rails, a late quiet had fallen, only one window showing yellowly in the peak of its top story. A white-net screen door was unhooked from without by inserting a hand through a slit in the fabric. An uncarpeted pocket of hall lay deep in absolute blackness. Miss Hoag fumbled for the switch, finally leaving the baron to the meager comfort of his first-floor back.
"Y'alright, honey? Can you reach what you want?"
The baron clambered to a chair and up to her. His face had unknotted, the turmoil of little lines scattering.
"Aw!" he said. "Good old tub Teenie! Good old Big Tent!"
A layer of tears sprang across Miss Hoag's glance, and suddenly gaining rush, ran down over her lashes. She dashed at them.
"I'm human, Baron—maybe you don't know it, but I'm human."
"Now, what did I do, Teenie?"
"It—it ain't you, Baron; it—it ain't anybody. It—it's—only I just wonder sometimes what God had in mind, anyways—making our kind. Where do we belong——"
"Aw, you're a great 'heavy,' Teenie—and it's the 'bigs' and the 'littles' got the cinch in this business. Looka the poor Siamese. How'd you like to be hitched up thataway all day. Looka Ossi. How'd you like to let 'em stick pins in you all for their ten cents' worth. Looka poor old Jas. Why, a girl is a fool to waste any heartache getting stuck on him! That old boy's going to wake up out of one of them spells dead some day. How'd you like to chew glass because it's big money and then drink it up so fast you'd got to borrow money off the albino girl for the doctor's prescription——"
The tears came now rivuleting down Miss Hoag's cheeks, bouncing off to the cape.
"O God!" she said, her hand closing over the baron's, pressing it. "With us freaks—even if we win, we lose. Take me—what's the good of ten million dollars to me—twenty millions—last night when I went in to offer him help—him in the same business and that ought to be used to me—right in the middle of being crazy

with pain, what did he yell every time he looked at me—'Take her away; take her away——'"

"Aw, now Teenie, Jas had the d. t.'s last night; he——"

"'Take her away!' he kept yelling. 'Take her away!' One of my own kind getting the horrors just to look at me!"

"You're sweet on the Granite Jaw—you are, Teenie; that's what's eating you—you're sweet on the Granite Jaw——"

Suddenly Miss Hoag turned, slamming the door afterward so that the silence reechoed sharply.

"What if I am?" she said, standing out in the hall pocket of absolute blackness, her hand cupped against her mouth and the blinding tears staggering. "What if I am? What if I am?"

Within her own room, a second-floor back, augmented slightly by a bedcover of flowered chintz, an immaculate layout of pink-celluloid toilet articles and a white water-pitcher of three pink carnations, Miss Hoag snapped on her light where it dangled above the celluloid toilet articles. A summer bug was bumbling against the ceiling; it dashed itself between Miss Hoag and her mirror as she stood there breathing from climb and looking back at herself with salt-bitten eyes, mouth twitching. Finally, after an inanimate period of unseeing stare, she unhooked the long cape, brushing it, and ever dainty of self, folding it across a chair-back. A voluminous garment, fold and fold upon itself, but sheer and crisp dimity, even streaming a length of pink ribbon, lay across the bed-edge. Miss Hoag took it up, her hand already slowly and tiredly at the business of unfettering herself of the monstrous red silk.

Came a sudden avalanche of knocking, and a rattling of door-knob, the voice of Mrs. Bostum, landlady, high with panic:

"Teenie—Jastrow's dyin' in his room! He's yellin' for you! For God's sakes—quick—down in his room!"

In the instant that followed, across the sudden black that blocked Miss Hoag of vision, there swam a million stars.

"Teenie—for God's sakes—quick—he's yellin' for you——"

"Coming, Mrs. Bostum—coming—coming—coming!"

In a dawn that came up as pink as the palm of a babe, but flowed rather futilely against the tired, speckled eye of incandescent bulb dangling above the Granite Jaw's rumpled, tumbled bed of pain, a gray-looking group stood in whispered conference beside a slit of window that overlooked a narrow clapboard slit of street.

THE DOCTOR: Even with recovery, he will be on his back at least six months.

MISS HOAG: O my God, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Has the man means?

THE BARON: Not a penny. He only came to the concession two months ago from a row with the Flying-Fish Troupe. He's in debt already to half the exhibit.

THE LANDLADY: He's two weeks in arrears. Not that I'm pestering the poor devil now, but Gawd knows I—need——

THE DOCTOR: Any relatives or friends to consult about the operation?

MISS HOAG (*turning and stooping*): Ain't you got no relations or friends, Jastrow? What was it you hollered about the aerial-wonder act—are they friends of yours? Ain't you got no relatives, no—no friends maybe that you could stay with a while—Sid? Who's he? Ain't you, Jastrow, got no relations?

The figure under the sheet, pain-huddled, limb-twisted, turned toward the wall, palm slapping out against it.

"Hell!" said Jastrow the Granite Jaw.

THE DOCTOR (*drawing down his shirt-sleeves*): I'll have an ambulance around in twenty minutes.

MISS HOAG: Where for, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Brooklyn Public Institute, for the present.

THE LANDLADY (*apron up over her head*): Poor fellow! Poor handsome fellow!

MISS HOAG: No, doctor! No! No! No!

THE DOCTOR (*rather tiredly*): Sorry, madam; but there is no alternative.

MISS HOAG: No, no! I'll pay, doctor. How much? How much?

THE BARON: Yeh; I'll throw in a tenner myself. Don't throw the poor devil to charity—we'll collect from the troupe. We raised forty dollars for a nigger "ossi" once when——

THE DOCTOR: Come now; all this is not a drop in the bucket. This man needs an operation and then constant attention. If he pulls through, it is a question of months. What he actually needs then is country air, fresh milk, eggs, professional nursing, and plenty of it.

MISS HOAG: That's me, Doc! That's me! I'm going to fix just that for him. I got the means. I can show you three bank-books. I got the means and a place out in Ohio I can rent till I buy it some day. A farm! Fresh milk! Leghorns! I'll take him out there, Doc. Eighty miles from where I was born. I was thinking of laying up a while, anyways. I got the means. I'll pull him through, Doctor. I'll pull him through!

THE BARON: Good God, Teenie—you crazy——

From the bed: Worth her weight in gold! Worth her weight in gold!



Mr. Jastrow suddenly held forth, in crouched attitude of cunning, something cold, something glittering, something steel. "Now," he said, head jutting forward, and through shut teeth, "now gimme, or by God——"

In the cup of a spring dusk that was filled to overflowing with an ineffable sweetness and the rich, loamy odors of turned earth, with rising sap and low mists, with blackening tree-tops and the chittering of birds, the first lamplight of all the broad and fertile landscape moved across the window of a story-and-a-half white house which might have been either itself or its own outlying barn. A roof, sheer of slant, dipped down over the window, giving the façade the expression of a coolie under peaked hat.

"Great Scott! Move that lamp off the sill. You want to gimme the blind staggers?"

"I didn't know it was in your eyes, honey. There—that better?"

Silence.

A parlor hastily improvised into a bedroom came out softly in the glow. A room of matting and marble-topped, bottle-littered walnut table, of white-iron hospital-cot and curly horsehair divan, a dapple-marble mantelpiece of conch-shell, medicated gauze, bisque figurines, and hot-water kettle; in the sheerest of dimity, still dainty of ribbon, the figure of Miss Hoag, hugely, omnipotently omnipresent.



Long after the thridding of engine had died away and the purple quiet flowed over the path of twin lamplight, Miss Hoag stood in her half-open screen door, gazing after

"That better, Jas?" Silence. "Better? That's good! Now r the boy's supper! Beautiful white egg laid by beautiful ıite hen, and all beat up fluffy with sugar to make boy well, eh?" Emaciated to boniness, but the great frame jutting and strain- g rather terribly to break through the restraint of too tight sh, Mr. Jastrow rose to his elbow, jaw-lines sullen.

"Cut out that baby-talk and get me a swig, Teenie. Get me a ink before I get ugly."

"Oh, Jastrow—honey, don't begin that! Please, Jastrow, don't gin that—you been so good all day, honey——"

"Get me a swig," he repeated through set teeth. "You and a ob country quack of a doctor ain't going to own my soul. I'll ıst up the place again. I ain't all dead yet. Get me a swig— ick, too!"

"Jas, there ain't none."

"There is!"

"That's just for to whip up five drops at a time with your edicine. That's medicine, Jas; it ain't to be took like drink. ou know what the doc said last time. He ain't responsible vou disobey. I ain't—neither. Please, Jas!"

"I know a thing or two about the deal I'm getting around here. No quack boob is going to own my soul."

"Ain't it enough the way you nearly died last time, Jas? Honest, didn't that teach you a lesson? Be good, Jas; don't scare poor old Teenie all alone here with you. Looka out there through the door. Ain't it something grand? Honest, Jas, I just never get tired looking. See them low little hills way out there; I always say they look like chiffon this time of evening. Don't they? Just looka the whole fields out there, so still—like—like a old horse standing up dozing. Smell! Listen to the little birds! Ain't we happy out here, me and my boy that's getting well so fine?"

Then Jastrow the Granite Jaw began to whimper, half-moans engendered by weakness.

"Put me out of my misery. Shoot!"

"Jas—Jas—ain't that just an awful way for you to talk? Ain't that just terrible to say to your poor old Big Tent?"

She smoothed out his pillow, and drew out his cot on ready casters closer toward the open door.

"See, Jas—honest, can you ever get (*Continued on page 134*)



Cliveden, the home of Waldorf Astor, Buckinghamshire, England

The vast surrounding estate is one of the great landed properties which the British Labor Party demands shall be nationalized and used for the good of the English people

Our National Faith-Cure

Will we be satisfied with it, or will we search for real causes of our ills now that the war is over?

By Ben B. Lindsey

Written in collaboration with

Harvey O'Higgins

WE were sitting in the Hotel Adlon, in Berlin. It was February, 1916, when the United States was still neutral and the crown prince's army was hammering at the gates of Verdun. I had come to Berlin with a plan for relieving Poland and Serbia by the same means that the Belgian Relief Commission had brought relief to Belgium. In the course of negotiations I had met numerous German statesmen, government officials, financiers, army officers, and junkers of all sorts. And, in conversation with many of them, I had caught glimpses of a point of view which a German officer was now opening up to me quite frankly.

He insisted that the people were not fit to rule themselves, even in America. We had found that out, he said. We pretended that we had a democracy, but our government was absolutely dominated, ruled, and controlled by what he called our "intelligent classes." He maintained that this was a wise and necessary condition of affairs and that it gave us good government. Our Constitution and our whole political system, to his mind, were just a camouflage. So long as these served the purpose of the privileged class, they were maintained; but whenever they interfered with that purpose, they were ignored or evaded—and he considered this inevitable and practical and altogether wise.

He was a chance acquaintance, an officer of no importance, whom I had met at a dinner. But he was a typical junker. I recognized in his arguments many thoughts that had been only faintly indicated in more official circles. He did not know—as German officialdom was perhaps informed—that I had spent most of my public life campaigning against our "invisible government" in one way or another. He was correspondingly outspoken.

"America and Germany are natural allies," he argued. "France, Russia, and Italy are too temperamental, too visionary, too revolutionary. They are trouble-makers. You Americans are practical. You put the affairs of your country in the control of the intelligent classes, as we do in Germany. You do not do it openly, as we do. You let the people believe that they govern themselves, but you have sense enough to leave the real power where it ought to be—in the hands of the practical people, the business men. You call them the 'invisible government.'"

I interrupted to object that the American people were largely in revolt against this "invisible government."

"No," he said; "the fact that it is permitted to rule shows that the thinking people want it to rule. Your intellectual classes must know in their hearts that its rule is necessary if your present order of society is to be maintained."

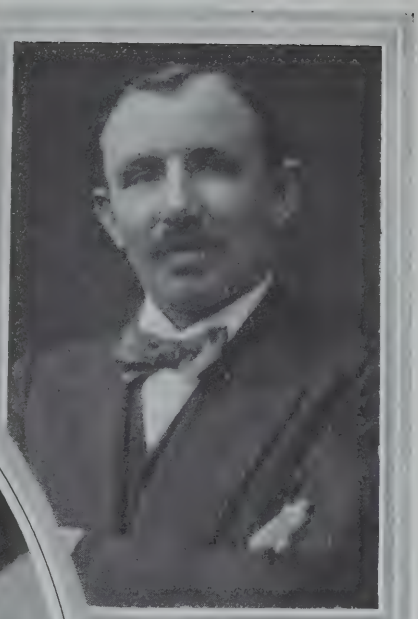
Herr Zimmerman, the kaiser's secretary of State, previous to this had merely warned me that the United States would yet have to unite with Germany against the socialists, and he pre-

dicted that America would come to see the wisdom of the kaiser's plan to crush the socialists before they could upset the whole world.

Another German official contented himself with impressing on me the dangers of socialism and paternalism. It was true, he said, that in Germany the individual had to give way to the state, but the German state was a commercial, imperialistic state, organized in the interests of the strong for the protection of the weak, who were not fit or able to govern themselves.

The conversation of my friend in the Adlon explained why these arguments were supposed likely to be effective with an American. Our invisible government, he believed, corresponded to the German system of junker rule. He was convinced that in our hearts we recognized the inability of the people to govern themselves, and that we had placed our government in the hands of our junkers secretly, just as the Germans had placed theirs in the hands of their junkers openly. The ambitions of our junkers were, to him, the same as the ambitions of the German junkers—trade and trade-dominion, spheres of influence to exploit, a place in the sun.

It seemed to me that he was talking of an invisible government that was no longer in power in the United States. I explained that President Wilson's first election had been a defeat for our reactionaries, who had hoped to divide the Progressive vote between Wilson and Roosevelt so as to slip Taft into power. And President Wilson's first term had been full of disasters for the invisible government. His measures of domestic reform had deprived them of many of their most ancient privileges, and his policy in China and in Mexico had been a repudiation of their control in foreign affairs. It seemed to me that, as a government, they were more than usually invisible now, because they were in a fair way to disappear completely.



James Thomas, leader of the British Labor Party



© PAUL THOMPSON

The officer smiled.

"The people are not fit to rule," he said. "If you have not found it out in America, it is because you have never tried to take your affairs into your own hands. You have allowed your practical men to rule. If you get rid of your invisible government, you will learn."



(Above) Mrs. Waldorf Astor, the mistress of Cliveden. (Below) A corner of the Italian gardens at Cliveden

I found this whole point of view quite common among the German commercial junkers. It seemed to be part of their general belief that the war was a war of commercial rivalry, forced upon Germany by the trade-jealousy of Great Britain—a war between the privileged classes of the more powerful European peoples for the right to exploit the weaker nations.

The mass of the German people had been deceived into believing that their country had been invaded, and that they were fighting a holy war of national self-defense. It would seem from Prince Lichnowsky's confessions that the commercial junkers of Germany had been similarly deceived, since Lichnowsky has admitted that the British government had made every concession to the Germans in Portuguese Africa and in the matter of the Berlin-Bagdad railway while Lichnowsky was German ambassador to Great Britain, and that the treaties offering these concessions were not signed or made public by the German government, apparently because their publication would have destroyed the fiction of British jealousy of German expansion.



Doctor Charles Zueblin

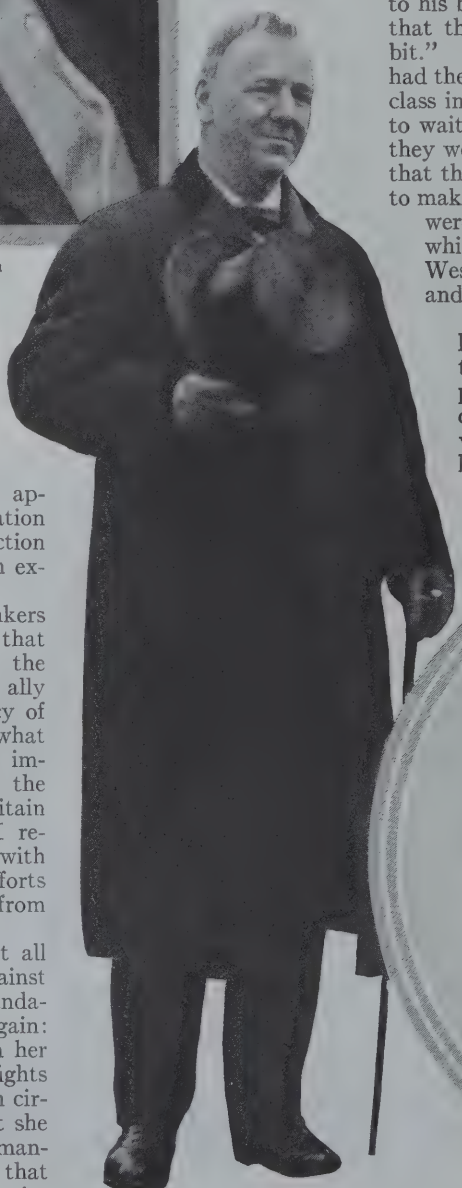
In any case, the German junkers whom I met were convinced that our invisible government in the United States was the natural ally of the all too visible autocracy of Germany in its war against what the junkers believed to be the imperialistic trade-ambitions of the privileged classes in Great Britain and her allies. And when I returned to America, I watched with interest President Wilson's efforts to save the United States from being involved in the dispute.

It was obvious enough that all our American junkers were against him. He announced his fundamental policy, again and again: "America will have forgotten her traditions whenever she fights merely for herself under such circumstances as will show that she has forgotten to fight for all mankind." The junkers declared that this was poltroonery. Their voice was all for war. And the louder their voices grew, the more convinced were the great masses of the American people that the war was a rich man's war, a capitalists' war, a war between the privileged classes of Europe for the right to exploit the world. The American junkers, exasperated because President Wilson's domestic policies had so curtailed their privileges, attempted to defeat him on his foreign policy and his attitude toward the European conflict. He was reelected by the vote of the Progressive and anti-junker West.

Meantime, a change was becoming evident in the nature and purposes of the war itself. In Germany, the militaristic junkers were wholly in control; the commercial junkers were discovering that they had been deceived, and the war had become a war for and against dynastic conquest and autocratic world-dominion. In the Allied countries, the privileged classes were either yielding their power to the masses of the people, as in England, or losing that power to a revolution of the people, as in Russia. With the publication of the secret treaties between Great Britain, France, Italy, and czarist Russia, it was apparent to what sort of struggle President Wilson had refused to become a party. The people had been fighting a war for the salvation of liberty. The junkers had been preparing to divide the fruits of conquest in the good old junker way. When President Wilson announced that the United States would fight "to make the world safe for democracy," he not only voiced the American ideal; he spoke also for the new sentiment of the people of Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy. He did for the World War what Abraham Lincoln did for the Civil War—he gave it a soul that could not be defeated; he brought to it a popular support that made victory certain.

All the American junkers acclaimed his purpose and rallied to his banner. And no one who knows human nature will doubt that they enlisted with the sincerest patriotism "to do their bit." But it soon became plain enough that many of them had their own interests and their own aims—interests that were class interests and aims that were class aims. One did not need to wait for the signing of the armistice in order to learn that they were supporting the President with the mental reservation that they were willing to help win the war on *his* terms, in order to make peace on *their* terms. Their maneuvers to that end were observable long before the Congressional campaign in which they dropped all pretense of supporting him. In the West, from the beginning, their game was played openly and boldly.

There, for a decade past, the junkers had been in a losing fight. Measures of popular control had deprived the corporation corruptionists of their power over both political parties. The campaigns of the Progressives had defeated those tools in office who had represented the invisible government of the privileged classes. The West had largely been made safe for democracy.



Secretary Josephus Daniels

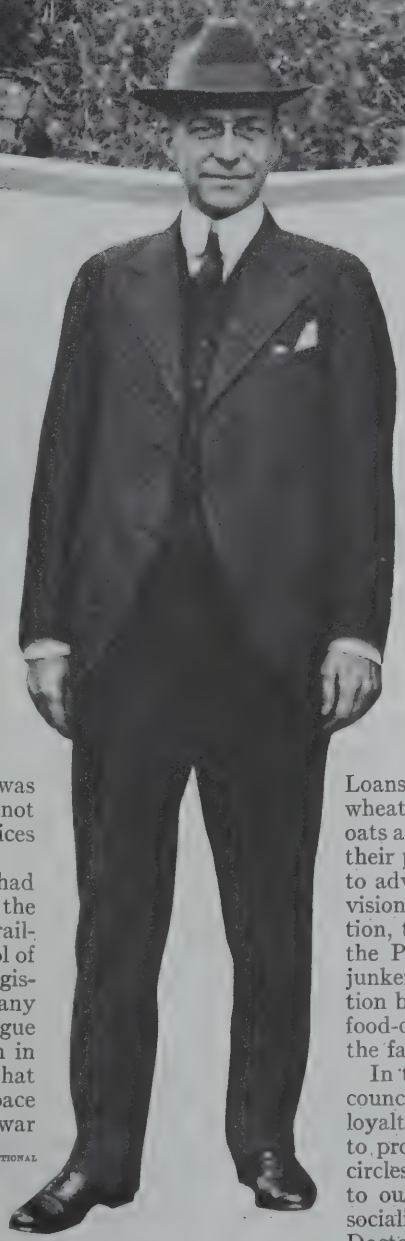


Professor S. H. Clark

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The Western farmers, in spite of oppression by the railway and banking interests, gave their support to President Wilson and his war-aims whole-heartedly



Secretary Newton D. Baker

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The war did not change that. But when the call for patriotic home service came, the men most free to respond were the men of comparative leisure, the men of income, the men of large affairs. They were the men most needed by the government to organize the country locally, because they had the experience and the social power. They formed the state councils of defense. They organized the loyalty leagues. They headed the local committees of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the Liberty Loan drives. They took the local dollar-a-year offices for the food administration and the fuel administration, and often, where they had power, they rewarded their old political associates by appointing them to lesser offices.

There followed such incidents as this: In one of the southern counties of Colorado we had just succeeded in driving a certain politician from public life. He became an official of the local food administration. All protest in Colorado was vain. It was carried to Washington, and his resignation was obtained, but the man who succeeded him was another of the same stripe. Washington was not to blame. It had to accept the patriotic services of the junkers, relying on their patriotism.

In many of the Western states, the farmers had organized the Non-Partisan League to fight the men who were oppressing them by means of railway control, and banking control, and control of grain-elevators, and the power in the state legislatures that made these controls effective. Many of the farmers and their leaders in the league had been opposed to American participation in the war because they had become convinced that it was a junker war. They had not kept pace with the changes in the character of the war itself. German propaganda was very active among them. When America entered the conflict, their past utterances made them liable to charges of disloyalty. Their old enemies, the local junkers, promptly seized the opportunity. They organized loyalty leagues and public safety commissions, denounced the Non-Partisan Leaguers as traitors, and proceeded to mob them and deport them and indict them and tar and feather them. The government at Washington sent out speakers to the Non-Partisan League, through the Committee on Public Information. The local defense committees refused to allow these speakers to address public meetings of league members. The junkers did not wish to have the farmers rallied to the support of the war; they wished to have them marked as disloyalists so that the Non-Partisan League might be destroyed.

They failed. The Western farmers, in spite of this persecution, gave their support to President Wilson and his war-aims wholeheartedly. They oversubscribed to Liberty Loans and to all the funds of war-relief. They planted wheat when they could have made more profit out of oats and barley. And when the local junkers dropped their pretense of supporting the President and began to advocate a junker peace, with the same old provisions for imperial trade and commercial exploitation, the farmers remained for the most part true to the President's democratic ideals, even though the junkers tried to inflame them against the administration by arguing that the food board's campaign of food-control and price-fixing had been an injustice to the farmer that should be resented.

In the same way, the junkers on the Western state councils of defense and public-safety commissions and loyalty leagues took advantage of their opportunity to proceed against all their old opponents in labor circles and reform groups. The slightest reference to our bad industrial conditions was seized upon as socialism, Bolshevism, disloyalty, pro-Germanism. Doctor Charles Zueblin, lecturing in Colorado Springs before an association of grade- (*Continued on page 123*)

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters—Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie), an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen.

In July, 1916, Noel and her father visited Pierson's brother, Robert, and his wife, Thirza, at their home, Kestrel, in Monmouthshire. Here Noel meets a young officer, Cyril Morland, and they fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Pierson refuses his consent on the grounds of Noel's youth and the short acquaintance. Morland is summoned to join his regiment, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever gives herself to him.

Returning to London, Noel, to fit herself to be a nurse, enters a hospital where Pierson's cousin, Mrs. Lynch (Leila), is in charge of two wards. Leila has had two husbands and a somewhat adventurous career, and just now she is the mistress of Jimmy Fort, an army captain, whom she first met in South Africa. Fort is incapacitated for service and employed in the War Office. He takes a great liking to Noel, and Leila is much disturbed thereat.

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until news comes that Morland has been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds. When Pierson learns of Noel's condition, he is completely stunned, and reproaches himself with failure in his duty toward his motherless child. But the girl defends her action, takes all the blame upon herself, and refuses any pity or sympathy. She goes down to Kestrel, and there, in the early spring, a son is born to her.

Her uncle offers to adopt the child, but she refuses, and goes back to her father, who approves her resolution. In London she sits to a Belgian refugee painter named Lavendie for her portrait. She soon encounters Opinion, for she openly acknowledges her motherhood. The results are what might be expected. Meanwhile, Captain Fort, filled with pity, offers any service in his power, for he knows that he is in love with her.

Noel now realizes that her return home was a mistake. She sends the baby and nurse to her aunt's and goes to Leila's, to remain until she can decide what to do. Her father sees her there, and, after an interview, decides to give up his parish in spite of Noel's vehement protests. After reaching this decision, he feels more light-hearted.



She sank into a chair terribly. She had

Saint's

By John

Author o

Illustrated by

VIII

NOEL felt light-hearted, too, as if she had won a victory. She found some potted meat, spread it on another biscuit, ate it greedily, and finished the pint bottle of champagne. Then she hunted for the cigarettes, and sat down at the piano. She played old songs: "There is a Tavern in the Town," "Once I loved a Maiden Fair," "Mowing the Barley," "Clementine," "Lowlands," random tunes, and sang to them such words as she remembered. There was a delicious running in her veins, and once she got up and danced. She was kneeling at the window, looking out, when she heard the door open, and, without getting up, cried out:

"Isn't it a gorgeous night? I've had daddy here. I gave him some of your champagne and drank the rest—" then was conscious of a figure far too tall for Leila, and a man's voice saying:

"I'm awfully sorry. It's only I—Jimmy Fort."

Noel scrambled up.

"Leila isn't in; but she will be directly—it's past ten." He was standing stock-still in the middle of the room. "Won't you sit down? Oh—and won't you have a cigarette?"

"Thanks."

By the flash of his briquet, she saw his face clearly; the look on it filled her with a sort of malicious glee.

"I'm going now," she said. "Would you mind telling Leila that I found I couldn't stop?" She made toward the divan to get her hat. When she had put it on, she found him standing just in front of her.

"Noel—if you don't mind me calling you that?"

"Not a bit!"

"Don't go; I'm going myself."

"Oh, no! Not for worlds!" She tried to slip past, but he took hold of her wrist.

"Please; just one minute!"

Noel stayed motionless, looking at him, while his hand stil held her wrist. He said quietly,

"Do you mind telling me why you came?"

"Oh, just to see Leila."

"Things have come to a head at home, haven't they?" Noe shrugged her shoulders. "You came here for refuge, didn't you?"

"From whom?"

"Don't be angry—from the need of hurting your father." She nodded. "I knew it would come to that. What are you going to do?"

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eaning back, with her knees crossed; and at that moment Noel admired her
said it beautifully, and she looked so calm

Progress

Galsworthy

Beyond," etc.

Fanny Munsell

"Enjoy myself." She was saying something fatuous, yet she meant it.

"That's absurd. Don't be angry. You're quite right. Only, you must begin at the right end, mustn't you? Sit down." Noel tried to free her wrist. "No; sit down, please!"

Noel sat down; but as he loosed her wrist, she laughed. This was where he sat with Leila, where they would sit when she was gone.

"It's awfully funny, isn't it?" she said.

"'Funny?'" he muttered savagely. "Most things are—in this funny world."

The sound of a taxi not far off had come to Noel's ears. She gathered her feet under her, planting them firmly. If she sprang up, could she slip by him before he caught her arm again, and get that taxi?

"If I go now," he said, "will you promise me to stop till you've seen Leila?"

"No."

"That's foolish. Come, promise!"

Noel shook her head. She felt a perverse pleasure at his embarrassment.

"Leila's lucky, isn't she? No children, no husband, no father, no anything. How lovely!"

She saw his arm go up as if to ward off a blow.

"Poor Leila!" he said.

"Why are you sorry for her? She's got freedom. And she's got *you!*"

She knew it was wicked, but she wanted to hurt him.

"You needn't envy her for that."

But, as he spoke, Noel saw a figure over by the door; Leila had come in. She jumped up, and said breathlessly:

"Oh, here you are, Leila! Father's been here, and we've had some of your champagne."

"Capital! You *are* in the dark!"

Noel felt the blood rush into her cheeks. There was a click; the light leaped up, and Leila came forward. She looked extremely pale, calm, and self-contained in her nurse's dress: her full lips were tightly pressed together, but Noel could see her breast heaving violently. And a turmoil of shame and wounded pride began raging in the girl. Why had she not flown long ago? Why had she let herself be trapped like this? Leila would think she had been making up to him. Horrible! Disgusting! Why didn't he—why didn't some one, speak? Then Leila said:

"I didn't expect you, Jimmy. I'm glad you haven't been dull. Noel is staying here to-night. Give me a cigarette. Sit down, both of you. I'm awfully tired."

She sank into a chair, leaning back, with her knees crossed; and at that moment Noel admired her terribly. She had said it beautifully, and she looked so calm. Fort was lighting her cigarette; his hand was shaking, and his face all sorry and mortified.

"Give Noel one, too, and draw the curtains, Jimmy. Quick! Not that it makes any difference; it's light as day. Sit down, dear." But Noel remained standing. "What have you been talking of? Love and Chinese lanterns—or only me?"

At those words, Fort, who was drawing the last curtain, turned round; his tall figure was poised awkwardly against the wall; his face, utterly incapable of diplomacy, had a look as of flesh being beaten. If weals had started up across it, Noel would not have been surprised.

He said, with painful slowness:

"I don't exactly know. We had hardly begun, had we?"

"The night is young," said Leila. "Go on while I just take off my things."

She rose with the cigarette between her lips and went into the inner room. In passing, she gave Noel a look. What there was in that look the girl could never make clear even to herself. Perhaps a creature shot would gaze like that, with a sort of profound

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and distant questioning, reproach, and anger, with a sort of pride and the quiver of death. As the door closed, Fort came right across the room.

"Go to her!" cried Noel. "She wants you. Can't you see she wants you?"

And before he could move, she was at the door. She flew downstairs, and out into the moonlight. The taxi, a little way off, was just beginning to move away; she ran toward it, calling out: "Anywhere! Piccadilly!" and, jumping in, blotted herself against the cushions in the far corner.

She did not come to herself, as it were, for several minutes, and then feeling she could no longer bear the cab, stopped it and got out. Where was she? Bond Street. She began idly wandering down its narrow length—the fullest street by day, the emptiest by night. Oh, it had been horrible! Nothing had been said by any of them—nothing, and yet everything dragged out—of him, of Leila, of herself! She seemed to have no pride or decency left, as if she had been caught stealing. All her happy exhilaration had gone, leaving a miserable recklessness. Nothing she did was right, nothing turned out well, so what did it all matter? The moonlight flooding down between the tall houses gave her a peculiar heady feeling.

"Fey," her father had called her. Fey! She laughed. "But I'm not going home," she thought.

Bored with the street's length, she turned off and was suddenly in Hanover Square. There was the church, gray-white, where she had been bridesmaid to a second cousin when she was fifteen. She seemed to see it all again—her frock, the lilies in her hand, the surplices of the choir, the bride's dress, all moonlight-colored and unreal.

"I wonder what's become of her," she thought. "He's dead, I expect—like Cyril." She saw her father's face as he was marrying them, heard his voice: "'For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part.'" And the moonlight on the church seemed to shift and quiver—some pigeons, perhaps, had been disturbed up there. Then, instead of that wedding-vision, she saw Monsieur Barra, sitting on his chair, gazing at the floor, and Chica nursing her doll. "All mad, *mademoiselle*, a little mad. Millions of men with white souls, but all a little mad, you know." Then Leila's face came before her, with that look in her eyes. She felt again the hot grasp of Fort's fingers on her wrist, and walked on, rubbing it with the other hand. She turned into Regent Street. The wide curve of the Quadrant swept into a sky of unreal blue, and the orange-shaded lamps merely added to the unreality. "'Love and Chinese lanterns!' I should like some coffee," she thought suddenly. She was quite close to the place where Lavendie had taken her. "I'll go in here," she thought; "why not? I must go somewhere." She turned into the revolving cage of glass, and went down the corridor, half amused, half frightened, then suddenly remembered that through the end door they danced. She heard music, the sound of feet and laughter, and stood hesitating; a couple came out from the restaurant on her right, two men smoking cigars from a glass door on her left; she heard voices behind her. The door in front of her was opened, and a tall, pale young man in khaki burst out, brushing up his hair with his hands to cool his brow. He stumbled into Noel, recoiled, bowed, and said:

"Are you going to dance? Do have a turn with me. Come on!"

Noel did not answer, but went in at his side, and instantly began to dance. It was not a very large room, and there were about twenty couples—officers, civilians, young women in high dresses and low dresses, hats and without hats, but all quite orderly. The music and the floor were good; the young man danced well. It seemed to Noel as unreal as the street, and she floated about in a sort of dream, as if she had lost herself and did not want to find it again. It was delicious to be dancing. That was real—the realest thing to-night—except Leila's face.

"I go back to-morrow," said the young man suddenly.

"Oh!" murmured Noel.

"Never mind. Jolly good evening for the last. You dance like an angel. You are an angel, aren't you? I thought you were, outside the door—dropped from heaven. No angels in Flanders. 'Here we go round the mulberry bush!' Isn't this a topping step? Look here: Don't dance with anybody else; you're too good. Dance with me all the time, and don't talk about the war."

"I don't talk about anything when I'm dancing."

"Do you know anybody here?"

Noel shook her head.

"Nor I. I've been dancing with that girl in green; *she's* not an angel. By George, she's the limit!"

Noel saw a girl with a powdered face, and with eyes which seemed to burn whatever they looked on. They hurt her. She seemed to hear Fort's voice saying, "You must begin at the right end, mustn't you?" She flushed, went deadly pale; but all the time her feet went on sliding, slipping, in and out of the young man's feet, and the music whined and drummed in her ears, and the young man chattered. They passed the door.

"I think I'll stop," she murmured, "and get some air a minute. Oh, and I *would* like some coffee!"

The young man spun round, swinging her almost off her feet.

"Right-o!" he said. "You stay here. I'll get it in a jiffy."

He pushed open the door and vanished. Noel slipped outside. She stood just one moment, hesitating, then rushed as if for life down the passage and out through the glass cage. Once in the street and hurrying along, she felt her heart revive, and laughed, thinking of his face when he came back. He had said she was an angel dropped outside the door; he would expect her to go up in the same way! She sped along—feeling her only safety was in speed. But she could not walk about all night. There would be no train for Kestrel till the morning—and did she really want to go there and eat her heart out?

Suddenly she thought of George. Why not go down to him at Dover? He would know what was best for her to do. At the foot of the steps below the Waterloo Column, she stood still. All was quiet there and empty, the great buildings whitened, the trees blurred and blue; and sweeter air was coming across their flowering tops. The sensation of whirling and hovering left by the dance was still with her, so that she felt small and light, as if she could have floated through a ring. Faint rims of light showed round the windows of the great buildings. The war! However lovely the night, however sweet the lilac smelled—*that* never stopped!

She turned away and passed out under the arch, making for Charing Cross station. The train of the wounded had just come in, and she stood in the cheering crowd, watching the ambulances run out. Tears of excited emotion filled her eyes and trickled down. Steady, smooth, gray, one after the other they came gliding, with a little burst of cheers greeting each one. All were gone now, and she could pass in. She went to the buffet and got a large cup of coffee and a bun. Then, having noted the time of her early-morning train, she sought the ladies' waiting room, and, sitting down in a corner, took out her purse and counted her money. Two pounds fifteen—enough to go to the hotel if she liked. But without luggage it was so conspicuous, and she could sleep in this corner all right if she wanted. What did girls do who had no money, and no friends to go to?

Tucked away in the corner of that empty, heavy, varnished room, she seemed to see the cruelty and hardness of life as she had never before seen it, not even when facing her confinement. How lucky she had been—and was! Everyone was good to her. She had nothing—no real want or dangers—to face. But for women—yes, and men, too—who had no one to fall back on, nothing but their own hands and health and luck, it must be awful. That girl whose eyes had scorched her—perhaps she had no one—nothing. And people who were born ill, and the millions of poor women, like those whom she had gone visiting with Gratian sometimes in the poorer streets of her father's parish—for the first time she seemed to really know and feel the sort of lives they led. And then Leila's face came back to her once more—Leila, whom she had robbed. And the worst of it was that, alongside her remorseful sympathy, she felt a sort of satisfaction. She could not help his not loving Leila; she could not help it if he loved herself. And he did—she knew it! To feel that anyone loved her was so comforting. But it was all awful! And she—the cause of it! And yet—she had never done or said anything to attract him. No; she could not have helped it. She had begun to feel drowsy and closed her eyes. Gradually there came on her a cozy sensation, as if she were leaning up against some one with her head tucked in against his shoulder, as she had so often leaned as a child against her father, coming back from some long, darkening drive in Wales or Scotland. She seemed even to feel the wet, soft westerly air on her face and eyelids and to sniff the scent of a frieze coat [illegible] ear the jog of hoofs and the rolling of the wheels, to feel the closing-in of the darkness. Then, so dimly and drowsily, she seemed to know that it was not her father, but some one—some one—then no more, no more at all.

IX

She was awakened by the scream of an engine, and looked round her, amazed. Her neck had fallen sideways while she



DRAWN BY FANNY MUNSELL

"Friends, I am leaving you. These are the last words I shall ever speak in this place"

slept, and felt horridly stiff; her head ached, and she was shivering. She saw by the clock that it was past five. "If only I could get some tea!" she thought. "Anyway, I won't stay here any longer."

When she had washed and rubbed some of the stiffness out of her neck, the tea renewed her sense of adventure wonderfully. Her train did not start for an hour; she had time for a walk, to warm herself, and went down to the river. There was an early haze, and all looked a little mysterious; but people were already passing on their way to work. She walked along, looking at the water flowing up under the bright mist to which the gulls gave a sort of hovering life. She went as far as Blackfriar's Bridge, and, turning back, sat down on a bench under a plane tree just as the sun broke through. A little pasty woman with a pinched, yellowish face was already sitting there, so still, and seeming to see so little, that Noel wondered of what she could be thinking. While she watched, the woman's face began puckering, and tears rolled slowly down, trickling from pucker to pucker till Noel, summoning her courage, sidled nearer and said:

"Oh! What's the matter?"

The tears seemed to stop from sheer surprise; little gray eyes gazed round at Noel—patient little eyes from above an almost bridgeless nose.

"I 'ad a baby. It's dead. Its father's dead in France. I was goin' in the water, but I didn't like the look of it, and now I never will."

That "Now I never will" moved Noel terribly. She slid her arm along the back of the bench and clasped the skinniest of shoulders.

"Don't cry!"

"It was my first. I'm thirty-eight. I'll never 'ave another. Oh, why didn't I go in the water?"

The face puckered again, and the squeezed-out tears ran down.

"Of course she must cry," thought Noel; "cry and cry till it feels better." And she stroked the shoulder of the little woman, whose emotion was disengaging the scent of old clothes.

"The father of *my* baby was killed in France, too," she said at last. The little, sad gray eyes looked curiously round.

"Was 'e? 'Ave you got your baby still?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"I'm glad of that. It 'urts so bad, it does. I'd rather lose me 'usband than me baby, any day." And the sun shone on the side of that humble, terribly patient face.

"Can I do anything to help you?" Noel murmured.

"No, thank you, miss. I'm goin' 'ome now. I don't live far. Thank you kindly." And, raising her eyes for one more of those half-bewildered looks, she moved away along the Embankment wall. When she was out of sight, Noel walked back to the station. The train for Dover was in, and she took her seat.

She had three fellow passengers, all in khaki, very silent and moody, as men are when they have to get up early. One was tall, dark, and perhaps thirty-five; the second was small, and perhaps fifty, with cropped, scanty gray hair; the third was of medium height and perhaps sixty-five, with a long row of little colored patches on his tunic, and a bald, narrow, well-shaped head, gray hair brushed back at the sides, and the thin, collected features and drooping mustache of the old school. It was at him that Noel looked. When he glanced out of the window, or otherwise retired within himself, she liked his face; but wh he turned to the ticket-collector or spoke to the others, did not like it half so much. It was as if the old fellow h two selves, one of which he used when he was alone, the ot in which he dressed every morning to meet the world. Th had begun to talk about some tribunal on which they had sit. Noel did not listen, but a word or two carried to her n and then.



The tears seemed to stop from sheer surprise; little gray e
It's dead. Its father's dead in France. I w

"How many to-day?" she heard the old fellow ask, and t little cropped man answering, "Hundred and fourteen."

Fresh from the sight of the poor little shabby woman a her grief, she could not help a sort of shrinking from that tr old soldier, with his thin, regular face, who held the fate o "hundred and fourteen" in his firm, narrow grasp, perha every day. Would he understand their troubles or wants? course not. Then she saw him looking at her critically with

en, half-veiled eyes. If he had known her secret! "A lady, d act like that! Oh, no! Quite—quite out of the question!" ıd she felt as if she could sink under the seat with shame. No ubt he was only thinking: "Very young to be traveling by her- f at this hour of the morning. Pretty, too!" But that did not lp. If he knew the real truth of her—how he would stare! Why l this utter stranger, this old disciplinarian, by a casual glance, the mere form of his face, make her feel more guilty and hamed than she had yet felt? He was, must be, a narrow, con- ntional old man, and yet he could do that, because she felt that had faith in his gods and was true to them, because she knew would die sooner than depart from his canons of conduct.



zed round at Noel—patient little eyes from above an almost bridgeless nose. "I 'ad a baby. in' in the water, but I didn't like the look of it, and now I never will"

She turned to the window, biting her lips—angry and despair- g. She would never—never get used to her position; it was good. And again she had the longing of her dream—to tuck r face away into that coat, smell the scent of the frieze, snuggle be protected, and forget. "If I had been that poor lonely tle woman," she thought, "and had lost everything, I *should* ve gone into the water. It's only luck that I'm alive. I n't look at that old man again; then I shan't feel so bad."

She had bought some chocolate at the station and nibbled it, gazing steadily at the fields covered with daisies and the first of the buttercups and cowslips. The three soldiers were talking now in carefully lowered voices. The words: "women," "under control," "perfect plague," came to her, making her ears burn. In the hypersensitive mood caused by the strain of yesterday, her broken night, and the emotional meeting with the little woman, she felt as if they would include her among those "women." "If we stop, I'll get out," she thought. But when the train did stop, it was they who got out. She felt the old general's keen veiled glance sum her up for the last time, and looked full at him just for a moment. He touched his cap, said, "Will you have the window up or down?" and lingered to draw it half-way up. His punctiliousness made her feel worse than ever. And when the train had started again, she roamed up and down her empty carriage; there was no more a way out of her position than out of this rolling, cushioned carriage. And then she seemed to hear Fort's voice saying, "Sit down, please!" and to feel his fingers clasp her wrist. Oh, he was nice and comforting; *he* would never reproach or remind her! And now probably she would never see him again.

The train drew up at last. She did not know where George lodged. and would have to go to his hospital. She planned to get there at half-past nine, and having eaten a sort of breakfast at the station, went forth into the town. Dover was still wrapped in the early glamour which haunts chalk of a bright morning. But the streets were very much alive. Here was the real business of the war. She passed houses which had been wrecked. Trucks clanged and shunted; great lorries rumbled smoothly by. Sea and airplanes were moving like great birds far up in the bright haze; long gray ships crowded the harbor, and khaki was everywhere. But it was the sea Noel wanted. She made her way westward to a little beach, free of harbor-works and ships, and, sitting down on a stone, opened her arms to catch the sun on her face and chest. The tide was nearly up, with the wavelets of a blue-bright sea. The great fact, the greatest fact in the world, except the sun—vast and free, making everything human seem small and transitory! It did her good, like a tranquilizing friend. The sea might be cruel and terrible. Awful things it could do, and awful things were being done on it; but its wide, level line, its never-ending song, its sane savor were the best medicine she could possibly have taken. She rubbed the shelly sand between her fingers with absurd ecstasy, took off her shoes and stockings, paddled, and sat drying her legs in the sun.

When she left the little beach, she felt as if some one had said to her: "Your troubles are very little. There's the sun, the sea, the air; enjoy them! They can't take those from you."

At the hospital, she had to wait half an hour in a little bare room before George came. She had not seen him since her return.

"Nollie! Splendid! I've got an hour. Let's get out of this cemetery. We'll have time for a good stretch on the tops."

"Well, my dear," he said, when they were outside the gates; "jolly of you to have come to me. Tell us all about it."

When Noel had finished, he squeezed her arm.

"I knew it wouldn't do. Your dad forgot that he's a public

figure, and must expect to be damned according. But though you've cut and run, he'll resign all the same, Nollie."

"Oh, no!" cried Noel.

George shook his head.

"Yes; he'll resign. You'll see. He's got no worldly sense—not a grain."

"Then I shall have spoiled his life, just as if—oh, no!"

"Let's sit down here. I must be back at eleven."

They sat down on a bench, where the green cliff stretched out before them, over a sea quite clear of haze, far down and very blue.

"Why should he resign," cried Noel again, "now that I've gone? He'll be lost without it all."

"Found, my dear. He'll be where he ought to be, Nollie, where the Church is, and the churchmen are not—in the air."

"Don't!" cried Noel passionately.

"My dear child, I'm not chaffing. There's no room on earth for saints in authority. There's use for a saintly symbol, even if one doesn't hold with it, but there's no mortal use for those who try to have things both ways—to be saints and seers of visions, and yet come the practical and worldly, and rule ordinary's men's lives. Saintly example—yes; but not saintly governance. You've been his deliverance."

"But daddy loves his church."

George frowned.

"Of course it'll be a wrench. A man's bound to have a cozy feeling about a place where he's been boss so long; and there *is* something about a church—the drone, the scent, the half-darkness—there's beauty in it; it's a pleasant drug. But he's not being asked to give up the drug habit—only to stop administering drugs to others. Don't you worry, Nollie; I don't believe that's ever suited him. It wants a thicker skin than he's got."

"But all the people he helps?"

"No reason he shouldn't go on helping people, is there?"

"But to go on living there, without—mother died there, you know."

George grunted.

"Dreams, Nollie, all round him—of the past and the future of what people are and what he can do with them. I never see him without a skirmish, as you know, and yet I'm fond of him. But I should be twice as fond and half as likely to skirmish if he'd drop the habits of authority. Then I believe he'd have some real influence over me. There's something beautiful about him; I know that quite well."

"Yes," murmured Noel fervently.

"He's a queer mixture," mused George. "He's out of his age, Nollie—chalks above most of the parsons in a spiritual sense, and chalks below most of them in the worldly. And yet I believe he's in the right of it. The Church ought to be a forlorn hope, Nollie; then we should take it seriously. Instead of that, it's a prosperous business that no one can take seriously. Now, what about you? There's a room at my boarding-house and only one old lady there beside myself, who knits all the time. If Grace can get shifted, we'll find a house, and you can have the baby. They'll send your luggage on from Paddington if you write; and in the meantime Grace has got some things here that you can have."

"I'll have to send a wire to daddy."

"I'll do that. You come to my diggings at half-past one, and I'll settle you in. Until then, you'd better stay up here."

When he had gone, she roamed a little further, and lay down on the short grass where the chalk broke through in patches. She could hear a distant rumbling, very low, traveling in that grass, the long mutter of the Flanders guns. "I wonder if it's as beautiful a day there," she thought. "How dreadful to see no green, no butterflies, no flowers—not even sky—for the dust of the shells! Oh, won't it ever, ever end?" And a sort of passion for the earth welled up in her, the warm, grassy earth along which she lay pressed so close that she could feel it with every inch of her body, and the soft spikes of the grass against her nose and lips. An aching sweetness tortured her; she wanted the earth to close its arms about her; she wanted the answer to her embrace of it. She was alive, and wanted love. Not death—not loneliness—not death! And out there, where the guns muttered, millions of men would be thinking that same thought.



Then, so dimly and drowsily, she seemed to know that it was not her father, but some one—some one—then no more, no more at all

X

Edward Pierson had passed nearly the whole night with the relics of his past, the records of his stewardship, and the tokens of his short married life. The idea which had possessed him walking home in the moonlight sustained him in that melancholy task of docketing and destruction. There was not nearly so much to do as one would have supposed, for, with all his dreaminess, he had always been oddly neat and businesslike in all paris matters. But a hundred times that night he stopped overcome by memories. Every corner, drawer, photograph, paper was thread in the long-spun web of his life in this house. Some phase of his work, some vision of his wife or his daughters started forth from each bit of furniture, picture, doorway. Noiseless, in his slippers, he stole up and down between the study, dining-room, drawing-room, and anyone seeing him at his work in the dim light which visited the staircase from above the front door and the upper-passage window would have thought—a ghost at large, a ghost gone into mourning for the condition of the world, perhaps. He had to make this reckoning to-night while the exaltation of his new idea (*Continued on page 9*



There walked into the smoking-room of the hotel, where I was sitting alone, a young and very pretty girl who threw me a careless and rather friendly glance, then began, apparently, to undress

Thanks to Lucia

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

By Henry C. Rowland

ONE really hasn't the right to be surprised at anything nowadays, especially as regards sudden departures from the conventional in the conduct of young girls. So I was entirely to blame for being startled when there alked into the smoking-room of the hotel, where I was sitting one, a young and very pretty girl who threw me a careless and ther friendly glance, then began, apparently, to undress.

Taken thus off my guard, I stared at her for a moment, then oked round for the camera-man, for this was down in the oving-picture country. But there was no camera-man. In ct, there was nobody at all around, and, being of a wary nature, was about to retire when the girl extracted a pin which had en sticking into some part of her, reassembled again, and, rning to me with a smile, remarked:

"Clothes are a great bother, aren't they? I don't see why ople want to wear so many of them."

"It is one of the foolish customs of the country," I answered. Perhaps they are more sensible where you come from." For, in oticing the old-ivory tan of her clear skin, it struck me that per-ps she was a Pacific Islander, though in general type she was nglo-Saxon.

She shook her head, and tumbled down a bale of insecurely stened ruddy hair.

"Bother!" said she impatiently. "It's just the same with ur hair. So many silly little pins and things! I don't know w to make it stay. Do you?"

"I never tried," I answered; "so the chances are I should make mess of it. If you go in the ladies' dressing-room, the maid ight fix it for you."

She ignored the advice and fastened me with a pair of large es which were of a pale but very soft shade of gray, doubly nged with long black lashes. I saw immediately, from their pression, that I had to do with some sort of a primitive. No phisticated girl, however artful, could have given an absolute ranger such an unconscious, inquiring stare.

"You look very nice," said she. "Do you know my father?"

"Thank you," I answered. "What is your father's name?"

"Elliot Fiske. We have just got here from a long way off. never saw any people before. Father says I must not speak strangers, but I'm sure he wouldn't mind my speaking to you."

But I was hardly listening. Elliot Fiske—Elliot Fiske. The name was entirely familiar. Sometime or other, I had known one Elliot Fiske, and the vague association impressed me as having been a pleasant one. The girl interrupted my effort at recollection.

"What is your name?" she asked. "Mine is Lucia."

"And mine is Arthur Brown," I answered, at which she clapped her hands.

Then suddenly I remembered Elliot Fiske as one of the American art students at Julian's paint-school when I had studied there nearly twenty-five years ago, and one of the wildest of that rollicking crowd. It seemed to me also that I had heard something of his having been lost at sea on a voyage round the Horn on one of his uncle's big sailing ships.

"Of course," I said, and, as I spoke, Fiske himself came in. I doubt if I should have known him for the gay, debonair friend of my youth. He did not look to have aged so much, though his hair and Van Dyck had whitened, but his handsome face was tanned and weather-roughened as if from many years of exposure, and had a strong, virile intensity of expression utterly lacking in the Elliot Fiske whom I remembered. His body, too, gave a suggestion of splendid muscular strength and nervous tonicity.

"Here you are again!" he snapped to Lucia. "How many times must I tell you to keep out of the smoking-room and not to bother strangers?"

"Hello, Fiske," I interrupted. "Where have you been all these years?"

He recognized me at once. Then some woman acquaintance looked in and called to Lucia, who went out with a rush, her hair tumbling on her shoulders. Fiske dropped into a chair with a sigh.

"Now what the deuce am I do to with a young savage like that?" he demanded helplessly. "Just think of it, Brown; until a week ago she'd never seen a living person but her mother and old André and myself."

"Where in the world have you been?" I asked.

"On a weird outcrop of hell in Magellan Land. Old uncle Saltonstall stuck me on one of his wind-jammers for a voyage round the Horn to cure me of the liquor habit. This ship had taken a cargo of California wine to Bordeaux, got it good and agitated, then bottled and shipped back with a French label. She was homeward bound full of empty casks which were worth more than the blooming wine, and uncle said to me: 'Nephew, here's a chance to make a man of yourself. Captain Simms runs a dry ship, and you can't get a drink for at least three months. Now you can go and overcome your vice or never expect another cent from me.' So I went."

"Did you get cured?" I asked.

"You bet! I was cured before we crossed the Line, but it wasn't the dryness of the ship that did it. The skipper was a secret drinker, and he was taking out the niece of a French wine-grower in California. Her name was Renée Duffroy, and she was a beauty. I fell in love with her, of course, and so did that darned psalm-singing, rum-soaking skipper, and I had to keep sober to protect her. Oh, it was a beastly cruise, and kept getting worse the nearer we got to the Horn. Down there off old Cape Stiff, everything went glimmering. The mate was swept overboard one night, and the second mate fell from aloft and smashed himself to pieces, and just then the old man blew up in a raging attack of d.t's and saw sea-serpents and things tearing over the waves and clashing their jaws. The crew got at the liquor, and, with all hands drunk and I standing guard over Renée with a gun, we got caught aback and dismasted. Before this, we'd been swept repeatedly, and lost all of our boats and most of the hands. Then the weather cleared, and we found ourselves wallowing crazily in the backwash from the foot of great, jagged, towering cliffs, and finally slewed into a bight and fetched up in a landlocked basin on three big prongs of rock. We jammed down on them with the tide at full flood, and there we stuck like a piece of junk on a fork."

"How many of you were there?" I asked.

"Six of us. Renée and the skipper and André, the cook, two of the hands, and myself. It was a terrific sort of place—huge, heaped-up, jagged cliffs full of caverns and grottoes, and farther inland there were high plateaus and deep gorges and valleys with boiling springs and geysers and things. The sea roared against it, and the wind roared over it, and part was frozen and part steaming, and there were seals and myriads of birds and a good many wild goats. It was an island, I think, though in twenty years' time I never got all the way across it to see. In the basin where the ship fetched up there were places where the water boiled up hot and fresh in big, flat eddies, and in some of the little valleys the vegetation was tropical. You can't imagine such a mixed-up place, and it had a sort of fantastic beauty of the Turneresque school. A few miles away, a miniature volcano got semiactive once in a while and turned the atmosphere a ruddy saffron. It was an awful place for thunder-storms, too."

"And you've just come from there?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes. After about eighteen months of it without ever sighting so much as smoke, we built a pinnace, and the skipper and two hands cleared out, but they must have been lost. Before the skipper left, he married Renée and me, and about a year later, Lucia was born. André preferred to stay with us than take a chance in that little boat in those awful waters with the swift tides and fogs and terrific, sudden squalls. The climate wasn't really so bad, as you could have any kind you liked at almost any time of year, the place being steam-heated, as you might say, or full of furnaces. There would be a steeple of rock sheathed in ice, and mushrooms growing round a hot spring at the foot of it. The big cavern we lived in was always comfortably warm. Taking it full and by, we weren't so badly off. We had everything a big ship carries to start with, and the seeds we planted in the warm, fertile spots grew amazingly. I suppose the ground was rich in phosphates and nitrates and things. We had peas and beans and onions and potatoes and corn, and we'd saved a few chickens that soon increased and multiplied. Then there were the goats and seals and all sorts of sea-food. Fact is, when we began to get used to it a little, Renée and I were perfectly happy. She loved me, and I loved her.

' 'Je t'aime; je t'adore;
Que veux tu encore?' "

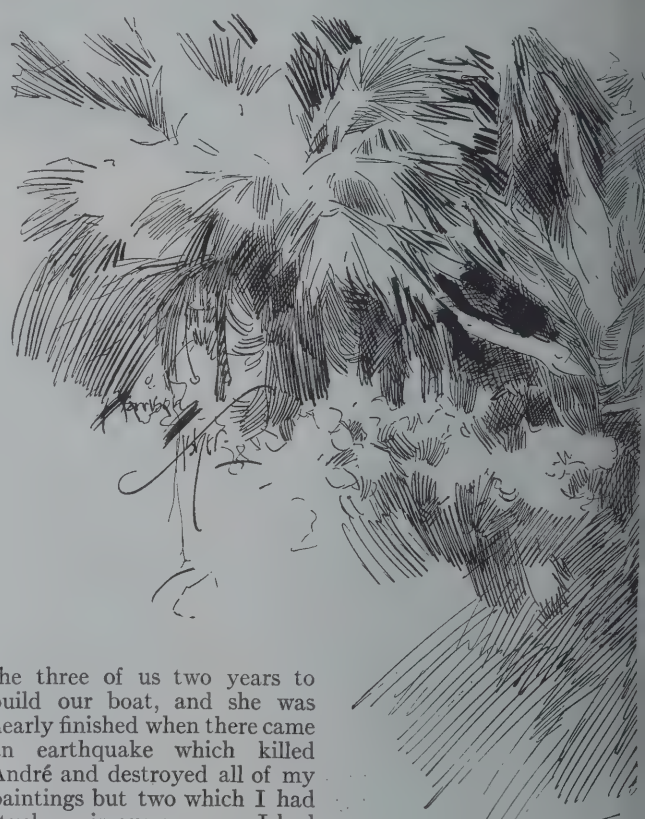
"A *paradis à deux*," I murmured.

"Quite so. Good old André was a sort of Caliban. He got a little dippy, I think, but, being a Breton, that was natural. As I said, the place has a wild, eery beauty about it. Imagine the north pole and the tropics stirred up roughly together and then suddenly solidified. Ice crystals on the beach, and a coupl of hundred yards away fruit and flowers growing round th edges of a steaming pool. As soon as we gave up the idea of res cue and began to make ourselves at home for the rest of our lives I started in to paint."

"Using the ship's paint when your colors gave out?" I asked

"Not a bit of it. I never touched that mud. There were som wonderful pigments in that volcanic formation, and I groun them up and mixed them with various tempora until I got wha I wanted—gums and egg albumen and amber and all that stuff Do you know, Brown, I really learned to paint in that place I cut my canvases from the sails and used the cabin-panels, an I had some wonderful things, if I do say it myself. Then, abou three years ago, Renée was killed." His face twitched. "She wa struck by lightning in one of those hideous storms. The place fairl shook with them. Renée got careless and started to come to th 'studio,' as I called the grotto where Lucia and I were at work

"Well, it was unbearable without Renée, so we decided to tr to get away. André was getting old, and any day some acciden might have happened me and left Lucia there alone. It too



the three of us two years to build our boat, and she was nearly finished when there came an earthquake which killed André and destroyed all of my paintings but two which I had stuck up in our cavern. I had painted them for Renée. So Lucia and I put to sea, and here we are."

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Where did you get?"

"We were picked up by a steamer off the entrance to the Straits of Magellan and taken to San Francisco. I landed there after twenty years of exile with about five hundred dollars and a grown-up daughter whose knowledge of this world is purely theoretical. But let me tell you she is very far from being the young savage you might think. Her mother was convent-educated, and gave her lessons in everything which she thought she ought to know, while she has learned a good deal that she may some day *have* to know from me. I'm no believer in the protection-of-innocence idea. Lucia inherits her mother's beauty and temperament and a good deal of her father's damfoolishness, and she's not or any desert island now."

"I don't think you need worry about Lucia," said I. "She'll on learn the ropes. What is more important just at this min- e is how you are going to provide for her with what is left of ur five hundred dollars. Have you no other resources?"

He shook his head.

"None whatever—barring, of course, my painting. Renée d no *dot*, and I learn that uncle Saltonstall took it for granted at I must be drowned when I failed to cadge on him for a year two, and left his fortune with no provision for my turning-up. ame down here hoping to find an old chum, but he's dead, too. I'm going to see if I can't get a job with these 'movie' people the time being."

"Nonsense!" I said. "You come to my house and stay as long you like. I've got a nice bungalow down the beach with a big udio, and my household consists of a Chinese cook, a French let, a Swiss chauffeur, and a Portuguese boatman. Draw on for what you need until you get on your feet again. I've done etty well since we last met, and just now I'm at work on a big der to paint the mural decorations in the palace of a millionaire. just you pack up your dunnage and move in."

Fiske protested a little, but finally gave in; so, as soon as Lucia came back, I loaded them and their scant luggage into the car and took them to my place, which was about five miles away. Fiske sat in front with the chauffeur and was tremendously interested and excited in the running of the car, but Lucia seemed entirely at her ease. I asked her presently what she found most curious about her new surroundings.

"Men," she answered promptly. "They are not at all what I thought they would be like. All that I have talked to were very nice, but, of course, some are nicer than others. Father must be quite wrong about them. Money is very interesting, too. It seems to me that if one wants to be happy here, the first thing to do is to make friends with some man who has plenty of money."

"Why not a woman?" I asked.

"I think a woman would probably want it for herself," said she. "The men seem to be much more obliging. I hope that you have plenty of money, Mr. Brown."

"Fortunately I have as much as we are apt to need," I answered. "What would you like to have first?"

She reflected for a moment while I watched her in amused curiosity. If I had been twenty years younger, Lucia's profile would have aroused a much warmer emotion.

"I think I should like to have a goat," said she. "I had to leave my goat, and I have missed it a great deal. Later on, I should like to have a husband who was good-looking and has plenty of money."

"Those are both very reasonable things to want, and I don't think there should be any great difficulty about getting them," I answered. "I shall buy you a kid this very afternoon. But you had better look round a little before you choose the husband, as you might pick the wrong one, and they are sometimes difficult to get rid of."

She nodded.

"So father has told me. But I can't wait very long, because we haven't any money, and it would not be right for us to keep on spending yours without giving you anything in return."

"That is done between friends," I said. "Besides, you do give me something in return. You give me the pleasure of your company. As long as I am satisfied with the arrangement, there is no reason why you shouldn't be."

Lucia turned and looked at me intently, then smiled, and a shade of color glowed through her clear ivory skin. Her face was of the sort which is intensely attractive to men, not precisely beautiful or entirely regular of feature, the mouth being wide and set slightly at a slant with very mobile lips and a nose of which the tip left plenty of clearance for their activity. It was, on the whole, the face of a thoughtful but potentially mischievous nymph.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"Of what you just said," she answered. "Of course it is very nice to have a friend who gives you things, but I should want to give more than the pleasure of my company in return. Now, if I were your wife, I would be yours, just the same as my goat is mine, so it would be all right for you to take care of me. I think that you would be a very nice husband, Mr. Brown, but I suppose that if you wanted a wife you would have got one a long time ago."

Fortunately Fiske was plying the chauffeur with questions about the machine, which the latter was answering in detail, so that this tentative proposal was not overheard.

"The only woman I ever wanted to marry did not want to marry me," I said to Lucia. "Perhaps at that time I did not have money enough. So she married a man whom she did not love but who had a great deal, and afterward he went and lost it, and then she had nothing at all. You see, my dear, money is not everything."

"No," Lucia agreed; "especially as you might lose it all. But you might lose all your love, too, and then it would be just as bad if not worse."

"You have undoubtedly inherited some good French common sense," I observed. "I do not



She reflected for a moment while I watched her in amused curiosity

think that your father need worry about you. To change the subject, what do you think about this place? Do you like it?"

"I like seeing all the funny people and the pretty houses and gardens and riding in automobiles and going to the 'movies,'" she answered; "but I wish that Thunder Island were not so far away." She looked at me with a wistful expression in her light-gray eyes. "Sometimes I think about where we lived and mother and André and the seals and rocks and my goat, and it gives me a bad feeling in my stomach, but father says I shall soon get over that."

I saw her suddenly in a different light, which was that of a pitiful, homesick little girl torn like a limpet from her rough rocks and caught up in our strange social conglomerate. But I felt this even more strongly when, after we had arrived and I had got them settled, Fiske and I went into the studio. He had the only two canvases which he had saved, and seemed impatient to get my opinion of them. I rather dreaded this, as Fiske had never shown any talent in the paint-school, and most of us had been inclined to regard his dabbling in colors rather in the light as a pretext for not going to work.

But I might have spared myself anxiety, as the first picture which he placed upon the easel showed at a glance the master-touch and that his claim that he had learned to paint on Thunder Island, as he had named the place, was a perfectly valid one. The subject was the bulk of the old Pemaquid in the moonlight, and the problem about as difficult technically as he could have chosen, being a study in the values of the lunar rainbow with those from the crater of a small active volcano reflected against the sky and thrown down upon the still water in the background. The comparative treatment of these two wholly different qualities of light was enough to puzzle criticism without the effect produced by the extraordinary medium, or tempora, which he had employed, and which suggested a picture painted on a slab of ice, if such a thing were possible. Like the place, as he had verbally described it, one seemed to feel the combination of heat and cold. It was really an amazing, outrageous impression.

"You've got it, Elliot!" I said. "I don't know what the deuce it is, but you've got it, and it's something big."

He laughed.

"I thought it would puzzle you," said he. "The other's in a different key." And he replaced the first by the second. This was even more astonishing. The subject was a splendid girlish figure, standing in the sunrise at the edge of a steaming pool, with a fantastic valley sloping down to the sea in the background. The whole place was filled with brilliant, multi-colored vapor which tempered what one felt must have been the violent tones in the contorted rocks with their curious tentacles and the gyrating stream which flowed down through a formation which suggested molten lead thrown into water, such as we used to make on All-hallow e'en.

The whole place fairly vibrated with color through an atmosphere equally intense. Blue icicles hung from the eroded lips of grottoes, while strange fungoid growths, with blossoms weirdly hued, bloomed from the pool's edge and about the pink feet of the girl, who stood looking down into the saffron water, the steam issuing from between her parted lips and wreathed about her limbs and body. One could almost feel the frosty rime on her fresh skin, and the fissured rocks in the background held ice crystals and snow-filled seams. The everted lip of the basin was edged with sulphur and vitriol and sparkling with pyrites.

"A study in heat and cold," said Fiske. "I have not exaggerated a bit. That is our bathtub, and precisely as it looked on a frosty morning. The figure is not posed, of course."

"The thing is a wonder, Elliot," I said. "What a catastrophe that all your work of twenty years should have been lost! But you don't need worry about your future when you can paint like that. Did you bring away plenty of pigments?"

"No, unfortunately," he answered; "but I think I can manage with ordinary colors. After all, this sort of thing really belongs only to such a place as that where the whole mise en scène was violent and ferocious and prehistoric. People here at home wouldn't understand it, and by the time I got 'em educated, I'd be dead. The main thing is that I learned values. One couldn't help it, they were so pronounced. Diagrammatic, as one might say. They hit you in the eye."

We went out after Fiske had politely admired some specimens of my own work, which, for all its success, looked, I must say, very thin and anemic in comparison with his vivid interpretations. But he was unquestionably right in saying that it could not hope to find popular interpretation any more than Thunder Island could have been a popular seaside resort. It was too savagely elemental. But it made a deep impression upon me, and I drove over to the Portuguese village in quest of Lucia' baby goat, marveling at the sweetness and gentleness of a gi born and bred in such raw surrounding conditions as migh have existed at the very dawn of our race.

II

THE people whose palatial house I had just begun to decorat had recently suffered a grievous blow. Their only child, a manl young chap of twenty-six, had, a short time after my under taking the order, been sent back from France stone-blind, as th result of a big shell exploding close by him, the concussion havin apparently produced some central lesion to destroy the visua sense.

The Smiths (as I shall call them) were naturally in dee distress, not only for the affliction itself but for fear of its effec upon the general health and mental tone of their son. The were sensible folk, and did not try to make a martyr of him o unduly pester him with wearisome attentions, while the boy Wade, bore up under his calamity with an outward air of gruf philosophic resignation which however deceived nobody. H had been a rather spoiled and harum-scarum youth, I imagine but now that he was stricken, it seemed to irritate him whe anybody but the immediate family tried to entertain him— frequent condition with the recently blinded, I am told.

In my case, however, he made a flattering exception and use to come often to the studio where I was making my preliminar sketches and listen silently and without comment to my length yarns of the old days when I had gone adventuring with thos hardened sea-scamps, Doctor Bowles and Jordan Knapp But it was evident enough that he was going steadily down-hil for his splendid physique was gradually giving way under th bravely borne strain.

The day after the arrival at my house of Elliot and Lucia I was at work in the studio rather early when Wade was brough in by his chauffeur. As soon as the man had left, Wade turne his dark, lustrous, sightless eyes toward me and said:

"Hope you don't mind this early visit, Mr. Brown. I have t get up at the peep o' dawn to escape Suzanne."

Not being as yet intimate with the family, I asked who Suzann might be and why he had to lose his beauty-sleep to escape her

"Suzanne is my ante-bellum *fiancée*," he answered. "Afte getting my lamps doused, I tried to break it off, but she is to noble. She has determined to sacrifice her life to my hap piness—" He drew down the corners of his mouth.

"Why don't you be even nobler and refuse to accept th sacrifice?" I asked.

"I've tried, but she beats me to it. Being blind, I can' sidestep; so, when she showers me with her bounties, I get th bath right on the top of the bean. You see, I asked her t marry me when I got my commission, and immediately becam very much engaged, so that now there seems no way out of i with honor. At that time I was very keen to marry her, but no I seem to have lost my taste for it, just as I have for booze an tobacco and my four meals a day. Suzanne's asset is an over allowance of beauty, but what's the good of that when you can' see it? Besides, she is very fond of admiration and inclined t be flirtatious, and I don't like the idea of a gay and beautifu young wife that I can't keep my eye on. I'd be imagining al sorts of things."

"If you feel that way about it," said I, "you'd be no end of chump to marry her. In fact, if her beauty confines itself to th visual sense, you would have been a fool to marry her, anyhow It seems to me that here is at least one compensation for havin been blinded. Tell her spang out that you're not going t marry her, and make an end of it."

"Well," said Wade, "it isn't so easy as it sounds. She turne down two good offers to get engaged to me. Then she's n longer in the first flush of her youth, being thirty this spring, an her people haven't got much money. Let me tell you, Brown a chap's a darned fool to get engaged or married just before goin to the war. Even if he has the luck not to get crocked, he's ap to come back with his ideas all changed. He's not the sam man that went away. It does something to you—changes you ideas, somehow. Even if I hadn't got my light blown out I'd have been a different sort of guy. You slough off a lot o your silly stuff and see things and people in another light I thought Suzanne was a wonder, and now she bores me to tears— especially as I can't see how pretty she is."

"How does she bore you?" I asked.

"Oh, every way. Principally in the afflicted-hero business I don't want to be slobbered over, and I was tucked up like



"I discovered that your fascinating *confrère* was taking far more interest in his model than in his work"

gehog in a hole when this cursed shell jarred my sight loose. rest of the bunch was killed. Some chaps have all the ," he said bitterly.

was casting about for something to say when the door flew n and Lucia popped in. She looked prettier than ever in her rt skirt and sailor-blouse, for Elliot's first act had been to d her over to a capable woman and get her thoroughly ed out for the civilized world, and I thought, with a pang, what a pity it was that Wade couldn't see her. He got on his feet and stood stiffly while I introduced them.

"Mr. Smith has just come back from the war," I said, "and he has been struck blind by the explosion of a shell."

"'Blind?'" Lucia echoed, and looked unbelievingly at Wade's fine eyes which showed no hint of their affliction except in a slight indirectness of gaze. "Can't you see at all?" she demanded, and her tone was curious rather than compassionate.

"Not a thing," he answered shortly "They tell me I never shall."

Lucia was silent for a moment, staring at him reflectively. Suddenly she shut her eyes tightly, stood for a moment, then advanced with groping hands and uncertain steps.

"What are you doing?" Wade asked sharply.

"I'm trying to see what it's like to be blind," Lucia answered, without opening her eyes. She reached where he stood and touched his chest. He raised his hand involuntarily, and it met hers. Lucia clasped it and gave it a little shake "How do you do?" said she, and laughed. A rich color mounted suddenly about her ears. She opened her eyes and looked at his puzzled, frowning face. "It must be very interesting to be blind," said she.

"I'm glad you think so," said he gruffly; "I don't."

"It is, though," she answered. "It makes you feel so much in other ways —like trying to find your way round in the dark. Now, if I'd gone up and shaken hands with my eyes open and looked at you with my eyes open, I wouldn't have felt it at all. But, with your eyes shut, it gives you sort of a thrill. Didn't *you* feel it?"

"Well—sort of," Wade admitted, and I noticed that his frown had relaxed and his color, too, was heightened a little. "Say, what sort of girl are you, anyhow?"

"Lucia is a very uncommon sort of girl," I said. "You'd better let her tell you about herself."

"Huh—want to get rid of me, do you?" he grunted.

"I want to get rid of you both for about an hour," said I. "Why don't you go down to the beach? It's too nice outside to sit here in the studio.

"All right," said Wade, rather to my surprise. "All places look alike to me."

"They don't feel alike, though," Lucia observed. She snatched suddenly at the hem of her skirt, pulled it up, and became suddenly absorbed in some part of her anatomy.

"Lucia," I said, sharply, "you mustn't do that."

"But there's a flea biting me," she protested.

Wade laughed outright. It was the first time that I had heard him laugh—that is, mirthfully—and it sounded very good. Lucia looked at him and smiled.

"You can be thankful that it's your eyes and not your arms," said she. "What if you hadn't any hands to scratch yourself with? And you'd have to be fed like a baby goat." She looked suddenly at me. "Have you got my goat, Mr. Brown?"

Wade laughed again.

"Gee, but you've got mine!" said he. "Lord, Brown, but it seems good to strike somebody who isn't sorry for me." He held out his hand. "Come on, you Lucia girl," said he; "let's go down to the beach—that is, if you feel like it. I want to hear about who and what is responsible for you."

"Go ahead, Lucia," I said. "Tell him about your seals and volcanoes and hot springs and things. The goat will probably be here when you get back."



Wade had formed the habit, every morning now beach, which

"Very well," said Lucia, and they went out hand in ha As they struck the gravel path, I heard Lucia say, "I'll shut eyes, too, and we'll see if we cannot go straight out the gate wi out running into a prickly tree or something."

"Suzanne," said I to myself, "had better get hard on t job—and quick."

After a few days in which to get wonted, Fiske started painting with the high-powered energy which appeared characterize all of his efforts. As we got better acquaint I was more and more surprised at the boyishness of his natu It seemed as if the twenty years of exile on Thunder Island h been a sort of suspended mental and physical developme and he was actually only forty-three. Furthermore, duri this era, his life had been free of the carking care which a most of us, filled with the companionship of his wife and ch and without any particular privation or grinding toil. Besid he had his art to distract and occupy him.

It was immediately evident, also, that he had become a mast of this art, which was not surprising when one stops to thin Given a certain amount of latent talent, a good technical found tion not carried to the point of hampering one's originality, a unlimited time and material, such a result was not surprisi In this respect, he had developed along his own lines, and sound I rather envied him the lack of criticism and comparison which so many of us are either smothered or absorbed. He h already passed the danger of the errors of ignorance, and



g down to the sheltered corner of the ically our own, with Lucia

lization and imagination being true and normal, he had dily progressed.

sides being a powerful colorist, Fiske's forte was figure-portrait-work, and his first requirement therefore a suitable ect. I had been able to secure such models as I needed for naids and water-nymphs and Nereids and Tritons and gs from the waiting benches of the moving-picture colony, none of these candidates pleased Fiske. For a man who sat twenty years on a desert island, he was desperately to please. He said that he had painted Lucia until he could er portrait hanging by his legs with both eyes shut, and he ed a fresher field. This need was supplied from, all things idered, a rather peculiar source.

rs. Smith, a Virginian, and, despite her obvious ambition e considered *grande dame*, a very kind and sensible woman, intensely interested in what I told her about my guests, plainly desired to promote them if, on inspection, they eared to merit such attention. Mrs. Smith's nature was as to require a protégé or two, and as this was precisely t Fiske needed to get recognition, I took him and Lucia there ea. Wade may have made some mention of Lucia, but not h, I imagine, having no desire to share his find.

was justly proud of my exhibits. Fiske with his handsome, e face and figure, high enthusiasm, and general *cachet* of good ding was just the type which any society woman might be sed to discover, while Lucia, with her uncommon prettiness absolute naturalness of speech and action, was also an unusual and refreshing type of the genus Girl. I may modestly add that my own reputation furnished a proper set of ways for their launching into the high society of the slope.

There were quite a number of people there when we arrived, and as the story had been rather garishly written up by some reporter, Fiske and Lucia became immediately the center of interest, which did not embarrass either of them in the slightest. Fiske seemed pleased and happy to find himself shining brightly again after twenty years of total eclipse from the social world, while Lucia conducted herself as might any other well-bred young girl who had grown up remote from social activities.

Then Suzanne Talbot came in and we were presented, and presently I noticed Elliot watching her with a sort of eager intensity. She was really a very beautiful woman and did not seem at all the siren I had expected to find her. She was dark and willowy, with soft Eurasian features, dreamy eyes, and such a form as dressmakers love to clothe. Her manner was very subdued, and her voice delicious in its soft cadences. There was, in fact, an almost tropical languor about her speech and motions, but she impressed me as a highly temperamental creature underneath her smooth exterior. I wondered that she had not married before, as she seemed to me anything but the celibate type.

Fiske presently attached himself to her and appeared to be getting on rapidly when the time came for us to leave. We had hardly got started for home before he twisted round in his seat and began to chant her glories.

"There's a woman I could paint, Arthur!" said he enthusiastically. "Such rich warm coloring—such expression! Did you notice her eyes? There's a suggestion of subtle, feral force about her. Did you get it?"

"She looked sleepy to me," said Lucia.

"Nonsense! There's nothing sleepy about her. She wears her feelings on the inside. I'll bet she'd make things hum if roused. You can see it in those hungry eyes."

"She didn't eat the sandwiches and cake as if she were hungry," Lucia observed.

"Of course not!" he snapped. "That sort of food isn't what *her* system requires. She's a sort of sleeping beauty. I know I could paint her."

"Did you tell her so?" I asked.

"Yes; I did better—I asked her to sit for me, and she said she would. As you don't use the studio in the afternoon, old chap, I thought I might as will start right in. She's coming to-morrow."

"You didn't lose any time about it," I said, wondering how much of Suzanne's acquiescence might be due to Elliot's power of persuasion and how much to discover the source of the studio's attraction for Wade.

"Why should I? Might as well make a start, since she's willing to pose."

"I suppose you know that she's engaged to Wade Smith," I said, and felt Lucia stir at my side. Elliot looked decidedly startled.

"What!" he cried. "That lovely creature marry a blind man! Impossible! Besides, he's too young for her. He's a fine chap and all that, but he's just a boy, and she's a splendid, full-blown woman. All she needs is to be waked up, and she looks as if she were about ready for it."

"Then go ahead and wake her up," I said, "and when she's got her eyes wide open, hand her over to Wade."

Elliot looked very much upset, and so did Lucia, at whom I stole a sidelong glance. There was a frown on her broad, white forehead, and her firm little chin had a combative look. Later, as I was sitting alone on the veranda watching the sunset colors and taking mental notes for my decorations, she came out and seated herself beside me. Elliot was splashing round in the studio.

"Mr. Brown," said Lucia, "I don't want Wade to marry Miss Talbot."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I have decided to marry him myself. I think that he is just the sort of husband that I want. He will have plenty of money and is very good-looking, and as he cannot see other women, there is no reason why he should not always like me best."

"Those are excellent reasons," I agreed; "but you see he has already agreed to marry Suzanne, and possibly she may feel the same way about it that you do."

"The first doesn't make any difference," said Lucia, "because he has told me that he is not the same man he was before being blinded. Well, you can't expect one man to keep a promise made by some other man, can you? And so far as Suzanne is concerned, she is perfectly free to try to make him marry her. We can both try and see which one succeeds. I am going to begin to-morrow."

"I should say that you had already got a flying start," I answered. "How do you purpose going about it—if I may ask?"

"You had better wait and see," said Lucia. "Now I am going to ask father to help." And a few moments later I heard growls from the studio which did not sound helpful.

So I waited and saw, and I must say that Lucia's candid procedure had its points. Wade had formed the habit of coming to the studio every morning now, and after listening to my drivel for a while, of going down to the sheltered corner of the beach, which was practically our own, with Lucia. As I am one of those casual painters who can work and talk without any appreciable detriment to either occupation, this arrangement had been entirely satisfactory. But the presence of a third person was a little distracting, so when Lucia joined us the following day, I promptly told them that they had my permission to retire.

"Very well," said Lucia; "but, first, I want to tell Wade what we were talking about yesterday." Then, without waiting for any remark on my part, she started her offensive. "Wade," said she, "do you want to marry Suzanne Talbot?"



Lucia

Wade turned his handsome, sightless eyes toward her with an expression of astonishment such as one seldom sees in those of the blind.

"What?" he demanded.

Lucia repeated her question, and the color surged up into the boy's face.

"Why do you ask that?" he growled.

"Because I want you to tell me," Lucia answered.

He hesitated for a moment, then said in the same gruff voi

"Well then; no I don't."

Lucia nodded.

"That is what I thought," said she. "Then, since you do want to marry her, there is no reason why you should, n that you are blind and therefore quite a different person th the one who asked her. I have heard you say that the b thing about Suzanne was her looks. Well, since you can't s her any more, she hasn't got them any more, so far as you a concerned; so that is another reason for your not marrying h But you ought to marry somebody, because that would gi you something to do, especially in the daytime."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" said Wade. "But why in the daytime

"Because," said Lucia, "it is dark at night, and when it dark, it does not matter whether you are blind or not. We a all blind in the dark."

Wade gave a short laugh.

"That's so," said he. "I never thought of that. Brown, t a poor blind man: *Did* you ever hear the like?"

"No," I answered; "but it sounds reasonable enough."

"Of course it is reasonable!" said Lu impatiently. "It seems to me that y might have thought of it and suggest it yourself, instead of making it necessa for me to do so. Since I have been he we have talked of about everything b what is most important. Well then, sir you don't want to marry Suzanne a would have a much better time if you w to marry somebody, why not ma me?"

"*You!*" Wade gasped. "I ma *you?*"

"Yes; why not?" Lucia d manded. "I am a very n girl, and as I am eleven ye younger than Suzanne, I ou to last eleven years longer. Y ought not to get too old a wi That was the trouble with last goat. She was no lon young when father cau her, and just when I lov her and needed her the mo she died of old ag

Wade flung hi self back upon t divan with a yell laughter. For a m ment, I was afr that Lucia would hurt, and apparen the same idea su denly occurred to t boy, for he sprang suddenly, r e a c h for the girl and dr her to him.

"You little darling!" he s huskily, and before I could real what was happening, Lucia's lo round arms had twined themsel about his neck and she crushed fresh lips to his.

"Oh come," I protested; "you going too fast, Lucia."

But Lucia did not pay the slig est attention to me. I might just as well have been blind r self. There was nothing scattered or diffuse about this gi knowledge of what she wanted or the central focusing of will. Her objective clear and unclouded, she went to it w the direct simplicity of a child or a sage, and got there. She w at this moment, very much there, in fact, but not for very long Wade took her by both soft shoulders and held her at ar length, and one would have sworn that he was not only look at her but seeing her, so intense was the gaze of his sightl eyes. And the lines of his face had grown hard and severe.

But Lucia was not dismayed.

"Then it's all arranged, isn't it, Wade?" said she.

"No, little girl; it's not," he answered. "God knows I wis were! But you see—in the first place, a gentleman must ne break his word, even if his ideas and (*Continued on page*



A Brilliant Star

FLORENCE REED'S first appearance as a star has been effected through the medium of a stirring drama, "Roads of Destiny," in which she plays three rôles, each portraying a very different type of woman—a difficult task indeed, but one in which she has been remarkably successful owing to her amazing energy and versatility.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



A Dancing Tomboy

KITTY DONER, "the little dancing demon," is one of the chief features of "Sinbad," the joyous production at New York's famous Winter Garden. Miss Doner, who is always happiest and at her best when performing in boy's clothes, made her stage début in vaudeville, which was her parents' profession, and then took up musical comedy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CA



An Artist of the Drama

BERTHA KALICH is the second great artist who has come from Poland to adorn the American stage—the other, of course, being the celebrated Modjeska. Before Madame Kalich's dramatic genius revealed itself, she had won fame through her striking, exotic beauty. This season, she is starring in a powerful play, "The Riddle: Woman."

STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



A Norse Beauty

DIANA ALLAN is a typical Norse beauty and shows unmixed descent from the race of the Goths. She is one of the most popular entertainers in the "Nine O'Clock Revue" and "Midnight Frolic" at the Danse de Follies, New York, and is also widely known throughout the country as one of the attractions of the Ziegfeld "Follies."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

A New Venture of the Inevitable Millionaires

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Two middle-aged bachelor brothers, Stephen and George Henry Underwood, try to carry out the wishes of their father and disperse a considerable portion of their constantly growing income. They back a musical-comedy production and a pageant, but, contrary to the usual fate of such ventures, they make a great deal of money. "We must not despair," says Stephen. "There is money to be lost in the world, and we will lose it."



Miss Peggy thrust her gloved hand through his arm and squeezed it. "I can see there is no putting you off," she sighed happily

The Dissolute Brothers

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

IT was Stephen Underwood, of the firm of Underwood & Sons, to whom, by immemorial custom, the letter was brought, but George Henry, his brother and partner, was looking over his shoulder as he broke the important-looking seal and spread out the document upon the desk. It was George Henry who first grasped the doleful significance of those few typewritten words.

"The Post-Office contract!" he gasped.

"And we quoted at least seven per cent. above the recommended price," Stephen pointed out lugubriously.

"They like our rubber," George Henry observed.

"The stability of our firm appeals to them," Stephen muttered.

They stared for the second time, in thoughtful silence, at the inoffending sheet of note-paper.

George Henry made a rapid calculation on the edge of the blotting-pad.

"It will mean at least another thirty thousand pounds' profit," he said gloomily. "We have only made matters worse by putting the price up."

His brother produced a key from his pocket, unlocked the safe, and opened a ponderous-looking private ledger. George Henry glanced over his shoulder.

"Our private drawings are certainly increasing," the latter observed, with furtive cheerfulness.

"They are still less than a sixth of our income," Stephen retorted severely. "It is most unsatisfactory. In that safe, George Henry, reposes our father's letter, in which he expresses his clear wish that we should conform to the duty of every thoughtful citizen and spend a reasonable proportion of our income. This is how we keep our word."

"We have done our best," George Henry protested. "We quite thought that we should get rid of a good many thousands in that theatrical speculation, and nothing but a miracle saved us from dropping at least ten thousand pounds in Mr. Hiram B. Pluck's scheme."

"Instead of which," Stephen reminded his brother, gazing at him austerely over the top of his *pince-nez*, "both speculations, hopeless as they seemed, have only embarrassed us by adding to our income."

"I notice that our bill at the Milan was thirty pounds more this week," George Henry pointed out, with the air of one seeking for desperate compensations.

"A mere drop in the bucket," Stephen objected sternly. "Our position, George Henry, is becoming a serious one. We are nothing more nor less than misers."

For a few minutes, the brothers considered this unique problem in silence—the indecent accumulation of wealth for which they could find no outlet. Their dispositions stood with difficulty the strain of such a dilemma. There was, for a moment, an expression of almost vindictive satisfaction in Stephen's clear gray eyes as he studied the figures.

"I find that you are something like a hundred and fifty pounds behind me this month, George Henry," he announced.

"That is simply because you have replaced the pearl pin which you gave to Louis," George Henry pointed out. "As a matter of fact, I have decided to wear a pearl pin myself—perhaps a black pearl," he added defiantly. "I am told that Lartier's is a most expensive shop. I shall go there this afternoon."

Stephen coughed.

"That may place me temporarily at a disadvantage," he admitted, "but I shall find means to restore the balance. These matters are trifles, however. The fact remains—the most disquieting fact, George Henry—that we are showing ourselves less and less able to deal with the continual increase in our profits. We have jointly accepted the principle that it is our duty to spend a certain portion of our income. We are failing to live up to that principle."

"I have more clothes and boots and garments of every sort than I shall ever be able to wear," George Henry groaned.

"I am in the same position," Stephen declared. "We have,

besides, a motor-car of our own, a suite of rooms at the Milan, and a ridiculously unnecessary man servant. The terms of our partnership forbid our speculating upon the Stock Exchange or gambling upon horses, and the proportion of our profits to be devoted to charities is also determined by that deed. Our only outlet, therefore, is personal extravagance or an unsuccessful private speculation. In the latter direction, our efforts have only added to our embarrassments."

"The papers say that 'The Singing Bird' will run forever," George Henry muttered drearily. "There is another check this morning."

"We must be more careful in future," Stephen pronounced. "Another successful speculation would simply paralyze all our efforts."

A sudden expression of hopefulness lightened the gloom in George Henry's face. He had rather the appearance of a rosy-cheeked boy who has suddenly conceived a scheme for outwitting his refractory parents.

"I have an idea," he confided.

"Capital!" his brother exclaimed, crossing his legs and balancing the tips of his fingers against each other.

"To-night is the two hundredth night of the run of 'The Singing Bird.' We are invited to a supper on the stage. We should be perfectly in order to send a small offering to Miss Blanche Whitney, the principal actress."

"Flowers?"

George Henry smiled triumphantly.

"An article of jewelry," he declared. "It would be quite seemly, and we could go to that exceedingly expensive shop in Bond Street."

Stephen's face slowly assumed an expression similar to his brother's. His lips parted in a smile.

"The idea is an excellent one," he admitted. "You would make it a joint gift, of course?"

"I suppose so," his brother agreed reluctantly.

"I am told," Stephen proceeded, in cheerful tones, "that some of this very high-class French jewelery, although quite unostentatious to look at, is extraordinarily expensive."

"We must hope to find something of the sort," George Henry acquiesced. "We might call at Lartier's before lunch, if you like. I see the car is outside."

They reached down their hats—silk hats now of fashionable shape—and started on their expedition. The gray business suits and square-toed shoes were things of the past. They both wore morning coats exceedingly well cut, collars of the latest pattern, Bond Street ties, and patent-leather shoes. They sat back in opposite corners of their luxuriously cushioned limousine, curiously enough quite as much at their ease as in the days when they had considered a taxi-cab a luxury.

"We certainly," Stephen observed, "have the appearance of being addicted to extravagant habits."

"Every little helps," George Henry murmured, as he accepted a newspaper through the window during a momentary block, and waved away the change from a shilling. "I got rid of elevenpence halfpenny then."

"I have hopes of Lartier," Stephen said. "What we want is something that will cost, say, five hundred pounds, and won't look worth more than a hundred. We must avoid all appearance of ostentation."

"Exactly," his brother agreed.

They descended outside the famous jeweler's shop and loitered for a few minutes upon the pavement, gazing in through th plate-glass windows.

"Everything seems very expensive," Stephen remarked, wit renewed cheerfulness.

"That platinum watch with the diamonds, marked three hun dred pounds," George Henry pointed out, "is chaste but insig nificant in appearance."

"Then you can give it me for my birthday present!" a girl'



"Ladies and gentlemen," she announced: "These are my two dear friends, Mr. Stephen and Mr. George Henry Underwood, my most generous backers, who made the production of 'The Singing Bird' possible. God bless 'em both, I say!"

pleasant voice exclaimed from behind them. "Insignificant indeed!"

They both turned round. It was Miss Peggy Robinson, th young lady who owed her place in the chorus of "The Singing Bird" to their efforts, who stood looking over their shoulders The two silk hats were both raised—the same height to an inch Both brothers shook hands. Miss Peggy was looking exceedingly well, and was plainly but tastefully dressed.

"Miss Robinson might possibly be of service to us," Stepher suggested, with an inquiring look towards his brother.

"By all means," the latter acquiesced.

"We are seeking a small gift for Miss Whitney," Stephen explained. "Will you assist us in the task of selection?"

"Fancy you two old dears thinking about such a thing!" the young lady exclaimed. "Of course I will! I have been dying to go inside Lartier's all my life, but I never had the cheek."

The trio entered, and the purchase of a platinum-and-diamond pendant of extreme elegance was successfully concluded. George Henry showed some signs of nervousness as the shopman prepared to bow them out.

"With reference," he said tentatively, "to the small birthday offering we spoke of outside——"

"Rubbish!" the young lady interrupted. "I was only joking. It isn't my birthday at all."

"Nevertheless," George Henry persisted, "you have been of great assistance to us, Miss Robinson, and I have for some time felt the desire to acknowledge it. I beg you to examine these wrist-watches."

"A joint offering would perhaps be less embarrassing to Miss Robinson," Stephen suggested anxiously.

"Better send me some flowers," Miss Peggy sighed, settling down with extreme and beatific satisfaction to examine the wrist-watches already displayed upon a strip of purple cloth. "I couldn't possibly wear anything that came from Lartier's," she added, trying one on.

"A joint gift," Stephen persisted, "could arouse no comment."

"My brother's intention is amiable," George Henry said boldly, "but in this case I would prefer to be the sole donor."

Miss Peggy thrust her gloved hand through his arm and squeezed it.

"I can see there is no putting you off," she sighed happily. "What a duck this small one is! But just look at the price! I couldn't possibly—possibly— Oh, Mr. George Henry, how wicked of you!"



They left the shop, a few minutes later, Miss Peggy wearing the watch upon her wrist. She sat in a corner of the car—she had graciously accepted an invitation to luncheon—her eyes glued upon her new possession.

"Oh, how wonderful it must be to be rich!" she exclaimed, in a tone vibrating with emotion. "To own a car like this, not to have to scheme about one's clothes or worry about the rent, to be able to help one's poor friends!"

George Henry crossed and recrossed his legs a little nervously. He was subject to the full fire of her very expressive eyes. They seemed just at the moment unduly soft.

"Your position in 'The Singing Bird'—" he began.

"Five pounds a week," she interrupted. "It isn't exactly wealth, is it? Then there are fines, and I send a pound a week to my mother in Cumberland."

"The amount is inadequate," Stephen said sternly.

"Absolutely," George Henry agreed.

"In a sense," Stephen continued, "we, as financial backers of 'The Singing Bird,' are responsible for this—starvation wage."

"We are indeed," his brother assented.

"What I want," the young lady confessed, suddenly squeezing George Henry's hand, "is for some one to take an interest in me. I want kindness even more than I do money."

"The young ladies in the company are perhaps not congenial," Stephen remarked.

"They all have boys—and they don't look at things as I do," Miss Peggy confessed, looking modestly down.

George Henry was a little tongue-tied. It was Stephen who still upheld the discussion.

"But you yourself," he said soothingly, "are—forgive me—attractive. How is it that you have no—no admirer?"

"Perhaps I want more than the other girls," Miss Peggy sighed. "They are all such cradle-snatchers. I like a man. I want sympathy day by day, and affection—not just suppers and lunches and motor-rides. Young men," she went on artlessly, "are so selfish. They think they have given a girl all she needs if they offer what they call 'a good time,' in which naturally they share. What I should really like—is a home."

"A very admirable sentiment," Stephen declared approvingly.

"Very," George Henry agreed, a little more limply, feeling with mingled sensations a renewed pressure upon his fingers.

"However," she sighed, "why should I worry you two dear

kind things with my troubles? You have both been so sweet to me. It makes me feel better just to talk to you."

"It is possible," Stephen said, glancing at his brother, "that the financial matter you spoke of—the ridiculously inadequate compensation for your services in 'The Singing Bird'—might, through our joint intervention—my brother's and mine—be altered for the better."

"It would make the girls so jealous if it were known," she faltered. "They do talk so, and I wouldn't for the world. If——"

"If what?" George Henry asked, bravely replying to that almost spasmodic pressure of his fingers.

"Let me talk to you presently," she whispered in his ear, as the car drew up at the entrance of the Milan.

Stephen and George Henry, with their guest, were ushered with ceremony to their accustomed table. They found their nephew Harold, a lank, immaculately-dressed youth, hanging round, and he promptly accepted their invitation to luncheon.

"Well, how goes it, kid?" was his somewhat laconic greeting of Miss Peggy.

The young lady tossed her head and slipped her new possession a little lower down upon her wrist.

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Underwood," she replied haughtily, "and not so much 'kid,' if you please."

"Can't get popular this morning," the young man complained, with a sigh. "Just put my foot in it with Bert Stanmore over there. Some spender—Bert—what? His father left him a hundred thou last year, and he's blued the lot."

Stephen leaned forward in his place. He was greatly interested.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that the young man you spoke of has dispersed the whole of his patrimony in twelve months?"

"Got it in once," Harold assented.

"Have you any idea as to the means he employed in this extraordinary dispersal?" Stephen inquired eagerly.

"Fluff and gee-gees," Harold replied, his mouth full of lobster salad. "Some old wheeze—what?"

"He had to pay Flo Mansfield ten thousand pounds for breach," Miss Peggy put in. "Flo, too, of all girls in the world!"

"'Breach!'" Stephen repeated wonderingly.

"'Ten thousand pounds!'" George Henry gasped.

"Breach of promise of marriage," Peggy explained. "You two dears wouldn't know anything about that. If you made a promise, you'd keep it."

The brothers exchanged stealthy glances. The same idea was dawning upon both of them.

"A very large sum," Stephen remarked thoughtfully. "Do you mean that the young lady was awarded that amount by the courts?"

"Bert Stanmore compromised," Peggy told them. "He would have had to pay all right, though. Flo stage-managed the whole affair beautifully.

Stephen turned abruptly toward his brother.

"George Henry," he enjoined, "do look after Miss Robinson. Remember that you particularly invited her to luncheon. She would like some more wine, I am sure. And, Miss Robinson, won't you show my nephew the little present my brother has just been privileged to offer you?"

The young lady exhibited the watch, and Harold whistled softly. During the remainder of luncheon, he was, for him, unusually silent. At its termination, he buttonholed George Henry in the lobby.

"See here, nunks," he began: "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse—what?"

"It is a universally accepted dictum," George Henry acknowledged.

"Put the brake on with the yellow-headed filly," Harold advised earnestly. "Peggy's a good kid enough, but this chorus gang are pinchers all the way. You see, they can't help it, nunks. The boys are out for what they can take, and it's got to be number one all the time for the girlies, or they're left planted in the middle of it, as the Frenchies say. Do you cotton?"

"I am deeply interested," George Henry assured his nephew, "Pray proceed."

"There are just two ways the girlies can get their own back," Harold continued impressively, "marriage or breach. And I can tell you this, nunks: There's more money goes into the little dears' pockets to heal their bruised hearts than anyone would believe. Peggy's better than most of them, but she'd sell you like a bird for the oof."

"Would she, indeed?" George Henry murmured, with a gleam in his eyes. "I am much obliged to you for your warning, Harold. I will be discreet."

The brothers, according to their newly established custom, spent a few minutes in their suite before returning to the City. An envelop upon the table attracted Stephen's attention. He tore it hastily open and drew out their weekly bill. George Henry glanced over his shoulder. Both gave vent to a little exclamation of disappointment.

"Ten pounds less than last week!" Stephen exclaimed. "I did at least hope that we should not lose ground here."

"Most disappointing," George Henry murmured absently.

Stephen threw the account upon the table. He glanced keenly at his brother.

"George Henry," he said, "you have something on your mind."

"You are right, Stephen."

"Some plan, perhaps?"

"A glimmering—just a glimmering."

"Connected with Miss Peggy Robinson?"

"Precisely."

"You are not thinking of proposing to her?"

"That is my intention," George Henry declared heroically. "I shall, of course, change my mind the moment I have committed myself. Harold has just assured me that she will not hesitate to demand heavy damages."

Stephen frowned thoughtfully.

"Your scheme, if successful, will leave me at a great disadvantage as regards relative drawings," he complained.

"I fear so," George Henry acknowledged gleefully.

"I think," Stephen pronounced, after a brief pause, "that this should be a joint affair."

"Impossible!" George Henry objected, with unabated cheerfulness. "We can't both deceive the young lady."

"You could break the engagement at my instigation," Stephen persisted. "I am your elder brother, and, in consideration of your yielding to my wishes, I offer to share in any trouble that may ensue."

The gleam in George Henry's eyes was almost cunning. He shook his head firmly.

"You must find a little trouble of your own, Stephen," he declared. "I don't want to seem ungenerous, but there's no room for two in my little affair. There are, I believe, several thousand other young ladies who would be delighted to make a victim of you."

"I am older than you," Stephen pleaded.

"Four years," was the prompt reply. "A mere nothing."

"It makes all the difference which side of fifty you are," Stephen argued.

His brother shook his head.

"I do not admit the contention," he replied.

Stephen rose to his feet. His manner was distinctly stiff. He called to their servant, who was in the adjoining room.

"Adam!"

"Yes, sir?"

"You will put out our dress coats, white waistcoats, and white ties to-night," Stephen directed. "We shall be attending a theatrical supper-party."

"And dancing-pumps, sir?" the man asked, without flinching.

"And dancing-pumps," Stephen replied defiantly.

The valet bowed and withdrew from the doorway. George Henry glanced at his brother with something almost like awe in his face.

"What is the meaning of this, Stephen?" he asked.

"We are adopting your own suggestion, and accepting the invitation to supper of 'The Singing Bird' company, on the stage after the performance to-night," Stephen announced, with quiet heroism. "It is as you have pointed out. There are other Peggy Robinsons. It is possible," he added, "that if trouble should come of my attentions to any young lady to-night, there may be grave consequences—exemplary damages. If you are quite ready, George Henry, it is time for us to start for the City."

George Henry followed his brother from the room in gloomy silence.

The arrival of the brothers Underwood upon the stage of the Hilarity Theatre that evening was the signal for a really remarkable outburst of welcoming cheers. The company had just taken their places at the supper-table when their unexpected guests somewhat timidly made their appearance in the wings. They were faultlessly dressed; they each carried a pair of white-kid gloves, and their silk hats were the glossiest in London. In the distance they looked almost like twins, and the comedian of the party confessed later that he had taken them for an impromptu turn, thoughtfully provided for the entertainment of



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

She burst into a peal of laughter and promptly kissed him on the cheek. For a single moment he flinched. He longed yet dreaded to look toward Stephen. He was profoundly uncomfortable yet ridiculously light-hearted.
"You meant it, dear, didn't you?" she asked eagerly. "Of course," he replied

the party. It was Blanche Whitney, the leading lady, who first recognized them, and her introduction made them instantly the most popular persons present. She literally rushed toward them, drew an arm of each through hers, and advanced toward the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she announced: "These are my two dear friends, Mr. Stephen and Mr. George Henry Underwood, my most generous backers, who made the production of 'The Singing Bird' possible. God bless 'em both, I say!"

"The syndicate!" some one shouted, and a forest of hands was outstretched. Stephen was promptly installed in the place of honor next to Blanche, and George Henry was directed to the seat on her other side. It was then, however, that the latter showed the sort of stuff he was made of.

"There is a young lady down there," he indicated, bowing to Peggy, "whom I have the honor to know. Would it be convenient for me to sit by her side?"

Peggy rose promptly to her feet. She was at the lower end of the table, and, by what she described afterward as an "act of Providence," unescorted. She held out her very white arms toward George Henry.

"Come along, old dear," she begged; "I'll look after you."

George Henry was promptly installed, introduced to a young lady with jet-black hair and friendly manners who sat on the other side, and, with an arm of each girl thrust through his, found his plate heaped with food and his glass filled with champagne.

"We'll look after you," the dark young lady promised kindly. "My name is Rose. You must drink my health, please."

"Not so much of this familiarity, if you please," Peggy broke in, a little sharply, tightening her clasp upon his arm. "You belong to me, don't you, Mr. George Henry? And don't you listen to Rose. She's a flirt."

George Henry set his teeth, leaned toward Peggy, and whispered words in her ear which had never before passed his lips. She burst into a peal of laughter and promptly kissed him on the cheek. For a single moment he flinched. He longed yet dreaded to look toward Stephen. He was profoundly uncomfortable yet ridiculously light-hearted.

"You meant it, dear, didn't you?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course," he replied.

She clinked her glass against his.

"Please look at me while you drink," she begged.

He obeyed. She had the bluest eyes in the world—and this was the most wonderful champagne. From across the table, Harold wagged his head mournfully.

"Oh, you giddy old nunks!" he groaned. "You'll put your foot in it before you've finished."

George Henry was rather inclined to think that he had. He settled down to put the matter beyond doubt.

On Stephen's other side was a daring-looking young lady with red hair, a green evening gown, of which the shoulder-straps were indistinguishable, and browny green eyes.

"That is Tessie on your right," was Blanche's introduction; "but you must talk to me all the time and take no notice of her. She's dangerous."

"For a bride of less than a year," the young lady in question retorted, "your behavior, Blanche, is simply disgraceful. Look at Allan glaring at you! Mr. Underwood, you seem like a man of kindly instincts. Do you wish to come between husband and wife?"

"Certainly not," Stephen assured her.

"Then don't let Blanche hold your arm, and please show me a little attention. I am free, unattached—and very lonely."

"I," Stephen declared boldly, "am in the same predicament."

"Cat!" Blanche exclaimed. "You want to take my syndicate away."

"You have an anchorage of your own, dear," Tessie pointed out, "and Allan's so jealous.

"You sound all right, but you're not exactly the friendless orphan yourself, are you?" Blanche laughed. "However, to convince you that Mr. Underwood's affections are already engaged, look at this!" she invited, touching the pendant which hung from her neck.

The young lady called Tessie examined it carefully. She was a good judge of such trifles.

"Did he give it to you?" she gasped.

"The dear man did," Blanche replied, "and I am going to thank him for it—as soon as we are alone."

"You mean as soon as Allan isn't there," Tessie observed, a little spitefully.

"Hush!" Blanche whispered, in mock alarm. "Don't give me away!"

"I ought, perhaps, to explain," Stephen intervened, "that the little offering you have been admiring comes to Miss Whitney from my brother and myself not only as an expression of our friendly feelings but as a souvenir of a speculation on our part the success of which has been due chiefly to her charm and gifts."

"So now you know, you cat!" Blanche exclaimed good-naturedly. "Mr. Underwood and his brother financed 'The Singing Bird' from the start, and most generously, too."

"You've all the luck, dear," Tessie sighed. "Mr. Underwood," she went on, smiling languishingly into his face, "I am an unrecognized star myself. I should make the fortune of anyone who had the courage to back me."

"Don't you believe her," Blanche laughed, tightening her grasp on Stephen's arm. "She can't sing a note and you can see for yourself how plain she is."

Tessie wiped some non-existent tears from her very bright eyes.

"The jealousy in our profession," she complained, "is too appalling. The way in which



the jewel-bedecked prima donnas of musical comedy look down upon the struggling but talented aspirant is enough to drive one to despair—and drink."

Whereupon the young lady drank off the greater part of a glass of champagne, and leaned over to recite her woes to the stage-manager.

"Were you not," Stephen asked diffidently, "a little severe upon the young lady?"

"Oh, Tessie can stand chaff," Blanche assured him. "All the same," she added, dropping her voice, "I don't want to have you too thick with her. Tessie's a good sort, of course, but—she's clever."

"On the stage?" he inquired.

"No; off it," was the prompt reply.

"Kindly explain the innuendo," he begged.

Blanche shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "when two very unsophisticated and exceedingly wealthy men like your brother and yourself make a late entry into the world of bohemia, you do so at your own risk. We are all tarred with the same brush. We are tolerably charming, but we've got to live. Tessie's very extravagant, very brainy, and, just at the present moment, very poor."



"You are interfering with the service of luncheon, Harold," Stephen pointed out sternly. "You are also interrupting our conversation. I trust that this hint will be sufficient for you"

"I see," Stephen murmured, with a gleam in his eyes. "This is very interesting."

"Well, you be careful, dear old thing!" Blanche advised him. "Remember, you declined a very promising flirtation with me, so I can't have you falling a victim to an inferior article."

"Your affections," Stephen reminded her gallantly, "were already engaged."

"Well, Tessie's aren't—or wouldn't be if you gave her any encouragement," Blanche observed dryly.

"Heard my name," that young lady remarked, breaking once more into the conversation. "What's she saying about me, Mr. Underwood?"

"The sweetest things, dear," Blanche assured her.

"Then I'll listen," Tessie declared, laying her unringed hand for a moment upon Stephen's. "There's a sight, Mr. Underwood," she continued, stretching out her long, slim fingers with their rather overmanicured nails, "to bring shame upon the overopulent bachelor with credit at his jeweler's."

"Cadger!" Blanche murmured.

"You haven't often forgotten to ask for anything you wanted yourself, have you, dear?" Tessie retorted.

It was at this stage of the supper that Stephen rose unexpectedly to his feet. He was quite used to addressing City companies, and he spoke simply and without hesitation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said: "My brother and I have a brief announcement to make. We entered into the arrangement to produce 'The Singing Bird,' with the idea of employing a trifle of surplus capital, but with no intention of making a fortune out of your brains and your talent. 'The Singing Bird' is a well-deserved and, I am told, a phenomenal success. After the whole of the capital is repaid, it will make, I am assured, a large sum of money. It is our intention—our solicitors have already the matter in hand—to take back our original advance, plus six-per-cent. interest, a sum which I understand is already earned. The whole of the profits for all future time, here in London, from touring companies, and in the United States, will be divided among you, ladies and gentlemen, the original members of the cast, in a certain ratio, according to the importance of your parts, and distributed half-yearly. My brother and I thank you very much for your kind hospitality this evening."

It took an appreciable space of time for the idea to sink in, for them all to realize that in these few seconds they had attained the Mecca of all actors and actresses—the something certain every week for years to come. But when they did realize it, there was pandemonium. No formal speech of thanks could do more than reach its first sentence. The magnitude, the magnificence of the gift made them almost hysterical. It broke upon them in waves, and with each wave Stephen and George Henry seemed to disappear like drowning men in a sea of white arms and nodding coiffures. Men gripped their hands, and women kissed them frankly and unashamed. They cried for help to one another across the table. Their hair was ruffled; the shoulders of their dress coats were bepowdered; their cheeks were pinker than ever. That curious and unassuming dignity of which both were certainly possessed availed them nothing. It was not until Harold whispered in the stage-manager's ear that "the nunkies might get the pip," that their escape was connived at. Escorted by their nephew, they were led by a devious way to their car, and finally reached the Milan at a little after half-past two in the morning. They were both more disheveled than they had ever been since their boyhood. They both rather avoided looking at one another. Stephen's tie had slipped round to the back of his neck, and an unsuspected tuft of hair had risen almost perpendicularly at the top of his head. George Henry's tie had escaped from vision altogether; there was a great patch of powder upon his coat sleeve and a wine-stain upon his shirt-front. Harold, stretched at full length in their most comfortable easy chair, gazed at them both through half-closed eyes with a sleepy grin.

"'The Prodigal Uncles!'" he mur- (*Continued on page 114*)

The Intellectual Honesty *of*

By Edith Wharton

MOST people, in their infancy, have made bogies out of sofa-pillows and overcoats, and the imaginative child always comes to believe in the reality of the bogy he has manufactured, and toward twilight grows actually afraid of it.

When I was a little girl the name of Horace Greeley was potent in American politics, and some irreverent tradesman had manufactured a pink cardboard fan (on the "palmetto" model), which represented the countenance of the venerable demagogue, and was surrounded with a white-silk fringe in imitation of his hoary hair and "chin-beard." A Horace Greeley fan had long been knocking about our country house, and was a familiar object to me and to my little cousins, when one day it occurred to us to make a bogy with my father's overcoat, put Mr. Greeley's head on top, and seat him on the veranda near the front door.

When we were tired of playing we started to go in; but there on the threshold in the dusk sat Mr. Greeley, suddenly transformed into an animate and unknown creature, and dumb terror rooted us to the spot. Not one of us had the courage to demolish that supernatural and malevolent old man, or to dash past him into the house—and oh, the relief it was when a big brother came along and reduced him into his constituent parts!

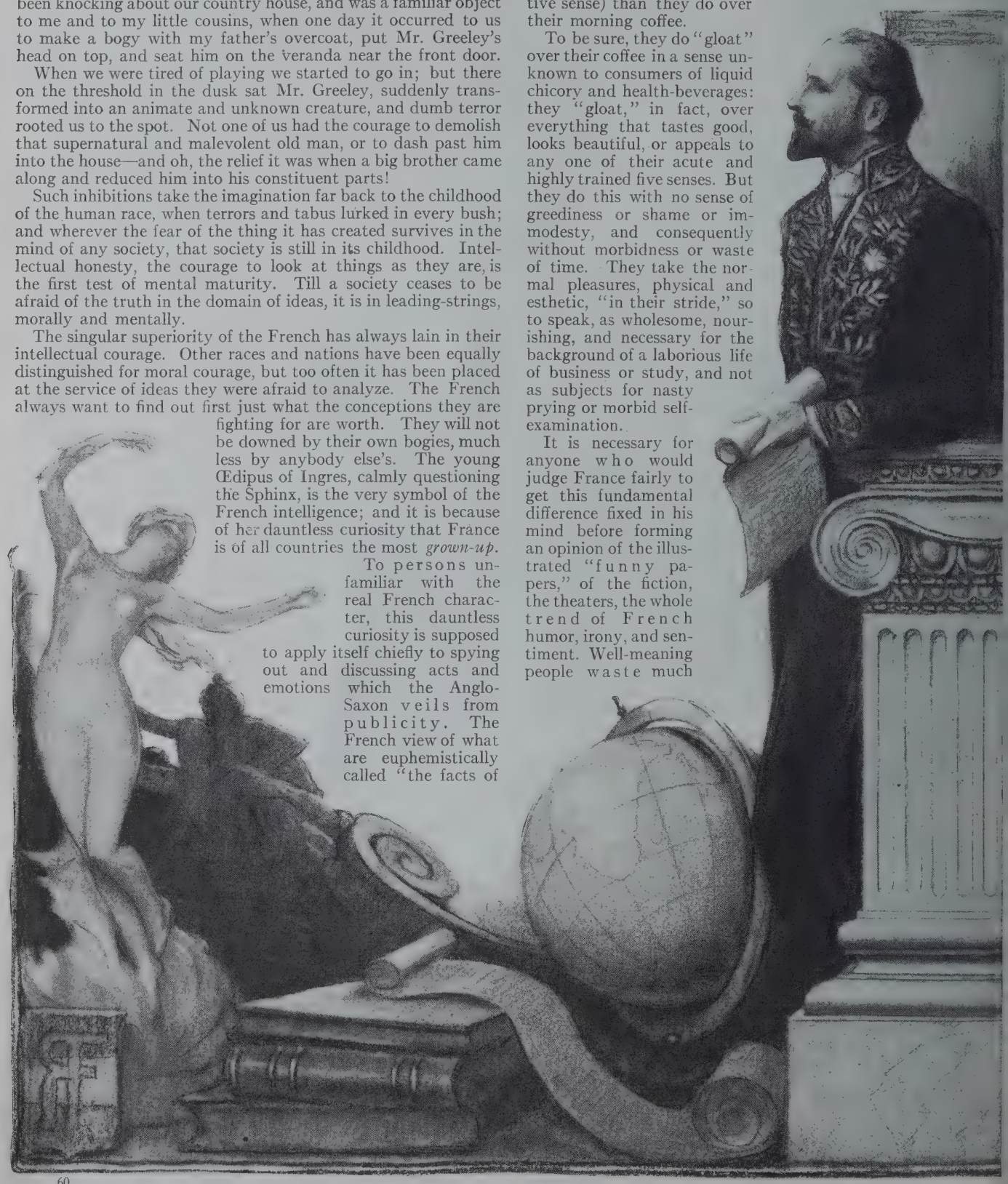
Such inhibitions take the imagination far back to the childhood of the human race, when terrors and tabus lurked in every bush; and wherever the fear of the thing it has created survives in the mind of any society, that society is still in its childhood. Intellectual honesty, the courage to look at things as they are, is the first test of mental maturity. Till a society ceases to be afraid of the truth in the domain of ideas, it is in leading-strings, morally and mentally.

The singular superiority of the French has always lain in their intellectual courage. Other races and nations have been equally distinguished for moral courage, but too often it has been placed at the service of ideas they were afraid to analyze. The French always want to find out first just what the conceptions they are fighting for are worth. They will not be downed by their own bogies, much less by anybody else's. The young Œdipus of Ingres, calmly questioning the Sphinx, is the very symbol of the French intelligence; and it is because of her dauntless curiosity that France is of all countries the most *grown-up*.

To persons unfamiliar with the real French character, this dauntless curiosity is supposed to apply itself chiefly to spying out and discussing acts and emotions which the Anglo-Saxon veils from publicity. The French view of what are euphemistically called "the facts of life" (as the Greeks called the Furies the "Amiable Ones") is often spoken of as though it were inconsistent with those necessary elements of any ordered society that we call purity and morality. Because the French talk and write freely about subjects and situations that Anglo-Saxons, for the last hundred years (not before), have agreed not to mention, it is assumed that the French gloat over such subjects and situations. As a matter of fact, they simply take them for granted, as part of the great parti-colored business of life, and no more gloat over them (in the morbid, introspective sense) than they do over their morning coffee.

To be sure, they do "gloat" over their coffee in a sense unknown to consumers of liquid chicory and health-beverages: they "gloat," in fact, over everything that tastes good, looks beautiful, or appeals to any one of their acute and highly trained five senses. But they do this with no sense of greediness or shame or immodesty, and consequently without morbidness or waste of time. They take the normal pleasures, physical and esthetic, "in their stride," so to speak, as wholesome, nourishing, and necessary for the background of a laborious life of business or study, and not as subjects for nasty prying or morbid self-examination.

It is necessary for anyone who would judge France fairly to get this fundamental difference fixed in his mind before forming an opinion of the illustrated "funny papers," of the fiction, the theaters, the whole trend of French humor, irony, and sentiment. Well-meaning people waste much



he French

An article of the series,
The France *We Are Learning* To Know

coration by W. T. Benda

time in seeking to prove that Gallic and Anglo-Saxon minds take the same
w of such matters, and that the *Vie Parisienne*, the "little
eaters," and the light fiction of France do not represent the
rage French temperament, but are a vile attempt (by foreign
nts) to cater to foreign pornography.

The French have always been a gay and free and Rabelaisian
ple. They attach a great deal of importance to love-making,
t they consider it more simply and less solemnly than we.
ey are cool, resourceful, and merry, crack jokes about the relations between the sexes, and are used to the frank discussion of what some one tactfully called "the operations of nature." They are puzzled by our queer fear of our own bodies, and accustomed to relate openly and unapologetically the anecdotes that Anglo-Saxons snicker over privately and with apologies. They define pornography as a taste for the nasty, and not as an interest in the natural.

But nothing would be more mistaken than to take this as proving that family feeling is less deep and tender in France than elsewhere, or the conception of the social virtues different. It means merely that the French are not frightened by the names of things, that they dislike what we call coarseness much less than what they call pruriency, and that they have too great a faith in the fundamental life-forces, and too much tenderness for the young mother suckling her baby, for Daphnis and Chloe in the orchard at dawn, and Philemon and Baucis on their threshold at sunset, not to wonder at our being ashamed of any of the processes of nature.

It is convenient to put the relations between the sexes first on the list of subjects about which the French and Anglo-Saxon races think and behave differently, because it is the difference which strikes the superficial first, and which has been most used in the attempt to prove the superior purity of Anglo-Saxon morals. But French outspokenness would not be interesting if it applied only to sex-questions, for savages are outspoken about those, too. The French attitude in that respect is interesting only as typical of the general intellectual fearlessness of France. She is not afraid of anything that concerns mankind, neither of pleasure and mirth nor of exultations and agonies.

The French are intrinsically a tough race; they are careless of pain, unafraid of risks, contemptuous of precautions. They have no idea that life can be evaded, and if it could be, they would not try to evade it. They regard it as a gift so magnificent that they are ready to take the bad weather with the fine rather than miss a day of the golden year.

It is this innate intellectual honesty, the specific distinction of the race, which has made it the torch-bearer of the world. Bishop Butler's celebrated: "Things are as they are, and will be as they will be" might have been the motto of the French intellect. It is an axiom that makes dull minds droop, but exalts the brain imaginative enough to be amazed before the marvel of things as they are.

II

Mr. Howells, I feel sure, will forgive me if I quote here a comment I once heard him make on theatrical taste in America. We had been talking of that strange exigency of the American public which compels the dramatist (if he wishes to be played) to wind up his play, whatever its point of departure, with the "happy ever after" of the fairy-tales; and I had remarked that this did not imply a preference for comedy, but that, on the contrary, our audiences want to be harrowed (and even slightly shocked) from eight till ten-thirty, and then consoled and reassured before eleven.

"Yes," said Mr. Howells; "what the American public wants is *a tragedy with a happy ending*."

What Mr. Howells said of the American theater is true of the whole American attitude toward life.

"A tragedy with a happy ending" is exactly what the child wants before he goes to sleep—the reassurance that "all's well with the world" as he lies in his cozy nursery. It is a good thing that the child should

(*Continued on page 94*)

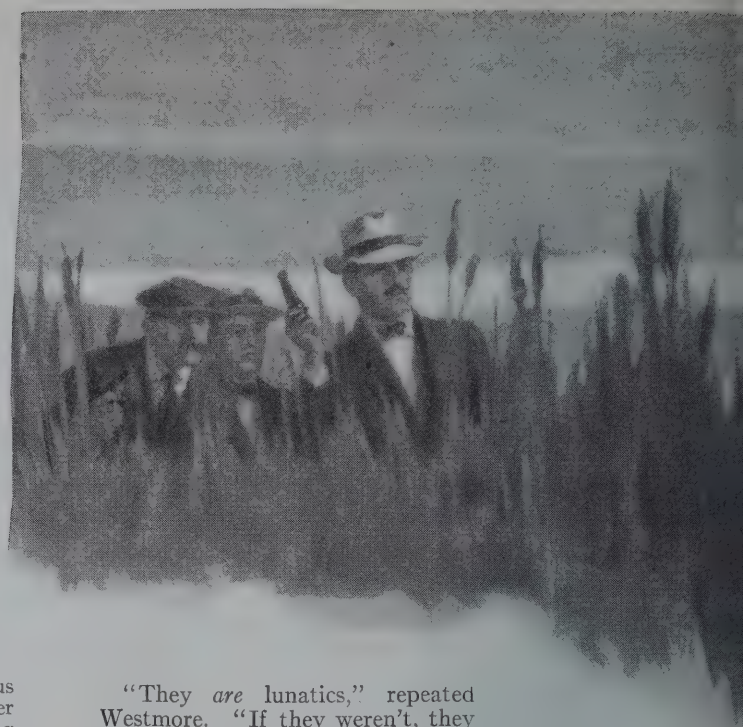


The final instalment of

The Moonlit Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



GARRET BARRES, a painter, has made friends with Dulcie Soane, who passes as the daughter of Lawrence Soane, superintendent of the building in New York where Barres has his studio. He uses her as his model, and his friendship for her has developed into love. Dulcie, however, believes that his affections have become fixed upon Thessalie Dunois, a girl of Alsatian origin, whom Barres met in France in 1914. She was then a famous dancer known as Nihla Quellen, but she quarrels with her patron, Count d'Éblis, a French senator who is plotting with the Turks and Germans against his country, and escapes to New York after d'Éblis has denounced her as a spy to the French government. Her life is in constant danger from German agents.

Soane, who is a drunkard, is a rabid hater of England, and becomes associated with Murtagh Skeel, a sensitive and refined type of Irishman, in plots against England, one of which, financed by German money, is to blow up the Welland Canal. Skeel in his youth had been in love with Dulcie's mother, Eileen Fane, but, having gone to India, had lost track of her and is greatly astonished, when he meets Dulcie, to discover that she is Eileen's daughter, for he had never heard that his sweetheart had been married. From all he can tell her, Dulcie comes to the conclusion that Soane is not her father.

Barres takes Dulcie, Thessalie, and a sculptor friend, James Westmore, who is in love with Thessalie, to visit at his father's home, Foreland Farms, in northern New York, near Lake Ontario. In the neighborhood is the magnificent estate of Adolf Gerhardt, a banker active in German intrigue in America, and who now (it is the summer of 1916) has Skeel as a guest. Gerhardt gives a splendid outdoor fête, which Barres and his friends attend. Here Thessalie is attacked by Ferez Bey, a Turk and a German agent who had been a friend of her father, and through whom she had come under the patronage of d'Éblis. The girl nearly meets death by strangulation, but is rescued by Barres, who hears her cries. Ferez escapes. That night, at Foreland Farms, Barres receives a note from his friend, George Renoux, a French agent watching Gerhardt and his gang, saying that Skeel is about to start on an expedition to destroy the canal. He has two assistants, Alost and Souchez, and he asks the additional help of Barres and Westmore in preventing Skeel and his fellow plotters from reaching the bomb-laden power-boat in which they are to set out on their dastardly mission.

XXX

GREEN JACKETS

BARRES and Westmore were dressed, armed, and driving out of the Foreland Farms gates inside of ten minutes. Barres had the wheel; Westmore sat beside him, shoving new clips into two automatics and dividing the remaining boxes of ammunition.

"The crazy devils!" he said to Barres, raising his voice to make himself heard. "Blow up the canal, will they? What's the matter with these Irishmen? The rest are not like 'em. Look at the fighting in Flanders, Garry! Look at the magnificent record of the Irish regiments! Why don't our Irish play the game?"

"It's their blind hatred of England," shouted Barres, in his ear. "They're monomaniacs. They can't see anything else—can't see what they're doing to civilization—cutting the very throat of Liberty every time they jab at England. What's the use? You can't talk to them. They're lunatics. But when they start things over here, they've got to be put into strait-jackets."

"They *are* lunatics," repeated Westmore. "If they weren't, they wouldn't risk the wholesale murder of women and children. That is a purely German peculiarity; it's what the normal *boche* delights in. But the Irish are white men. And it's only when they're crazy they try a thing like this."

After a long silence,

"How fast, Garry?"

"Around fifty."

"How far is it?"

"About twenty-five miles further."

The car rushed on through the night under the brilliant Ju stars and over a perfect road. In the hollows, where sprin brooks ran under stone bridges, a slight, chilling mist hung, b otherwise the night was clear and warm.

Woods, fields, farms streamed by in the darkness; the car to on in the wake of its glaring, golden headlights, where clouds little winged creatures of the night whirled and eddied like flec of tinsel.

Rarely they encountered other cars, for the hour was late, a there were no lights in the farmhouses which they passed along t road.

They spoke seldom now, their terrific speed and the roari wind discouraging conversation. But the night air, which th whipped into a steadily flowing gale, was still soft and fragra and warm; and with every mile their exhilaration increased.

Now the eastern horizon, which had already paled to a lead tone, was becoming pallid; and few stars were visible exce directly overhead.

Barres slowed down to twenty miles. Long double barriers dense and misty woodland flanked the road on either hand, wi few cultivated fields between, and very rarely a ramshack barn.

Acres of alder swamp spread away on either hand, set wi swale and pool and tussock. And, across the flat desolatio the east was all a saffron glow now, and the fish-crows were flyi in twos and threes above the bog-holes.

"There's a man in the road ahead," said Westmore.

"I see him."

The man threw up one arm in signal, then made a sweepi gesture, indicating that they should turn to the left. The ma was Renoux.

"A cart-track and a pair of bars," said Westmore. "The car has been in there, too. You can see the tire-marks."

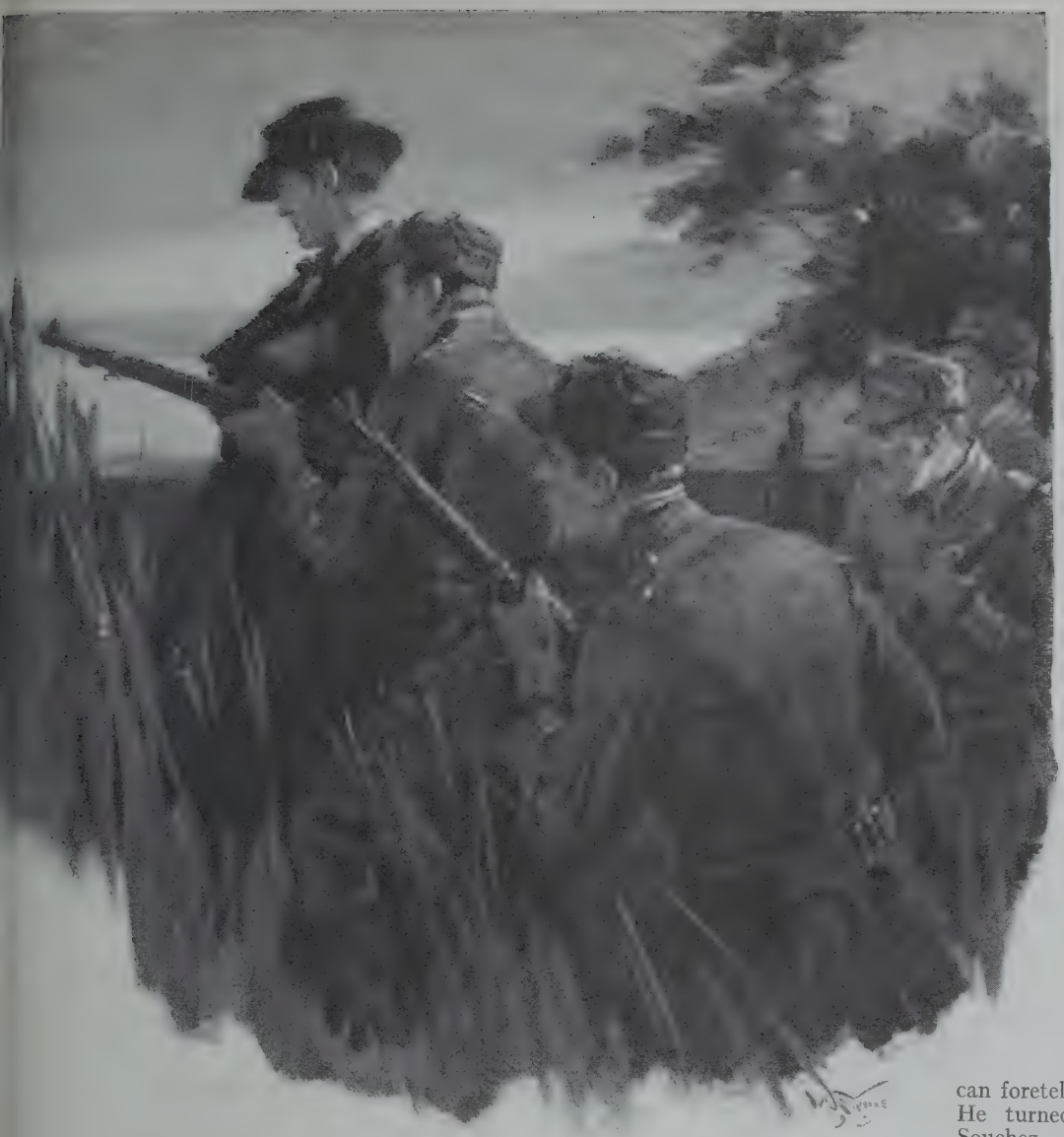
Renoux sprang onto the running-board without a word.

Barres steered his car very gingerly in through the bars a along the edge of the woods, where, presently, the swamp cart-track turned to the right among the trees.

"All right!" said Renoux briskly, dropping to the groun He shook hands with the two new arrivals, passed one arm und each of theirs, and led them forward along a wet, ferny ro toward a low hard-wood ridge.

Here Souchez and Alost, who lay full-length on the dead leave got up to welcome the reenforcements and to point out a d reputable old brick building which stood close to the further ed

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There was dead silence for a moment; then Skeel's voice: "Better not bother us, my good man. We know our business, and you'd better learn yours"

Robert W. Chambers

is putting the final touches of his artistry to a new novel—a novel which we consider the best of the many fine ones he has written.

The Crimson Tide

will begin in an early issue.

of the woods, rear end toward them, and fronting on a rutty cross-road beyond.

"Are we in time?" inquired Barres, in a low voice.

"Plenty," said Renoux, with a shrug. "They've been making a night of it in there. They're at it yet. Listen!"

Even at that distance, the sound of revelry was audible—shouts, laughter, cheering, boisterous singing.

"Skeel is there," remarked Renoux, "and I fancy he's an anxious man. They ought to have been out of that house before dawn to escape observation, but I imagine Skeel has an unruly gang to deal with in those reckless Irishmen."

Barres and Westmore peered out through the fringe of trees across the somewhat desolate landscape beyond.

There were no houses to be seen. Here and there on the bogs were stakes of swale-hay and a gaunt tree or two.

"That brick hotel," said Renoux, "is one of those places outside town limits where law is defied and license straddles the line. It's run by McDermott, one of the two men aboard the power-boat."

"Where is their boat?" inquired Westmore.

Renoux turned and pointed to the southwest.

"Over there in a cove—about a mile south of us. If they leave the tavern, we can get to the boat first and block their road."

"We'll be between two fires then," observed Barres. "From the boat's deck and from Skeel's gang."

Renoux nodded coolly.

"Two on the boat and five in the hotel make seven. We are five."

"Then we can hold them," said Westmore.

"That's all I want," rejoined Renoux briskly. "I just want to check them and hold them until your government can send its agents here. I know I have no business to do this—probably I'll get into trouble. But I can't sit still and twirl my thumbs while people blow up a canal belonging to an ally of France."

"Hark!" motioned Barres. "They're singing. Poor devils! They're like Cree Indians singing their death-song."

"I suppose," said Westmore somberly, "that deep in each man's heart there remains a glimmer of hope that he, at least, may come out of it."

Renoux shrugged.

"Perhaps. But they are brave, these Irish—brave enough without a skinful of whisky. And with it they are entirely reckless. No sane man can foretell what they will attempt." He turned to include Alost and Souchez. "I think there can be only one plan of action for us, gentlemen. We should string out here along the edges of the woods. When they leave the tavern, we should run for the landing and get into the shack that stands there. A rickety sort of boat-house on piles," he explained to Westmore and Barres. "There is the path through the woods." He pointed to the left, where a trodden way bisected the wood road. "It runs straight to the landing," he added.

Alost, at a sign from him, started off westward through the woods. Souchez followed. Renoux leaned back against a big walnut tree and signified that he would remain there.

So Barres and Westmore moved forward to the right very cautiously, circling the rear of the old brick hotel, where a line of ruined horse-sheds and a rickety barn screened them from view of the hotel's south windows.

So close to the tavern did they pass that they could hear the noisy singing very distinctly and see, through the open windows, the movement of shadowy figures under the paling light of a ceiling-lamp.

Westmore ventured nearer, in hopes of getting a better view from the horse-sheds, and Barres crept after him through the rank growth of swale and weeds.

"Look at them!" whispered Westmore. "They're in a sort of uniform, aren't they?"

"They've got on green jackets and stable-caps. Do you see that stack of rifles in the corner of the tap-room?"

"There's Skeel!" muttered Westmore. "The man in the long cloak sitting by the fireplace with his face buried in his hands!"

"He looks utterly done in," whispered Barres. "Probably he can't manage that gang, and he begins to realize it. Hark! You can hear every word of that thing they're singing."

Every word, indeed, was a yell or a shout, and distinct enough at that. They were roaring out "Green Jackets."

"Oh, Irish maids love none but those
Who wear the jackets green——"

—all lolling and carousing around a slopping wet table—all save Murtagh Skeel, who, seated near the empty fireplace with his white face buried between his fingers, never stirred from his attitude of stony immobility.

"There's Soane," whispered Barres. "That man who just got up."

It was Soane, his cap cocked aslant on his curly head, his green jacket unbuttoned, a tumbler aloft in his unsteady clutch.

"Whurroo!" he yelled. "*Gu ma slan a chi mi—fear a Bhata!*" And he laid a reckless hand on Skeel's cloaked shoulder. But the latter never stirred, and Soane, winking at the company, flourished his tumbler aloft and broke into "The Rising of the Moon."

"'Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Phwere the gatherin' is to be.'
'In th' ould shpot be the river—
Sure it's known to you an' me.'"

And the others began to shout the words:

"Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! Strike the marchin'-tune,
And hurrah, me lads, for freedom!
'Tis the risin' o' the moon!

"At the risin' o' the moon,
At the risin' o' the moon,
And a thousand blades are flashin'
At the risin' o' the moon!"

"Here's to Murtagh Skeel!" roared Soane. "*An gille dubh ciardubh!* Whurroo!"

Skeel lifted his haggard visage, slowly looked round, got up from his stool.

"In God's name," he said hoarsely, "if you're not utterly shameless, take your rifles and follow me. Look at the sun! Have you lads gone stark mad? What will McDermott think? What will Kelly Walsh say? It's too late to weigh anchor now; but it isn't too late to go aboard and sober up and wait for dark. If you've a rag of patriotism left, you'll quit your drinking and come with me."

"Ah, sure, then, Captain dear," cried Soane, "is there anny harrm in a bite an' a sup f'r dyin' lads befoor they go whizzin' up to glory?"

"I tell you we should be aboard. *Now!*"

Another said:

"Aw, the cap's right. To hell with the booze! Come on, youse!" And he began to button his green jacket.

Another got up on unsteady legs.

"Sure," he said, "there do be time f'r to up anchor an' shquare away for Point Dalhousie. Phwat's interferin', I dunno."

"A Canadian cruiser," said Skeel, with dry bitterness. "Get aboard, anyway. We'll have to wait for dark."

There was a reluctant shuffle of feet, a careless adjusting of green jackets and caps, a reaching for rifles.

"Come on," whispered Barres; "we've got to get to the landing before they do."

They turned and moved off swiftly among the trees. Renoux saw them coming, understood, turned, and hurried southward to warn Alost and Souchez. Barres and Westmore caught glimpses of them ahead, striding along the trodden path under the trees, and ran to overtake them.

"They're going aboard," said Barres to Renoux. "But they will probably wait till dark before starting."

"They will, unless they're stark mad," said Renoux, hurrying out to the southern borders of the wood. But no sooner had he arrived on the edge of the open swale country than he uttered an exclamation of rage and disgust and threw up his hands helplessly.

It was perfectly plain to the others what was happening—and what now could not be prevented.

There lay the big, swift power-boat, still at anchor; there stood the ramshackle wharf and boat-house. But already a boat had put off from the larger craft and was being rowed parallel with the shore toward the mouth of a marshy creek.

Two men were rowing; a third steered.

But what had suddenly upset Renoux was the sight of a line of green jackets threading the marsh to the north, led by Skeel, who was already exchanging handkerchief-signals with the men in the boat.

Renoux glanced at his prey escaping by an avenue of which he had no previous knowledge. It was death to go out into the open with pistols and face the fire of half a dozen rifles. No man there had any delusions concerning that.

Souchez had field-glasses slung round his neck. Renoux took them, gazed at the receding boat, set his teeth hard.

"Ferez!" he growled.

"What?" exclaimed Westmore, turning a violent red.

"The man steering is Ferez Bey." Renoux handed the binoculars to Westmore with a shrug.

Barres, bending double, had gone out into the swale. A thicket of cattails screened him, and he advanced very carefully, keeping his eyes on the green-jacketed men whose heads, shoulders, and rifles were visible above the swampy growth beyond.

Suddenly Renoux, who was watching him in bitter silence, saw him turn and beckon violently.

"Quick!" he said, in a low, eager voice. "He may have found a ditch to shelter us."

Renoux was correct in his surmise. Barres stood with drawn pistol, awaiting them in a muddy ditch which ran through the reeds diagonally across the marsh. It was shin-deep in water.

"We could make a pretty good stand in a ditch like this, couldn't we?" he demanded excitedly.

"You bet we can!" replied Renoux, jumping down beside him, followed by Westmore, Alost and Souchez in turn.

Barres, leading, ran down the ditch as fast as he could, spattering himself and the others with mud and water at every step.

"Here!" panted Renoux, clambering nimbly out of the ditch and peering ahead through the reeds. Then he suddenly stood upright.

"Halt!" he shouted. "It's all up with you, Skeel! Keep away from that boat, or I order my men to fire!"

There was dead silence for a moment; then Skeel's voice:

"Better not bother us, my good man. We know our business, and you'd better learn yours."

"Skeel," retorted Renoux, "my business is other people's business sometimes. It's yours just now. I warn you to keep away from that boat." He turned and hailed the boat in the next breath. "Boat ahoy! Keep off, or we open fire!"

The metallic bang of a rifle cut him short, and his straw hat was jerked from his head. Then came Skeel's voice, calmly dangerous:

"I know you, Renoux. You have no standing here. Keep away, or I'll kill you!"

"What lawful standing have you—leading an armed expedition from the United States into Canada?" retorted Renoux, red with anger and looking about for his hat.

"If you don't get back I shall surely kill you," replied Skeel. "I count three, Renoux—one—two—three— Bang! went another rifle, and Renoux shrugged and dropped reluctantly back into the ditch.

"They're crazy," he said. "Barres, fire across that boat out yonder."

Westmore also fired, aiming carefully at Ferez. It was too far; they both knew it. But the ricocheting bullets seemed to sting the rowers to frantic exertion, and Ferez, at the rudder, ducked and squatted flat, the tip of his hat alone showing over the gunwale.

"We can't stop them," said Renoux desperately. "They're certain to reach that boat."

Now, suddenly, Skeel's six rifles cracked viciously, and the bullets came screaming over the ditch.

Renoux fairly gnashed his teeth.

"If a bluff won't stop them, then I'm through," he said bitterly. "I haven't any authority. I haven't the audacity to fire on them—to so insult your government. And yet, by God—there's the canal to remember!"

Another volley from the green jackets, and again the whizzing scream of bullets through the cattails above their heads.

"Look!" cried Barres. "They're embarking already! There wasn't a chance of holding them."

It was true. Pell-mell through the shallow water and into the boat leaped the green jackets, holding their rifles high in the early sunshine. Skeel sprang in last of all; the oars flashed.

Pistols hanging helplessly, Renoux and his men stood there foolishly on the edge of their ditch and watched the boat pull back to the big power-craft.

Nobody said anything. The green jackets climbed aboard with a derisive cheer. So near was the power-boat that Skeel, Ferez, and Soane were easily distinguishable there in the brilliant sunshine, on deck.

"Anyway," burst out Renoux, "they'll not dare lie there at anchor and wait for dark now!"

Even as he spoke, the anchor came up.

Very deliberately the small boat was hoisted to the davits; the big craft began to move, swinging her nose north by west,



DRAWN BY W. L. STEVENS

"You are so wonderful!" he said. "I am just realizing that I began to fall in love with you a long time ago"

the spray breaking under the bows. She was already under way, already headed for the open lake.

And then, without any warning whatever, out of the northeast, almost sheering the jutting point which had concealed her, rushed a Canadian patrol-boat, her forward deck a geyser of spouting foam.

A red lance of flame leaped from her forward gun; the sharp crack shattered the summer stillness; the shell went skittering away over the water, across the bows of the power-boat; a string of signals broke from the cruiser's mast.

Then an amazing thing happened. The power-boat's after-deck suddenly swarmed with green jackets; there came a flash and a report, and a shell burst over the Canadian patrol-cruiser, cutting her halyards to ribbons.

"Well—by—God!" gasped Renoux. Barres and Westmore stood petrified; but the three Frenchmen, with one accord, and standing up very straight, uncovered in the presence of these men who were about to die.

Suddenly the power-boat broke out a flag at her masthead—a bright-green flag bearing a golden harp.

Again the small gun flashed from her after-deck; another gun spoke with a splitting report from the starboard bow; both the shells exploded close to the patrol-cruiser, showering her superstructure with steel fragments.

And, as the concussions subsided, and the landward echoes of the shots died away, far and clear from the power-boat's decks, across the water, came the defiant chorus:

"I saw the Shannon's purple tide
Roll by the Irish town,
As I stood in the breach by Donal's side
When England's flag went down——"

They were singing "Green Jackets," these doomed men. Barres could hear them cheering, too, for a moment only—then every gun aboard of the flimsy little craft spat flame at the big Canadian, and the bursting shells splashed the water all round her with their pigmy fragments.

Now, from the cruiser, a single gun bellowed. Instantly a r glare wrapped the launch; there was a heavy report, a fountain rushing smoke and débris.

Against the infernal flare of light, Skeel's tall figure showed silhouette, standing there with hat lifted as though cheerin Again, from the cruiser, a gun crashed. Where the burning laun had been, a horrible flare shot up, and the shocking detonati rocked land and sky. On the water, a vast black cloud reste almost motionless; and all round rained charred things that h been wood and steel and clothing, perhaps—perhaps little fra ments of living creatures.

So passed into eternity Murtagh Skeel and his green jacke hurled skyward in the twinkling of an eye on the roaring blast their own magazine. What was left of their green flag attain an altitude unparalleled that sunny morning. But their so soared higher into that blinding light which makes all thin clear at last, solves all questions, all perplexities—which consol all griefs and quiets at last the bitter mirth of those who ha laughed at death for conscience's sake.

Very slowly the dull cloud lifted from the sunlit water. De fish floated there; others, half stunned, lay awash, with fins qui ering, or strove to turn over, bellies shining silver-white in t morning sun.

XXXI

ASTHORE

THE sun hung low over Northbrook hills as Barres turn his touring car in between the high white service-gates Foreland Farms, swung round the oval, and backed into t garage.

Barres, senior, very trim in tweeds, the web-straps of a cr and a fly-book wallet crossing his breast, glanced up from absorbing occupation of preparing evening casts on a twelve-fo tapered mist-leader.

"Hello!" he said absently, glancing (*Continued on page 12*



Thessalie called to him very sweetly, "If you are looking for Dulcie, I left her a few minutes ago, over by the wall fountain in the rose-arbor"

The story of a fine idealist and dreamer who found what he sought at home and not afar in ——

Beulah Land

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

HE dropped the newspaper from his hands, and, with his jaw thrust forward and a dim haze over his eyes, he gazed into the glowing coal fire in the immense drawing-room. So Zion had arisen at last! Zion, the incomparable city! Zion, the hope and home of millions! Out of the tearful dreams of centuries, the stones of the Temple were taking substance as by strange magic.

Zion was here!

He took the paper up again, and the mist passed from his eyes as he read of the rout of the Ottoman armies before the smiling, sedate Allenby, and of the proposal of the British to found, in the ancient soil, a free Hebrew state, such as had obtained there before the Babylonians and the swarthy, arrogant Romans had been sent to smite his people for their sins. His eyes blazed as he thought of the Moslem hordes reeling back.

And there were Jews with General Allenby, too—fighting for their ancient patrimony.

And Zion had arisen!

"'I will bring them again also out of the land of Egypt, and gather them out of Assyria,'" he quoted the Promise, "'and I will bring them into the land of Gilead and Lebanon.'"

You might have taken Sassoon for an Arab or an Afghan as he sat there in front of the fire, what with his high cheek-bones, his fiery black eyes, and the swarthy, sun-tanned tint he never lost.

His stocky, muscular figure, too—that seemed to be more fitting for a cavalryman or a wrestler than for the intrepid financier who, with Rothschild, and Garetti, of Italy, and Carcassonne, of France, had held the reins of plunging international credit while the world weltered in battle. Everyone who saw him for the first time was surprised.

"I didn't think—" they would begin embarrassedly, and then stop, a little flushed.

Sassoon would smile wryly.

"You expected to find a patriarchal beard, a vulture's nose, mean eyes," he would think, "hands twitching for money—such, you thought, would be the Jewish banker." But he said nothing, not from a sense of cowardice but from dignity.

"I thought"—they would cover up their embarrassment—"you were an older man."

"I am fifty."

"You look thirty-five."

His wife Miriam, seated at the huge piano, not playing but dreaming, and occasionally stealing a glance at Sassoon—her you would have known for a Jewess immediately. Even at thirty-six, she was a slim woman, and had not lost the beauty of her early years. The blackness of her hair, black as blue, the smoldering fire in her eyes, her swarthy, passionate coloring—she was as unmistakably racial as her namesake, Miriam, sister of Moses, who danced to timbrels after the crossing of the Red Sea.

"Sassoon," she called, "what are you thinking of?" She had watched him gaze into the fire long enough.

"'Our hope has not yet gone,'" he quoted the refrain from the song "Ha-Tikwah," "'the old hope to return to the land of our fathers, to the city where David lived.' We're going back." He stood up quickly, and, walking over to her, he took her by the arms. "We're going back, Miriam, right away, to the city where David lived!"



Hour to hour went by, and still he wandered about, savoring, as one savors old memories, the nearness and greatness of his people in this alien land

His eyes were sparkling with his dream, but hers were troubled. She had no child, nor could she ever have one. All she had was Sassoon—her husband, her lover. And she wanted to be sure that he would be happy, that the things he did should be the right things.

II

FROM his earliest childhood, in Lisbon, he had been saturated in the dream of Zion. His mother, a proud Mendoza, and his father, the gentle little banker with the pathetic eyes and the long beard, lived innerly that fierce, intensive racial life which the families had hoarded since the days of the Inquisition, when death was not the portion of a Jew, but indignity, torture, degradation—death in life.

With the glowing enmity of generations, they both told young Peter Sassoon of their people's suffering.

He could remember his mother, tall and slim, and straight like a drawn sword, her face glowing with spiritual flame, recounting the sufferings of his people, and then standing up proudly, with tears dimming her great black eyes, while she chanted the "Zionide" of Judah Ha-Levi:

> "Zion, wilst thou not send a greeting to thy captives,
> Who greet thee as the remnant of thy flocks?
> From east to west, from north to south, a greeting;
> From far and near take thou on all sides!

A greeting sends the captive of desire,
who sheds his tears
Like dew on Hermon; would they
might fall on thy hills!"

And so, hour by hour, day by day, month by month, there arose in his mind the fabric of the ancient country. In long, graceful lines and in definite colors, now restrained, now violent and dramatic, he could see Jerusalem, the delectable city. He could see the great Temple which Solomon builded on the site of the threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite. Now against its crumbling ruins, old men beat their heads. "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance!" they cry. "They have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilst thou be angry forever? Shall thy jealousy burn like fire?" He could see the tomb of David, with its terraces and olive trees bathed in sunshine. In his mind he could see the oaks of Mamre, where Abraham pitched his tent. All that was theirs! Zion, which was now a captive, one day would belong to his people again. So went the promise of the Lord.



He dropped the newspaper from his hands, and, with his jaw thrust forward and a dim haze over his eyes, he gazed into the glowing coal fire

He might have remained all his life in Lisbon, dreaming fiercely, as his mother dreamed, and helping his father in the bank, had not the old man died unexpectedly one Sabbath in the synagogue. He sat down suddenly, put his hand to his heart, gasped, looked wildly up to the balcony where his wife was, and collapsed from heart-disease. And his son rent his garments, as the custom is, and said *kaddish* for him, and he was laid away to rest.

I don't know how it is these people of the East love. There is an intensity to it that we Westerns, with our complex, diverse interests, can never attain. They become bound to each other with clamps of tempered steel, become the perfect unity that all love is. When one part dies, the other dies also. So, three weeks later, the wife of old Sassoon, who was a Mendoza, died quietly in her chair with a look of expectancy on her face, as though she had heard her name called. And for her, too, her son rent his garments and said *kaddish*, and she was laid by the side of her husband in the House of Peace.

He might have remained in Lisbon, might Peter Sassoon, and have become the greatest financier Portugal had ever seen. He might have gone to Paris or Madrid or any of the European capitals, and there made a name as big as it is in our country to-day. But the tragedy of his people lay in dark stains, and hidden, fetid prison-chambers in each one of them, and he would have none of them.

"I will go to Palestine," he said. And then his eyes flashed proudly. "I will not go to Palestine until Palestine is free."

But there was somewhere else he might go, and his heart leaped at the thought of it. Already through the narrow Ghettos of Europe, the word ran that overseas was a great country where all men were free. From the Pale of Russia, where the *moujiks* were craving blood; from Budapest, where the Jews went by fearfully in their clumsy gabardines; from Spain the haughty, and Portugal the proud, Israel was making a last exodus to a new world. There the huckster in the street had his chance, and the manufacturer put up his purring looms, and in the colleges the brilliant youth of Israel matched brains against the pick of the virgin continent. Even in the fertile New England states, the Jews had reverted to their original calling, and tilled the land, as they once did, twenty centuries ago, by Nazareth and Galilee. There, too, would he go and abide with his people——

"Until Zion come—" he murmured.

III

It was Schuyler who gave young Sassoon his chance—Schuyler, the greatest of the bankers, as sinister-looking—what with his drooping black mustache, his black eyes, his black cigar—as any pirate of the days of Kidd—three times savior of his country, a picker of men. To him Sassoon went fearlessly, and Schuyler, in five minutes, sent him to be trained for charge of the foreign credits.

"Why in blazes," asked one of Schuyler's friends, "did you give that Jewish boy such a chance?"

"Wait and see," Schuyler smiled.

There is a belief abroad that Schuyler never made a mistake. Of course he made mistakes, time and time again; but he made no mistake in picking Peter Sassoon. Little by little the grip of new fingers could be felt in national finance, not a nervous, grasping grip but a firm, steady hand.

"That's Schuyler's man, Sassoon," the shrewd bankers nodded.

They recognized quickly the reasons why Schuyler had picked him. They saw his genius, when, reaching out, he picked up and took charge of a South American republic, rich in ore and nitrates, and, saving it from ruin, started it on a strict business schedule, with himself running everything from president to police, and running it well.

"But aren't you afraid," he was asked, "of a revolution taking place, and all your holdings being confiscated?"

"I am afraid of nothing," Sassoon replied quietly, without any boastfulness, merely stating a fact.

This intrepid financial genius, this fearlessness, would have been enough to make his name, but added to that was his impeccable honesty. In the open game of finance he was ruthless against an opponent who dared and offered to fight him for supremacy, always according to rule, and recognized fair play. But his fingers were never soiled with any shady transaction. He never hired a corporation lawyer to help him evade the law of the land. He never plundered the weak.

"I have heard," drawled Calhoun, the senator from Georgia, a notorious Judeophobe, "that everyone is entitled to his pet Jew. I know of no pet Jews, but I know of one honest one—Peter Sassoon."

That did not please Sassoon. Praise for himself meant nothing, but condemnation of his people enraged him. But what was to be done about it? Nothing! Until Zion come——

To his people, the fearless *Spanol* Jew seemed a redeemer. In no activity of theirs was he missing. Into those palatial offices of his on Broad Street, New York, anyone of his religion was admitted, from the East Side *schnorrer* and the pedler to the great merchant and the legislator. And time that was worth thousands of dollars to him was spent freely in assisting them in their troubles, giving them counsel, laying out plans. He lent them money freely, knowing every cent of it would be returned.

"I tell it you, Mr. Sassoon," a little Galician, whom he had pulled from the edge of bankruptcy, broke in on him in voluble, singsong Yiddish. "When I leave Galicia, I think it this country the greatest chance in the world. I think it the money come easily here, *pavolye!* But I got to work, and I'm happy working. We're all happy working and making money, but bad times come, and it is hard and we get discouraged. Until you came

there was nobody to help us. But you came and—*gewahlt*, it is like heaven!"

"Here is it all right," said Peter Sassoon, "until Zion come——"

"To me"—the little *Galiz* threw his hands out proudly—"to me, it is Zion here!"

IV

He was thirty-five years old and already an international figure when he met Miriam Mendel, daughter of the old patriarch who had come out of Kief to America and was acknowledged to be the greatest furrier in the world. Up in the North, further than the Hudson Bay men go, his agents travel for the pelts of silver foxes. At the fair of Nijni Novgorod they are known, and at Leipzig, at the great March *Messe*. Shrewd men, those agents of his, none shrewder in the world, and their nod of the head is as good as their bond.

If Peter Sassoon had not happened along, I don't believe Jacob Mendel would have given Miriam to another man. For Miriam was all he had, and he knew the worth of that one daughter. The spirit that was in Jacob Mendel was placid and great and very deep, like the sea, but the spirit of his daughter was black and white-topped, and aglow with great passions, like a mountain lake. And she was very beautiful.

"She looks like Jael," the elder Miss Brown, of the Misses Brown's School for Young Ladies, said, when Miriam was brought to her, "or like Jephthah's daughter."

The elder Miss Brown, for all her lack of knowledge of worldly things, was in a measure right. Miriam was a maid of Israel, a maid out of old-time, when the Jewish women followed the hosting through the desert, led by the burning cloud. She stood out among that pretty aggregation of bankers' daughters like a flame.

She went through Vassar and she came to New York, and she was, in due course, offered for marriage at dances and lunches and afternoon teas. There were a host of bidders, for, even without the Mendel millions, she had fire enough and beauty enough to electrify the most placid of men. But she would have none of them.

"For whom are you waiting then, for whom?" little Klotz, the department-store man, gesticulated in hysterical anger. He usually got what he wanted, did little Klotz.

"I am waiting for my man," she told him quietly.

The dapper little trader went to her father, "to talk reason," as he put it.

"Why don't she take me?" he demanded hotly. "Amn't I wealthy enough, and healthy enough? Amn't I as good-looking as anyone else she will get? She wants her man? Well, I'm her man, as much as anyone else is."

Old Jacob Mendel looked him up and down for a minute, much as though he were examining a pelt. He grimaced, as he would grimace if a pelt were rotten.

"You're not," he said calmly. And there the matter ended.

It was at a dance at Sherry's that Miriam met Peter Sassoon. It was seldom he came to dances, but to this he came, because it would have hurt some friends had he not appeared; and, for all his strength and vigor, he would hurt nobody's feelings. He swung into the room, a lunging, muscular figure, who would have been more at home on a horse in the desert than dancing a waltz in a ballroom. On his round of introductions he stopped at Miriam Mendel. Something in the girl's high head and shining eyes arrested him.

"I suppose I should ask you to dance, but I dance very badly," he said bluntly.

She laid her hand on his arm.

"You needn't." She was every bit as direct as he. "I should like to talk to you, Peter Sassoon."

They talked very little that night, and very little afterward, but their eyes just looked at one another with a strange question in them. They looked probingly; they looked warily, and then, suddenly, they grew clear, as though all questions were answered, and they knew they had come together to stay.

They met several times after that, and between them there still existed that dramatic, eloquent silence, broken only by amenities of conversation. The day came when Sassoon took her left hand in his two brown ones.

"Will you marry me, Miriam," he said bluntly—he knew no other way—"and stay by me always? Because I love you."

"I will," she said, and her eyes were shining, "because I love you, too, Peter Sassoon."

They spoke very little even after that. It seemed to both of them that the physical coverings of their spirits were laid entirely aside. The mechanics of speech were no longer there—tongue, palate, lips, or teeth. Together their hearts were singing the immense diapason of the stars. "'I sleep, but my heart waketh'"—the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, clashed in her heart like cymbals—"'it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for



And in the evenings he would go with her into the old-fashioned garden in the dusk, and, sitting by her there, he would tell her of his dreams and of his youth



DRAWN BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"Oh, Sassoon, blind one, cannot you see? Not even in Palestine is Zion; but when we are dead—there is David's city!"

my head is filled with dew,'" "'Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse'"—in Sassoon's mind the glorious love-song answered—"'thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck. . . . How much better is thy love than wine!'"

He went to her father proudly.

"I am in love with your daughter, Jacob Mendel," he said, "and she with me."

"I am very glad, Sassoon." The fur king hesitated not one moment.

And so they were married, and he took her to live in the great house he had bought for them in Westchester, a place of hills and valleys and gaunt, splendid rocks, such as might be about the Jordan or Kedron stream. And in the distance they could see the Sound, placid as the sea called Galilee, dotted here and there with a sail, and ruffled at times by the wind into microscopic hills and ridges. And in the evenings he would go with her into the old-fashioned garden in the dusk, and, sitting by her there, he would tell her of his dreams and of his youth. And, as the dusk gathered into night, she—hardly visible, very sentient—would put out her hand and catch his, and as his throbbing voice went on, by a soft pressure now, by a hard one then, she would signify that her soul was drinking in every word.

"Not in my time, Miriam, nor in your time will Zion come. But one day——"

And little by little under the soft influence of his caring for his wife Miriam, the harsh drama of Sassoon's vision of Zion blurred into pale, delicate outlines. Gone for a time was the splendor of the Temple and the troubled waters of Bethesda Pool, and in its place there rose in his mind a vision of Magdala, the village whence his family came. A wide valley, it was described, between two pleasant hills, and tall, feathery trees about the cliffs. Bees hummed going to and from their hives in the rocks, and the sun shot the little watercourse with iridescence. Butterflies and dragon-flies hovered above the anemones and squills, and in the foreground of all, in her white robe, with her black eyes and her dark, commanding face, was Miriam, a Jewish maid——

And so, married, they lived happily but for one thing: the promise to Abraham was not fulfilled in Sassoon, and Miriam had no child. It would have come to her as the crowning moment in her love, but there had to be some bitter disappointment, she felt, for all that she was getting. Sassoon knew, and enveloped her with tenderness for it. It hurt him, too.

Everywhere together they went, except for the occasions of his business. Through fifteen years she walked proudly as a queen, glad to be wife to a man like Sassoon, proud to be admitted to his thoughts, to be near the soul of him. Every moment proud of him. Every moment fearful lest something should happen to him—not a mere physical reality but something that might hurt or destroy his bigness, or turn him aside from the great, right things. She had no child, you see—she had nothing but Sassoon.

V

He spoke continually of his vision of a new Zion to the rabbis he knew, and they grew sympathetic toward his fervor, and quoted for him texts from Jeremiah, and Lamentations, and Joel to prove that it should come, and from Uriah and Amos. But their vision was a dull thing of dry Talmudic books, and they obscured it with strange interpretations, and hazy corollaries. And that did not satisfy Sassoon.

He spoke of it once to a young artist of some talent, a slim Jewish boy, and told him, in a moment of enthusiasm, how he would like to go back to David's city.

"Say, brother," the boy's voice cackled; "you don't know nothing about it. I've been there. I was on a tour over the world when I married my girl. Listen, friend: There ain't nothing there—just stone, stones and sand. You don't want to go there. Why don't you go down to Lakewood?"

"And they call you an artist!" Sassoon sneered inwardly. Outwardly, his face flushed, and his mouth crept into a thin, straight line.

He had been invited—a great compliment—to a little dinner at an Irish club by five or six of New York greatest Irishmen. It had passed off, talking of city and state and national politics and of the reconstruction work after the war. That, too, passed, and the old men began talking of bygone times in Ireland and of the great struggles in New York when the Tiger padded Fourteenth Street with soft, treacherous steps.

"Give us one of the sold songs, Tim," some one asked.

A red-faced, white-haired judge of the Supreme Court shook his head.

"No more," he refused laughingly; "those days are by."

"'By' be damned!" There was the clanging protest of glasses on the table. The old judge laughed and rose.

"Well then:

"The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
The French are on the sea,
They'll be here by break of day;
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

The old rebel song rang through the club, and, as the verses went on, Sassoon told himself here was a race he would never understand. The old judge he knew for one of the greatest supporters of the Allied cause during the war. He had advocated hanging in the public square all the lurking spies in America. He had publicly wept when Ireland refused to line up to her duty in civilization. And yet, here he was, singing a rebel song!

"And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes; Ireland will be free,
From the center to the sea;
And hurrah for liberty,
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

He turned to the judge when the song was over.

"When Ireland is free," Sassoon said, "you expect to go back?"

"I do not," Judge Ryan answered. "My place is here."

"It seems to mean so much to your people, and you say they will not go back. What is the use, then, of all these feelings, all these songs?"

The white-haired old jurist laid his hand on Sassoon's knee. He smiled.

"Here is the use, Sassoon," he said cryptically: "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

VI

It was four in the morning now, and it had been dawn since then, a faint, mauve dawn of June, and still Sassoon was walking about the city. To-day was the great day—the day when the miracle would be proven. To-day he sailed for Zion, David's city, which, according to the Promise, had arisen from the dead, and on whose hills and valleys, whose flat roofs and bellying minarets, the sun of freedom shone, as it shone in the days of the magnificence of Solomon, the king.

He had wound up his business at the bank that day, selling his various holdings and converting them into securities which he could bring with him to Palestine. And to his associates he had said good-by. He saw a lack of enthusiasm in their voices. Behind their eyes was a disappointed, hard look. Kemp, of the United Oil Company, had suddenly blazed into a sort of anger.

"If I were to tell you what I think—" the hawk-faced Yankee snapped.

"What is wrong, Kemp?" Sassoon was surprised.

"Oh, nothing!" Kemp barked, and bade him good-by unceremoniously.

At his house, too, on Madison Avenue, matters were not right. In the eyes of his wife Miriam, trouble lurked like a pale ghost. He had wanted to sell everything, and to take with them just a few dear things.

"No, Sassoon," she protested; "you can leave that to your friends, who will do it—when we go."

And he had taken passage for both of them from New York to Southampton, across France to Marseilles, to Port Said, to Jaffa. And to-day, at noon, they sailed. As yet, eight hours——

He had telephoned he would not be home to dinner and had spent the afternoon going about places where his people were, the lowest and poorest of them. Up Second Avenue he had come—the deep, dark gulch where the elevated rumbles like sudden thunder. Every stone, every house had a call to him. Here was a Hebrew bank he had, ten years ago, saved from ruin; there a squat synagogue, whither he had gone to pray for the soul of an old friend. All about swarmed (*Continued on page 90*)

The absorbing story of a man who returned from France to find that he and his wife were——

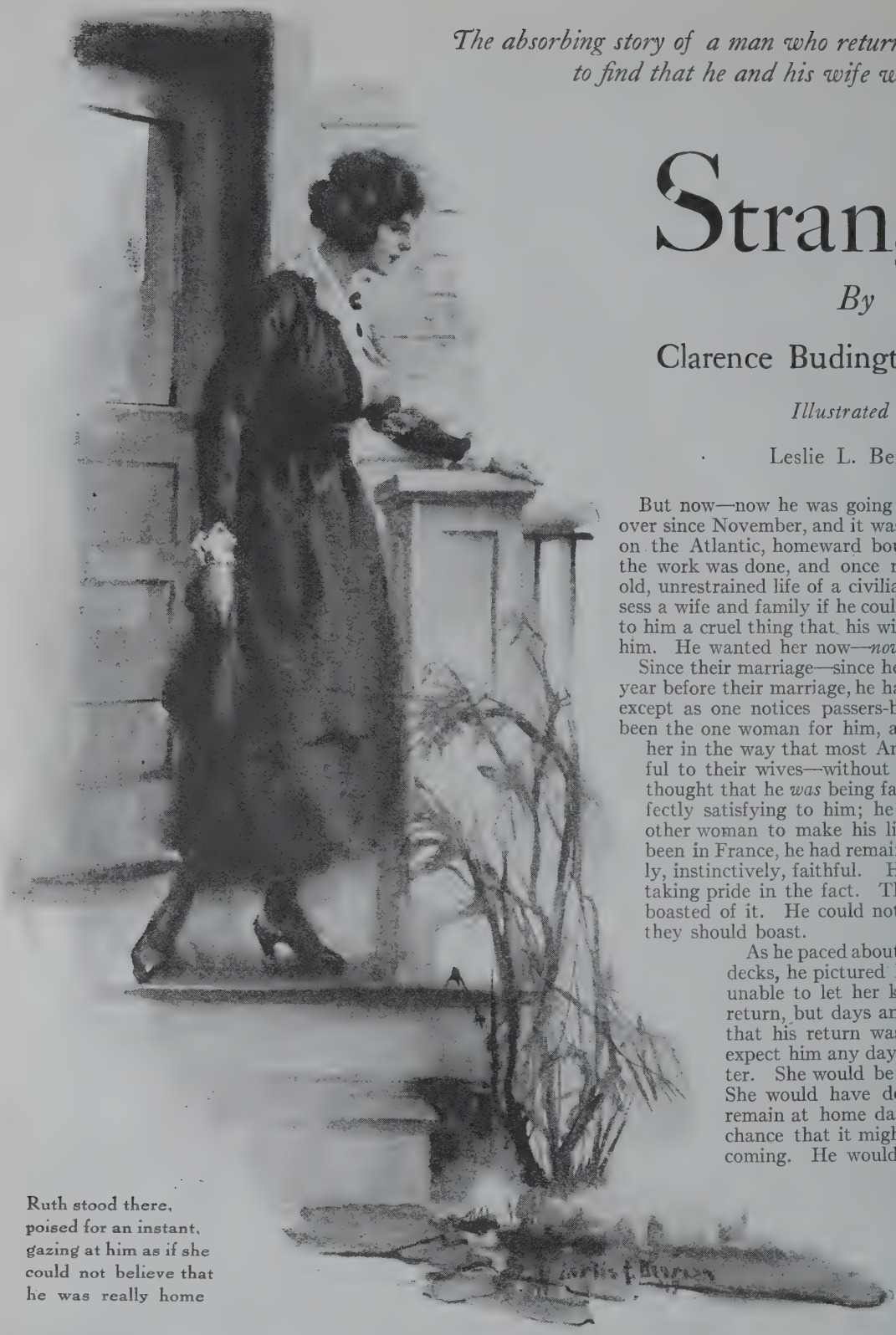
Strangers

By

Clarence Budington Kelland

Illustrated by

Leslie L. Benson



Ruth stood there, poised for an instant, gazing at him as if she could not believe that he was really home

FROM the moment Stone Jowett set foot on the homeward-bound transport, the thought that was ever present in his mind was that he was going to see his wife. The mere fact that he was in motion toward her made his impatience almost unbearable, but now that he was actually on the way, steaming toward America and New York, it seemed to him that he could neither sleep nor eat until he stood in her presence.

Their parting, nineteen months before, had been rather exalting than saddening. She had been so brave and quiet, and proud of him in his uniform. There had been no tears, though she had clung to him at the last and made him promise again and again to come home safe to her. The nineteen months in France had been lonely, but he had schooled himself to loneliness and to absence from his wife. He knew it was impossible to see her, to return to her, and was able, as a reasonable man should be, to make the best of a condition which could not be improved.

But now—now he was going home. The war had been over since November, and it was March—and he was really on the Atlantic, homeward bound. The thing was over; the work was done, and once more he could take up the old, unrestrained life of a civilian, of a man who dared possess a wife and family if he could get them. And it seemed to him a cruel thing that his wife was six days away from him. He wanted her now—*now!*

Since their marriage—since he met her—something like a year before their marriage, he had noticed no other woman, except as one notices passers-by in a crowd. Ruth had been the one woman for him, and he had been faithful to her in the way that most American husbands are faithful to their wives—without conscious effort, without a thought that he *was* being faithful. She had been perfectly satisfying to him; he loved her, and needed no other woman to make his life complete. Since he had been in France, he had remained the same—unconsciously, instinctively, faithful. He was going home without taking pride in the fact. There were men aboard who boasted of it. He could not understand them, or why they should boast.

As he paced about the windy, spray-drenched decks, he pictured his welcome. He had been unable to let her know the exact date of his return, but days and days ago he had written that his return was near, and that she might expect him any day after the receipt of his letter. She would be waiting for him, he knew. She would have declined all engagements to remain at home day after day, merely on the chance that it might be the day of his homecoming. He would drive up to their door—without telephoning that he was on the way—and she would look out of the window to see who was stopping. Then she would come running down the walk and into his arms.

Again and again he rehearsed this scene with tender imagination. He had not seen her for nearly two years. Two years! And now they were about to be together again—husband and wife!

It was a trying, disagreeable voyage for the first four or five days, and downright upsetting for the remaining two. Cutting rain, drenching spray, a plunging, rolling vessel made for little comfort, and it was a small minority of the returning soldiers who were able to report for mess three times a day throughout the run. Stone Jowett, who fancied himself a good sailor, endured until those last two days of storm, and then surrendered to hopeless, helpless seasickness that clung to him until the transport entered the harbor of New York.

He emerged from his cabin pale, fagged, looking anything but a hero returning with wreaths of victory. He was weary, haggard; his uniform, which had seen much service, was little better than shabby. Of course he had shaved before coming on deck to see the Statue, but he had not made a good job of it. Alto-

ether, he looked years older than his age and by no means invit-
ng to the eye.

They docked at ten o'clock, and it was two before he was able
leave the transport at Hoboken and take the ferry for New
ork. He felt very tired. Somehow, his eagerness to see his wife
as submerged and weighed down by his weariness—not that
e eagerness was absent, but his physical condition was so
nhappy as to deaden his emotions. But he was going home—
ome—to rest, to sleep. He felt as if he could sleep for days, as
the greatest good that could be bestowed upon him would be
soft bed and clean sheets and perfect quiet.

A taxi-cab carried him to the station, where he boarded a sub-
ban train for the two-hour journey to his home. He found a
at in the smoking-car, into which he sank listlessly, not even
ghting the cigarette which habit placed between his lips; nor
d he look out upon the familiar scenery with that thrill of
elight which he had anticipated. The scenery was not lovely
this day of his home-coming. The ground was bare, muddy;
fine sleet was falling, and the March wind soughed and swept
rough the trees and swirled about corners and blew the rain
fore it in foggy, distressing clouds. So he sat, slumped down
his seat, not dozing but depressed, and submitted grimly to a
urney to which he had looked forward with joyful anticipation.

There was a little thrill as the train pulled into his village. He
ightened, straightened his shoulders, felt something of elation
d excitement. She was there—his wife! Not days
stant now, but minutes! Three minutes in a taxi-
b would carry him to his door and to that scene
hich he had so often rehearsed.

On the platform, men who had been mere acquaint-
ces shook his hand with cordial warmth and bade
m welcome home; the driver of the taxi-cab treated
m with a deference that he would have noticed at
other time—and he was moving through the wet,
ppery streets toward his house and Ruth.

No lethargy could withstand this moment. He sat
ect now, and peered eagerly through the moisture-
mmed windows. She was there—there, just round
e next corner. There was the house—he could see
now. It looked just the same as when he had left
Every brick and slate was as he remembered it;
ery shrub and tree was as it had been photographed
his mind.

The taxi-cab stopped, and Stone sprang out eagerly.
he door of the house swung open—just as he had
ctured it would—and Ruth stood there, poised for
instant, gazing at him as if she could not believe
at he was really home—and then, careless of the
et, she was running toward him.

It was all exactly as he had pictured it—
actly.

She was in his arms, her arms about his neck
and then, suddenly, he felt abashed, uncom-
rtable, *strange*. It was a queer, unexpected,
stressing sensation—as if he had,
rough some mad impulse, clasped
strange woman to his breast, and,
ming to his senses, wondered what
the world he was going to do about
now. He did not understand it—
d not try to understand it in that
st moment of meeting. It was
ough to recognize that it was not
it should be. And because he had
often rehearsed that scene, he
ew what he should do and feel.

He bent to kiss her. As his
s were about to meet hers,
e turned her head quickly,
that his kiss fell upon her
eek, and it seemed to him
at she shrank from him the
erest trifle.

Together they walked to the
use and entered, silently,
comfortably. A curtain, in-
ngible yet impenetrable, had
pped between them, shut-
g them off from each other
exorably. It gave to Stone
sense of unreality, as if he
re walking in a dream—one
of those helpless, bewildered nightmare sensations. What his wife was thinking and feeling he did not know, nor, at the moment, did he consider, for he was altogether absorbed in the thing that was happening to him.

"Why," he said to himself, "she's a stranger! I feel as if I didn't know her at all."

He knew he ought to love her as he had loved her two years before; he knew that his heart should be light with tenderness and gladness, that her presence should seem to him the most wonderful thing in the world. And he found himself dead to it—uncomfortable, bewildered. He looked at her, fumbling for an explanation of it—and then he caught a look in her eye that was more than mere awkwardness. It was fear!

Until that instant he had not considered her, but now he did consider her, studying her covertly, watching for shades of expression, for telltale signs to indicate what was going on inside her thoughts. Their conversation was not the conversation of lovers. It did not halt and stay because it was choked by happiness; it did not flow in a flood because both had much to tell to each other. It limped; it lurched along as talk will lurch when both parties to it have foreign and weighty matters on their minds.

It was a curious situation, curious and disturbing—and a little dreadful. "Dreadful" was the word, Stone thought. The thing he felt was dread, or the beginning of dread; it was more than apprehension. Something was wrong. He was accustomed to sense a deep sympathy between himself and Ruth. They had been peculiarly *en rapport*, as the psychic text-books have it. Now the trouble seemed to be that this line had been cut and the instruments were



dead. Before, they had lived more or less as an entity, as husband and wife, the nucleus of a family. That was wholly absent. Yes; that was it. The strange deadness that he felt in Ruth's presence was due to that—to their apartness.

As he tried to talk to her, he strove as well to think the matter through. There must be a cause. Perhaps it was because he was tired and worn; perhaps it was merely the reaction from the life he had led for more than a year. Perhaps a rest and a sleep and refreshment would set him again to functioning on the old plane, and matters could be taken up between him and Ruth where they had been left off. Then he thought of that turn of her head as he had stooped to kiss her, and of the expression in her eyes which had seemed to him to be fear. Was she, too, feeling this strangeness? Was it possible that she had not thrilled to him as he had not thrilled to her, that she was experiencing that same strangeness, that sense of meeting with a stranger, with somebody with whom one had nothing in common? That really startled him.

She sat very slender and charming and young—very desirable, a wife to be proud of. He watched her and studied her, and began to feel aggrieved. She was his wife—*his* wife. What he might feel was one thing; but what she felt toward him was another thing altogether. That was not right. She had no right to feel so—if it were true that she shared his peculiar attitude. Somehow, that appeared to him like an invasion of a vested right. It might be that he was passing through an incomprehensible period; but that gave her no right to pass through such a period. He insisted that the thing was only temporary with him; but the small fear appeared and grew that it might not be temporary with her. Women were peculiar; their psychology was of a more delicate and occult sort than that of men. This might affect her more deeply, more permanently than it affected him. Why, she might be lost to him!

These thoughts came in the interstices of the conversation—trivial, uncomfortable conversation, consisting of questions asked without interest in the answers to come, and in answers given without enthusiasm. He was really alarmed now. Even if one does not value a thing highly, he wished to cling to it if there is a threat to deprive him of it. And he had wanted Ruth once, wanted her with his whole soul. She had been precious to him until that moment of meeting, an hour ago. To be with her had been the chief desire of his heart. He remembered how comfortable and happy they had always been together—and he wanted that comfort and happiness to return. He wanted everything to be as it was, and it could never be as it was if Ruth had cooled toward him, not temporarily, not in a fit of momentary strangeness, but permanently.

Stone got up and sat beside her, close beside her, and placed his arm about her shoulders. She did not shrink from him, but she did not yield to him. It seemed as if she could not look at him, could not meet his eyes. He was experimenting—putting the thing to the test. Before he went away, they had been used to sit often with his arm about her and her head on his shoulder. It had been delicious. She had snuggled to him and clung to him—they had been almost silly about each other. He attempted to draw her closer, but there was no response, no loving readiness to be fondled and caressed, but only a submission, a cold submission, a lifeless submission which might come from a sense of duty but had none of its sources in affection.

This irritated Stone. He felt that it was unfair. It bewildered him and baffled him. He could not understand it. Why, she was his wife, and they had always been affectionate! She should be especially affectionate on this return of his after a nineteen months' absence. It was his right to expect demonstration and an outpouring of pent-up love.

He bent his head to kiss her, but again she turned away her head, giving him only her cold cheek. Almost roughly he placed his hand under her chin and lifted her face so that he could look into her eyes. They were dark with pain, troubled, and—there could be no doubting it—there was fear in their shadows. She tried to meet his eyes, but could not. With a sort of ruthless determination, a defiant determination, he kissed her upon the lips.

She lay quiet in his arms, submitting. That made it seem worse. She had not exclaimed or struggled, but submitted lifelessly, as if to struggle were vain and hopeless. He leaped to his feet and paced across the room twice, biting his lip and clenching his fingers. Then he stopped before her, and in a voice that was husky with real distress, he said:

"What is it, Ruth? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Stone, nothing— I don't know. I—oh, you mustn't mind me. I'm nervous, I guess, and upset. Just wait, Stone. Be a little patient with me. I don't understand myself."

"Poor child!" he said, with real sympathy and tenderne "It has been hard, hasn't it? But it's all over now. I'm bac and we'll take things up just where we left them. We we happy, weren't we, dear?"

"Yes—happy," she said, in an almost inaudible voice. "I- oh, I must get your room ready. I didn't know when you wou come."

He made as if to follow her as she walked toward the stair but he could see her shoulders draw together as if with apprehe sion, and she turned her head so that he saw her face. It w pale; her eyes were big and—*frightened*. She was afraid of hi He turned without speaking and walked to the chair that h been his favorite and sat down heavily.

From that moment, she found tasks for herself that wou keep her in some other part of the house. She was avoiding hi and he knew that she was avoiding him. Then came dinner— ghastly, silent dinner, during which both of them looked forwa to the evening together with cold dread. Suddenly Ruth put h napkin to her feet and left the room. Stone heard her mou the stairs and close her door, and knew that she was lying fa downward on her bed, crying. He knew, because she had do this thing once or twice before, and he felt now, as he had fe then, exasperated, helplessly angry. Always when she cried, had felt that maddening helplessness and futile rage—a rage th had nothing against which to vent itself.

He sat and tried to smoke. It was impossible. He pac up and down the room, snatched up a book, and glanced throu it without seeing a page, and flung it upon the table. He w tired, harried, unable to comprehend. Ruth did not come dow again, and in an hour he went up to his own room, flung hi self within, and went to bed. Because he was physically lo bankrupt of vitality, he slept quickly.

It was apparent to him next day that Ruth was making a tr mendous struggle to be her old self to him. She was sweet, sm ing, almost gay—when his eyes were upon her. But every no and then he would detect a glance in her eye or catch her fa in an unguarded instant and—*see*. If he approached her, s seemed to steel herself to endure his touch. The thing was pe fectly apparent to him—that he had become, if not repulsi to her, at least something that was very closely akin to it. A always imperfectly concealed in the background was th haunting fear of him—because he had come back to her n merely as a man but as a husband. It was the fact that he w her husband that stood between them, though he was able appreciate it only dimly.

Unconsciously he assumed an air of patience which was n without its irritating effect upon Ruth. He was elaborate courteous, and, after he had felt the hurt of seeing her flin from his touch a couple of times during the next few days, took such elaborate pains not to touch her that it became almo an affront. The situation was impossible, and yet there seem to be no solution to it. Each of them dreaded to be alone wi the other, yet their friends left them alone with friendly co sideration, feeling that, after their long separation, they wou wish it to be so. It was wearing to patience and temper—a heart. Ruth, who seldom had given way to nerves and tea was almost hourly red-eyed with weeping that she tried to conce from Stone, and Stone, with nothing to do but think and obser and turn the matter over and over in his thoughts, became u reasonable, childishly martyred in his manner. As he went abo the house, his manner was a constant accusation against Rut

So, because they were afraid to be alone with each other, bo hailed with profound relief the suggestion to invite Stone's g grandmother, his only living relative, to visit them for a tim They looked upon her as a sort of life-line thrown to them, or a shield which should protect each from the dangers of the othe presence. Grandmother—or some one—was necessary, becau the time had arrived when it was not longer possible for them endure each other without outside relief.

It was the night before grandmother arrived. Ruth had g up suddenly, lips quivering, eyes overflowing, to seek refuge her room. Stone had uttered an audible exclamation of exa peration. In an hour she returned to the room, pale but co posed.

"I'm sorry, Stone, to annoy you so," she said gravely.

"'Annoy,'" he said, more hotly than he intended. "Wou you use the word 'annoy' to describe what was happening to man being crucified?"

She stared at him a moment.

"'Crucified!'" she said breathlessly. "'Crucified!' A what about me, Stone, what about me?"

"What about you, Ruth?" he said more gently.



DRAWN BY LESLIE L. BENSON

Ruth sighed a tired sigh and sank down, without removing her wraps, on the big davenport, and, leaning back, closed her eyes. Stone stood in the door, gazing at her, and, as he gazed at the allurement of her, he felt again that impulse to declare his love, to ask the boon of her love in return

Suddenly her tongue was loosed; control of it escaped from her, and she spoke tru hs, truths that only a woman could speak. Men, even in moments of stress, are self-contained; there are matters and facts that no emotion could force them to put into words. Women, naturally more fragile of soul, more reserved, with dep hs of soul which they cannot allow another soul to touch, when once the emotional climax arrives, break all bounds, speak not from the brain but from the heart, and dare to utter what the baser soul of man would fear to bring to the light. Inhibitions are destroyed, and truth—naked, gaunt truth—parades almost flauntingly.

"This is unendurable!" she said, hurrying her words. "I can't stand it! I've tried, but I can't. It's impossible! I don't know why it is, or what it is, but something has happened—or nothing has happened—but the thing is so. I've tried to reason it out. I—I wish you hadn't come back!" It was out. The thought had been put into words that could never be recalled, and that startled even her. "Oh, I don't mean *that*—not that something had happened to you over there—but that you hadn't come back to me."

"You—you don't love me any more?"

She shook her head.

"No."

"Why? What have I done? What is the reason?"

"I don't know why. You haven't done anything. It's not your fault—it's me. Something has happened to me inside. There isn't any reason. It's just a fact."

"Do you"— he hesitated, afraid to hurt her by the question—"do you—love some one else?"

She was honestly surprised.

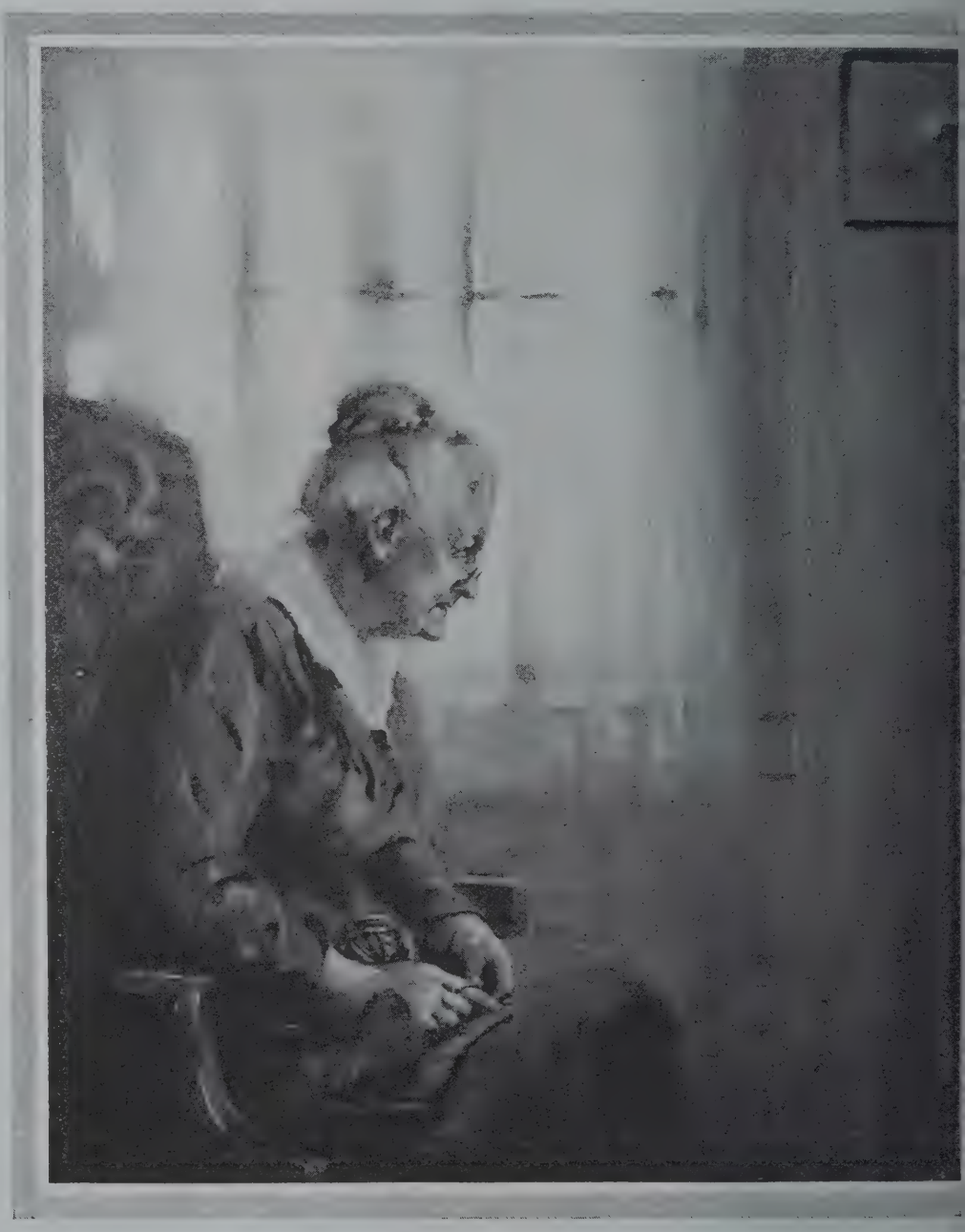
"Why—no!" she said, as if it were a new and strange thought. "Why, no—Stone! What made you ask that? You didn't think——"

"Of course not, Ruth. But I don't understand."

"Nobody can understand. All the time you were away, I thought of you and loved you and planned for your coming home. Honestly, I did, Stone. I never had a thought for anybody else. I thought I loved you—just as I used to love you. I can remember how that was. And then you came—that nasty day—and I ran out to meet you. I thought even then that I loved you, and I was so happy. And then I was close to you. You were touching me. You were going to kiss me—and I thought I should scream. It came as suddenly as that. I felt that I didn't know you—that I had never seen you before—that you were an utter stranger. I was in love with somebody else—who went away months and months ago—and a stranger had come back to me—a strange man that I was perfectly indifferent to—and to whom I was tied—*tied!* This strange man that came back was my husband. Oh, Stone, you can't ever understand that. It was horrible. It frightened me and shocked me—that I was your wife. Why, it was just as if some strange man had broken into the house—and I was in his power and couldn't escape. I couldn't bear to have you touch me. Your touch asserted rights of proprietorship. I couldn't let you kiss me. I was afraid of you."

"But why, why?"

"I don't know—unless it was your being away. That something was allowed to die while you were gone. Or maybe it was that I never loved you at all, but only imagined I did—and it took your absence to show me that I could get along better without you than with you. I want to be where I will never see you again. It isn't that I hate you, or that you've done a thing. You haven't done a thing, Stone, but be good and gentle and kind—always. That's why it's so unfair and cruel, and I hate myself for it. But what can I do? I wanted to keep on loving you. I tried to make myself believe this was all nerves or nonsense, but I couldn't. It was the truth—terribly true. I ought to love you, and there is every reason why I should love you—but I don't. And I can't bear to have you near me."



"Now, don't you go dodgin' issues. You never pulled woo

"I—understand," he said.

"Maybe love can live only when people are together always," she said tremulously.

"That would make a mighty unhappy country—an unhappy world. Think of all the men who have been away at this war for months or years! Will none of their wives continue to love them when they come home? Oh, Ruth, that's nonsense! Can't you see it's nonsense?"

"I don't know. I don't know about any woman but myself. And it's terrible, Stone. I'm hurting you, and you don't deserve to be hurt. It seems as if I were wantonly cruel, but I don't mean to be. I wish I could love you."

'Poor child!" he said again, for her grief could touch him even
n. "What do you want to do? What are you going to do?"
'I don't know. I haven't been able to think."
'Do you want to leave me—to have a divorce?"
She looked at him startled. Divorce! It was a thought
t shocked her for a moment.
'If you feel the way you do—it's the only possible way, isn't
But"—the thought struck him suddenly—"neither of us
a reasonable cause for divorce."



er your grandma's eyes yet, and you can't do it, neither"

"I—I could just go away——"
Tears were streaming down her face, and Stone wanted to
ke her in his arms and comfort her—she was so young and
iful in the great grief that engulfed her—but he did not dare.
"I—don't you think it would be better if we didn't decide
ything now—if you were to stay as we are? I'll try not to
noy you, and I'll keep out from underfoot all I can. We'll
rt of pretend—that we're friends or something—and go on
e this. Won't that be best?"
"I don't know. Oh, no, no! We're not happy. We've a right
be happy—and we never could be together——"
"You think—somebody else might make you happy?"
She even dared to put the answer to this in stark words.
"Yes," she said.
"Then you do——"
"No. There is nobody—but somewhere there might be somebody—for both of us. Don't you see? There might be somebody I could love and who would love me, and that you could love and who would love you. We've a right to that if we can find it—a *right!*"

"Let's not decide—now." Stone was remembering themselves as they used to be, and their contentment with each other and their love. He thought how sweet it had been and how desirable—and that it might be made to return. It could not be that it was forever ended and the door closed. "A week, a month, won't make any difference. Let us wait a while until we are sure——"

"I'm sure," she sobbed; "but I'll—I'll wait." She could not do more; she could not see how she could refuse to do less. "I—I'm worn out, Stone. Good-night—and I'm sorry—you don't know how sorry."

"Good-night, Ruth," he said gravely, and watched her with hungry perplexity as she left him alone.

It seemed final. The door seemed to have closed and locked itself forever. Here was no matter of nerves or hysterics, no passing notion but a concrete fact. There was no avenue that led around it, and it was insurmountable.

He sighed. Nineteen months of separation had changed them from lovers to strangers—and there was no cure for it. Nobody was to blame. It was a thing that had happened against both their wills. What, then, was left but to face it squarely and to rescue what of happiness might be salvaged for both of them?

Grandmother Jowett arrived next day, and there was something pathetic in Stone's welcoming of her—something remindful of boyish days long departed when she had been a sure refuge against threatened disaster, when she had always been ready to stand between her boy and all the world. He had always been closer to her than to anybody else—until Ruth came into his life—and grandmother Jowett had worshiped Stone. Ruth's welcome to the old lady was scarcely less grateful. And there was no doubt about it—grandmother had a way with her. She was good to look at, in the first place, stout and round as a grandmother should be, white of hair—wonderfully white of hair. And her face—it was not beautiful, and it is doubtful if it had ever been beautiful, but it was lovely in its plain, large way. Her eyes were not young, for they had seen many years and many events, and had taken profit from them, but they were keen and very, very ready to laugh. Yet, even while they laughed, they were able to observe shrewdly. Perhaps that was the key-note to grandmother Jowett's character—a lovable shrewdness.

She was with them two days and seemed to see nothing that was amiss. Relations between Stone and Ruth were easier because of her presence. But grandmother was watching and observing and reaching conclusions. It was at the end of that second day, when Ruth had gone to the village to attend to her shopping, that grandmother called to Stone, and, waggling her head at him as she had done these twenty-odd years, she said,

"Don't you calc'late it was about time you and me talked things over, sonny?"

"What things?" said Stone.

"Now, don't you go dodgin' issues. You've never pulled wool over your grandma's eyes yet, and you (*Continued on page 130*)

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one, he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress, who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years, but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soons finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cecily's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and of Margie Daw, a special writer, a woman who has had two husbands and has now a lover, Abel H. Timothy, a fellow journalist. By searching among Henry's effects, Margie penetrates the "Stafford" disguise.

Through Humphrey Weaver, Madame Watt's lawyers get in touch with Henry. *Madame* is anxious to see him. He decides to go to her, and gets leave from Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper. He finds the woman mentally deranged but anxious to make atonement, by the payment of money, for the suffering she has caused him. Henry indignantly rejects the proposition and rushes away. On his return to his post, he finds a check for twenty thousand dollars from Madame Watt's lawyers, with a strong plea not to send it back. He offers it to Mary Maloney, who has a man waiting to marry her. She will not accept it. He takes an apartment in the building where Margie Daw lives. Mr. Winterbeck, the city editor, gives him his first reportorial assignment—to interview the mayor, Tim MacIntyre, about the arrangements for the unveiling of the Cantey Memorial. James H. Cantey was a power in the city, and his estate is chief owner of the County Railways system.

Henry finds the mayor drunk, and grossly indiscreet in regard to some proposed manipulation of County Railways stock. He writes a full exposé of this, which the paper publishes, and then is compelled to brand as false. Henry is discharged. Just then he is taken ill, and is cared for by Margie Daw. On recovery, learning that his job is gone, he resolves on suicide. He offers the twenty-thousand-dollar check to Mr. Listerly, and asks that the money be devoted to some charity. Listerly sees that Henry is in trouble, and the upshot of their talk is that the young man is assigned to write a proposed biography of Cantey. This news creates consternation among MacIntyre and his friends—O'Rell, manager of County Railways; Qualters, attorney for the Painter interests, and Amme, a lawyer for the Cantey estate. They resolve to stop Henry, but he goes the next day to the Cantey home and meets the younger daughter, Miriam, who has been her father's confidant. She is an invalid and unable to walk.

Miriam gives Henry a strong box containing her father's private papers, and shows him a letter to her left by Cantey, in which he requests that his biography shall be perfectly frank and sincere and spare no one. Henry enthusiastically agrees with this idea, and sets to work. Meanwhile, MacIntyre and his friends continue their plans to oust Henry from the project. The services of Miriam's nurse, Miss Russell, and of Mrs. Bentley, the housekeeper, are enlisted. Miriam's married sister, Esther Appleby, tries to induce the girl to go away. The conspirators make desperate efforts to recover the strong box from Henry, and fail to get him to tell his history. Meanwhile, he has returned the box and announced his intention of giving up the biography. He tells Miriam who he is, but not the tragic episode of his past. The girl is an enthusiastic admirer of Henry's book, "Satraps of the Simple." One of the things Henry's enemies fear quickly comes to pass, and the young people fall in love. Miriam begins to get better, and Henry announces their engagement to Miss Russell.



"The time has come, child, when we can't stop to consult your wishes. I tell you we're going to take care of you"

XXIII

FAT MAN'S MISERY

OSWALD QUALTERS came down the elevator late the following afternoon, paused at the sidewalk trance to light a cigarette, glanced up the street, beheld a trim young woman approaching from direction of the *News* building. She wore a straight blue with side pockets, man's turnover collar, and four-in-hand felt hat pulled down over an almost boylike face. The sigh her mildly pleased him, for, like many another man about t (the trite phrase described Qualters in his lighter phase o period), he had an eye for a slim figure. Also, it started quick brain. He greeted her, walked along with her.

"You don't run in any more and ask me questions," said lightly.

"I'm doing features and drama now."

"That's so. I think I've seen some of your things. Yo signing them."

"Oh, yes—getting to have quite a name."

"Tell me—was there a fellow named Stafford worked there the *News* for a while?"

"Not long. They didn't like him. He wrote well."

"Hm. Curious thing. Friends of mine a little excited o him. He's been put in to write the Cantey biography."

"Yes; I'd heard that."

"And they've got an idea that he's sailing under a false na Know anything about it?"

"Not a thing."

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"Hm. It would be rather a mistake, of course, to turn the wrong man loose among Mr. Cantey's letters and things."

"I should think so. This is my corner."

Qualters lingered a moment to look after her. Anywhere but here in his home city, he would have considered taking her out to dinner. "Snappy little thing!" he mused. But since it was the home city, he moved on to his own house.

Margie Daw walked briskly round the block. She was strolling toward the *News* building, a little later, when the plump person of Abel H. Timothy appeared—his wide soft hat tipped back on his large head, an unlighted cigar in a corner of his wide mouth. She had avoided him lately. But she had heard him about the office, talking and laughing more loudly than of old, making a show of cheery independence. For her ears, of course. She studied him now with a feeling of quick, nervous repugnance, wondering how she could ever have fancied him—he looked so fat. She noted the deep wrinkles where his coat pulled across his middle, and the spots on the blue cloth. And he always would wear a flaming red tie. He saw her now; he was holding his head high, but the cigar shifted suddenly to the other corner of his mouth and back—a little trick of his when he was surprised or nervous.

They spoke. He fell into step with her. The talk came a little hard. She could feel his pressing injured pride. And she herself was more self-conscious than she would have thought possible. There were unexpected, nervous uprushes of memory—flitting ghosts of memory—things they had done and said. She decided that there was no good in beating about the bush.

"Never was so rushed in my life," she remarked. This seemed to cover, in some measure, her avoidance of him. There was, as well, a confessional impulse in it which she brushed over, particularly as she sensed deepening resentment, rising self-pity in him. Those nervous muscles about his mouth were shifting the cigar back and forth, back and forth. Then he removed it, and pressed his upper lip up almost against his flat nose.

"Just met Oswald Qualters. Funny thing—he asked me if I knew Hugh Stafford's real name."

"Well, you do," said Timothy—he nearly muttered it. And added, under his breath, "So do I."

"They're after him, trying to figure him out. I said I didn't know anything about him."

"Naturally." There was biting sarcasm in this.

"Yes; naturally. It's the only decent attitude to take."

"'Decent?'"

"Don't be ugly, Abel."

"Why are you telling this to me?"

"Because you know, too."

"And you want me to help keep him covered."

"Yes; I should expect it of you."

"In God's name, why?"

"Don't be tragic, Abel!"

"But you ask me—*me!* After all that's——"

"All nonsense, Abel. I'm not seeing him."

"But good——"

"Please don't work yourself up. I tell you there's nothing between him and me." Timothy snorted, replaced his cigar, chewed it savagely. "There isn't!"

"Whose fault is it, then?"

"That is simply an insult, Abel."

" 'Insult?' But—but—good God, you had him living at your place, didn't you?"

"He was ill. When he got well, he went away. I haven't seen him since. It isn't likely that I shall see anything of him. But he's a nice fellow, and he's terribly up against it. I don't see why we should let a man like Qualters into his secret—as long as he feels it *is* his secret. Why, he doesn't even suspect I know."

"Oh, he doesn't?"

"No, Abel; he doesn't. I've got to run over home now. All I'm asking of you is to keep quiet about it. Or suggesting it, rather. Just not to give him away when it's nothing to you."

Her voice was quiet enough, but she had put it a little too strongly. And his ill-suppressed emotions were rising. He said,

"What you hurrying home for, I'd like to know?"

To which, she replied,

"Oh come, Abel!"

Then, a slight whine in his voice, he went on with,

"I suppose you haven't got anybody over there, eh!"

At which she stopped short and stared at him in hard, still anger.

He had lost himself now. He couldn't speak pleasantly to her, and couldn't leave her. He pleaded with her and roughly abused her in a breath, followed her clear to the apartment-building, kept her talking in the hall, went up the stairs clinging to her elbow, kept her standing at her door until, in angry despair, white about the mouth, evading his burning eyes, she let herself in.

He pressed in after her, caught her in his arms.

She said coldly,

"The door's open, Abel."

He kicked it shut, caught her again. She stood, unresisting, unresponsive, like a woman of ice, even when he kissed her.

"You've turned against me!" he cried.

"No; I haven't turned against you, Abel."

"But you want me to go."

"Yes; I want you to go."

Her eyes took him in as he stood before her—a fat man in helpless torture. She studied again the wrinkled, spotted coat,

looked impersonally at the flushed, working face, now hopelessly out of control. She felt only a cold relief when he rushed, muttering, away.

She quietly closed the door after him, feeling that she had made rather a mess of it. Her mistake lay, of course, in speaking on a snap judgment. Still, it had seemed the thing to do. With so shrewd a man as Oswald Qualters probing into Henry's case, there wasn't much time to lose. She knew that every apparently light remark of that man's meant something. He worked that way. He wanted to know. He would ask others. And the *News* office was the place to ask. Abel, now, traveling constantly up and down the street, mixing with lawyers and bankers and business men— She gave a shrug and dismissed the matter.

A moving picture of Abel Timothy during the quarter-hour or so that followed his headlong exit from Margie's apartment would be interesting if not altogether pleasing. He rushed about back streets so rapidly that his face shone with sweat and his collar wilted round his neck. He was torn between desire, rage, and self-reproach. The rage predominated.

XXIV

OF PUBLICITY, LIQUOR, AND FREE WILL

"THERE's Hittie!" thought Miss Daw. "He knows, too."

She went back to the office, pausing only for a cup of coffee in a lunch-room. As she passed a corner drug store, within which was an inconspicuous telephone-booth that she had before now found useful, she considered calling Henry. Not at the Cantey house. It had been a bit awkward, yesterday, finding Miss Cantey herself on the line; by this time he would doubtless be back at his room. She was thinking of reassuring him, and perhaps as well of taking credit for the effort she was expending in his behalf. But she thought better of this, and hurried to the *News* building and went clear to the roof.

Mr. Hitt was sitting in the first alcove of his "morgue." She could see his bald head bent over the drawer of the filing-cabinet, and the shine on the gold rims of his spectacles.

She paused behind him to light a cigarette, then sat on his desk and swung her little feet.

"Working hard, Hittie?" she queried through the smoke.

He smiled, and held up a folder that was packed with clippings and typewritten matter.

"This," he said.

"What's this?"

"The Calverly story. Haven't you heard?"

"No; I came straight up here."

"Madame Watt died this afternoon. Alone, in her castle. The servants had all left. Left everything to her son-in-law. They're looking for him now, all the way to Alaska."

"He'll be rich, then?"

"Oh, yes."

Margie smoked thoughtfully. Then remarked, offhand,

"What are you going to do about it?"

" 'Do about it?' "

She nodded.

"Going to give him away?"

Mr. Hitt settled back in his chair.

"I don't know," he said. "Been considering it. I'll confess I have had—I seem to have now—a good deal of feeling for the boy. And he's chosen this other name."

"And he was one of us here, if only for a few days," said she easily.

"I know. But would it make a particle of difference? They'll find him out before morning."

"They may not. You and I are the only ones to tell. And we're not supposed to know it."

"But we're going to run his picture to-morrow. There's an order for it there. I think you're sitting on it. Every paper in the country will run it."

Margie continued to smoke and think.

"I feel a little as you do, Hittie," she remarked. "I'd like to be easy on him. Though goodness knows he's nothing to me. I was thinking. You remember that circulation stunt they tried here year before last—printed a man's picture every day, with and without a hat, full-face and profile, told what part of the city he'd be wandering around that day, and offered a hundred dollars to anyone who recognized him? And in eight days nobody got the hundred. This'll be an old cut, of course. No; I'm not at all sure they'd find him out."

"True," mused Mr. Hitt. "There's a good deal in that. And the poor devil's had publicity enough in his life without dragging him through this hell again."

"Oh, he'll have to take a lot, anyway," said she. "But if he can slip by, around here, under the name of Stafford, it would be a little more bearable, I should think. For that matter, even if it came out later, it wouldn't hit him as it would right now, when the whole story's being played. No; I'm willing to keep still if you are."

"All right," Mr. Hitt agreed. "And now, my dear, if you'll let me have my desk—they're in a hurry for this stuff."

"Did the new man send up?"

The "new man" was the managing editor who had succeeded Winterbeck. He was a burly, close-mouthed young man from New York, with driving ways and a brisk, even aggressive superiority to Middle-Western ways.

"Yes. And he'll be sending again if I don't rush it down." Mr. Hitt sighed, and the patient lines about his mouth settled more deeply. "Things are different."

"Oh, yes; they're different." Margie jumped down and flicked the ashes from her skirt. "Frank was snappy, but thank heaven he wasn't this efficiency thing! We'll be punching a clock soon."

Mr. Hitt smiled faintly, then plunged at the mass of papers before him.

During this hour, from six to seven of a pleasant summer evening, a task more or less similar to that now being performed by Mr. Hitt was being got through in every considerable newspaper office in America. The Watt story had "broken" again. The news came in the form of an Associated Press despatch. This in itself, despite its dignified, even bald condensation, was a striking account of the last hours of the most sensationally picturesque woman in North America. Her extraordinary castle was described, with the refugee rabble that had melted away during the last few weeks, when she was too ill to care for them. The bizarre story of her earlier life was retold, as was the dramatic killing of Senator Watt and, in detail, the most notorious of all trials in recent American history. The pathetic death of Cicely figured, of course, with Henry's defiance of the court and his subsequent imprisonment. Toward the latter part of the despatch, the emphasis shifted from *madame* and the senator and Cicely to Henry himself, as the only one of that strangely assorted quartet now left on earth. Much was made of his sudden world-wide fame, followed so swiftly by the shock of his imprisonment, and, sometime after that, his disappearance from civilized life. He had been reported from Alaska, from China, parts of Europe, Morocco, and obscure villages in the United States. His publishers, in New York, denied the slightest knowledge of his present whereabouts, beyond the bare announcement that they had received no definite word of his death. The attorney for the Watt estate, one H. C. Parker, of Chicago, had "nothing to say" to the reporters. This touch of present mystery gave an added journalistic value to the announcement that Calverly was *madame's* sole heir. The estate, even after the strain of the trial and *madame's* extravagance since, was estimated as having a value of between one and two million dollars. There were many valuable securities, real property in Sunbury, Illinois, and New York, besides the castle by the lake and at least two large properties in France which had belonged to her first husband, the Comte de la Plaine.

It was about this literary skeleton that all but a few of the principal newspapers of the country at once proceeded to build out the flesh and blood and clothing of "personal interest." Flashily clever reporters were set at work elaborating the narrative. "Sob"-writers dwelt feverishly on the fate of Cicely Calverly, or on *madame's* madness as an inevitable judgment on her for the evil nature of her early life. Popular ministers were interviewed regarding her pathetic struggles to convert a bad name into a good one by the lavish use of the wealth she had acquired. Some even pointed out that the wrecking of the brilliant young Henry Calverly's career had come about through his own lawlessness. Indeed, despite the clarity of the Associated Press despatch on this point, it became evident that the reasons underlying Henry's defiance of the court, his instinctive, even primitive attempt to save the life of his young wife had evaporated in the minds of most of these newspaper people. Apparently their opinions were made out of the all but universal American interest in what have been called "results." Calverly had certainly been sentenced and imprisoned. There had been no appeal. For a few months he had been one of the really famous men of the world; after that, an outcast. He had written no more "Satraps." He was even referred to, here and there, as a "convict." The judge who sentenced him was sitting, still, in the same court



He pressed in after her, caught her in his arms. She said coldly, "The door's open, Abel"

Chicago, a widely known and respected jurist. There seemed be no reason for believing that Calverly had been right. Certly there was no commonly understood reason for believing dge Wattemy wrong.

So the thing was happening that, for years now, had hung over nry Calverly like a continuous nightmare. The Watt-Calverly e had been reopened. The enormous, terribly casual force t is called, loosely, "publicity" was to strike him again. More than ever before was it to set him in the wrong before the vast, impersonal, sensation-loving public. More than ever before was it to be true that no right action on his part, no mere decent effort could affect his reputation. That was, as it had been from the day "The Caliph of Simpson Street"—the first of the "Satraps" stories—appeared in *Galbraith's Magazine*, nearly five years back, hopelessly out of his own control. And now here was the false name to be added to the count against him. That

would be accepted by the man in the street everywhere, as an evidence of guilt or, at least, of weakness. For the almost racial doctrine of free will works out curiously and often cruelly in the personal judgments of the Anglo-Saxon. It is deeply reflected in the common law. It dominates, of course, in religious thought. It refracts through all business life. Everywhere it has been our habit to assume that the individual is responsible for his own acts, that he is to be personally credited with his financial and moral success, personally debited with his failure. Until very lately, the really determining accidents of birth and breeding, environmental influences, and quite irresistible social pressures have played little or no part in our judgments of men—and women. We have run an individualistic race. We have held the individual responsible for the result. And we have crudely let it go at that. To admit that there are life-currents in which no strong swimmer could fail to reach a shining goal would be to undermine our heroes; and we have clung to our heroes. To admit that other currents exist which no swimmer can breast would be to undermine our philosophy, our law, our very religion; and we have clung to these. Henry Calverly, for better or worse, was back on page one.

It couldn't have been later than half-past six or a quarter to seven when Abel Timothy, flabbily black of countenance, walking heavily and slowly, returning to the *News* building to take up the night grind, met a reporter named Ruggles, who was rushing round to a certain old alley tavern for a drink. Timothy gladly joined him.

To Timothy's casual, "What's on?" Ruggles replied:

"Got to pitch in on this Watt row. Writing a 'Margie Daw' story."

"Why? Can't she do her own?"

"Doesn't seem able to do this. I believe Archie's using her at the theater to-night. Anyhow, she's begged off. So I'm 'sobbing.'"

"What's the Watt row?"

"Oh, that old countess. Murdered Senator Watt. Left her money to Henry Calverly—a wad of it—and they can't find him."

Timothy left Ruggles at the curb. The liquor glowed warmly within him. He stood there, watching the early-evening crowd flow by, wishing Margie would happen along. He had thought of a thing or two to say to her. She was taking shape in his temporarily disordered mind as a deceitful and ungrateful woman.

Another thought was creeping in. He moved along the street now. His glance was furtive. His color was rising a little. He paused before the *News* building, started up the alley that led to the "annex," stopped, swayed, came back to the street, moved along a little way, and stood staring in at the drug-store window. Finally, with a quick glance about, he pulled down his coat, adjusted his red tie, straightened his hat, and started for Oswald Qualters' home, in the older aristocratic section, almost down-town, just before you reached the hill.

Qualters, who had no illusions as to the stuff of which great reputations are made, and made it a point to be agreeable to newspaper people, had just sat down to dinner with his family, but came in at once to see his unexpected caller.

Timothy, uneasy, somewhat wandering in speech, told his story.

"You don't say!" said Qualters. "So Stafford is Calverly. A jailbird, eh? Well, my friends will be interested to learn that. You say it's coming out in to-morrow's paper?"

"No—no; I don't think it is, as it stands now."

"But why not?"

"Well, you see he worked with us for a little while. There's only one or two of us that know who he is, and we'd hardly give him away. But if the other papers heard of it, they'd camp right on his t He couldn't dodge 'em. Then it would come to us through City Press, and we'd have to run it, too. Our managing ed wouldn't care a darn, anyway. He didn't know Stafford. he'd run anything. He's from New York. You understan don't care to appear in this in any way. And I'd rather wouldn't take it up with the *News*. Not direct. Just let it c around through the City Press.

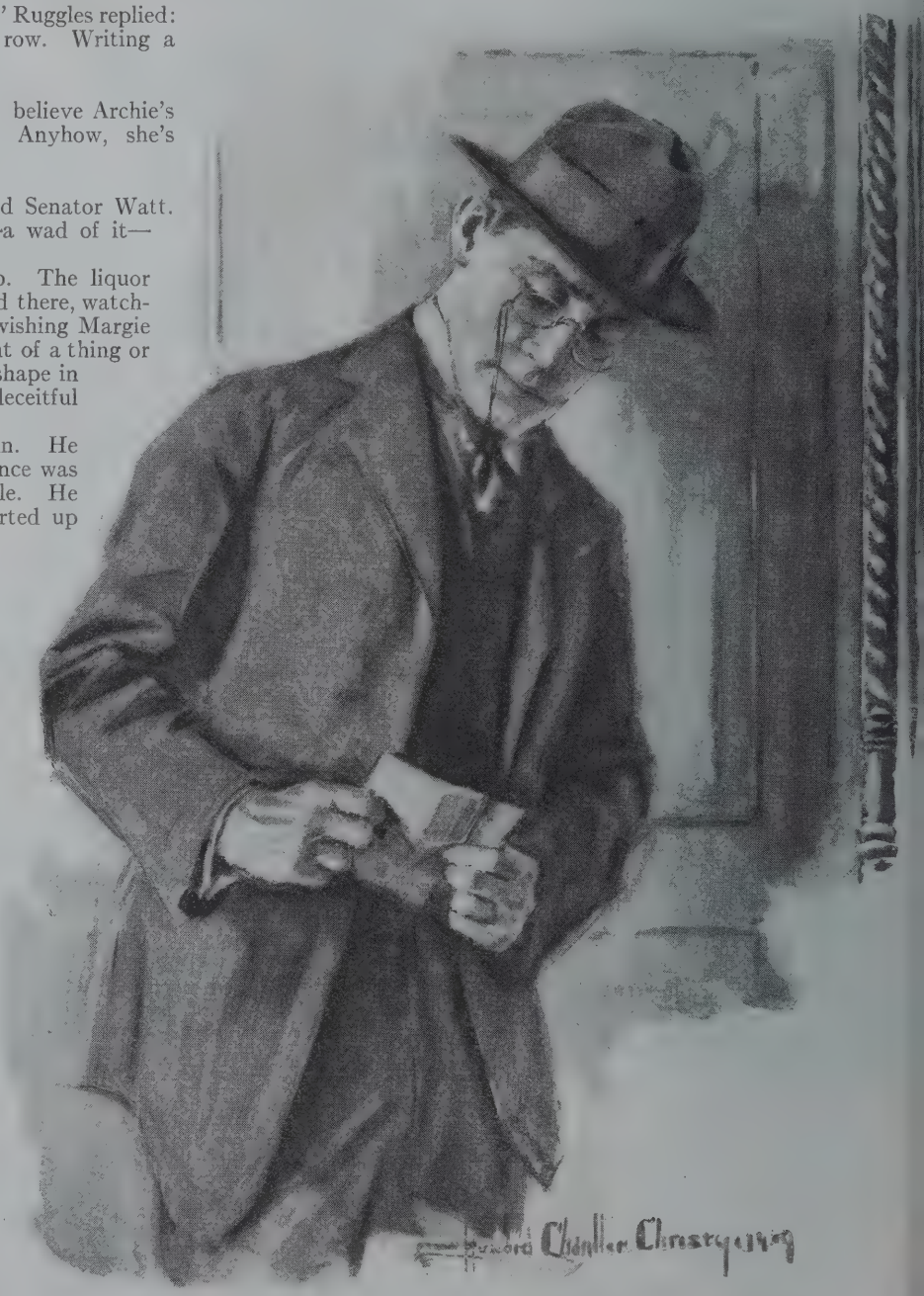
He left an impression of a fat man acting under great emoti pressure. Personal feeling, of course. Curious. Before ret ing to the dining-room, Qualters called up Harvey O'Rell instructed him to send at once for reporters from the *He Press*, and *Globe*, and set them on Mr. Stafford-Calverly. O' thought the best way would be to have one of the police offi let it out to the newspaper bureau at headquarters. They it that way.

XXV

IN WHICH A DREAM ENDS—AS DREAMS DO

THE excitement of the past few days had told heavily Miriam. Her temperature rose during the night. Doctor Ma was in before breakfast and instructed Miss Russell to keep abed.

Calverly, when he shut himself in the study, found the nar



He read it a number of times. "Oh,"

or open and the wheel-chair empty by the window. But Miss ussell brought him a note. Miriam had insisted on writing it.

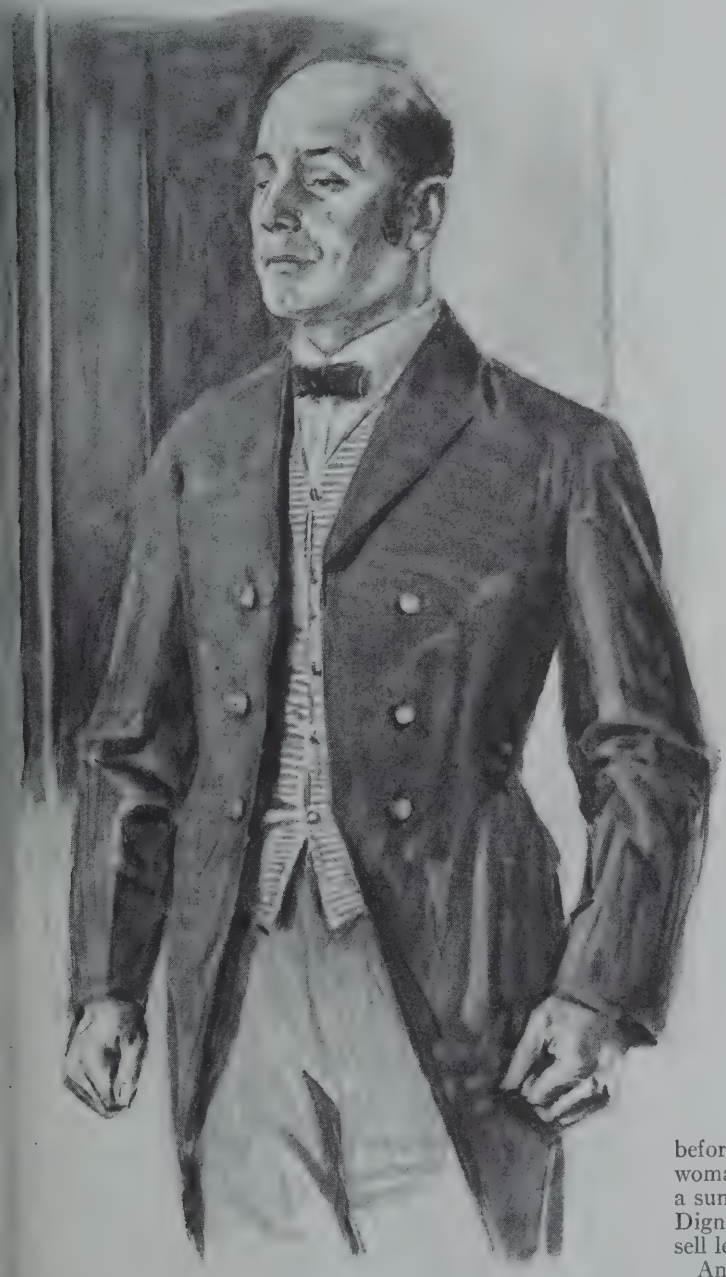
Please answer this right away. I've had an awful night. I want to ow that you're there, working. It wasn't a dream, was it?

To which he replied:

It wasn't a dream, dear. Though the night hasn't been simple for , either. Are we right? Do you dare believe we're right? I bring u so much less than nothing—nothing but love. I think of you, sur- nded by all these old influences. The moment they hear of our gagement, they will make it terribly hard for you. All our plans, r hopes, our faith must run counter to the whole world—the world in ich those people live. I can see those three men now. Your father s right—in this as in everything. They'll fight so. And to-day I n see that all the trouble ahead of us is to bear on you. You've fered so much. Is it right for me to make it still harder for you? n you endure it, brave girl? You must search your heart. If you n give me up, you must do it. I think I could bear it. I'm used to appointment.

She answered this with:

You dear, silly boy! I sha'n't give you up. You're all my world could never make this fight without you. Together we'll defy them . And, oh, it will be living! I've been dead so long. And don't get that you've suffered, too. In a queer way, that's the joy of it. 're beginning together."



claimed then, "I can't take this!"

Along toward twelve-thirty, when Miss Russell started downstairs for Miss Cantey's luncheon, she found Henry waiting near the study door, hat in one hand, a note in the other. He was pale, and a bit disheveled; he must have been sitting there, running his fingers through his hair without knowing. He looked tired about the eyes, a little strained. She thought him rather jumpy.

Part of this note read:

There is one serious thing, dear. I've got to think it out. It's hard to think of anything but what happened last evening. But it's plain to me now that I made an awful blunder when I took this other name. At the time, it seemed reasonable. They had hounded me so—wouldn't let me alone. I had lost everything. I didn't want to disturb anyone—just to be let alone to work my life out somehow. But it's getting clearer now that I was wrong. If I could only get it really clear! But my whole being is filled with radiant thoughts of you. I'm half mad—with love. And it won't do to go mad.

After luncheon, he found her reply under a paper-weight on the desk. She had written:

It's serious, in a way. But, after all, it's only a part of the fight we have to make. It's not as if you had done something to disgrace your name. Don't forget, dear boy, that you're famous. And you're not the first famous man that has chosen to go about unknown. No; I don't believe it is so serious. You're making too much of it. The serious problem is me. I'm so disgustingly weak. I've got to get well. I've got to learn to stand this glorious excitement better. And I will, boy! I will! And you'll help me. You made me walk; now you'll make me strong—a fit partner.

He was in such a daze that the force of this revelation didn't begin to touch his conscious mind until he was walking over to the boarding-house toward six o'clock. For the present, life was running too fast for him. He couldn't keep up with it. He felt himself dragged along.

And then the thrill of this absurd correspondence was rising in them both. He couldn't work. During the afternoon, something of the glow they had experienced the night before came again to them. The little notes grew tender, became love-letters. By mid-afternoon, they were writing feverishly. Hardly a quarter-hour passed without the solid tread of Miss Russell sounding in the hall. The two of them simply forgot her except to use her. She hadn't had a moment off for twenty-four hours. She felt, conscientiously enough, that Miss Cantey must somehow be quieted or she wouldn't answer for the consequences. Things were getting altogether out of hand, running away.

It was nearly dinner-time before she managed to slip out and run over to Mrs. Appleby's. Henry was gone. Miss Cantey was resting, after a fashion. Miss Russell was wholly out of sympathy with her. She regarded this love-affair as she would have regarded an out-and-out mental disorder. Though, when the doctor privately asked her what on earth was going on to upset Miss Cantey's nerves like this, she managed an evasion. The person to know first of the acute personal problem was Miss Cantey's own sister, not Doctor Martin.

So she broke the news to Esther, talking quietly but with an undertone of excitement—all of it, the amazing confession of an engagement to marry, the resulting over-excitement and exhaustion, the love-idyl that had taken the form of incessant note-writing, the doctor's shrewd question; and added her own earnest conclusion that something should be done at once. She believed Doctor Martin would jump at the suggestion of a change—a long journey, perhaps, anyway a complete change of scene. She had worked up this idea during the day, and had mentally tried out various ways of putting it, rehearsing even the phrases that she felt might most quickly catch Mrs. Appleby's attention. She used what she felt to be the most effective of these phrases now.

"That's a good idea!" said Esther, eyes snapping with temper but voice dignified, almost calm. The little matter of the ten dollars came to mind. She had never bribed before, and found the notion a bit disconcerting that this young woman had become virtually her property in return for so small a sum. She was not practised in handling this sort of property. Dignity was her only recourse. She was glad when Miss Russell left.

And she knew she must think hard. The situation had gone beyond snap judgments or heedless action. What was to be done must be done sharply, surely, to a (*Continued on page 141*)

A Case *of* Nerves

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



CRASH! The hitching-rail! Or was it the porch? Chairman Ethelbert Pykes, of the Jenkins Corners Literary Society, agitatedly grabbed his red whiskers in one hand and his gavel in the other, and, while the purple lightning flared in at the dark windows of the Jenkins Hill schoolroom, he gazed upon the blanched faces before him to find a sustaining soul. Matilda Peevy, glaring at him straight in the eye, continued to emit shriek after shriek, her round cheeks white except for a blazing red spot in the center. Natalie Barnes had jumped upon the bench and had wrapped her cloak about her head. All over the room, men and women, young and old, sat in shrunken stillness, while peal upon peal of thunder climaxed the crash of the hitching-rail. One square-headed, hard-jawed, keen-eyed, grizzle-haired farmer rose and climbed over his wife to the center aisle.

"Might as well see what's the matter," he growled, and strode to the door, accompanied by the continuous screams of Matilda Peevy.

The door opened of itself, and in it there stood a tall, slim gentleman with glittering black eyes and a pleasant smile beneath his pointed black mustaches, which hung straight down, running streams of water like miniature fire-hose. Water poured from his hat as he took it off; it poured from his matted black hair; it poured from his nose, from his chin, from his sleeves, from his hands, and from the queer-shaped leather case which he carried protectingly under his arm.

"Good-evening, friends!" said the stranger, with a grin, and he bowed profoundly. "I just dropped in with the weather-report. It's raining."

They stared at him in stormy silence for a long minute, but the stranger was stare-proof. Still at as much smiling ease as if he were lolling on the porch hammock at home, he put his head into the darkness.

"Come in and get acquainted, Jim!" he called, and a huge blob came slowly out of the rain. Big J. Rufus Wallingford appeared, still panting from the shock of the collision and slowly recovering from his temporary paralysis.

As his eye roved over those present, the pink returned to his round face, and the need for pleasing brought his suave smile back to him. He was wetter than his partner, because he was so much bigger, and he considerately backed into a corner to remove his sopping ulster.

"Will some kind neighbor invite us in?" grinned the tall, thin stranger, bending his mustaches carefully upward.

There was a shrill, high giggle from Matilda Peevy, the girl who had shrieked up to now, and with this break in the stormy silence, everybody laughed.

"Sit down and make yourselves at home," cordially invited the square-headed farmer, glancing at a bench.

"I hope we will not interfere with your meeting," suggested Wallingford. He had wiped his face and smoothed his hair, and set what semblance of order he could upon his broad chest—rather bedraggled, but the two-thousand-dollar diamond in his cravat lent prosperity and richness even to his soakedness.

"You are quite welcome"—the rotund voice of Ethelbert Pykes. He was a young man, in spite of his red whiskers, and he had his eye on the state legislature. "The Jenkins Corners Literary Society feels honored by the presence of two gentlemen of such distinguished appearance." And Matilda Peevy snickered. "Will you have seats on the platform?"

Blackie Daw twirled his mustaches, pulled down his ve splashed his ulster on the bench, and, with his leather case und his arm, followed immediately toward the platform; but Jim Wallingford, his eyes half closing and his broad shoulde heaving in a chuckle, sat where he was. The square-head farmer hospitably occupied the bench in front of him.

"The debate 'Prosperity versus Posterity' will now be sumed," announced Chairman Ethelbert Pykes, tapping his gav on the teacher's desk, while all eyes rounded on the pleasant smiling, black-mustached stranger who sat at such ease besi him. "Brother Enrod Wampus has the floor for 'Posterity.'"

Brother Enrod Wampus was a rough-cornered young man his twenties, who, with his pale-haired colleague, decorated t right. The "Prosperity" side, on the left, was represented by skinny young man with creased trousers and plastered hair, a a fat young man with an unalterable grin. Brother Enrod Wa pus advanced to the edge of the platform in three stamps, a raised his arm like the lifting of a toll-gate.

"What I say is this," he bellowed: "Jed Snipper has five hu dred cows. He's been made cow-inspector again for this distri What does he do? I ask you, my friends, what does he do? condemns every cow he gets a chance to. That's prosperity! B where does posterity come in? I ask you, my friends——"

There was a loud tap of the gavel.

"Time's up!" announced Chairman Ethelbert Pykes.

"Looky here!" the pale-haired colleague. He was on his fe quivering with indignation, which was his specialty. "M worthy colleague——"

"Time's up!" shrilled the young man with the creased trouse

"I wish to inform my worthy opponent that I have the floo retorted the pale-haired young man, quivering with indignatio "Jed Snipper's being reappointed cow-inspector for this district an outrage on civil government! There is not a citizen within t sound of my voice who has not lost valuable cows through——

The gavel again. Chairman Ethelbert Pykes wielded it wi the unprejudiced decisiveness becoming to a presiding officer.

"Out of order!" he declared. "Brother Enrod Wampus h thirty seconds left to finish his peroration when the interrupti occurred. He has used those thirty seconds, and the decision now before the three judges." And he waved his right hand,

e manner of a future legislator, toward the three solemn-eyed
d men who sat at the edge of the platform.
"This must be a good cattle-raising country," observed Jim
allingford, who was always interested in the commerce of any
ighborhood in which he happened to be, keenly alive to its
osperity, eagerly anxious as to its financial possibilities.



o." The cattle-
yer was very firm.
ve made my offer,
d that's my price for
enty-four hours. Will
u take it?"

'Best in the state!" returned the square-headed farmer.
aising beef is the most profitable occupation in these
ts."
'Except for losses by inspection?" hinted Wallingford, his eyes
f closing and his shoulders heaving the least bit.
'By gosh, yes!" exploded the square-headed farmer, with unex-
ted vehemence. "Politics is the ruination of our country. I
a hundred head of cattle. My name's Dan Cragg. I live
t back of the hill. Last season, Jed Snipper condemned twelve
my cows for lumpy jaw, and I swear before my Maker there
sn't a cussed one had it! But that threw suspicion on my
ole herd, and Jed Snipper got the beef-contract for the state-
itia encampment."
Wallingford chuckled aloud this time.
'Why don't you put a spider in his liquor?"
'We ain't got the brass," snapped Dan Cragg, in disgust.
ay—if there's one, there's a hundred of us prays every night
Snipper to break his danged neck; but nothing feezes him.
's got two hundred acres of land, five hundred head of cattle,
l a hundred thousand dollars of cash; and he'd skin a flea for
hide and tallow."
'A hundred thousand cash!" exclaimed J. Rufus Wallingford
ughtfully, and was lost immediately in musing silence.
Chairman Ethelbert Pykes tapped his gavel.
'The vote stands three to nothing for 'Posterity,'" he an-
nounced. "We shall now hear any remarks the members of the Jenkins Corners Literary Society may have to make on this question, after which we shall have a short intermission. May we be favored by a few observations from the guests of the evening?" And, with the smiling courtesy which would become a state legislator who enjoyed the confidence of his constituents, he bowed to Blackie Daw.

Nothing loath, that lean and lanky individual rose and cast his sparkling black eye over the strainedly expectant Jenkins Corners Literary Society.

"Friends, fellow citizens, fighters, and beautiful ladies," he orated, thrusting one hand in the bosom of his vest and extending toward heaven the other, which gripped his queer-shaped leather case: "The gentle cow has always claimed my sympathy. Her mild eyes fill me with compassion, and her helpless lot has ever excited my pity. As a scientist, moreover, I am deeply interested in the cerebral development of the bovine species as related to cow neurology. You are thinking men and women, my friends and fellow citizens! I ask you to consider this appalling fact." And he grinned cheerfully in response to the somber scowl which began to gather on the round pink face of J. Rufus Wallingford. "Our cows, the best and finest of them, are becoming nervous wrecks. Their placid natures have undergone a change which cannot but give us acute cause for distress. They no longer lie in the grateful shade and chew their cuds in the calm and virtuous satisfaction which produces thoroughly aseptic dairy-products. They wander restlessly from field to field. They kick more convulsively at milk-pails. They swish their tails in apprehension. They have something on their minds. Fear! Fear, my friends! And what is that fear? Inspection!" He waved both arms and stamped his right foot. "Inspection, I say! No cow knows on what day, at what hour, at what minute an inspector with cows of his own to favor may swoop down and discover a freckle, and pronounce a case of cow-measles. And what shall be done? In the hour of our need, we turn our appealing eyes to science, and say, 'Give us a cow nerve-tonic, or the prosperity of the most wonderful country in the world crumbles to dust!'" Turning his triumphant grin on J. Rufus Wallingford, he saw the somber scowl lighten, the drawn eyes twinkle, and a slight smile begin to spread beneath the stubby mustache. The oration was broken at that moment by a peal of thunder, and a gust of wind blew a torrent of rain against the windows. The orator glanced outside. It was black and wet. Here it was light and warm. "Friends and fellow citizens: It is likely to be a long evening. Leaving you to consider the solemn thought I have voiced, the need of a cow-tonic—" A giggle from Matilda Peevy. A laugh from everybody. They had discovered, at last, that Blackie Daw was joking. "I suggest that we enliven the occasion with music and mirth."

Grinning cordially at them, he opened his queer-looking case with a flourish, and extracted from it a shining saxophone. "Too Much Mustard" floated from that bell in clear, flutelike tones, and the audience visibly brightened. The literary-society member with the least resistance was, of course, the first to succumb to that lilting enticement. With a shrill laugh of delight, Matilda Peevy grabbed Brother Enrod Wampus, and they went sidestepping and whirling up the center aisle. There was a shout, a loud scraping, the bustle of many feet, the chatter of many voices, and the benches and desks were piled hastily on the platform, while the lilting strains of the saxophone wove on and on, and the wielder of the magic flute, sitting cross-legged on teacher's desk, swayed ecstatically from side to side,

his black mustaches up-pointed, with a grin, and his black eyes glittering.

Over in the corner, while the dancing couples twirled and bobbed, sat J. Rufus Wallingford and square-headed Dan Cragg in earnest converse, their heads bent close together. Finally Dan Cragg emitted a loud haw-haw.

"Say, John! John Peppin!" And rising, Dan Cragg stopped a lean, weather-cheeked farmer, who was stepping it off in gleeful vigor with his fifteen-year-old daughter. "Let Daisy dance with a young fellow, and you come here. I want to introduce you to Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford. He was on his way to Tightstown, but he's going to stop with me to-night."

The orchestra, harking back to old times for a change, broke into "The Blue Danube." His cheeks were beginning to tire, but he had seen something which bound him to his post of duty. He had seen the lean, weather-beaten farmer sit down with Dan Cragg and J. Rufus Wallingford, the three heads bend together, and the three men haw-haw in unison. He had seen John Peppin get up and send over a shrewd-looking old farmer with an upturned goatee. The shrewd old farmer's and Dan Cragg's and Wallingford's heads had bent together until they raised in a haw-haw. Then a farmer with seven white hairs pasted across his bald head took the place of the one with the upturned goatee. Always just three in the corner! Always they bent their heads together in solemn converse! And always they ended in a haw-haw! Blackie Daw drew a long breath and moistened his lips, and limbered his fingers and struck up "Brer Rabbit."

II

Jed Snipper looked up from under the knuckles which represented his eyebrows and estimated the large, prosperous-looking gentleman who had invaded the barn. His frozen blue eyes warmed as much as it was possible for them to do, and upon his knuckly countenance there came a thin-lipped smile.

"Yes; I'm Mr. Snipper," he promptly acknowledged. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Sell me some cattle," as promptly responded the stranger, extending a broad, plump palm. "My name's Wallingford—J. Rufus Wallingford."

He was a jovial-looking man, a pleasant-looking man, one whose round pink face beamed with friendly good will. He did not seem like one who would drive a hard bargain. His handclasp was warm and hearty.

"Well, I'm the right party to come to," observed Mr. Snipper, endeavoring to beam also with cordial good will, although he was a man far too gaunt and hungry and full of knuckles to accomplish this perfectly. "Any references?"

"Plenty." J. Rufus chuckled, and his round face grew pinker as he half closed his eyes. He drew from inside his coat a long red pocketbook and opened it. The frozen blue eyes of Mr. Snipper glinted like ice crystals as they saw the warm-colored bills. "References satisfactory?"

"Better 'n the President!" And with a smile which would not come off his thin lips, no matter how much he tried, Mr. Snipper pulled his eyes away from that money. His knuckly right hand stole down the seam of his trousers, slipped stealthily behind a luckless wheat-straw, and clutched it unawares. He snapped the straw between his teeth and chewed it. "How do you want your beeves—on the hoof or delivered?"

"On the hoof. I'll give you spot cash for a bill of sale, with the privilege of leaving them in your field until I ship them."

"Un-hunh." The cold eyes studied the ground. The knuckly right hand drew slowly up and pounced upon a coat button, gripping it firmly by the neck. "We'd have to put a time-limit on that."

"Certainly." Wallingford produced two big, fat, black cigars, and handed one to the cow-inspector. "How about a week?"

"Seven days," returned the cautious Mr. Snipper, making the time more specific. "How many head do you want?"

"How many have you?"

"Hunh." Mr. Snipper's thin, wide lips smiled in gratification. "Five hundred and six."

"I'll take them all."

The smile stayed where it was, but somehow it was no longer a smile. It was a mere curve, and a small hole split in the middle of it for a long, deep intake of breath. Mr. Snipper's frappéd blue eyes studied Mr. Wallingford's shoes and his own, followed a fly along a piece of binder-string, and studied the formation of two clods of earth. His beknobbed right hand strayed round his hat-brim until the fingers discovered and seized upon a burr, which they crushed.

"Cash," he finally remarked; then he bored his gaze sudden into Wallingford's smiling eyes. It was like the pounce of fingers. "How much?"

"You say how much," countered J. Rufus, beaming jovialest. "They're your cattle."

"Un-hunh. But you want 'em," grinned Cow-Inspect Snipper. "Make me an offer."

Wallingford drew from his vest pocket a neat little blank bo with a morocco-leather cover and gold-edged leaves. From loop he slid a gold lead-pencil and made some figures.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" gasped Jed Snipper, genuinely stunn —so much so that his vindictive fingers stopped in their cra pursuit of his watch-chain. "Why, man, you're fooling!"

"Spot cash," the suave, big stranger reminded him. "Sp cash. Weighed on your own scales. Sick or well."

"You're making a mistake, Mr. Wallingford." Mr. Snipp was very much in earnest—also justly indignant. "There ai a healthier lot of cattle in this state than mine!"

"I'm taking chances. I'm not only a business man but I'm gambler." And Mr. Wallingford swelled his broad chest. "I was satisfied that all your cattle were perfectly well, and wou remain so for a week, I'd give you the market price; but ther too much tizzerazmus in this neighborhood to make that a sa bet."

"Too much—er—hunh?" The thin lips opened, and the froz blue eyes lost what expression they had.

"Tizzerazmus," repeated Mr. Wallingford gravely. "I nev saw so much of it. Mr. Cragg's cattle have it, Mr. Peppin's, M Peevy's, Mr. Barnes's, Mr. Wampus's. Why, there's a dozen the most prominent farmers in this vicinity whose cattle ha tizzerazmus."

"Is that so?" The craft came back to Mr. Snipper's strayi fingers, and they succeeded in catching an unsuspecting hay-see "How do you know?"

"The cows are in the dizzy stage already." The strang puffed contentedly at his big black cigar. "They're too far go to be even doctored up. You know the symptoms of tizzerazmu of course."

"Hunh? Oh, sure!" And Jed Snipper, wondering how spell it, looked up with a candid smile. "I'm cow-inspector f this district. Excuse me just a minute, will you?"

"With pleasure." Wallingford climbed up in the comfortab iron seat of a reaper and smoked in solid content, estimating t worth of the cow-inspector from the great beamed barn, with i double rows of stalls and its wide, high lofts. He did not ev trouble to follow Mr. Snipper to the door.

That gaunt and hungry individual hurried, as fast as h knuckly legs would carry him, to the fence, where he gazed with sharp eye across his fields. In the nearest one, a score of plac cattle, all headed in the same direction, munched and munch and munched, nor thought on a better life. Staring at them wo deringly for a short time, Jed Snipper wheeled and strode back his harness-room, where he took from a shelf a book entitl "Cattle and Their Diseases," and thumbed vigorously throu the leaves. He closed the book with a shake of his head. T word had unmistakably begun with a "t," and he would ha found it had it been spelled with either "z's" or "s's."

"Had to see about some feed," nonchalantly explained t cow-inspector, as he rejoined Wallingford. "Kind of a new d ease, this tiz—tiz——"

"Zerazmus," completed Wallingford. "Newest thing the is. And the only way to stop it is to kill every cow in the her It's a nervous disease, and affects the cerebro-spinal syste You better take the price I offered you."

"Couldn't think of it!" And the voice of Jed Snipper was su piciously emphatic. "Come out and look at my cows, and if y see any signs of"—he paused—"of tizzerazmus, you just t me; that's all!"

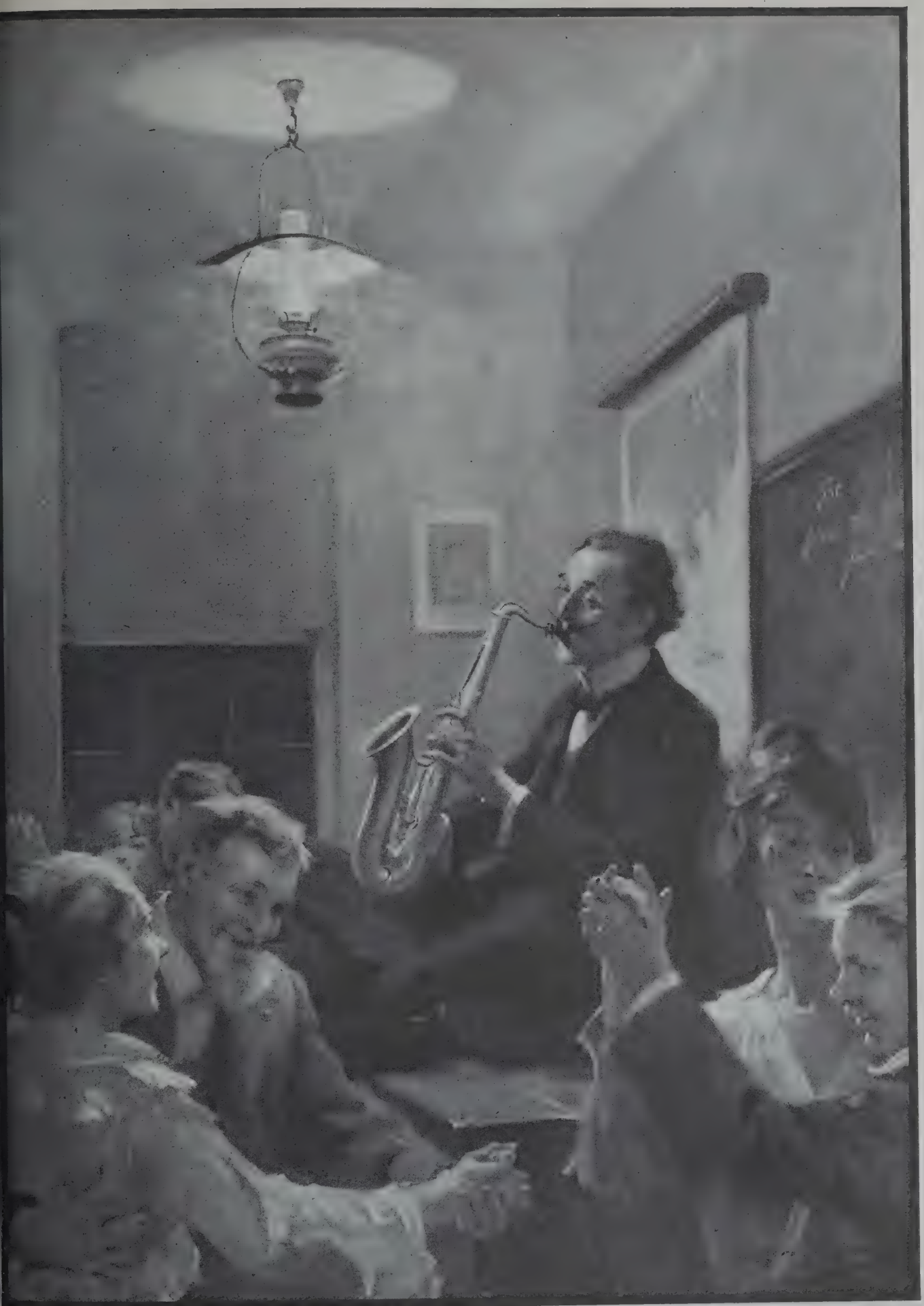
"With pleasure."

Wallingford, though he loathed soggy fields and mire and cl and walking, trudged with Jed Snipper over all his farm, and s emnly returned the inquiring gaze of mild-eyed cows; while t cow inspector, with craven anxiety, searched every feature Wallingford's round pink face for a trace of accusation.

"Not a sign of it!" claimed Snipper, in triumphant relief, they turned away from the last cow. "Tell you what I'll do, M Wallingford: I'll split the difference between what you offer me and the market price, just because it's a big cash deal."

"No." The cattle-buyer was very firm. "I've made m offer, and that's my price for twenty-four hours. Will y take it?"

"No, sir!" Jed Snipper was equally emphatic, even more s



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The wielder of the magic flute, sitting cross-legged on teacher's desk, swayed ecstatically from side to side, his black mustaches up-pointed, with a grin, and his black eyes glittering

"Those cattle are the healthiest you'll find. Healthy cattle ought to go up, with this timerazmus spreading the way it is."

"All right." Wallingford flecked off his ashes and started toward the automobile, which stood in the road in charge of its long, lean, black-mustached driver. "I'm stopping at the Jenkins Hotel, down in Jenkinsville. I've been there four days, looking round for cattle. If you want to take up my offer, come and see me."

"Un-hunh." Jed Snipper was already peeling off his working coat and hat as he hurried to the house. "Hey, you!" he yelled to a slouch-shouldered farm-hand. "Hitch up Dolly to the buckboard—quick!"

III

Cow-Inspector Snipper, wearing his official badge, stopped by the roadside and peered intently into Dan Cragg's field. As he looked, his thin lips curved in a smile of gratification, and his frigid blue eyes took on the glitter of icicles. Dan Cragg's cows were unmistakably dizzy! The nearest one to the fence leaned against a tree and, surveying Jed Snipper with a glassy eye, deliberately mooed at him. A brown heifer, further away, was prancing round and round in a circle, swishing her tail in rhythmic accompaniment and tossing her head proudly. A yearling bull calf was galloping madly to and fro across the pasture, bellowing, and kicking his heels as he turned at each end of the course. Jed Snipper waited for no more.

"Hey, Dan Cragg!" he yelled, as he drew up his little mare behind Cragg's corn-crib, her flanks smoking. "You'll have to kill a lot of your cattle—maybe all of 'em!"

The square-headed Dan Cragg threw the corn-sheller belt to the idle pulley, and came forward with a look of deep concern about his wrinkled brown eyes.

"Kill 'em?" he said. "What's the matter with 'em?"

"Timerazzus—that's what they got!" excitedly declared the official cow-inspector. "Come out here and look at 'em!"

"Tinner — what?" puzzled Dan Cragg, walking slowly over to the fence and staring into the field. "I never heard of it."

"It's a nervous disease," explained Inspector Snipper, with lofty contempt for Dan Cragg's ignorance. "It affects the spinal system, and——"

"I don't believe there is any such disease!" declared Dan Cragg, running his fingers through his grizzled hair but looking into his field with gravity nevertheless.

"You don't!" roared Snipper. "Why, look at them cows, man! They're so far gone with it now that they're dizzy! See that red Jersey!"

It was true that the spotted little Jersey was worthy of surprised attention. Hitherto a creature of modest and blameless conduct, she was now ambling toward them in a most giddy fashion, crossing her short legs from side to side with a rolling effect, like a skiff in the trough of the waves. She dropped in a tangle as she came over the rise, but made no move to get up. She merely crossed her legs and stuck out her tongue.

"Now will you deny it?" demanded Snipper. "That's a clear case of tizzeratimus, as sure as you're born! And the only way to stamp it out is to kill off the herd! You got ninety-eight head of cattle, Dan Cragg, an here's your condemnation-order." He filled out a blank wit nervous fingers, tore it from its pad, and thrust it into Da Cragg's hand. "Kill within forty-eight hours or pay th penalty!" With eager haste, he jumped into the buckboar and grabbed the lines. "Gid-dap, Dolly!" he shouted, and lai the lash on the little mare.

As he rattled down to the road, Dan Cragg went behind th corn-crib and haw-hawed until his stomach hurt.

That was a busy day for Jed Snipper. He drove to Joh Peppin's, to Barnes's, to Peevy's, to Wampus's, and to all th other prominent cattle-raisers in the district, and at every far he found, and condemned to death, sleek and shining cattle i the unmistakable dizzy stage of tizzerazmus. Last of all, h drove home at top speed, and, tossing his lines over the heav ing sides of Dolly, sprang across the fence into the field back o the barn. Ah! His cows, one and all, were placidly munchin and otherwise comporting themselves according to the highes standards of bovine respectability.

With righteous satisfaction, Jed Snipper went to bed tha night; but before he turned in, he complimented the Lord o having such a faithful servant in the vineyard as Jed Snippe Full and well had Jed done his duty. With a firm and vigorou foot he had stamped out the iniquitous new cattle-disease, an the price of healthy beeves must certainly rise!

He closed his eyes in calm peace, and hunched his shoulder under the pillow in his favorite snoring attitude. He opene his eyes with a jerk, to find dawn streaking the sky and a strang sound filling his ears. It was a loud medley of bellowing an mooing, and, springing to his window, he discerned, across hi broad field, such a bovine ball as perhaps no human ey had ever beheld. Every one of his five-hundred-od cattle was enthusiastically engaged in some variation o the tango, the fox-trot, or the more intricate fancy step known only to professionals. Their tails were waving i the air; their horns were tossing, and, if ever bellow and moos conveyed the idea of bovine revelry, th sounds which came from that prancing, galloping mêlé of beef were full of it.

Great Jehoshaphat! Timerazzazamus! For one moment Jed Snipper succumbed to black despair and stood knobb in his night-shirt, with his knuckly right hand clutchin his colorless stubble of hair. Suddenly gleam as of cracked ice came into his frigi blue eyes, and he grabbed for his trousers.

Ten minutes later, Jed and Dolly and th buckboard were tearing down th road. Rattle and bang and clatte and scrape! Dan Cragg, always light sleeper, heard that familia sound in the early dawn, an sprang to his window in time t see Jed Snipper rushing past Then Dan clutched his party-lin telephone.

Skinny John Pep pin was at his fron gate, with his hai tousled and hi night-shirt tucke into his trousers when Inspecto Snipper dashed tha way, and long Joh stepped out to th road in his bar feet.

"Hello, neighbor!" he called, holdin up his hand. "Go ing to town?"

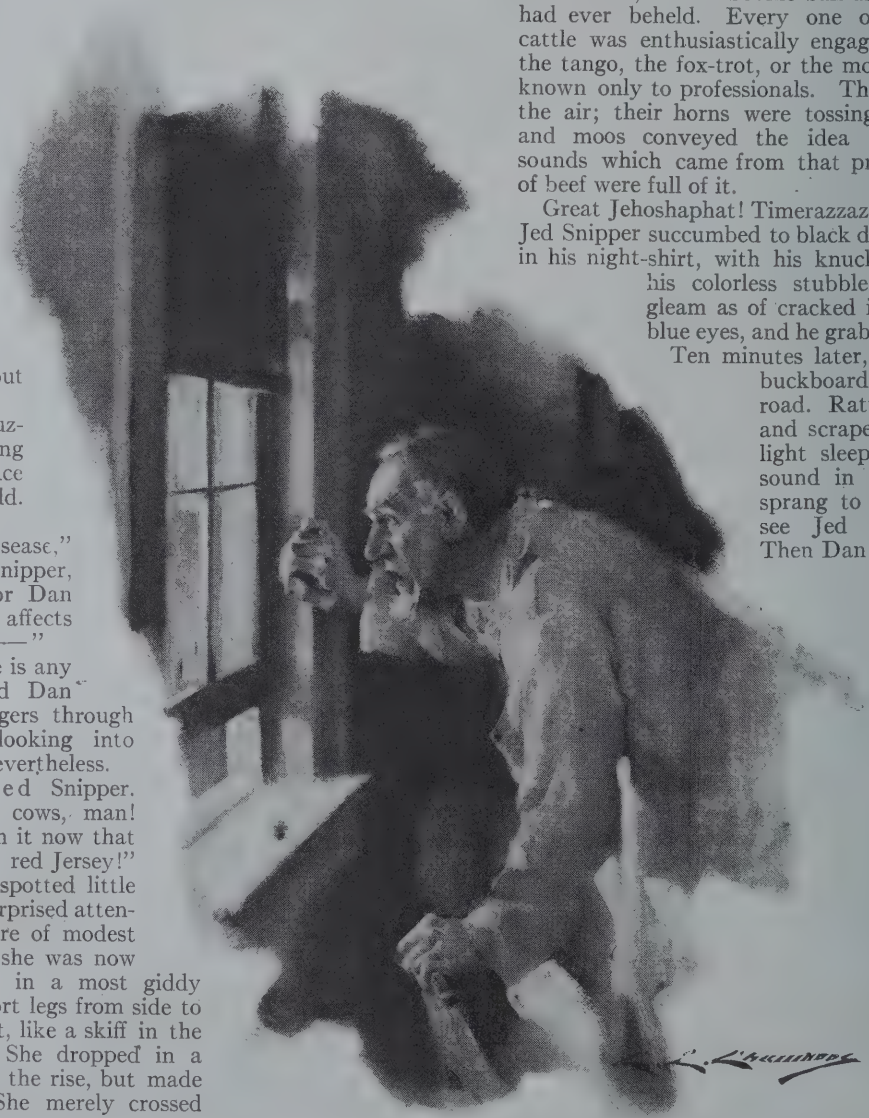
"Yep." Jed drew in Dolly with reluc tance.

"Mail a letter?"

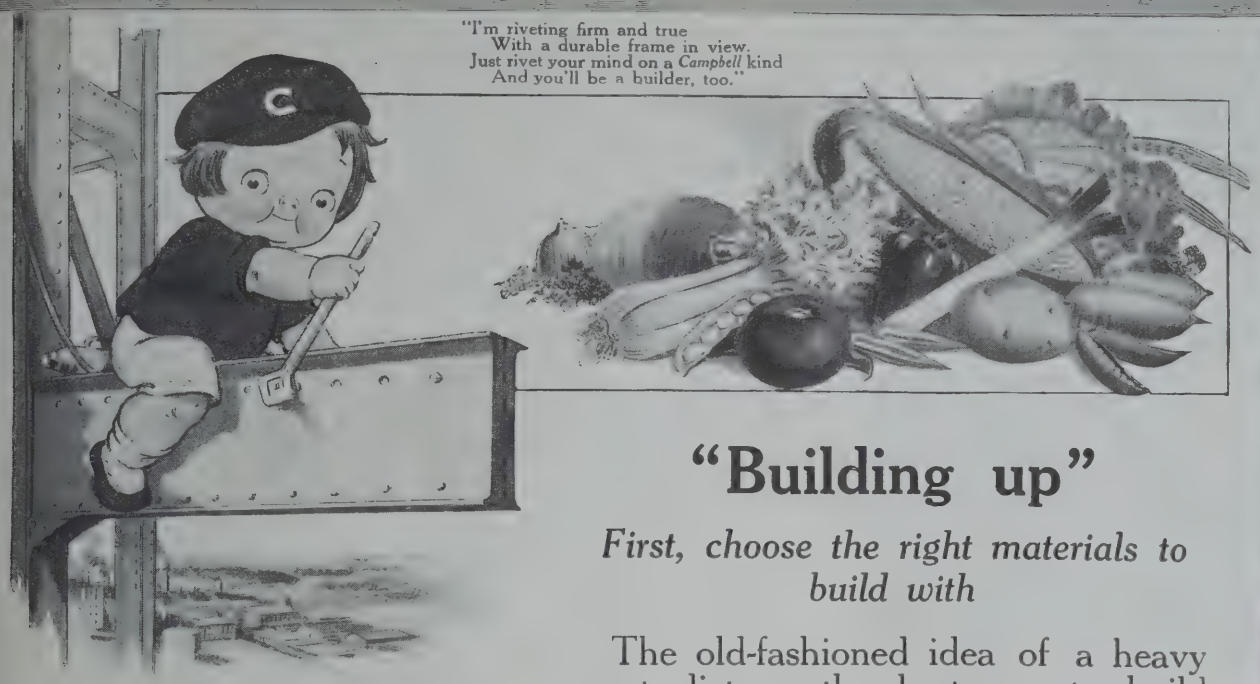
"Yep." And Je twiddled nervousl at his lines whil long John fumble in his pockets.

"Gosh! I lef

(*Continued on page 119*



He discerned, across his broad field, such a bovine ball as perhaps no human eye had ever beheld



"Building up"

First, choose the right materials to build with

The old-fashioned idea of a heavy meat diet as the best way to build health and strength was like some old stone buildings you've seen—with more weight than strength. Architects know better now, so do dieticians. Modern hygiene shows that you must have an abundance of good vegetables to build a vigorous constitution.

You are using the best kind of "building up" material when you eat

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It combines the invigorating meat juices of selected beef with the nourishing properties of choice vegetables, fine herbs, strength-giving cereals. And all these are in the most digestible form.

This is not only a tempting and appetizing meal course but it supplies in a substantial measure the vital elements necessary to correct the blood, regulate the body processes and create active energy.

All authorities agree that good soup eaten every day is one of the surest means of keeping in prime physical condition. And at this time of year when the system is inclined to be sluggish, you realize especially the need and the value of this wholesome and delicious soup.

Now is the time to order it by the dozen or more.
And always serve it steaming hot.

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To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish (Powder) and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, we will mail you a small outfit including emery board, orange stick and cotton, upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps.



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New York
Established 1873

Beulah Land

(*Continued from page 71*)

his people, hustling, grimy, dramatic, talking in voluble, guttural Yiddish. The old-clothes men came and went, drooping under their burdens. He shook his head at the pawn-shops with their Medici device of the golden spheres—one traffic he liked not at all; there was too much misery in it. He stopped outside a Jewish saloon where two men within were sipping golden plum brandy.

"*Lacheim!*" went one's salutation.

"*Sholem!*" came the response.

Over there, to the right, was a moving-picture theater, the garish posters lettered in Hebraic script. Next door, a restaurant with a white-enameled Yiddish motto on its window—upright sweeping majuscules with unexpected angles, dots, and dashes.

As he passed a street on his way north, he remembered that to the left on the Bowery was the theater where Tomashefsky's voice resounded in sweeping Jewish diction as he depicted the drama of his people—the release from Egypt, the fall of Jericho, the building of the Temple.

Hour to hour went by, and still he wandered about, savoring, as one savors old memories, the nearness and greatness of his people in this alien land. He dropped into the little cafés where the young Jewish poets sat playing chess, and the older men stood by, watching pawn and queen move, and bishop and king. Everywhere there was an ovation for him.

"Mr. Sassoon!" The place was cleared for him. It was as though Harun-al-Raschid were passing by night through Bagdad's streets.

"To-morrow," he told them, "to-morrow, I leave for Zion!"

"And when do you come back, Mr. Sassoon?" an old man asked.

"I will never come back," Sassoon said. "In David's city I stay."

The young poets applauded violently. The elder men looked grave. There was one who cried.

And so from place to place and from street to street Sassoon went, storing in his heart the memory of the city and the country which had meant so much to his people.

Here, up in the Bronx, around Simpson Street, they gathered, a hill of busy, thriving ants. On every second apartment was a doctor's name, or the name of a dentist with a familiar racial ring. Out of the East they had come, and out of Europe, where they were oppressed, and here they had found welcome and a chance to use their brains and science. They had thrived and prospered and were living in peace and respect by the side of the other factors that made up the formula of a free country.

Dawn broke in the air, and to him it was a shock, for he had no idea time had passed so rapidly. He turned to find a taxi-cab. A big Irish policeman was appealed to for help. The officer looked at him keenly.

"You're Mr. Sassoon, the banker," he said. "I seen your picture in the papers many a time. Hey, Jim!" He shouted across to a garage. "If I'm not making too free," he went on, "I see in the papers that you're going to leave us."

"I am," Sassoon smiled.

"A great pity, that!" The policem shook his head. "The country needs you

He opened the door of the cab. H turned to the chauffeur.

"Take Mr. Sassoon home, Jim," directed, "and take him home qui and safe, or I'll have the skin off yo bones."

"Thanks, Officer," Sassoon laughe "and good-by!"

The policeman took off his cap as shook hands.

"God be good to you, Mr. Sassoon he said simply. "You were good to t poor."

He would not lie down, Sassoon decide He would turn in under a shower and wa for Miriam's rising. It was too big a da to sleep. He hoped Miriam was sleepi well, for the start on the voyage would fatiguing.

But Miriam was not sleeping. She w sitting awake, dry-eyed, tense, trouble There was something wrong, she kne It was the first time she had the oppo tunity to help him, and help him s would, if anything could help him. H greatness, his fineness—those were t things that mattered, and which she d not want to see warped or wrongly directe She had no child. She had nothing b Sassoon——

VII

HE expected to slip in unnoticed, b she met him at the door, firm-faced, wi shadows under her fine eyes and insi them a great controlled agony. He w too exalted to notice anything.

"There is some one wants to see yo Sassoon," she said.

"At this hour?"

"The little woman from the corn news-stand."

He went into the morning-room, a sitting on the edge of a chair, fearfull was a little Polish woman of the peop He remembered somehow having seen h before. She rose up breathing hard.

"Mr. Sassoon,"—she broke into singi Yiddish, with a note of hysteria—"I he it you go away. And what will becor of us, Mr. Sassoon; what will become us?" Sassoon looked at her in astonis ment. He got no opportunity to spea She went on: "I got it a little money your bank, all I got in the world. I wa it to send my boy to college, so that be a doctor. All the time I say, 'Wh he grows up I go to Mr. Sassoon, and I a him what I should do.' And when grows up now, I cannot go to Mr. Sassoo And none of us can go to Mr. Sassoo Because Mr. Sassoon will be gone awa *Gewahlt!* What shall we do? Who w take care of us, now that Mr. Sassoon gone?"

Miriam went over and touched her han

"Sit down, mother, and wait a litt Sassoon"—she turned to her husband "come up-stairs; I want to speak to you

She led the way to his big study on t upper floor, the dim room with the gre windows and the balcony. He closed t door after them. She turned to him. H hands fell to her side.



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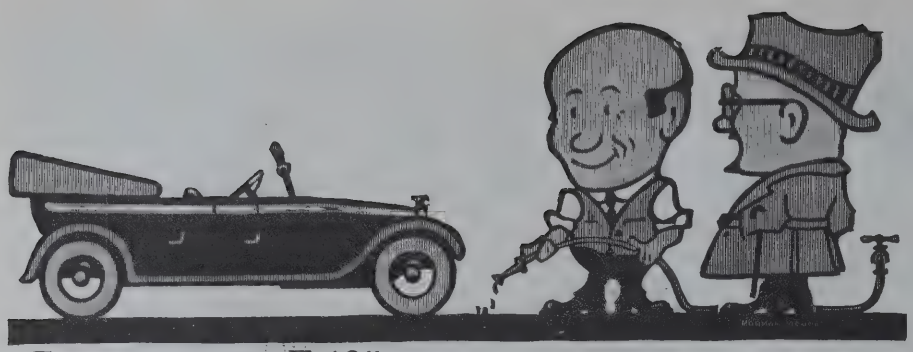
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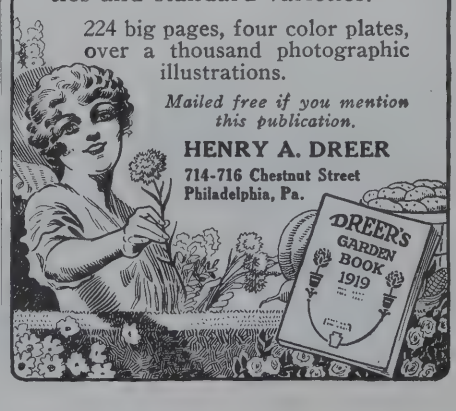
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"Sassoon," she quavered. "I will not go with you."

He looked at her blankly.

"I will not go with you, Sassoon." Her hands clinched like steel bands. "Because it is not right, I will not go."

"Miriam"—his voice was very gentle—"I do not understand you. What is not right?"

"Sassoon"—her voice rose and fell in nervous musical surges, like the quavering of a violin, and there were sobs behind it, and tears—"Sassoon, when things got too bad in Russia, when the *pogrometzky* were running through the streets screaming for Jewish blood, when all through the Caucasus a Jew was never free from danger and insult—through Germany, through Bulgaria—they came here. If you had asked my father, Jacob Mendel, who is dead, he would have told you stories that would have made your blood cold and your skin like the skin of a goose. But you never looked for facts, Sassoon. You wanted dreams."

She moved nearer him. She put her hand up.

"Wait, Sassoon! They came here, and they were happy and they got their chance. And you came to them. And you cared for them and you taught them. You were never tired imploring them to understand and feel the duties of a new citizenship, to show all the world what the Jew is. When the war broke out, it was you who went about, sending your own people into battle. There were times you saved this country from financial ruin. You leave it now. It is not right, Sassoon."

Through the faint shadows of dawn, the slim, swordlike figure of her, the burning eyes, the set face, the white, dramatic hands showed dimly, like some oracle in a temple of old Greece.

"Listen, Sassoon"—her voice set suddenly—"I was at lunch down-town on Tuesday, and sitting near me were two women. They were talking about you. 'He's going to Palestine,' one of them said. And then the other—'He's made his money,' she laughed, 'and now he's going off with it.' And the first one laughed too. 'It's the way of the Yid,' she sneered. Wince, Sassoon, wince! 'The way of the Yid!'"

Erect and motionless, he listened to her. His face had become furrowed granite and his frame carved stone.

"Oh, Sassoon"—she had dropped to her knees, and down her cheeks tears suddenly appeared like dew—"you want the bridal land, the land of Beulah! Why, here is Beulah Land! Oh, Sassoon, blind one, cannot you see? Not even in Palestine is Zion; but when we are dead—there is David's city!"

The lines in his face softened and his eyes grew dim.

Miriam stood up.

"I love you, Sassoon!" Her voice had developed a deep crooning. "I love you as no woman ever could. If you were poor and broken, I would sell the hair of my head for you. If you are in trouble I am in trouble, too. If you were dead, I too, should die. But by the High One, Sassoon, if you go, you go alone. For you are not doing a right thing." Her voice rose suddenly like a bugle. "You are deserting the place that made you and that you helped make."

She moved to the door suddenly, and

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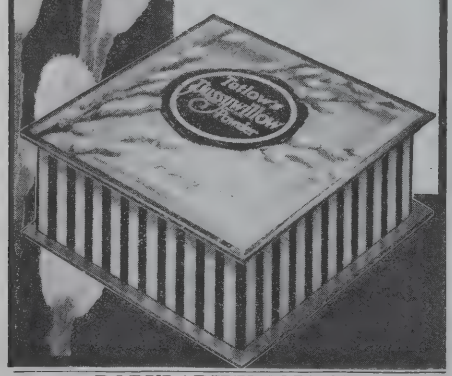
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opening it, passed out. She turned for a minute with all the agony of her eyes focused on him.

"Oh, Sassoon," she pleaded, "dream greater than Zion's walls!"

He walked toward the windows in a daze, as a sleeper might who had been roughly awakened and is not yet quite conscious, and, opening them, he stepped out on the balcony. Eastward, the sun had now come up a little along the horizon and, struggling with massive gray-and-white cloud banks, was seeking to break through, here and there in red splotches, here and there in long, white, spearlike rays. Below, over the street, milk-carts rattled. A few blocks away came the booming of the elevated on Third Avenue.

But Sassoon was seeing none of these things. Through his mind there was running still the itinerary of the day before—the narrow, crowded gulches of Second Avenue, with their struggling, happy merchants; the little dingy synagogues; the queer restaurants where his people ate their food in peace.

"In peace!" he thought aloud. "In happiness and peace!"

For so many years had the thought of Zion been in his mind that it continually obtruded itself on his thoughts, like a presuming person. But his wife's words came to his mind, and again a mist crept over his eyes.

"David's city! When we are dead——"

It was as though some formula of white magic had been uttered, for as he stood there clutching the balustrade, the pathetic stones of the Temple hushed their voices, and into his mind there came joyously, on tramping feet, a vision of his people coming out of bondage into the Free Land.

All through New York they were, all through America, working against ancient prejudices, overcoming them, beating them down. There was no question of conquest, none of rapacity. They came joyously, out of their fetid Ghettos, to breath pure air.

He threw his head high in exaltation, and his eye caught a glimpse of a cloud above him, a white cirrus that the dawn-wind was blowing about, and as he watched it, it took form suddenly into the six-pointed star of David. He dropped his eyes as though before a miracle.

"Beulah Land!"

He turned suddenly, joyously, for in his heart there were cymbals clashing and the thrumming of harps, to go down-stairs to Miriam. She was waiting for him, he knew. But he did not know she was on her knees, praying as she had never prayed before. If he went, she had decided, he must go without her, and if he went without her, she should surely die. For he was all the world to her. She had no child. She had nothing but Sassoon——

A new ***Donn Byrne*** story, ***The Colleen Rue,*** will appear in ***May Cosmopolitan.***

The Intellectual Honesty of the French

(*Continued from page 61*)

receive this reassurance; but as long as he needs it, he remains a child, and the world he lives in is a nursery-world. Things are not always and everywhere well with the world, and each man has to find it out as he grows up. It is the finding-out that makes him grow, and until he has faced the fact and digested the lesson, he is not grown-up—he is still in the nursery.

The same thing is true of countries and peoples. The "sheltered life," whether of the individual or of the nation, must either have a violent and tragic awakening—or never wake up at all. The keen French intelligence perceived this centuries ago, and has always preferred to be awake and alive, at whatever cost. The cost has been heavy, but the results have been worth it, for France leads the world intellectually just because she is the most grown-up of the nations.

In each of the great nations there is a small minority which is at about the same level of intellectual culture; but it is not between these minorities (though even here the level is higher in France) that comparisons may profitably be made. A cross-section of average life must be taken, and compared with the same average in a country like ours, to understand why France leads in the world of ideas.
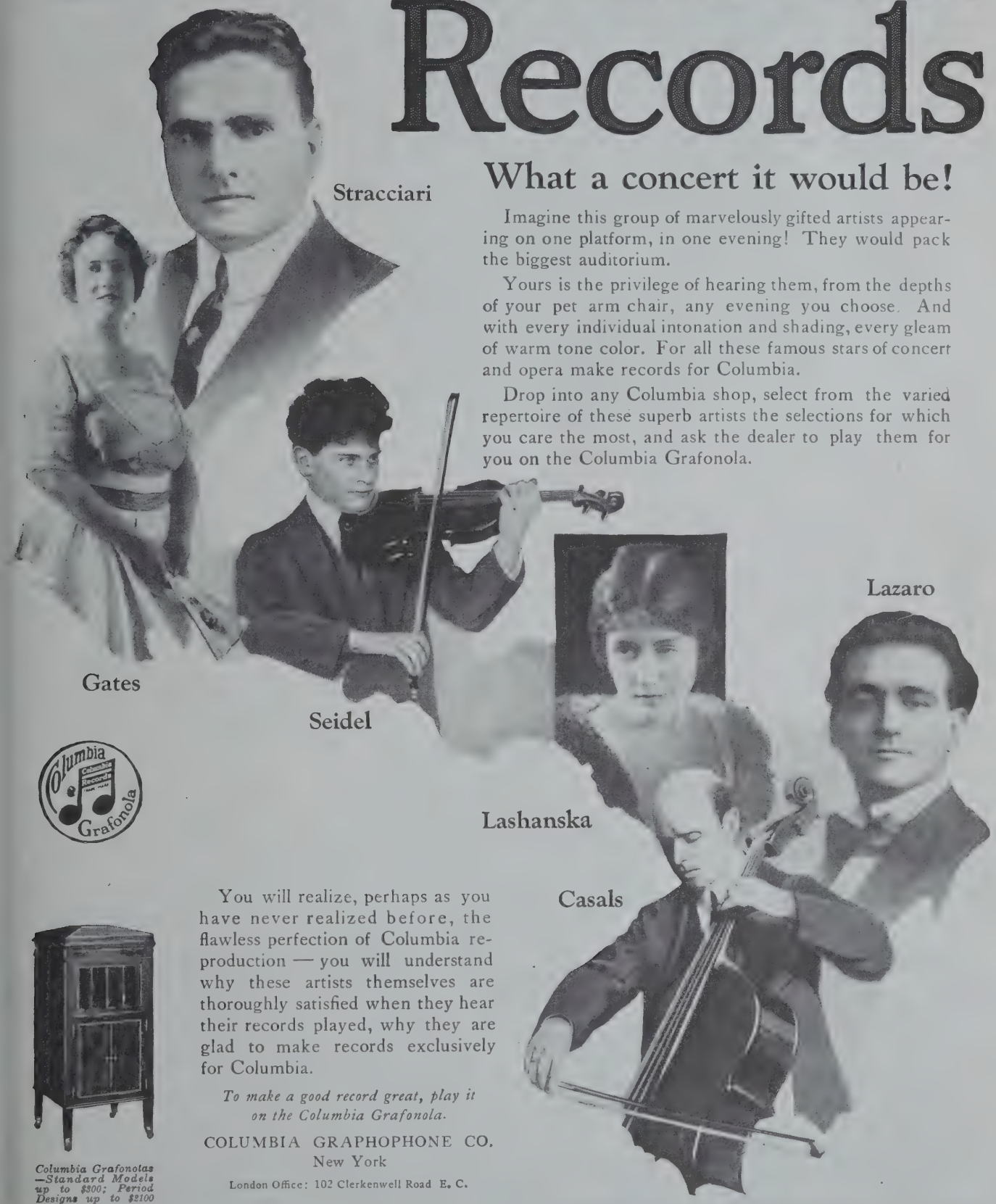
The theater has an importance in France which was matched only in the most glorious days of Greece. The dramatic sense of the French—their faculty of perceiving and enjoying the vivid contrasts and ironies of daily life, and their ability to express emotion where Anglo-Saxons can only choke with it—this innate dramatic gift, which is a part of their general artistic endowment, leads them to attach an importance to the theater incomprehensible to our blunter races.

Americans new to France, and seeing it first in war-time, will be continually led to overlook the differences and see the resemblances between the two countries. They will notice, for instance, that the same kind of people who pack the music-halls and "movie" shows at home also pack them in France. But if they will take a seat at one of the French national theaters (the Théâtre Français or the Odéon), they will see people of the same level of education as those of the cinema-halls enjoying with keen discrimination a tragedy by Racine or a drama of Victor Hugo's. In America, the "movie" and music-hall audiences require no higher form of nourishment. In France they do, and the Thursday matinées in theaters which give the classic drama are as packed as the house where "The Mysteries of New York" are unrolled, while on the occasion of the free performances given on national holidays in these theaters, a line composed of working people, poor students, and all kinds of modest wage-earners forms at the door hours before the performance begins.

The people who assist at these great tragic performances have a strong-enough sense of reality to understand the part that grief and calamity play in life and in art; they feel instinctively that no real art can be based on a humbugging attitude toward life, and it is their intellectual honesty which makes them exact and enjoy its fearless representation.

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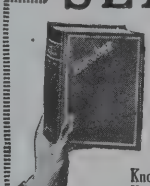
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tion, of "culture," it would be truer to say, if the word, with us, had not come to stand for the pretense rather than the reality. Education in its elementary sense is much more general in America than in France. There are more people who can read in the United States; but what do they read? The whole point, as far as any real standard goes, is there. If the ability to read carries the average man no higher than the gossip of his neighbors, if he asks nothing more nourishing out of books and the theater than he gets in hanging about the store, the bar, and the street-corner, then culture is bound to be dragged down to him instead of his being lifted up by culture.

III

THE very significance—the note of ridicule and slight contempt—which attaches to the word "culture" in America would be quite unintelligible to the French of any class. It is inconceivable to them that anyone should consider it superfluous, and even slightly comic, to know a great deal, to know the best in every line, to know, in fact, as much as possible.

There are ignorant and vulgar-minded people in France as in other countries; but instead of dragging the popular standard of culture down to their own level, and ridiculing knowledge as the affectation of a self-conscious clique, they are obliged to esteem it, to pretend to have it, and to try to talk its language—which is not a bad way of beginning to acquire it.

The odd Anglo-Saxon view that a love of beauty and an interest in ideas imply effeminacy is quite unintelligible to the French—as unintelligible as, for instance, the other notion that athletics make men manly.

The French would say that athletics make men muscular, that education makes them efficient, and that what makes them manly is their general view of life, or, in other words, the completeness of their intellectual honesty. And the conduct of Frenchmen during the last four and a half years looks as though there were something to be said in favor of this opinion.

The French are persuaded that the enjoyment of beauty and the exercise of the critical intelligence are two of the things best worth living for; and the notion that art and knowledge could ever, in a civilized state, be regarded as negligible, or subordinated to merely material interests, would never occur to them. It does not follow that everything they create is beautiful, or that their ideas are always valuable or interesting; what matters is the esteem in which *the whole race* holds ideas and their noble expression.

Theoretically, America holds art and ideas in esteem also; but she does not, as a people, seek or desire them. This indifference is partly due to awe: America has not lived long at her ease with beauty, like the old European races, whose art reaches back through an unbroken inheritance of thousands of years of luxury and culture.

It would have been unreasonable to expect a new country, plunged in the struggle with material necessities, to create an art of her own, or to have acquired familiarity enough with the great arts of the past to feel the need of them

as promoters of enjoyment or as refining and civilizing influences. But America is now ripe to take her share in the long inheritance of the races she descends from; and it is a pity that just at this time the inclination of the immense majority of Americans is setting away from all real education and real culture.

Intellectual honesty was never so little in respect in the United States as in the years before the war. Every sham and substitute for education and literature and art was steadily crowding out the real thing. "Get-rich-quick" is a much less dangerous device than "Get-educated-quick," but the popularity of the first has led to the attempt to realize the second. It is possible to get rich quickly in a country full of money-earning chances; but there is no short cut to education.

Perhaps it has been an advantage to the French to have had none of our chances of sudden enrichment. Perhaps the need of accumulating money slowly leads people to be content with less, and consequently gives them more leisure to care for other things. There could be no greater error—as all Americans know—than to think that America's ability to make money quickly has made her heedless of other values; but it has set the pace for the pursuit of those other values, a pursuit that leads to their being trampled underfoot in the general rush for them.

The French, at any rate, living more slowly, have learned the advantage of living more deeply. In science, in art, in technical and industrial training, they know the need of taking time and the wastefulness of superficiality. French university education is a long and stern process, but it produces minds capable of more sustained effort and a larger range of thought than our hasty doses of learning. And this strengthening discipline of the mind has preserved the passion of the French for intellectual honesty. No race is so little addicted to fads, for fads are generally untested propositions. The French tendency is to test every new theory, religious, artistic, or scientific, in the light of wide knowledge and long experience, and to adopt it only if it stands this scrutiny. It is for this reason that France has so few religions, so few philosophies, and so few quick cures for mental or physical woes. And it is for this reason, also, that there are so few advertisements in the French newspapers.

Nine-tenths of English and American advertising is based on the hope that some one has found a way of doing something, or curing some disease, or overcoming some infirmity more quickly than by the accepted methods. The French are too incredulous of short cuts and nostrums to turn to such promises with much hope. Their unshakable intellectual honesty and their sound intellectual training lead them to distrust any way but the straight and narrow one when a difficulty is to be mastered or an art acquired. They are, above all, democratic in their steady conviction that there is no "Royal Road" to the worth-while things, and that every yard of the Way to Wisdom has to be traveled on foot, and not spun over in a breathless joy ride.

Mrs. Wharton's next article will appear in an early issue.



What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

"You're like many others, Jack, who think they must have coffee—you're surprised to find that this healthful cereal drink has a really delicious, coffee-like flavor."

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10 Buys 100 Millions Billions in use today

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No Paste Needed

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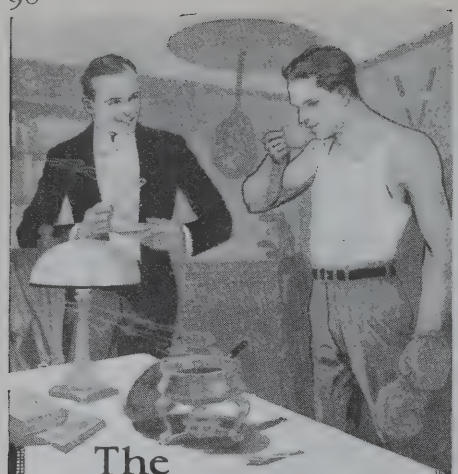
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do not disfigure the article to which they are attached. They prevent loss and confusion in the laundry.

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PRICES

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12 dozen..... $2.00
6 dozen..... 1.25
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Sold by all Leading Dry Goods Stores.

Write for Style Sheet.

J. & J. CASH, Limited

63 Chestnut Street, South Norwalk, Conn., or 301 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

Saint's Progress

(*Continued from page 40*)

was on him, had to rummage out the very depths of old association, so that, once for all, he might know whether he had strength to close the door on the past.

Five o'clock struck before he had finished, and, almost dropping with fatigue, he sat down at his little piano in bright daylight. The last memory to beset him was the first of all—his honeymoon, before they came back to live in this house, already chosen, furnished, and waiting for them. They had spent it in Germany—the first days in Baden-Baden, and each morning had been awakened by a chorale played down in the gardens of the *Kurhaus*, a gentle, beautiful tune, to remind them that they were in heaven. And softly, so softly that the tunes seemed to be but dreams, he began playing those old chorales, one after another, so that the stilly sounds floated out through the opened window, puzzling the early birds and cats and those few humans who were abroad as yet.

He received the telegram from Noel in the afternoon of the same day, just as he was about to set out for Leila's to get news of her, and close on the top of it came Lavendie. He found the painter standing disconsolate in front of his picture.

"*Mademoiselle* has deserted me."

"I'm afraid we shall all desert you soon, *monsieur*."

"You are going?"

"Yes; I am leaving here. I hope to go to France."

"And *mademoiselle?*"

"She is at Dover with my son-in-law."

The painter ran his hands through his hair, but stopped them half-way, as if aware that he was being guilty of ill breeding.

"*Mon Dieu!* Is that not a calamity for you, *monsieur le curé?*"

But his sense of the calamity was so patently limited to his unfinished picture that Pierson could not help a smile.

"Ah, *monsieur*," said the painter, on whom nothing was lost, "*comme je suis égoïste!* I show my feelings; it is deplorable. My disappointment must seem a bagatelle to you, who will be so distressed at leaving your old home. This must be a time of great trouble. Believe me, I understand. But to sympathize with a grief which is not shown would be an impertinence, would it not? You English gentlefolk do not let us share your griefs; you keep them to yourselves."

Pierson stared.

"True," he said. "Quite true."

"I am no judge of Christianity, *monsieur*, but for us artists the doors of the human heart stand open, our own and others. I suppose we have no pride—*c'est très indélicat.* Tell me, *monsieur*—you would not think it worthy of you to speak to me of your troubles, would you, as I have spoken of mine?" Pierson bowed his head, abashed. "You preach of universal charity and love," went on Lavendie; "but how can there be that when you teach also secretly the keeping of your troubles to yourselves? Man responds to example, not to teaching; you set the example of the stranger, not the brother. You expect from others what you do not give. Frankly, *monsieur*, do you not feel that with every revelation of your soul and feelings, virtue goes out of you? I will tell you why, if you will not think it an offense. In opening your hearts, you feel that you lose authority. You are officers, and must never forget that. Is it not so?"

Pierson grew red.

"I hope there is another feeling, too. I think we feel that to speak of our sufferings or deeper feelings is to obtrude oneself, to make a fuss, to be self-concerned, when we might be concerned with others."

"*Monsieur, au fond* we are all concerned with self. To seem selfless is but your particular way of cultivating the perfection of self. You admit that not to obtrude self is the way to perfect yourself. *Eh bien!* What is that but a deeper concern with self? To be free of this, there is no way but to forget all about oneself in what one is doing, as I forget everything when I am painting. But," he added, with a sudden smile, "you would not wish to forget the perfecting of self—it would not be right in your profession. So I must take away this picture, must I not? It is one of my best works. I regret much not to have finished it."

"Some day, perhaps——"

"'Some day!' The picture will stand still, but *mademoiselle* will not. She will rush at something, and—behold!—this face will be gone. No; I prefer to keep it as it is. It has truth now." And lifting down the canvas, he stood it against the wall and folded up the easel. "*Bonsoir, monsieur*, you have been very good to me. *Adieu!*" He wrung Pierson's hand; and his face for a moment seemed all eyes and spirit. "*Adieu!*"

"Good-by," Pierson murmured. "God bless you!"

"I don't know if I have great confidence in him," replied Lavendie, "but I shall ever remember that so good a man as you has wished it. To *mademoiselle* my distinguished salutations, if you please. If you will permit me, I will come back for my other things to-morrow."

And, carrying easel and canvas, he departed.

Pierson stayed in the old drawing-room, waiting for Gratian to come in, and thinking over the painter's words. Had his education and position really made it impossible for him to be brotherly? Was this the secret of the impotence which he sometimes felt, the reason why charity and love were not more alive in the hearts of his congregation? "God knows I've no consciousness of having felt myself superior," he thought; "and yet I would be truly ashamed to tell people of my troubles and of my struggles. Can it be that Christ, if he were on earth, would count us Pharisees, believing ourselves not as other men? But surely it is not as Christians but rather as gentlemen that we keep ourselves to ourselves. 'Officers,' he called us. I fear—I fear it is true." Ah, well—there would be not many more days now. He would learn out there how to open the hearts of others—and his own. Suffering and death leveled all barriers, made all men brothers.

He was still sitting there when Gratian came in, and, taking her hand, he said:

"Noel has gone down to George, and,

Gracie, I want you to get transferred and go to them. I'm giving up the parish and asking for a chaplaincy."

"'Giving up'? After all this time? Is it because of Nollie?"

"No; I think not. I think the time has come. I feel my work here is barren."

"Oh, no! And even if it is, it's only because——"

Pierson smiled.

"Because of what, Gracie?"

"Dad, it's what I've felt in myself. We want to think and decide things for ourselves; we want to own our consciences; we can't take things at second hand any longer."

Pierson's face darkened.

"Ah!" he said. "To have lost faith is a grievous thing."

"We're gaining charity!" cried Gratian.

"The two things are not opposed, my dear."

"Not in theory; but in practice I think they often are. Oh, dad, you look so tired! Have you really made up your mind? Won't you feel lost?"

"For a little. But I shall find myself out there."

But the look on his face was too much for Gratian's composure, and she turned away.

Pierson went down to his study to write his letter of resignation. Sitting before that blank sheet of paper, he realized to the full how strongly he had resented the public condemnation passed on his own flesh and blood, how much his action was the expression of a purely mundane championship of his daughter, of a mundane mortification. "Pride," he thought. "Ought I to stay and conquer it?" Twice he set his pen down, twice took it up again. He could not conquer it. To stay where he was not wanted, on a sort of sufferance—never!

And he sat before that empty sheet of paper and tried to do the hardest thing a man can do—to see himself as others see him—and met with such success as one might expect—harking at once to the verdicts, not of others at all but of his own conscience, and coming soon to that perpetual gnawing sense which had possessed him ever since the war began, that it was his duty to be dead. This feeling that to be alive was unworthy of him when so many of his flock had made the last sacrifice was reenforced by his domestic tragedy and the bitter disillusionment it had brought. A sense of having lost caste weighed on him while he sat there with his past receding from him, dusty and unreal. He had the queerest feeling of his old life falling from him, dropping round his feet like the outworn scales of a serpent, rung after rung of tasks and duties performed day after day, year after year. Had they ever been quite real? Well, he had shed them now, and was to move out into life illumined by the great reality—death! And, taking up his pen, he wrote his resignation.

XI

I

THE last Sunday—sunny and bright. Though he did not ask her to go, Gratian went to every service that day. And the sight of her, after this long interval, in their old pew, where once he had been

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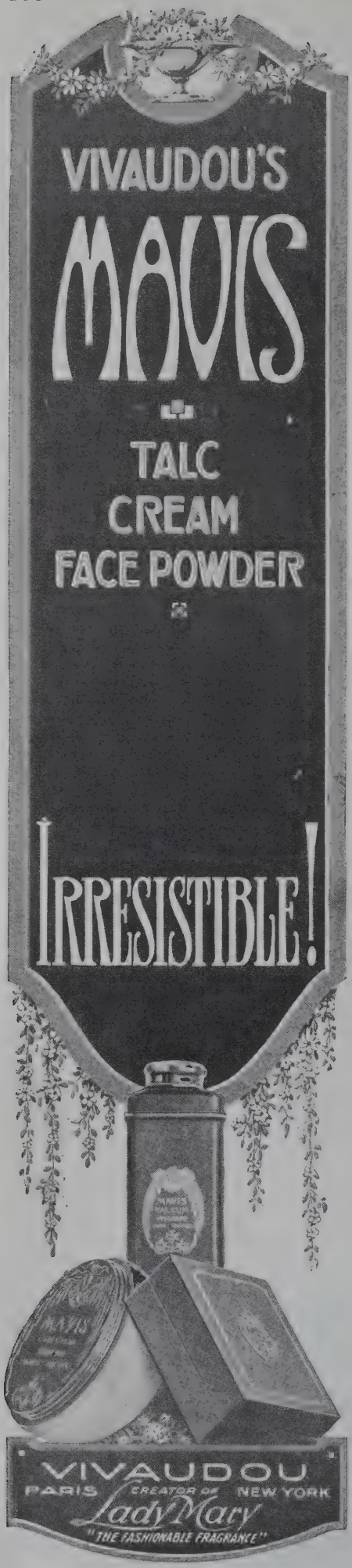
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wont to see his wife's face and draw refreshment therefrom, affected Pierson more than anything else. He had told no one of his coming departure, shrinking from the falsity and suppression which must underlie every allusion and expression of regret. In the last minute of his last sermon he would tell them. He went through the day in a sort of dream. Truly proud and sensitive under this social blight, he shrank from all alike, made no attempt to single out supporters or adherents from those who had fallen away. He knew there would be some, perhaps many, seriously grieved that he was going; but to try and realize who they were, to weigh them in the scales against the rest and so forth was quite against his nature. It was all or nothing.

But when, for the last time of all those hundreds, he mounted the steps of his dark pulpit, he showed no trace of finality, did not perhaps even feel it yet. For so beautiful a summer evening, the congregation was large. In spite of all reticence, rumor was busy and curiosity still rife. The writers of the letters, anonymous and otherwise, had spent a week, not indeed in proclaiming what they had done, but in justifying to themselves the secret fact that they had done it. And this was best achieved by speaking to their neighbors of the serious and awkward situation of the poor vicar. The result was visible in a better attendance than had been seen since summer-time began.

Pierson had never been a great preacher; his voice lacked resonance and pliancy, his thought breadth and buoyancy, and he was not free from the singsong which mars the utterance of many who have to speak professionally. But he always made an impression of goodness and sincerity. On this last Sunday evening, he preached again the first sermon he had ever preached from that pulpit, fresh from the honeymoon with his young wife. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It lacked now the happy fervor of that most happy of all his days, yet gained poignancy, coming from so worn a face and voice.

Gratian, who knew that he was going to end with his farewell, was in a choke of emotion long before he came to it. She sat winking away her tears, and not till he paused—for so long that she thought his strength had failed—did she look up. He was leaning a little forward, seeming to see nothing; but his hands, grasping the pulpit's edge, were quivering. There was deep silence in the church, for the look of his face and figure was strange, even to Gratian. When his lips parted to again speak, a mist covered her eyes, and she lost sight of him.

"Friends, I am leaving you. These are the last words I shall ever speak in this place. I go to other work. You have been very good to me. God has been very good to me. I pray with my whole heart that he may bless you all. Amen. Amen."

The mist cleared into tears, and she could see him again gazing down at her. Was it at her? He was surely seeing something—some vision sweeter than reality, something he loved more dearly. She fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands. All through the hymn she knelt, and through his clear, slow benediction: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always." And still she knelt on till she was alone in the church. Then she rose and stole home. He did not come in; she did not expect him. "It's over," she kept thinking; "all over. My beloved daddy! Now he has no home. Nollie and I have pulled him down. And yet I couldn't help it, and perhaps she couldn't. Poor Nollie!"

2

Pierson had stayed in the vestry, talking with his choir and wardens; there was no hitch, for his resignation had been accepted, and he had arranged with a friend to carry on till the new vicar was appointed. When they were gone, he went back into the empty church and mounted to the organ-loft. A little window up there was open, and he stood leaning against the stone, looking out, resting his whole being. Only now that it was over did he know what stress he had been through. Sparrows were chirping, but sound of traffic had almost ceased in that quiet Sunday hour of the evening meal.

Finished! Incredible that he would never come up here again, never see those roof-lines, that corner of square-garden, and hear this familiar chirping of the sparrows.

He sat down at the organ and began to play—the last time the sound would roll out and echo round the emptied house of God.

For a long time he played, while the building darkened slowly down there below him. Of all that he would leave, he would miss this most—the right to come and play here in the darkening church, to release emotional sound in this dim, empty space growing ever more beautiful with darkness. From chord to chord he let himself go deeper and deeper into the surge and swell of those sound-waves, losing all sense of actuality, till the music and the whole dark building were fused in one rapturous solemnity.

Away down there, the darkness crept over the church till the pews, the altar—all was invisible save the columns and the walls. He began playing his favorite slow movement—from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—kept to the end, for the visions it ever brought him. And a cat, which had been stalking the sparrows, crept in through the little window and crouched, startled, staring at him with her green eyes. He closed the organ, went quickly down, and, blowing out the candles, locked up his church for the last time.

It was warmer outside than in, and lighter, for daylight was not quite gone. He moved away a few yards, and stood looking up. Walls, buttresses, and spire were clothed in milky, shadowy gray. The top of the spire seemed to touch a star. "Good-by, my church!" he thought. "Good-by—good-by!" He felt his face quiver, clenched his teeth, and turned away.

The next instalment of ***Saint's Progress*** will appear in ***May Cosmopolitan.***



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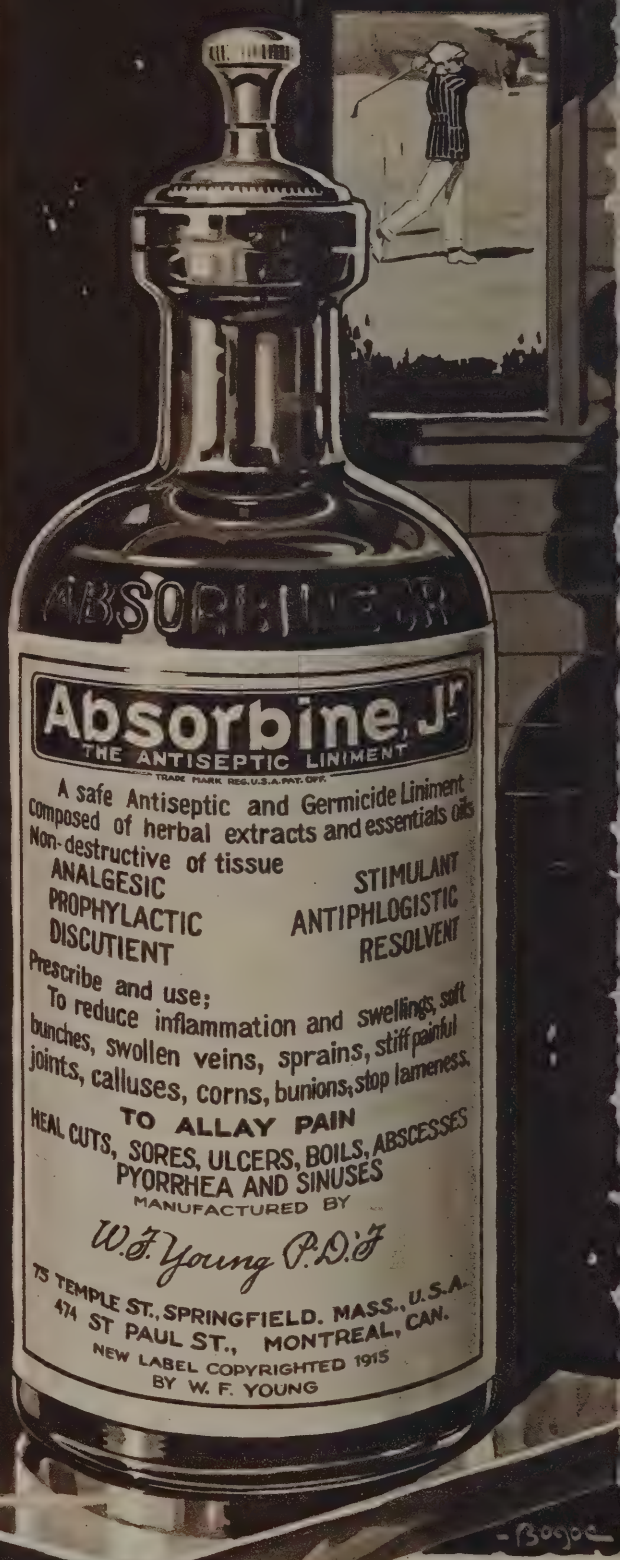
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Thanks to Lucia

(*Continued from page 48*)

haracter have changed; and in the second, t would be a low-down German trick or a helpless lump like me to grab you resh from your volcano and marry you before you had a chance to pick and choose for yourself."

"But I have picked and chosen," Lucia protested. "I have chosen you, Wade. You are the only man I have told hat I should like to marry, though I did ell Mr. Brown that I thought he would nake a very nice husband. And you are ot a helpless lump. You may seem so to ourself and to other people, but you lon't to me. You see, I have always known you as you are now, so I don't nake unpleasant comparisons."

I could see from Wade's face that she ad played a trump-card here. An old nan takes a natural pleasure in having is worth assayed for what it has been, ut a young man desires to be esteemed t his actual value, and it was perhaps ere that Wade had most suffered. His sefulness had become a thing of the past o most people who knew him, and they ere fools enough to show it in their actless sympathy. Lucia was no doubt he first that had taken him for granted s a perfectly serviceable and highly esirable individual, ignoring the defect f blindness as if it had been a stammer or latfoot. And her next remark proved how ich her nature was in that rare and instimably precious gift of tact which, when lended with native sweetness of soul, is nown as "charm," for she said, softly,

"I think I like you better as you are, Wade, because if you love me without eing able to see me, I will know that ou love me with your heart and not ith your eyes." She smiled. "That is he way I loved my goat, who was not at ll pretty to look at."

This was too much for the poor boy's elf-restraint. He drew her to him and issed her, and as he loosed her again, I aw that his eyes were glistening. My ord! I have seen some love-making in ny time, but never anything just like hat, and, being an emotional sort of ass, felt my throat swell. It was so sweetly atural, so unconscious. There was no nore about it to embarrass one than if ney had been a pair of wood-doves billing nd cooing on a branch, and the female eding her mate which had been blinded y some swine of a pot-hunter.

"I *do* love you with my heart, darling id," said Wade huskily, "and I love you ith my eyes, too, even if they can't see hat a peach you are. But we can't alk about marrying until we put our ouse in order. Come on; let's go down o the beach and let this long-suffering aint-slinger get on the job again."

III

Elliot got to work on his full-length ortrait of Suzanne that afternoon, using rdinary colors on my advice, and, as the icture proceeded, this proved to be good, ne more refined medium being, in hands ccustomed to a crude one, like giving a een-edged, tempered tool to a primitive one-carver who had been digging at is designs with a jagged chunk of flint.



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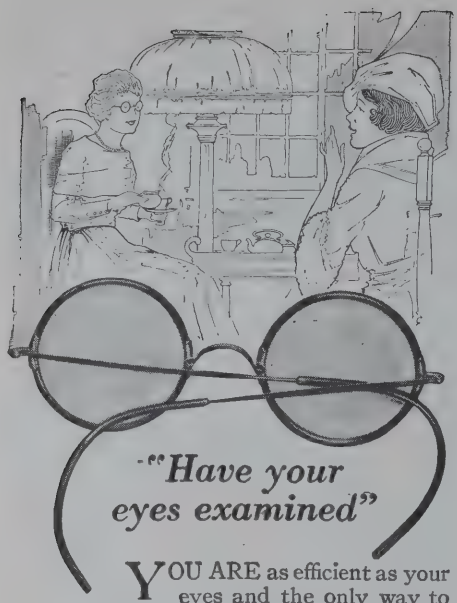
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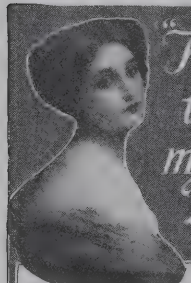
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Having a sound, basic knowledge of his craft, gained in building with his rough-hewn blocks, Elliot, like the Norman builders, when they first got their hairy but intelligent paws on Caen stone, found an easy field for his potentialities. He got accents and *nuances* hitherto impossible.

It speedily became clear to me that I had a great portraitist in captivity. The same thing became evident to others who looked in—lay brethren—for it really does not need a Ruskin to tell one how to judge a painting, given the straight goods without any "ists" and "isms." Suzanne got interested in the picture from the first, and she must have got interested in the painter, too, for she let Elliot take her joy-riding in my little two-seater, which he had learned to drive in an unholy fashion. He was, like myself, a garrulous worker, and when the sittings were in progress, one could hear his steady patter from the front of the house. He was also very rapid in his work.

Meanwhile, deeply immersed in my own job, I had ceased to serve as time-keeper on Lucia and Wade and left the business to work out according to the laws of nature and human events. Then, suddenly, the wind struck in at a different slant, which made things look as if it might work out according to the law of storms. Mrs. Smith, with an Elizabethan countenance, dragged me into her boudoir and delivered an edict *ex cathedra*.

"Mr. Brown," said she, in outraged accents, "I fear that your friend Mr. Fiske has not rid himself of his Latin Quarter principles—or lack of them."

"The latter, as I remember the life," I answered. "But why this stern impeachment, *chère madame?*"

"You need not try to gloss it over on the plea of his having spent twenty years on a desert island," said she. "There are certain things which no honorable man would do if he were to spend fif years on a desert island."

"I quite agree with you," I answere "In fact, he would be much less apt do them."

She bit her lip to keep it from twitchin "Of course, you artists are bound defend each other," said she. "But this really a very serious and painful matte the more so as Mr. Fiske has known fro the first that Suzanne Talbot was engag to marry my son. Besides, artists wh were men of honor have given me understand that their studios were to b considered in the same light as the co sulting-room of a surgeon."

"Some are even more expensive," said; "but we are not required to take a Hippocratic oath, if that is what yo mean."

"I don't know what that is, but it precisely what I mean," she answere "Yesterday morning, Mr. Fiske invit me to drop in and see the portrait, but I was busy all day, I did not go until th afternoon—" She hesitated.

"Well?" I murmured.

"Well, not to go into details I we there about an hour ago, and as I push aside the portières, I discovered that yo fascinating *confrère* was taking far mo interest in his model than in his wor I withdrew unperceived."

"Such things will happen," I sighe "Poor Elliot!"

"Poor rubbish! Poor blind Wade, if y like. The man was kissing her."

"Hooray!" I exclaimed. "Was she eh—resisting?"

"She was *not!*" snapped Mrs. Smit "She had her hands on his shoulde and looked as if she were there for t rest of her life."

"Let us hope that she was," I answere "because Wade is not in the least in lo with her and has absolutely no desire marry her. He told me so."



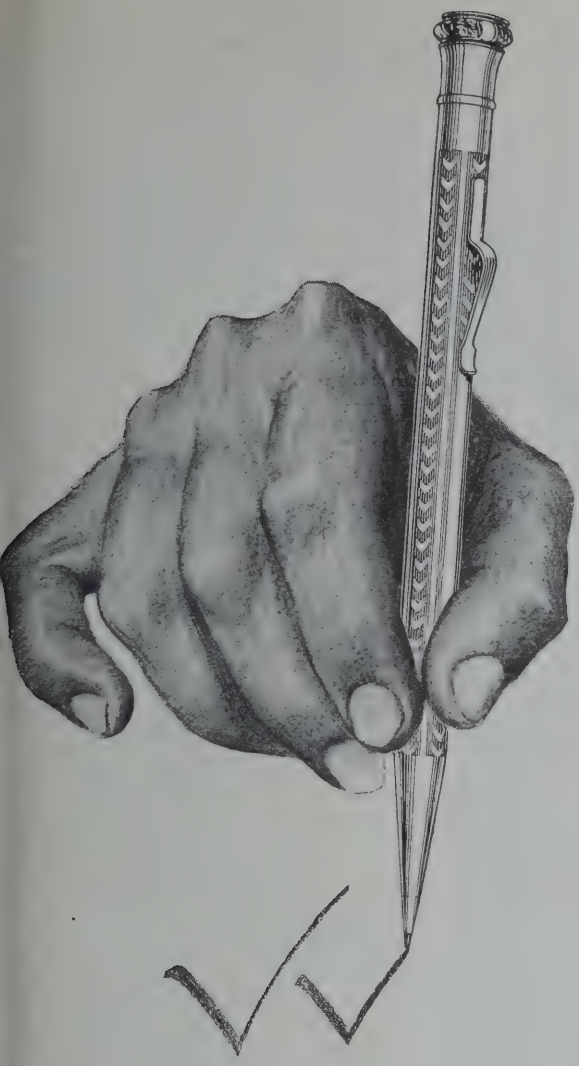
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"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Smith. "I was afraid something of the sort might happen, and I did so want him to marry her. It would have given him an interest in life."

"He has got one already," I declared. Mrs. Smith raised her eyebrows.

"Do you mean the daughter?" she demanded.

"The same. Wade is deeply in love with her, and she is most thoroughly and sanely in love with him. They told me so. At least, they told each other so in my presence. They want to get married—and why not? Lucia is as pure and fresh, or salty, to be precise, as a sea-anemone, and she considers Wade's blindness as an advantage." And I told the anxious mother of what she had said on this score. "She would make him a devoted wife. It is true that she has no *dot*——"

"Oh, bother the *dot!*" Mrs. Smith interrupted. "But her father——"

"Her father comes of a good old New England Colonial family," I answered, "and, unless I am very much mistaken, is *the* coming portrait-painter. You may soon expect to hear him spoken of in the same breath as Sargent, or Brown, the marine painter. And just look at Wade! Can't you see the miraculous change in him?"

"Yes," she admitted. "But do you think that it will last?"

"As long as Lucia lasts," I answered, "and that will be, as she herself pointed out, eleven years longer than Suzanne, based on life-insurance expectations. But Wade has been boxing and filling and standing off and on trying to get up the nerve to tell Suzanne that he's lost his taste for her. And from what you tell me, I should think it probable that Suzanne has been navigating the same troubled waters. Fiske, with his high-explosive temperament and love of abstract beauty, is just the man for her."

"But he's old enough to be her father," Mrs. Smith demurred.

"Yes," I admitted; "provided he had been a father at the tender age of thirteen, which, while reported in the case of the Hottentot and——"

"Oh, hush!" She burst into a jolly laugh. "But I never would have thought it of Suzanne. Besides, I can hardly believe she would marry a poor man."

"Perhaps she does not intend to marry him," I suggested.

"Mr. Brown, you painters are absolutely shameless. I think I had better get you out of here before you start making love to me."

"There is no immediate danger," I answered. "I am waiting until next week when your husband goes to San Francisco."

This terminated the interview, and I went home, very pleased with the turn of events, being convinced that Mrs. Smith would thoroughly approve the marriage of Wade and Lucia on thinking the arrangement over. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and on going into the studio to get my favorite pipe, I came upon Elliot and Suzanne standing side by side in contemplation of the finished portrait, which has since received such distinguished recognition. His arm was about her waist, and he did not take the trouble to remove it on my entry. I am sure I do not know why people are so regardless of my presence when i affectionate relations, or whether this i to be considered as a compliment or th reverse, but it appears to be the case I might have been a dog or an easel fo all they seemed to care.

They turned and surveyed me casually Elliot then letting his arm drop in negligent fashion and reaching for cigarette. Suzanne looked a little dazed I thought, but not at all embarrassed, an this apparent indifference to my intrusio irritated me, for some reason. As a matte of fact, I suppose they were too utterl engrossed with themselves to notice me particularly.

"Don't let me interrupt," I said, "I only came after my pipe. But if yo don't mind a friendly suggestion, I woul advise shoving the bolt of the door durin the rests. Of course, it does not matte so far as *I* am concerned, but Mrs. Smit looked in here about an hour ago to se the picture, and I have been treatin her for shell-shock."

This brought Suzanne out of her trance "Is that really so, Mr. Brown," sh asked, "or are you trying to joke?"

"I never *try* to joke," I snapped "especially on serious matters. When desire to make a joke, I get away with it Mrs. Smith started to come in to see th portrait and was much disturbed by wha she saw instead, because she had under stood that you were engaged to marr her son. I have just come from pointin out to her the error."

Suzanne shrugged her pretty shoulder and composedly arranged her hair.

"I am sorry that Mrs. Smith was dis turbed," said she, "but it seems to m that Wade has made it plain enough tha he wanted me to break the engagement I should have done so long ago, but wanted people to understand that it wa his own wish, and that I was not goin back on him because of his blindness How much better it would be, Mr. Brown if we could all be as honest and direct a Lucia!"

"Yes," I sighed; "if we could be tha way *like* Lucia. Otherwise, we might mak a mess of it."

"Suzanne and I are going to be married Brown," said Fiske, "and very soon."

I congratulated them warmly, then being a practical person where others ar concerned and having his financial con dition in mind, asked him what he mean by "very soon."

"Oh, right off," he answered; "thank to Lucia."

I was about to inquire in what wa Lucia might prove a commerical asse when the girl herself came in, her baby goat at her heels and nuzzling at th feeding-bottle which she carried in he hand. She looked questioningly at th pair, then at me.

"Have they told you, Mr. Brown?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered; "but I don't quit see how they are going to get married o the disposal of one very masterly portrait even if they were willing to sell it, whic would be a hideous crime. Have yo waved your wand again, my fairy prin cess?"

Lucia smiled.

"I waved my pen," said she. "Yo see, Mr. Brown, when I decided to marry Wade, I told father so and suggested

that he marry Suzanne. He told me that I was talking nonsense, as, in the first place, he was not good-looking enough and, in the second, he hadn't any money. This was quite foolish, of course, as next to you and Wade he is the best-looking man I have seen, and I had thought of a plan for getting some money. It seemed to me that as father was uncle Saltonstall's only nephew and everybody knew that he was some day to inherit all his fortune, it was not fair that he should not get any of it because his uncle thought he had been drowned. So I went to Mr. Culpepper, Mrs. Smith's lawyer, and asked him if he could not get the money back, since there had been a mistake. He found that uncle Saltonstall had left over two million dollars to three distant cousins, so he persuaded them to divide with father. Mr. Culpepper came and told us about it this morning after you had gone. Isn't it nice, Mr. Brown?"

"I believe I told you once, Elliot, that you need not worry about Lucia," I said.

Lucia slipped up to me that evening as I was sitting on the beach, making mental notes of the moon. She took my hand and laid her soft cheek against the back of it.

"If it had not been for Wade, I think that I should have married *you*, Mr. Brown," said she.

"There is absolutely no doubt about it, my dear," I answered sadly.

"I loved Wade from the moment I first saw him," said she, "but I did not believe that I could love him as much as I do now. That must be because he is blind to everybody but me."

"He certainly is," I agreed.

"I might have married you just the same, though," she continued, "if I had not been able to dispose of father and Suzanne, because I should not have wished to leave father all alone, as he is such a child, and it would not have been quite fair to Suzanne, as she had counted on marrying Wade and has very little money of her own. You see, I thought of all this, and that day we first went to the Smiths for tea and I saw how father was watching her, I told her that you said father was going to be the leading portrait-painter of America."

"But I hadn't said anything of the sort," I protested.

"I know it," Lucia answered, "but sometimes you have to anticipate a little to make things come out properly. Suzanne took more interest in him then, and pretty soon I got a chance to suggest to father that I thought she would be willing to sit for her portrait if he were to ask her."

I turned and stared at this sweet and simple child of nature who had first seen light and grown to womanhood on a crumbled heap of volcanic rock. Here in the pretty figure at my side was the outcrop of her sane French ancestry and Uncle Saltonstall.

We were silent for a moment; then Lucia said pensively,

"After all, if you really know what you want, all you have to do is to go and get it."

"Yes, my dear," I admitted; "that is all."



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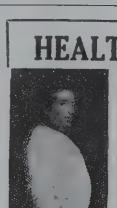
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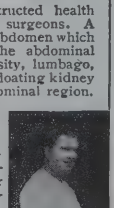
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Swift Lightning

(*Continued from page 21*)

spectacle and the impending tragedy. Th hunters were no longer in pack formatio but were spreading themselves over a fro of an eighth of a mile. The strongest an fleetest made up the two ends of the a vancing fighting-line. Less than a mi away were the caribou.

A thick gray gloom covered the onswee of the deadly line, and the wind was again the herd of cloven hoof and horn. The was no warning. No sound.

Swift Lightning leaped suddenly ahea For the first time, he exerted his gre speed. Pack-instinct, the law of leade ship, the presence of the young she wo who fought to keep her pace beside hi were no longer a part of his existenc He sprang shoulder to shoulder with Balo He passed him. His speed was the spe of the wind itself. In half a mile he gain an eighth—and he was alone. The sm of living flesh was hot in his nostrils. Gr shapes loomed up in the night ahead him, and straight as an arrow he launch himself to the kill. In that same insta came the savage outcry of the pack. Sile until the moment of attack, its throat bur now, and, like an army of pitiless Hur the white wolves swept down upon t caribou.

The herd was scattered. With the shovel-antlers the caribou had been di ging the crisply frozen green moss fro under the snow, and Swift Lightning's a tack was the beginning of their warnin From him alone they would have fled i stantly and without confusion, but terr seized upon them with the coming of t pack, and on the frozen plain there w suddenly the beat of hoofs that sound like the rumble of distant thunder. T instinct of the sheep is to herd close time of danger. So it is with the caribo

Swift Lightning's rush carried him hundred yards inside the lines of the her and his fangs were at the throat of a you bull when the terrified animals beg crowding upon him. In a close and crus ing mass, they hemmed him in. With h hundred and forty pounds of muscle a bone, he hung to the young bull's jugul He heard the crash of bodies, the thund of hoofs, the snarling, howling tumult the pack, but no sound came from b tween his own locked jaws. His brethr were at work, two and three and four a caribou, but it was Swift Lightnin humor to make his kill alone. The gre herd began to move, and in the heart the inundation Swift Lightning and t bull went down. Not for an instant d he loosen his grip at the bull's throa A mass of bodies swept upon them; hoo beat against them, and over them was rattle and crash of horns. Still deeper sa Swift Lightning's fangs. He ceased breathe; every vital force that was in hi rose to the supreme effort, and, with h forefeet braced, he gathered his body like powerful spring and flung himself bac ward, and the young bull's blood gush forth in a stream on the hoof-beaten sno

Twenty caribou were down when Swi Lightning staggered up from his kill. T tail of the herd had passed. A thousa strong, the main herd was stampedi wildly to the south and west. Again was like slow-moving thunder. No hung

could rise above the lust of the pack for slaughter, and from their victims the blood-crazed outlaws of the barrens raced after other victims. Exhaustion, and exhaustion alone, stopped the killings. Until their jaws were tired and they could run no farther, the wolves hung to the tail of the herd. When the last of them turned back, sixty caribou lay dead over a blood-stained trail three miles in length.

The feast began on the carcasses of the animals last killed. His second kill Swift Lightning had not made alone. It had been a long fight and a hard one. His body was kicked and horned and trampled, and it would have gone still harder with him had not another pair of jaws joined his own. Swift Lightning, in the throes of that battle, caught the inleap of a white, slim body; he heard a fierce and vengeful snarling and the slash of other teeth—and when, at last, the work of death was done, he found that it was the young she wolf who had come to help him. Her jaws were red; she was bleeding from wounds; she was panting like a beaten and wind-run thing—yet she came to stand in triumph and joy at Swift Lightning's side.

They had killed! That was her attitude. *They* had killed—Swift Lightning and she! And, on that red field of death, a thing came to Swift Lightning which he had not known when Muhekun, the young she wolf, had run at his side an hour before. And on that field, bleeding and winded, the instinct of her sex told Muhekun that at last she had won.

With new inspiration, Swift Lightning tore a great hole in the caribou's side, Muhekun waiting until it was large enough for her to join him. And then, side by side, and flat on their bellies, they began the feast. The young wolf's body lay close and warm against Swift Lightning, and he was filled with the satisfaction of the possessor and the master. He did not eat ravenously, but tore chunks of flesh loose that Muhekun might get at them more easily. And as other wolves passed them, or their jaws and snarling sounded near them, Muhekun's eyes roved jealously. It was she who saw the big white form come up on the other side of their caribou, and pause there, looking down on her with gleaming eyes. Swift Lightning, with his mouth full of meat, heard the warning snarl in her throat. He paid no attention to it. He was not quarrelsome. A dozen wolves might have fed on his caribou without disturbing his temper. But Muhekun's instincts were not roused by their possessorship of the caribou. The thrill of matehood and of allegiance to her mate ran through her blood like fire. It was Baloo, the big leader, who was intruding. He began snarling at the caribou. The next instant, Muhekun was at him—a white, vengeful flash. Her ivory fangs slashed his shoulder, and Baloo whirled upon her.

It was then that Swift Lightning saw what was happening over the rump of his caribou, and swifter than had been the young she wolf's leap was the leap that carried him to Baloo. The leader's jaws were at Muhekun's throat when he struck, and there was a rending of flesh as the two great beasts rolled in the snow. Swift Lightning was up an instant quicker than his enemy. On her belly, Muhekun was dragging herself toward him. Blood streamed from her torn throat and there was a strange sobbing in her breath. Swift



The Final Touch

To be well groomed and well gowned—to have a graceful step and a ready smile—to be self-possessed and brilliant in conversation—is worthy of the ambition of any woman.

But—why ruin the effect with a complexion that cannot stand the closest glances? Why attract by other charms and repel by a rough or blemished skin?

Be fair of complexion—be fair to yourself.

CARMEN
COMPLEXION
POWDER

gives that final touch which counts for so much in winning admiration and praise.

Wherever you are, have your complexion above criticism. Carmen will do it—it's the powder that **stays on.**

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream

50c Everywhere



Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of today is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing and begin today.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line made him the preeminent authority on this subject. Not only did internal bathing save and prolong Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this in Cosmopolitan, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you this information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well? (*Advertisement.*)

Lightning heard her choking whimper, and there rose up in him—stronger and mightier than it had ever come to him before—the spirit of Skagen, the great Dane. And that ghost of Skagen called for vengeance—out of the mists of the past the heart of a dog cried out, not alone for that vengeance but for justice, for the defense of the weak, for that brute chivalry of the dog—alien to the wolf—which demands the protection and championship of the female. To Baloo the gashing of a she wolf's throat meant no more than the slashing of a male's. To Swift Lightning, for the first time in his life came a blind and terrific desire to avenge.

Baloo was up and facing him, even as the dying whimper in Muhekun's throat ended in a choking gasp. Slowly, hardly more than an inch at a time, they began to circle, and as they circled, those wolves that were near left their feasting and gathered in a red-eyed and watchful ring about them. *Uchu-nipoowin*—the death ring—out of which only one of them would come alive. Baloo, the true wolf, circled with a cautious, slinking movement. His ears were alert, but his body sagged like a gathered spring, and his bushy tail dragged on the snow. Swift Lightning, with all the appearance of the wolf, stood differently. From head to tail he was erect, tense, every muscle in him ready for the life-and-death struggle. He was only half as old as Baloo which was to his advantage in the matter of strength and endurance. But Baloo all his life had been a fighter. He was cunning, a trickster, sharp as a fox in his strategy, and suddenly he swung inward, and so unexpected and lightning-like was his movement that before Swift Lightning could either evade or meet him, Baloo's fangs had laid open a six-inch gash on his rump.

Clever as the old warrior's attack had been, his getaway was still cleverer. Scarcely had he struck his blow when Swift Lightning lunged at him with all his gigantic strength, and Baloo—instead of leaping to right or left—did the unexpected again and flattened himself so adroitly that Swift Lightning passed half over him. Baloo flung his head sideways and upward, and his teeth slit like knives in the other's belly. It was a deep cut, and Swift Lightning's blood flowed freely. Both strikes had covered a space of not more than twenty seconds, and in an ordinary wolf battle an immense advantage would have rested with Baloo, for a twice-stricken wolf whose own attack has met with defeat is no longer a game fighter, but accepts the great handicap and greater hazard of defensive instead of offensive action. Here was where Swift Lightning's heritage from old Skagen put a checkmate to Baloo's triumph and strategy. A second time he leaped at his enemy, and a third time he was slashed—this time in the shoulder. For an instant he was down, but only for an instant—perhaps the half of a second. A third time he rushed Baloo, and for the first time jaw clashed against jaw. A roar filled his throat. His fangs closed with a terrific crunch, and Baloo went down and under twisting and snarling. For a quarter of a minute their jaws were locked. Then Baloo twisted himself free, and again with that deadly sideways fling of his head he knifed Swift Lightning deep in the chest.

Swift Lightning's blood already reddened the wolf-ringed arena and the scent of it filled the air. Baloo was bleeding from his

jaws. Thirty or forty of the pack had gathered in that ominous circle about the fighters, and the others were joining it. Muhekun had not moved since her last effort to drag herself to Swift Lightning. A pool of blood had gathered under her throat, and her eyes were growing dim. But she faced the fighters, keeping them within her vision as long as she could see.

Swift Lightning saw his elusive enemy now through the flame of a blind and terrific rage. He did not feel his wounds. It was the soul of Skagen that fought in Swift Lightning's great body now. He no longer pranced and circled in the wolfish way. His huge shoulders hunched aggressively; he lowered his head; his pointed ears lay flat, and there was no sound in his throat as he drove at Baloo. No two wolves in all the Northland could ever have stood up against Skagen, and now Swift Lightning was Skagen. Again and again Baloo cut and slashed, and through those slashings Swift Lightning rushed for the death-hold. Twice he almost had Baloo. The third time, he got his hold—at the back of his enemy's neck. It was an all-dog hold. He did not rip. His jaws simply closed—as Skagen's jaws would have closed—and even as the circle of red-eyed wolves edged nearer, Baloo's neck snapped, and the fight was over.

It was a full minute before Swift Lightning gave up his hold and staggered away. In that instant, the waiting horde piled upon Baloo, tearing his dead body into ribbons. It was the law of the pack, the wolf's age-old instinct to outrage the fallen.

Alone, Swift Lightning stood at the little the wolf's side. Muhekun had tried to raise her head, but had failed. Her dying eyes closed. Twice she opened them, and, with a whine, Swift Lightning touched her muzzle with his own. Muhekun tried to answer, but all that came was a strange sob in her breath. And then, suddenly, a tremor ran through her beautiful young body, a last sigh, and she no longer struggled to breathe or open her eyes.

Over her Swift Lightning stood, and he knew that death had come. He waited a moment, and then sat back on his bleeding haunches and pointed his head to the sky. And the wolves that were tearing at Baloo heard and understood, for out of Swift Lightning's throat came the cry of mastery, of triumph, of leadership of the pack—and in that cry was a note of grief and of sorrow. The soul of Skagen, after twenty years, had come to overlord the wolves.

A few days later, in the cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash, Corporal Pelletier added another and final postscript to his official communication to the superintendent of "M" Division, at Fort Churchill. It read:

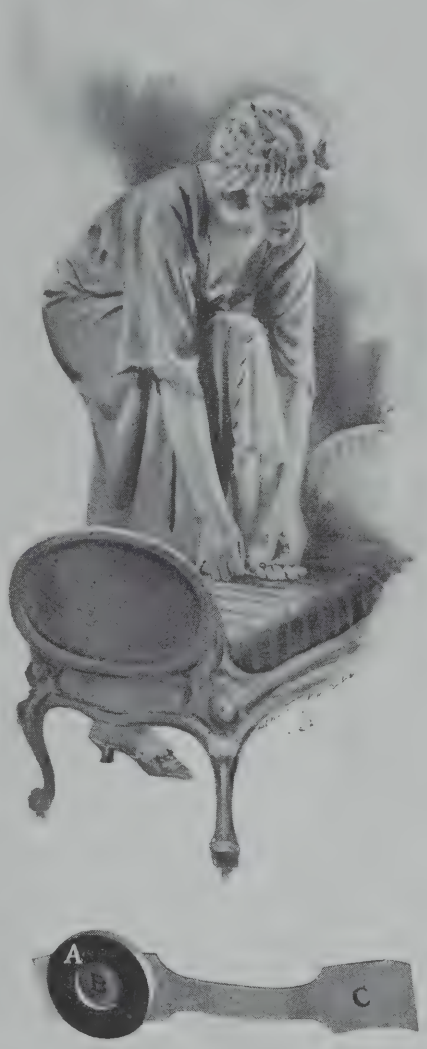
Since writing the above, the wolves have made another big kill, and the caribou are drifting still farther south and west. With Constable O'Connor I shall organize at once a great hunt of the Eskimo along this part of the coast in an effort to exterminate at least a part of the monster pack that is driving all game from the eastern barrens. I fear that, if this adventure fails, I shall be compelled to report to you for famine relief.

Respectfully,
FRANÇOIS PELLETIER.

The next ***Swift Lightning*** story,
The Hungry Horde,
will appear in ***May Cosmopolitan.***

My 10 years with a corn

By a woman who typifies millions



I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing — two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

B & B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

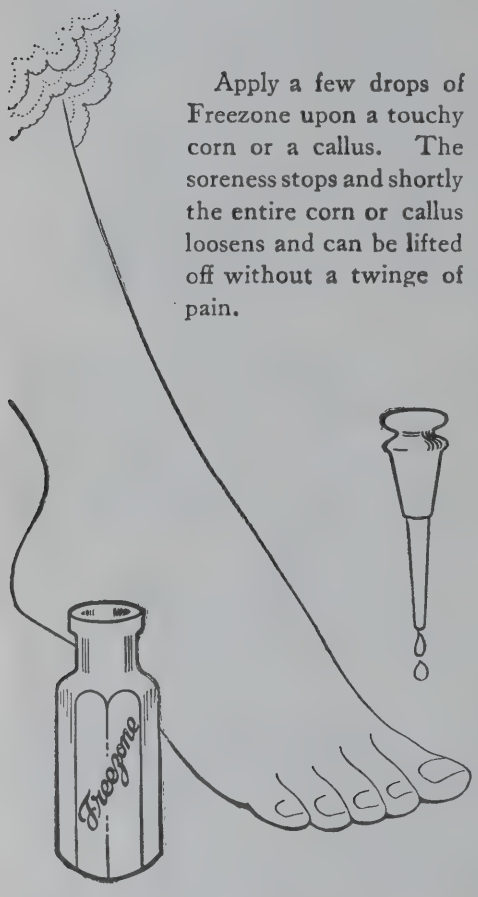
Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings, etc.

(980)

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



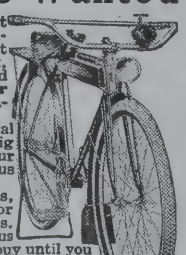
Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

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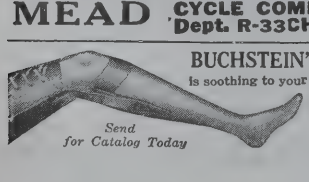
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The Dissolute Brothers

(*Continued from page 59*)

mured, "or, 'Saved by a Nephew!' Give a quid if mater could see you both now!"

Stephen frowned. The vision of his sister Amelia, a feminine edition of all that was primmest and most narrow in their past lives, rose up and reproved him.

"Your mother," he observed, "would, I trust, understand the position in which we were placed. The gratitude of those young ladies and gentlemen, the former especially, certainly took a most embarrassing form of expression."

Harold pursued his sleepy ruminations.

"Little Rose Matthews," he went on, with a quiet grin of enjoyment, "seated on uncle George Henry's knee and tickling the back of his neck! Ye gods for a snap-shot!"

"I should be obliged if you would desist, Harold," George Henry begged. "I made no response whatever to the young lady's overtures of friendship."

"Peggy saw to that. The green-eyed monster—what?" their young tormenter continued. "If it had gone on much longer, there'd have been trouble in that quarter. And uncle Stephen, with Tessie's arm round his neck and Tessie whispering in his ear! By the bye, what did she say, uncle Stephen? Stretched herself a bit—what? Brought the color into your innocent cheeks, what ho!"

"I was unable to gather the exact import of her conversation," Stephen replied, with dignity. "Much allowance, however, must be made for these young ladies of emotional temperament under such circumstances."

"You came the millionaire, all right," Harold admitted. "Jolly sporting, too, I call it! Tom Dixon was working it out that it would mean at least thirty bob a week for life, even to the chorus."

"Your uncle and I," Stephen observed, "will never regret having added something permanent to the emoluments of an exceedingly precarious profession."

"Can't think how you do it after fizz," Harold confessed, with drowsy admiration. "The third or fourth glass generally muddles me up."

Stephen, who had forgotten his tie and was fast recovering his poise, frowned severely at his nephew.

"At your age," he said, "such comments and such a style of conversation are most unbecoming. I do not recognize any personal responsibility with regard to your actions or mode of life, but I am convinced that your mother would consider that your own presence at such a bohemian gathering as to-night's required some explanation."

The young man's grin was broader than ever.

"That's the top-hole part of it all," he pointed out joyfully. "I got asked because you two were my uncles, and you two are the syndicate behind 'The Singing Bird.' What ho—the mater's joy! Shakespeare once a year at a matinée, with tea at an A. B. C. afterward, and thinks a revue sinful! Let's all have a drink."

Stephen accepted the suggestion without enthusiasm. He pointed to a table, on which was set out a bottle of Perrier water and some sliced lemon upon a plate.

"Our customary evening refreshment is there," he said. "Pray help yourself."

The young man staggered to his fe and helped himself unsteadily. He to only the briefest sip from his tumble which he set down with a grimace. H glanced reproachfully at his uncle.

"Nasty flat-tasting stuff, that!" complained. "Why not a bottle of t boy? Wind up the evening! Clear up unpleasantness, what?"

"If you are referring to champagn certainly not, Harold," Stephen sa sternly. "You have had quite as much drink as is good for you. At your age, t stimulus of alcohol should be unnece sary."

"'Unnecessary,'" Harold repeate with a slight hiccough and a fixed star "Quite so."

"You will oblige us, Harold, by takir your departure now," Stephen directe "Your uncle George Henry and I wish retire."

"And quite time, too—quite time their refractory nephew declared, frow ing upon them both. "Kept me up to shocking hour as it is—what? Before go—duty I owe you both—just a word warning. I know the world. You tw innocents don't. Keep off the flu nunkies, or you'll get stung."

Stephen opened his lips but found hi self speechless. He glanced toward h brother for support, and George Hen made a brief protest.

"We find your attitude, Harold," pronounced, "most unbecoming."

"Boil yourself, nunky!" was the prom but inelegant reply. "You've got yo own little kettle of fish stewing. It's—it uncle Stephen here I'm worried about. Te ribly worried about you, uncle Stephen

"You may spare yourself any concer as to my affairs," Stephen assured hi sternly.

Harold adopted a more man-of-th world and friendly attitude. Needing t support of the table, he clutched it wit his left hand and laid his right kindl upon his uncle's shoulder.

"That girl Tessie," he continued co fidentially, "she's out for the beans. She a red-hot 'un after the oof. Draw in yo horns, uncle Stephen, or she'll have yo bottled. What ho, the four-figured chec the sobbing child upon your shoulder, the head-line in the evening papers!"

Stephen shivered a little, but he showe a curious and not altogether displease interest in his nephew's warning.

"I fancy," he said, with dignity, "tha both your uncle George Henry and I ca be trusted to meet in a becoming manne any untoward incident which might aris out of our friendship with these youn ladies. You will excuse my hurrying yo Harold," he added, holding out h nephew's hat and opening the door. "I is long past our usual hour for retiring."

"That's all ri'," the young man declare amiably. "What a night we've had, eh Look you up in the City to-morrow morn ing, uncle Stephen. Mater told me, 'A ways go to your uncle Stephen when i trouble.' Beast of a tailor—and no enough of the ready. So long!"

The young man departed. They lis tened to his unsteady footsteps and vehe ment summons for the lift.

"Blackmail," Stephen murmured.
"I fear so," George Henry assented.
There was a moment's somewhat em-arrassed silence. Both had chanced to ance into the mirror, and both made abor-ve attempts to improve their disheveled ppearance.
"I fancy," Stephen remarked, in a grati-ed tone, "that Harold was right about he young woman, Tessie."
"Indeed!" George Henry exclaimed, uch interested.
"She was exceedingly anxious that I ould escort her home," Stephen con-nued, drawing a small latch-key from his cket. "She absolutely refused to per-it me to restore this to her. She lives with nother young lady, though, so she will robably not be inconvenienced. I have vited her to join us at luncheon to-mor-w, George Henry."
"Most fortunate," his brother declared. I have invited Miss Peggy."
"You found the young lady amenable?"
"Amenable but somewhat affection-e," George Henry replied, closing his es and painfully conscious of that patch powder.
"Miss—er—Tessie possesses the same eakness," Stephen confessed. "I think, owever, that there is no doubt as to their tentions."
"I trust not," George Henry groaned. It would be a pity if we went through all is for nothing."
"I have no fears whatever on that score yself," Stephen pronounced. "As a atter of fact, the attitude of Miss Tessie ward financial matters is already defin-g itself."
"Peggy, too," George Henry confided eerfully, "is in some slight trouble owing having assisted a friend. There are also me articles of jewelry which it appears e in the hands of a pawnbroker."
"Poor child!" his brother remarked mpathetically. "Good-night, George enry. This time, I fancy, to use one of arold's most objectionable phrases, we e on a winner."
"Good-night, Stephen. Things cer-inly appear promising," was the hopeful ply.

Harold made a somewhat unwelcome ppearance at the Milan restaurant on he following morning, when the luncheon-arty was in full swing. His uncles viewed s approach coldly, and the two young dies, who were fully occupied, hardly anced in his direction.
"More festivities!" he exclaimed re-roachfully, as he paused in front of the ble and essayed light-hearted greetings ith his uncles' guests. "Food, too! How rrible! What price an absinthe cock-il?"
"At some other table this morning," tephen said firmly. "There is no accom-odation here for five."
"You can go and lunch with Dolly eslie," Tessie suggested. "She's round he other side somewhere."
Harold surveyed the little party sorrow-lly.
"Makes one feel like old Lear," he ghed. "The ungrateful uncles—what? ho brought you four together, I should ke to know? To whom do you owe your appiness, children? Who——"
"You are interfering with the service of ncheon, Harold," Stephen pointed out



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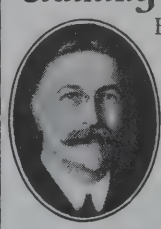
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sternly. "You are also interrupting o conversation. I trust that this hint will sufficient for you."

Harold sighed deeply and wander away with the air of one whose feelin are past speech.

"One gets so weary of these boys Tessie murmured, looking into Stephe eyes.

"They are all exactly alike," Peg echoed, touching George Henry's hand accident. "If men only realized how girls long for a little common sense!"

"Some one to look up to," Tessie put i

"Some one strong enough to guide through life," Peggy whispered, looki sadly into vacancy.

"It's like going back to the nursery a playing with dolls, wasting time with the boys," Tessie said. "They think the selves so irresistible, too. If they on knew how they bored us!"

"It isn't as though it led anywhere Peggy sighed, a little indiscreetly.

"Even if it did, who wants to mar one of these brainless young men?" Tess demanded. "Selfish, empty-headed cre tures, with only one idea in their head Give me the man of fifty every time."

"Or even fifty-five," Peggy assente studying George Henry through ha closed eyes. "A man's at his very be from fifty to sixty."

"This is very flattering," Stephen d clared, with a twinkle in his shrewd eyes

"Most reassuring," George Hen echoed, mechanically straightening his t

"What are you two old dears going do this afternoon?" Tessie inquired.

"We return to the office at three o'clock Stephen announced.

"How early!" Tessie pouted. "Peg and I are going shopping in Bond Stre Couldn't you find time to drive us there

"There must be presents," Geor Henry whispered furtively to his brother

"We shall be at your disposal for h an hour," Stephen assented graciousl "You must let us know where to ta you."

After that, luncheon was speedily co cluded, and the shopping expedition w a complete success. On the way back the City, however, the brothers were little thoughtful. There was a gent reminiscent smile playing about Stephe lips. George Henry, too, seemed to fi some humor in his thoughts.

"One cannot help wondering," t former observed presently, "what wou have happened to Miss Tessie's purcha of hats in our absence."

"The fact that she had left her pur at home seemed to amuse the Fren lady who served us," George Henry r marked. "I saw her go behind the par tion to laugh."

"Miss Peggy was most candid," Steph said approvingly. "I saw her pointi out to you with great care the things s would like to have and couldn't afford."

George Henry nodded.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "and I notic that the salesman immediately made out bill for those articles and presented it me. It saved me the embarrassment pressing her to accept them, of course, b in other respects it seemed a little prem ture."

Stephen glanced toward his broth with a pleasant glitter in his keen bl eyes and a rare smile upon his lips.

"They took us, George Henry," he observed, "for a couple of simpletons."

"I had no objection to that in the least," George Henry assented, with a kindred relaxation of expression, "but I must certainly have an understanding with Peggy with reference to embraces in public."

"I quite agree with you," Stephen declared heartily. "The gratitude of both young ladies was pleasing but decidedly embarrassing."

"Not to say unseemly," George Henry pronounced.

"Miss Tessie," Stephen said ruminatingly, a few moments later, "appears to have met with many misfortunes in life."

"Indeed!" his brother murmured sympathetically.

"Her father was a clergyman," Stephen continued. "He was led into an unfortunate speculation and obliged to resign his living. He is occupied now in the unconvenial avocation of scene-shifting. For the sake of her two younger sisters, Tessie is obliged to eke out his slender salary from her own savings."

"The study of these poor girls' lives," George Henry declared, "reveals a great deal of silent heroism. No one would guess, to see them at the Milan and these places day after day, what a burden of sorrow some of them must carry about with them. Peggy's father, for instance, was a country doctor with a very unremunerative practise. He is now, unfortunately, dead, and the care of her mother and a delicate sister seems largely to devolve upon Peggy. She has her periods of great financial anxiety."

The car drew up outside the offices of Messrs. Underwood & Sons.

"There is no doubt," Stephen observed, as he descended and led the way to the scene of their labors, "that we have been exceedingly fortunate in coming across two young ladies who are so thoroughly deserving of the small financial assistance which we are able to tender them."

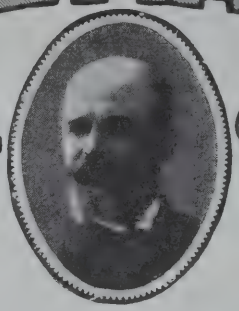
The two brothers were seated, one morning about a fortnight later, before their respective desks. Their business correspondence had already been dealt with, and there remained only two private letters, one addressed to George Henry in a distinctly feminine and familiar handwriting, the other to Stephen in a typewritten envelop, with the name of a firm of solicitors on the back.

"Miss Tessie," Stephen remarked gladly, has lost no time. My letter is from an unknown firm of solicitors. I understand that she declines to communicate with me personally in any shape or form—most correct."

"Peggy appears to have written me herself," George Henry declared, a little nervously. "There can be no doubt, however, as to her course of action. She has my letter, deliberately offering marriage, and my subsequent note of withdrawal without explanation or apology. My behavior has been disgraceful. I imagine that it will cost me at least ten thousand pounds to hush this thing up."

"Tessie is, I am convinced, intensely mercenary," Stephen remarked, in a cheerful tone. "You see, she has placed the matter in the hands of a solicitor within twenty-four hours. Most promising! George Henry, I suggest that you open your letter."

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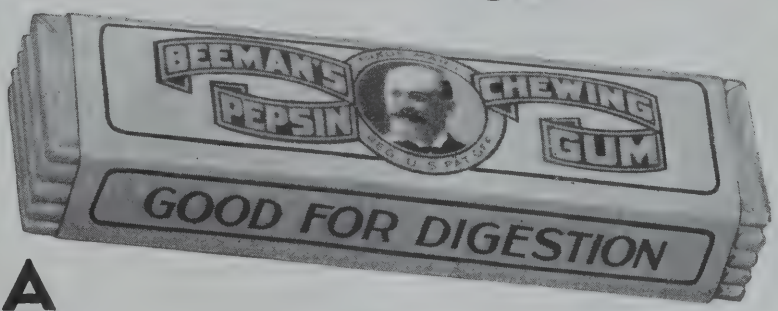


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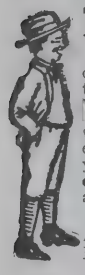
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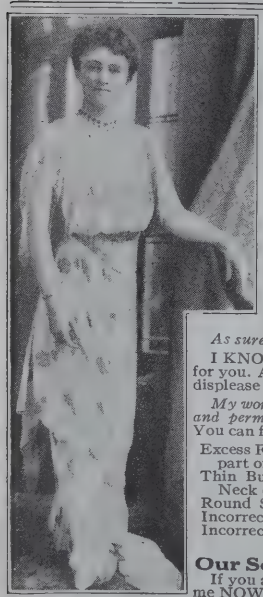


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Miss Cocroft has surely been doing a valuable war work. She is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

George Henry did so, and his broth read it over his shoulder.

DEAR OLD MAN:

Your note this morning gave me a nas start. I don't mind confessing that I ha been crying most of the time since. What beast you are to make me so happy, and th —just change your mind!

However, you're right. I should make y a rotten wife. I'm sending you back yo letter in which you asked me to marry you— and let me give you a word of advice. Don write to a girl in that way again unless y mean it. You might get into trouble. Tha letter would cost you a fortune if the wro sort of girl got hold of it.

I am going to keep your presents for lu —and the ring. You won't mind that, w you?

You are a funny old thing, and I'm rath sorry, dear.

PEGGY.

George Henry looked blankly into h brother's face. There were little beads perspiration upon his forehead.

"This is horrible!" he mutter "Stephen, do you realize I'm a cad?"

"The young lady's attitude is astonis ing," Stephen acknowledged. "The luc appears to be with me."

He tore open the solicitor's letter. The both read it breathlessly.

SIR:

Our client, Miss Tessie Hamilton, has co sulted us with reference to bringing an acti against you for breach of promise of ma riage.

"The real thing," Stephen murmured

It has come to our knowledge, howeve that the lady in question has already a hu band living—a Mr. James Tanner, commerci traveler in the ironmongery business, residi in Hampstead. We have accordingly return all documents in the case, and beg to advi you of the above-stated fact, in case any pr ceedings might be taken against you in oth directions.

Trusting that you will appreciate our acti in the matter,

We are, sir,
Faithfully yours,
DAVIS & DAVIS.

George Henry's chuckle was significa and vociferous.

"You're no better off than I an Stephen."

"Our scheme," his brother admitte grimly, "seems to have ended in failure."

"After all we have been through! George Henry groaned.

They gazed at one another blankly fo several moments. Then George Henr rose to his feet and took down his hat fro the peg.

"Where are you going?" Stephen i quired.

"I am going to buy an annuity for Mis Peggy and to beg her pardon," Georg Henry announced.

Stephen frowned.

"That," he protested, "is rather tak ing advantage of me."

George Henry looked back from th door.

"You can buy an ironmongery busine for Mr. James Tanner," he suggested, " you feel like it."

The next venture of
The Inevitable Millionaires
will appear in ***May Cosmopolitan.***

A Case of Nerves

(*Continued from page 88*)

t in the house. Just wait till I get it."

"Can't, John; I'm in a tearing hurry!" And Jed tightened his reins. "I——"

"Hold on!" A strong, weathered hand aught Dolly's bit, and John Peppin lis-ened. From across the hill came the dis-ant sounds of the bellowing and mooing f kine.

"Timerazzamus! Is that your cattle, ed?"

"Mine— I reckon not!" And Jed mois-ened his thin lips.

"Sounds like it. Looky here, Jed: If our cattle's got the timerazzamus and ou don't condemn 'em, the farmers in his district'll lynch you!"

"Aw, phsaw, John!"

"I mean just what I said, Jed Snipper. We'll string you up, so help me Moses!" And long John Peppin meant every word f it. Joy of the job was in his stern eye, is stern voice, his stern forefinger. "We'll ynch you. And don't you forget it. Gid-lap, Dolly!" And slapping the little mare crack on the flanks, he stepped back.

Old Mort Peevy was out at his gate, vith his gray goatee upturned to the morn-ng sky, when Jed tore past. There was o stopping now, but Jed caught the word 'lynch." He could get the word "tizzeraz-nus" without hearing it. All down the ine, gaunt farmers and heavy farmers nd tousled farmers stood at their gate-osts, with their night-shirts tucked in heir trousers, yelling at Jed as he rattled by; but Jed Snipper stayed for no man ntil he drew up in front of the Jenkins Hotel and insistently demanded to see J. Rufus Wallingford.

That large gentleman, clad in blue-silk ajamas, received Inspector Snipper with uave cordiality, in spite of the unseemly our, and courteously inquired his errand.

"Well, Mr. Wallingford," said Snipper, asting his eyes on the magnificent J. Rufus's tasseled Turkish slippers, "I found place yesterday where I could use a lot f ready cash to advantage." He paused nd cracked his knuckles one by one. "So I've decided to take your offer."

Wallingford picked up a diamond-mono-grammed case from the dresser, took out a igarette, and lighted it.

"Too late," he said, with a complacent uff. "The price has dropped ten per ent. since yesterday morning."

"Aw, nonsense!" And Mr. Snipper ffected to laugh. "Why, Mr. Walling-ord——"

"Will you take it or not?"

"Why, look here, Mr. Wallingford"— nd Snipper's knuckly right hand strayed everywhere for something to clutch— "ten per cent. is——"

"Yes or no?" J. Rufus tossed his gold igarette-case on the bed with a slam. Jed Snipper opened his mouth. "Yes or no?" roared Wallingford.

"By gosh, if I didn't need money——"

Wallingford jumped up and started for he door of the adjoining room.

"Yes!" suddenly blurted Snipper.

"Oh—so you'll take it?" Wallingford in-quired, stopping and turning.

"Yes; but——"

The large cattle-buyer walked slowly back and stood over Cow-Inspector Snip-per and grinned down.

"So you'll take it, eh? Well, Mr. Cow-Inspector, if you've come down here so early in the morning to accept ten per cent. less than the low offer I made you yesterday, your cows have the new nerve-disease. I'll give you ten dollars a head for them."

Inspector Snipper fairly howled at that atrocious proposition; he writhed; he argued; he twisted; he pleaded; he beat his knuckles together, but to no purpose. Ten dollars apiece was all that he could get for those cows, and it was that much money found; so he took it. He folded five thousand and sixty dollars of Wallingford's good money in his pocketbook. He gave Wallingford a bill of sale for five hundred and six cattle, the document being witnessed by the red-eyed proprietor of the Jenkins Hotel and the straw-headed porter, clerk, and stableman. Then Mr. Snipper, smiling his thin-lipped smile for the first time, drew out his little pad and wrote and handed to Wallingford a condemnation-order for five hundred and six head of cattle, afflicted with timerazzus

"And you can't kill 'em on my place!" he triumphantly yelled to the astonished Wallingford. "You got to take 'em away to-day! There ain't any time of delivery in this bill of sale!"

IV

Cow Inspector Jed Snipper, returning from the bank at Tightstown, stepped off the train at Jenkinsville and unhitched Dolly from the post where she had been standing patiently since morning. As he passed Jing Wampus's place, he opened his eyes and stared. Wampus had more cattle than usual. A longer look revealed to Jed the startling fact that some of those cattle had been his own, and they were quiet and well behaved as cattle which had but another day to live should be. Mightily puzzled, Jed stopped at Wampus's house.

"Where's your pap?" he inquired of young Enrod Wampus.

"He's up to Dan Cragg's," bellowed that orator, raising his arm like the lifting of a toll-gate.

"How do my cattle come to be in your field?"

"Danged if I know," returned young Enrod, looking curiously down at the new cattle. "Pa don't tell me none of his affairs, and I don't tell him none of mine."

In Henry Rawsin's field there were forty of Jed's ex-cattle, all placidly munching— and Henry Rawsin was up at Dan Cragg's. All along the road, in the wayside fields, were scattered the condemned cattle which J. Rufus had bought, and every farmer of importance, Peevy and Wampus and Barnes and Peppin—a dozen of them—were at Dan Cragg's. Jed stopped there and went back to the big new barn. There were two hundred of his former cattle in Dan's fields!

A crisp, well-dressed stranger with a smoothly cropped, silvery mustache was in the barn with Jed's neighbors, and a dozen or more sad-eyed cows stood tethered in front of the stalls, munching their cuds.

"That's Snipper now," said Dan Cragg, as Jed came in, and they all turned to



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him. "This is State Inspector Tompkins Jed."

"Yes; I know him," said Tompkins, without shaking hands. "Snipper, what's al this foolishness about a new cow-disease? There's nothing the matter with these cattle."

"There ain't?" bristled Snipper. "I guess I know what my own eyes tell me These cattle was prancing around here like if they was crazy. They got tizzermer azzamus, every dang one of 'em! They're past the dizzy stage now—that's all!"

"That's a new one on me." And the state inspector glanced at the sheaf of condemnation-slips which he held in his hand "Until Mr. Cragg telegraphed me, I had never heard the word. And you've spelled it a dozen different ways. Say, where did you get this disease?"

"A stranger told me about it. He—" Jed Snipper suddenly stopped, and his knuckled face slowly turned a yellowish green. "Great jumping Jehoshaphat," he suddenly howled, "I've been swindled! I tell you, I been swindled!"

"I heard you the first time," observed State Inspector Tompkins dryly. "You needn't tell me, moreover, because that's out of my department. I was sent here to inspect these healthy cattle and to get your badge. Hand it over. There is no such cow-disease as tizzer anything. I'll take your badge."

When the bewildered ex-Cow-Inspector Snipper and the businesslike Tompkins had gone their separate ways, Dan Cragg and his neighbors stood in a ring and haw-hawed, holding their sides and stamping their feet, and, at that signal, there came from the big empty mow their two suave and smiling city friends, J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw, the latter with his saxophone-case under his arm.

"Well, boys," called Dan Cragg heartily, "we might as well go in to the cider room and settle up for those half-price cows we bought of you."

Old Mort Peevy, his shrewd eyes twinkling, shook hands heartily with both of them.

"You want to be careful of Dan's four year-old cider," he warned. "It's liable to give you as big a spree as you give our cows. Say, what was that powder?"

"Hush!" chuckled Wallingford. "The last of that dope went in Snipper's windmill tank, and there's no evidence; so let's forget it. Blackie and I have made about twenty-five thousand on that harmless bag of hop, and you, gentlemen, have made as much among you, besides getting rid of an unfair inspector. Just the same, I don't believe that powder is a safe thing to leave in a cattle community."

"No," proclaimed Blackie Daw, thrusting his right hand among his vest buttons and raising his saxophone-case on high "The cattle might form the habit."

"Come and have some cider," laughed square-headed Dan Cragg.

"In one moment," agreed Blackie, taking out his saxophone with a flourish. "I wish to play you the opening bars of a new prance I have composed for to-night's barn-dance. I have named it——"

"Tizzerazmus!" they all yelled, and the beams resounded with a mighty chorus of haw-haws.

The next ***Wallingford*** story will appear in ***May Cosmopolitan.***



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Our National Faith-Cure

(Continued from page 33)

teachers, spoke of the unequal distribution of wealth in America and the need for industrial reforms. His loyalty was undoubted, and his long record of public service well known. Nevertheless, he was promptly attacked as a German propagandist and compelled to cancel his second lecture. As a result of the consequent newspaper notoriety, he temporarily left the lecture platform.

Professor S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, came to Colorado to speak under the auspices of the Red Cross and solicit contributions to its funds. In the course of one of his appeals, he spoke of how small an amount of money it was that the Red Cross needed as compared with the yearly income of the nation. The entire amount required, he said, was only a fraction of the yearly dividends of one corporation, the steel trust. He was not permitted to finish the speeches booked for him in Colorado.

Remembering my conversations with the junkers in Berlin, I watched our Western developments with interest. I watched, also, the public but disguised campaign which the junkers all over the United States were making against every member of the Wilson administration whom they suspected of being Progressive.

Before the war, they had concentrated their fire on Secretary Daniels. He had offended them by trying to democratize the navy and by daring to protect it from those business interests who were supplying it with armament and munitions at exorbitant prices. They started a nation-wide campaign of ridicule against him, financing it out of what their publicity agents called "the Daniels pot." They made the nation believe that Secretary Daniels was only a greater joke than the ridiculously inefficient navy which he had disorganized. As a matter of fact, the navy was in the pink of condition, as the first three months of war showed. Secretary Daniels' work, as the English experts admitted, was "one of the really great performances of the war." The campaign against him had been one of slander and facetious lies.

That did not prevent the junkers from making an exactly similar campaign against Secretary Baker as soon as he showed that he would not allow labor to be exploited under any government war-contracts. The sweat-shop employers among the clothing manufacturers would not make overcoats for the army on those terms of decent hours, wages, and working conditions which the War Department demanded. When the severe cold weather came, the soldiers were short of overcoats; Secretary Baker was being denounced and investigated in Congress, and his opponents were giving interviews to the New York papers, declaring that they could not get War Department work for their idle employees because of Secretary Baker's "sociological theories."

The campaign of lies and ridicule against Mr. Baker, which still persists, was only equaled by a like campaign against George Creel, chairman of the Committee on Public Information, who was marked as a radical by the junkers and denounced beyond all whooping. There was never any better case against Baker or Creel than there had been against Daniels. When I was in France in the last year of the war, Marshal Joffre spoke to me of Secretary Baker as "one of the most efficient men that the war has produced," and the miraculous performance of the American army in France has since given Marshal Joffre's expert judgment the vindication of subsequent events. Those who watched Creel's work know that he did a big job in a big way; and the unanimity of America's effort and the amazing force of our civilian morale in the war were as much due to him as to any other one man except President Wilson himself.

I went abroad again in 1918 for the Committee on Public Information and the British War Mission at Washington. And what I saw in England—as contrasted with what I had been watching in the United States—can be indicated in a single incident.

One Sunday, we were invited to the Astor country home at Cliveden, where I was to make an address to the wounded soldiers who were in hospital on the Astor estate. Among the other week-end guests was Mr. James Thomas, one of the leaders of the British Labor Party, who had been an engine-driver. He was a friend of the Waldorf Astors and a frequent guest at Cliveden. At the close of my address, Mrs. Astor, presiding at the meeting, invited Mr. Thomas to move the customary vote of thanks to the speaker, and when he had finished, she said to the assembled Tommies,

"Now, boys, while we have Mr. Thomas here, let us see if we can't persuade *him* to give us a talk next Sunday afternoon."

The hall full of soldier boys applauded the suggestion, and Mr. Thomas, in response to them, accepted the invitation.

"Thank you," Mrs. Astor smiled. "And may I announce the subject of your address?"

Mr. Thomas bowed.

"I should like to talk," he replied cheerfully, "on what the British Labor Party proposes to do with Cliveden and the other Astor estates after the war."

The soldiers laughed. Mrs. Astor laughed. Mr. Thomas joined them.

"That will be very interesting," Mrs. Astor said. "I'm sure you'll be glad to hear, boys, what Mr. Thomas's party intends to do with Cliveden after the war. I know *I* shall be glad to learn. I have been trying to find out. And if I may make a suggestion, Mr. Thomas, I should very much like to have you turn it into a boarding-house and make me the landlady, although, in that case, Mr. Thomas, you will have to pay your board—a thing, you know, which you have never done in the past."

The joke was on Mr. Thomas. He acknowledged it, and the meeting broke up in laughter and applause.

Do I need to emphasize the difference between such a scene and what would have happened to any speaker in America who offered to discuss in a hall on the Rockefeller estates what this nation should do with the Rockefeller fortune after the war?

Mr. Thomas and his party in England

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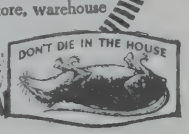
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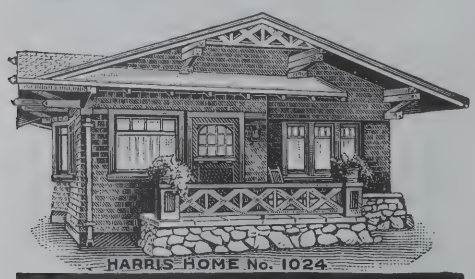
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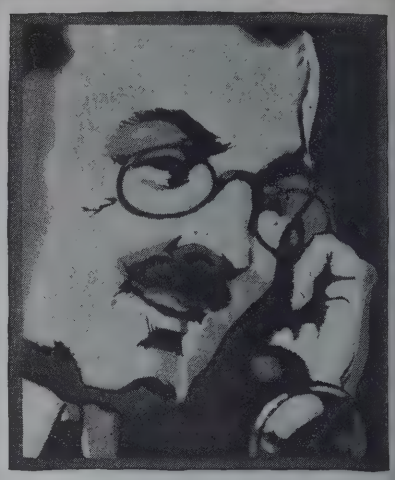
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were proposing that all such great landed estates as Cliveden should be nationalized and brought back into use for the good of all the people of England. The owners of those estates were saying, as one of them said to me: "It's for the good of old England, and it's in line with the new justice, and why shouldn't the land be put to a better use than most of us have made of it? God Almighty put the land here. We didn't make it—or anything in it." And, under the supervision of the minister of Agriculture, these estates were already being brought under cultivation, by tenants, on terms dictated by the government and accepted without complaint by the owners.

This difference between the attitude of the privileged classes in England and in the United States was not a difference that was due to any inherent virtue over there or any natural depravity over here. It was due to the fact that the war had taken England by the throat and frightened all classes into the realization that they were the heads and legs and arms of a common body, which could not defend itself successfully unless it had the use and service of every member of its make-up. Wealth had found that money has no hands with which to fight, that it could not buy men to lay down their lives for it. The privileged classes had learned that "a man would fight for a home but not for a boarding-house," that he had to be given a greater stake in the country than the right to earn his food and lodging there, that it had to be made *his* country, too. The heads of industry discovered that the working man had to be given a proprietary interest in the business, sitting with the board of management, and helping to set his own wages and arrange his conditions of work. The working man had found it necessary to give up his own class privileges, when these interfered with the fighting efficiency of the nation, and to accept the greater privileges of equality and common responsibility that had arisen from a common danger. In America, the pressure of the war had not been strong enough to force such facts upon us.

England, like a slothful and enervated man, had suddenly been summoned to a violent struggle for life. She had to get herself hardened and trued up, or die. The United States faced no such desperate crisis. We had time to move slowly, without strain. Such strength as we had we put into play craftily. We had only just begun to discover our weaknesses when the war closed. And up to that time we had been able to conceal those sore spots from ourselves by refusing to notice them, by denying that they existed, and by chloroforming into silence all the protests that were the symptomatic aches and twinges of our constitutional weaknesses.

We were trying to strengthen ourselves by a sort of faith-cure. The English had gone almost to the other extreme. They were watching themselves, for political ills and social debilities, like a hypochondriac. The dinner-table conversations that we heard among distinguished people were discussions of all sorts of national problems—child labor, divorce reform, children's courts, mother's pensions, maternity laws, the rights of illegitimate children, the new social conscience, the use and misuse of land, the war between capital and labor, the problem of Ireland, the



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abolition of special privileges, and so forth. And these questions were discussed without bitterness, with a tolerance that was engagingly frank, in a sincere desire to find solutions that should be just and fair to all, and wholly to the national advantage. Imagine such discussions at the dinner-tables of Fifth Avenue or Newport!

While the American Federation of Labor was gingerly acquiring an eight-hour day and the right to collective bargaining, the British Labor Party was moving for the common ownership not only of the nation's land but of its railways, canals, coal, iron, and electric power. They were demanding a democratic control of all industry, of the insurance business, of the food supply, and of the importation of raw materials. They did not stop at proposing almost confiscatory income taxes and death-dues; they contemplated finding a way to take over all the nation's surplus wealth for the national use. And they proposed to use that wealth to abolish ignorance, preventable disease, unemployment, and all the ills in England that came from lack of education and lack of work—to secure, in fact, "all the requisites of healthy life and worthy citizenship."

In America, we would have denounced such aims as pure Bolshevism. In England, I did not hear them denounced at all. The argument was all upon the means by which they could be attained—whether the ills could be cured in the way that the British Labor Party advocated or whether it could be done more safely and easily in other ways. My experience had taught me that the employing classes in the United States regarded the labor problem as a servant problem. They were determined to be masters in their own house. The servants could work or quit. The war had taught the English that labor was not a servant but a member of the family. The employees were not merely working in the house—they were also owners of it. They were defending it, fighting for it, dying for it. They were more necessary to its success and safety than the members of the family who lived on the upper floors. Their health and happiness, their comfort and loyalty had to be provided for, or the house would fall.

I found no fear of Bolshevism. That tyranny of the lower floors over the upper had been made impossible by the realization that all the floors were inhabited by one family, working together for the common safety and the happiness of all. There was no more danger of tyranny from below than of tyranny from above. Every class was willing to do whatever was "for the good of old England." War had taught them their lesson, and they were looking forward to put the lesson to good effect.

When I returned to the United States, it seemed to me that our junkers had learned no lesson at all. One of them—high in the National Council of Defense, but in no way connected with the government—was privately arguing in Washington that all the government's price-fixing had been a mistake. "We would have had no trouble with the laboring man," he said, "if we had let prices soar. He would have been so busy earning his daily bread that he'd have been willing to work eighteen hours a day." Another, a national figure in finance, was saying confidentially that President Wilson was not to be trusted. "He has too much sym-

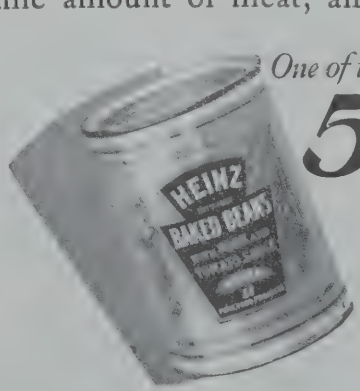


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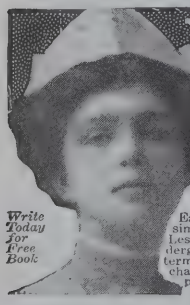
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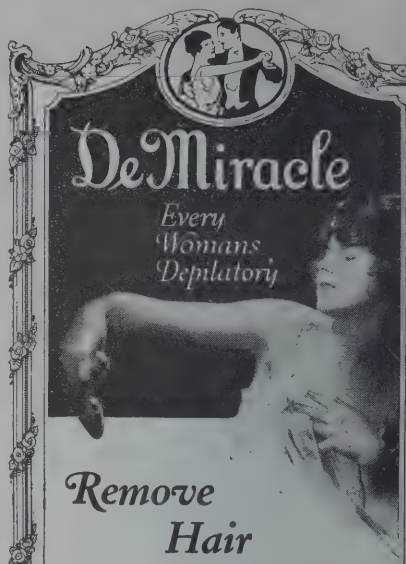
pathy with labor. So has the whole Democratic party." The Democratic junkers were as outspoken among themselves. They were preparing to elect a reactionary anti-Wilson Congress. And in Colorado, they boasted of their success openly. Mr. Gerald Hughes, a Democratic leader in Colorado, celebrated the Republican victory with Mr. Lawrence Phipps, the Republican senator-elect from Colorado,

Then came the armistice, and at once all pretense of fighting "to make the world safe for democracy" was abandoned by all our commercial junkers, who saw in the defeat of Germany only their opportunity to divide with our allies the trade empire of the world. Their representatives in the Senate promptly attacked all President Wilson's peace-terms. They denounced his League of Nations, by means of which President Wilson wished to reconcile those conflicting trade ambitions that have been "among the predetermining causes of war," as he has said. Our junkers wished no such settlement. They desired to share with the conquerors in a new exploitation of the needs of humanity. They had the support of the trade junkers of England who again found their voices, and the men in France who saw only the opportunity to profit by Germany's commercial ruin, and the circles in Italy that were all for trade imperialism and the seizure of conquered territory. The whole junker press of the United States opened out in ridicule of the "absurd idealism" of President Wilson's program. And when he prepared to go to Europe in defense of that program, every one of our junker representatives opposed and impeded him.

He went. Our junkers pursued him with cries that he did not represent America, that no one in the United States wanted his absurd League of Nations, that Europe should not listen to him. But Europe listened. His reception by the people of France and England and Italy convinced the junkers of those countries that a junker peace would mean a popular revolution. Our President sat down to the peace-table with the masses of the European people at his back and the protests of our American junkers coming very faintly from a great distance.

If he gets his terms of peace, it will be impossible for the invisible government of the United States to maintain a policy of trade imperialism in a world that has abandoned that fertile cause of war. It remains to be seen whether the heads and servitors of that invisible government will attempt to maintain an equally undemocratic and junker policy in our domestic affairs. Will they continue to treat the labor problem as a servant problem? Will they continue to believe that the affairs of our great family, the nation, can be administered for money profit only, or will they learn that a home must be administered as a place of happiness and affection also, and the things that money cannot buy? Will they promote Bolshevism and the tyranny of the lower floors over the upper by insisting on junkerism and the tyranny of the upper floors over the lower? Will they welcome reform as it has been welcomed in England, or will they force revolution, as revolution has been forced in Russia and in Germany?

Judge Lindsey's next article will appear in ***May Cosmopolitan.***



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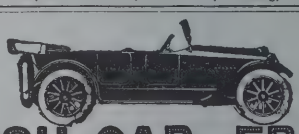
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The Moonlit Way

(*Continued from page 66*)

om his son to Westmore through his onocle. "Where have you been keeping ourselves all day?"

"I'll tell you all about it later, dad," said arry, emerging from the garage with estmore. "Where is mother?"

"In the kennels, I believe. What do ou think of this cast, Jim? A whirling in for a dropper, a hare's ear for a—" e checked himself, glanced doubtfully at e two young men. "You're somewhat uddy," he remarked, and continued to plore his fly-book for new combinations. Westmore, very weary, started for the ouse; Garry walked across to the kennels. His mother, in smock and apron, and earing rubber gloves, was seated on the ge of a straw-littered bunk, a bottle in e hand, a medicine-dropper in the other. er four-footed patient, swathed in blan-ts, lay on the straw beside her.

"Well, dear," she said, looking up at her n, "where have you been?"

"I'll tell you about it later, mother. here's something else I want to ask ou—" He fell silent, watching her meas-e out fourteen drops of a specific for stemper.

"I'm listening, Garry," she said, bend-g over the sick pup and gently forcing en his feverish jaws. Then she dropped r medicine far back on his tongue; the p gulped, sneezed, looked at her out of ll eyes, and feebly wagged his tail.

"I'm going to pull him through, Garry," e said. "The other pups are doing well, o. I only hope and pray that the dis-mper doesn't spread." She looked up at r son. "Well, dear, what is it you have ask me?"

"Mother, do you like Dulcie Soane?"

"I hardly know her yet. She's very eet—very young——"

"Do you like her?"

"Why—yes!" She looked intently at r tall, unsmiling son. "But I don't even ow who she is, Garry."

Her son bent down beside her and put e arm round her shoulder. He said:

"Dulcie's name is Fane, not Soane. Her andfather was Sir Barry Fane, of Fane ourt—an Irishman. His daughter, Eileen, as Dulcie's mother. Her father—is dead I believe."

"But—this explains nothing, Garry."

"Is it not explanation enough, mother?"

"Is it enough for you, my son?"

"Yes."

Her head slowly drooped. She sat zing in silence at the straw-littered floor. e looked earnestly, anxiously at his other's face. Her brooding expression mained tranquil but inscrutable.

He said, watching her intently:

"I wasn't sure about myself until last ght. I don't know about Dulcie—ether she can care for me—in this new ay. We were friends. But I am in love th her now. Deeply."

It was one of the moments in his career hich remain fixed forever in a young an's memory. In a mother's memory, o. Whatever she says and does then, e son never forgets. The mother, too, nembers always.

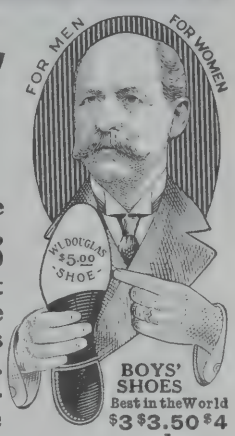
He stood leaning over her in the dim ht of the kennel, one arm round her oulders, waiting. And presently she



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lifted her head, looked him in the eyes bent forward very gently, and kissed him

Dulcie was not in the house, nor wa Thessalie. Barres and Westmore exchange conversation between their open door while bathing and dressing.

"You know, Garry," admitted the latter "I feel all shaken up yet over that ghastl business."

"So do I. If they hadn't died so gamely But Skeel was a *man!*"

"You bet he was, crazy or sane! Wha a pity! And that poor devil, Soane! Di you hear them cheering there at the last And what superb nerve—breaking out tha green flag!"

"And think of their opening on that bi patrol-boat! They hadn't a chance."

"They had no chance, anyway," sai Westmore. "It meant execution if the surrendered—at least, they probabl thought so. But how do you suppose tha cowardly straggler, Ferez, felt when h realized that Skeel was going to fight?"

"He certainly got what was coming t him, didn't he?" said Barres grimly "You'll tell Thessa, won't you?"

"As soon as I can find her," nodde Westmore, giving his fresh bow tie a mos killing twist.

He was ready before Barres was, an started out to find Thessalie.

Barres, following him later, discovere him on the library lounge with Thessalie' fair cheek resting against his.

"I'm s-sorry," he stammered, backin out, and very conscious of Westmore' unconcealed annoyance. But Thessali called to him in a perfectly calm voice and he ventured to come back.

"Are you going to tell Dulcie about thi horrible affair?" she asked.

"Not immediately. Are you feeling a right, Thessa?"

"Yes. I had a horrid night. Isn't i odd how a girl can so completely lose he nerve after a thing is all over?"

"That's the best time to lose it," sai Westmore. And, to Barres, "She's bruise from head to foot."

"It is nothing," murmured Thessali looking smilingly at her lover. Then the both glanced at Barres.

There was a silence. Side by side on th library lounge they continued to gaz expectantly at Barres. And when he go it into his head that this polite expec tancy might express their desire for hi early departure, he backed out again embarrassed and slightly irritated.

Thessalie called to him very sweetly,

"If you are looking for Dulcie, I lef her a few minutes ago, over by the wa fountain in the rose-arbor."

"Thanks," he said, and turned bac through the hall.

There was no sign of Dulcie in the garde or on the lawn. He walked slowly acros the clipped grass, past the pool, and, turnin to the right past a sun-dial, stepped int the long rose-arbor. At the further end o the blossoming tunnel he saw her seate on the low wall in the rear of the tea-house Her head was turned toward the wood beyond. When he was near her, she hear him and looked round, was on the point o rising, but something in his expression hel her motionless.

"Where have you been, Garry?"

He ignored the question, seated himsel beside her on the wall, and drew both he

hands into his. He saw the swift color stain her face, the lovely, disconcerted eyes lower.

"Last night," he said, "did you come back as you promised?"

"Yes."

"And you found me gone." She nodded. "What could you have thought of me, Dulcie?"

"I—my thoughts were—not very clear."

"Are they clearer?"

Her head remained lowered, but she raised her gray eyes to his. Her face had become very still and white.

"Dulcie," he said, under his breath, "I am in love with you. What will you do about it?"

And, after a little while,

"W-what shall I do, Garry?" she whispered.

"Love me. Can you?"

She remained silent.

"Will you—Dulcie Fane?"

Her lips stirred, but no sound came.

"You are so wonderful." he said. "I am just realizing that I began to fall in love with you a long time ago."

The declining sun sent a red shaft across the fields. A single ray touched the girl's white neck and turned her copper-tinted hair to burning gold.

"Do you love me? Can you love me—that way, Dulcie?"

She rose abruptly, and he rose, too, retaining her hands; but, as she turned her head from him, he saw her mouth quiver.

"Dearest—dearest——"

But she interrupted him.

"I want to tell you—that I don't understand why I should be called by my mother's maiden name. I w-want you to know that I *don't* understand it—if that would make a difference—in your c-caring for me. And I wish you to know that—that I love and worship her memory—and that I am happy and proud to bear her name."

"My darling!"

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dulcie."

"And do you still want me?"

"You adorable child!"

"*Do* you?"

"Of course I do!" He caught her in his arms, held her close. "Now tell me whether you can love *me!* Tell me everything that's hidden in your mind and heart."

"Oh, Garry," she faltered, "I do belong to you. I belong to you anyway, because you made me. And I've always been in love with you—always—always from the very beginning of the world, *asthore!* And now—if you want me—this way—Garry, *mo veel asthore*—" Her hands crept from his breast to his shoulders, stole up round his neck. "*Asthore,*" she murmured, and their lips met in their first kiss. Then she gravely turned her head and laid her cheek against his; and he heard her murmuring to herself:

"*Drahareen o machree, mo veel asthore!* This man—this man who takes my heart—and gives me his!"

"What are you murmuring there all to yourself?" he whispered, laughing and drawing her closer. But she only clung to him passionately, and her closed lids kept back the starting tears.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"H-happiness," she whispered, "and pride, perhaps. And my love for you, *asthore!*"

THE END

Increase Your Will Power In One Hour

Author of This Article Tells How He Quickly Acquired a Dominating Will Power that Earns Him Between $50,000 and $70,000 a Year

FOUR YEARS ago a man offered me a wonderful bargain. He was hard up for money and wanted to sell me some shares in a young growing company for $1,000. Based on the earnings of the Company the stock offered me was easily worth $5,000—in fact, the man who finally bought the shares sold them again in five months **at a profit of $4,300.**

The reason I didn't buy the shares was that I could no more raise a thousand dollars than I could hop, skip, and jump across the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand dollars? And my income only twenty-five a week.

The second chapter in my life began a few months later, when another opportunity came to me. It required an investment of $20,000 during the first year. I raised the money easily, paid back every penny I borrowed, and had $30,000 left at the end of the first year! To date, in less than four years, my business has paid me a clear profit of over $200,000 and is now earning between $50,000 and $70,000 a year. **Yet for twelve years before, the company had been losing money every year!**

The natural question for my reader to ask is, "How could you borrow $20,000 to invest in a business which had previously been a failure, after being unable to borrow $1,000 for an investment that seemed secure? It is a fair question. And the answer can be given in two little words—**WILL POWER.**

When the first proposition came to me I passed it by simply because I didn't have the money and couldn't borrow it. I went from one friend to the next and all turned me down. Several refused to talk business with me at all. They all liked me personally, and they asked about the kiddies, but when it came to money matters I hadn't a chance. I was scared stiff every time I talked to one of them. I pleaded with them, almost begged them. But everybody had their "money all tied up in other investments." It was an old excuse, but I accepted it meekly. I called it hard luck. But I know today that it was nothing in the world except my lack of Will Power, or rather my weak Will Power, which kept me from getting what I wanted.

When I heard that the man sold those shares at a profit of $4,300, it seemed that my sorrow could not be greater. That profit was just about what my salary amounted to for four years! But instead of grieving over my "hard luck," I decided to find out why I was so easily beaten in everything I tried to accomplish. It must be that there was something vital that made the difference between success and failure. It wasn't lack of education, for many illiterate men became wealthy. What was this vital spark? What was this one thing which successful men had and which I did not have?

Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Powers.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.

These are only a few of the many subjects treated.

I began to read books about psychology and mental power. But everything I read was too general. There was nothing definite—nothing that told me **what to do.**

After several months of discouraging effort, I finally encountered a book called "Power of Will," by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. The very title came to me as a shock. When I opened the book I was amazed. I realized that will power was the vital spark—the one thing that I lacked. And here in this book were the very rules, lessons and exercises through which anyone could increase their will power. Eagerly I read page after page; including such articles as, The Law of Great Thinking; How to Develop Analytical Power; How to Concentrate Perfectly; How to Guard Against Errors in Thought; How to Develop Fearlessness; How to Acquire a Dominating Personality.

An hour after I opened the book I felt like a new person. My sluggish will power was beginning to awaken. There was a new light in my eye, a new spring in my step, a new determination in my soul. I began to see, in my past, the many mistakes I had made, and I knew I would never make them again.

I practiced some of the simple exercises. They were more fascinating than any game of cards or any sport.

Then came an opportunity to acquire the business which had lost money for twelve years, and which I turned into a $50,000 a year money maker. Instead of cringing before the moneyed people, I won them over by my sheer force of will. I would not be denied. And my every act and word since then has been the result of my training in will power.

I am convinced that every man has within himself every essential quality of success except a strong will. Any man who doubts that statement need only analyze the successful men he knows, and he will find himself their equal, or their superior, in every way except in will power. Without a strong will, education counts for little, money counts for nothing, opportunities are useless.

I earnestly recommend Prof. Haddock's great work, "Power of Will," to those who feel that success is just out of reach—to those who lack that something which they cannot define, yet which holds them down to the grind of a small salary.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will" as never before is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine "Power of Will" for five days may do so without sending any money in advance. If after one hour you do not feel that your will power has increased, and, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this great book supplies that one faculty you need most to win success, return it and you will owe nothing. Otherwise send only $3, the small sum asked.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, but the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, today "Power of Will" is just as important, and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success, as a dictionary. To try to succeed without Power of Will is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 15-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. You hold in your hand, this very minute, the beginning of a new era in your life. Over a million dollars has been paid for "Power of Will" by people who sent for it on free examination. Can you, in justice to yourself, hesitate about sending in the coupon? Can you doubt, blindly, when you can see, without a penny deposit, this wonder-book that will increase your will power in one hour?

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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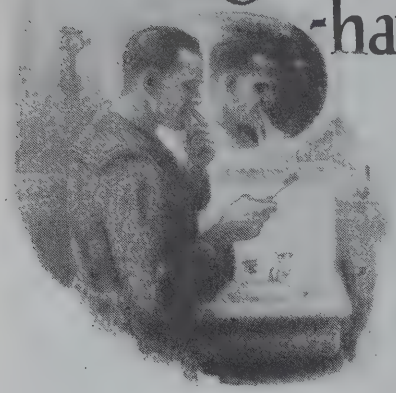
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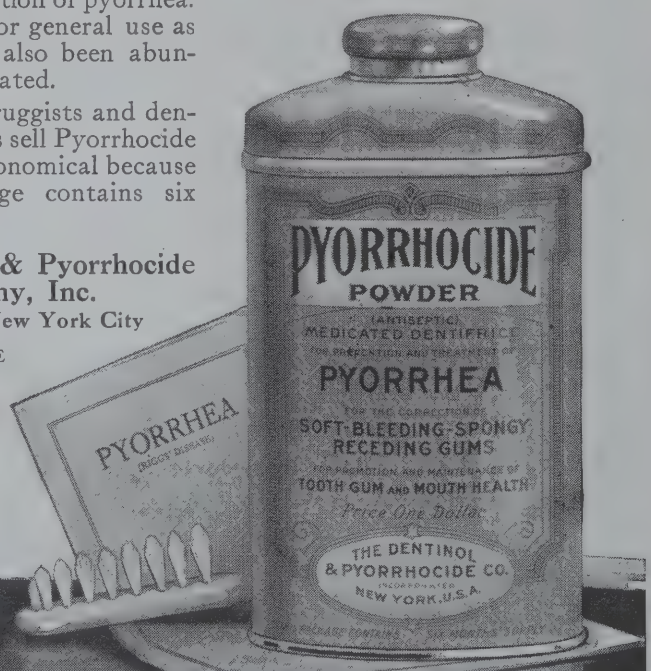
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L. K. Slaught
President

Strangers

(*Continued from page 77*)

can't do it, neither. You and Ruth ain't settin' the store by each other that you used to. What you been doin' to that baby that you hadn't ought to?"

"I don't know, grandmother. I don't think I've been doing anything. Neither of us has. But Ruth doesn't love me any more."

"Um. She don't, eh? Tell you so?"

"Yes."

"How about you? Still love her like you did once?"

"I—well, everything is different, somehow."

Grandmother nodded.

"You found it out all to once when you got home from that war?"

"All at once. I thought I loved her better than anything in the world until—well—until the minute I saw her again."

"And then she didn't seem like Ruth at all, but kind of like somebody you never seen before."

Stone was surprised at grandmother's penetration—and yet he was not surprised. He was accustomed to her ways.

"Yes."

"Calc'late she felt the same way toward you?"

"Why—I guess that's it. Only, I would have gone along and—and everything would have come right. But she wouldn't kiss me. Turned her cheek. And she was afraid of me. I could see it."

"To be sure." Grandma nodded. "She would be. Now, sonny, ain't you wishin' that things was like they used to be before you went off to war?"

"More than anything in the world!"

"They was satisfactory then, eh? Everythin' all right?"

"We were happy. Everything was just as—as I imagined everything ought to be when people were married."

"I kind of figgered they was—and now it looks like they wouldn't never be again. Looks as if you'd up and lost something that was mighty valuable to you, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Sonny, if you could git it back—just like you had it, only maybe better—would you be willin' to use a lot of patience and foolishness?"

"I think I would do anything."

"Sonny, did you ever come to think that you ain't the only man that ever went to war and left his wife a couple of years? Because you ain't. Lots of folks have. Maybe you might 'a' heard that your grandpa Jowett went off to war and left me behind, and it was mortal nigh three year that I never set eye on hide or hair of him. Well, it was so. I was youngish then, and full of notions and things, like girls git to be. Girls is some different from men, and that's a thing men don't git to understand until they're romped in like overgrown puppies and mussed things all up. Well, your grandpa Jowett come back to me after three year—and him and me had been as lovin' as ever young folks was—and when he got off'n the train and come and took me in his arms, I thought I was goin' to scream and run. I done *so*. I had a feelin' all over me that this man hadn't no right to go pawin' me over and kissin' me any more than the conductor of the train had—because he wasn't nothin' but a stranger

to me. But I kept my mouth perty shet—for a girl. He seen somethin' was wrong—maybe because he felt like I was a stranger himself. I'll say this for grandpa Jowett: He had more sense 'n you're ever like to have." She broke off and smiled up at Stone.

"So I've been told," he answered.

"Well, what did your grandpa do? Did he come rompin' and ragin' in and actin' like a husband all over the place? He did *not*. There was consid'able of a onpleasant time for me for a spell, and I was afraid every time he looked toward me—but he never done more than look. And gradual, day by day, I found out he wasn't figgerin' himself out to be my husband at all, but a sort of a visitor—yes, sir, a sort of visitor that was int'rested in me and was courtin' me. He was a big-enough man to do that, sonny, and he kep' right on a-courtin' me like we never had been married at all. He seen and understood things—how folks accustom themselves to conditions like. Love ain't different from other things that's human, except that it's sweeter to have—and love gits used to bein' without the person that's loved. And after a while it jest goes to sleep rolled up in a leaf like one of them caterpillars that gits to be a butterfly next spring. It's apt to stay asleep forever, or to be clean killed if anybody tried bustin' through the leaf to wake it up. But it kin be waked natural—and then you got your beautiful butterfly back again."

Stone was staring at his grandmother, staring in silence, and thinking.

"So your grandpa Jowett, he come a-courtin' me, and he kep' it up nigh to three months—figgerin' that he'd been able to make me love him once, and, it stood to reason that, bein' the same himself and me bein' the same, he could do it over ag'in. And, sonny, he done so. It was three months—but I calc'late he always figgered it was wuth it. It was to me. So, sonny, you needn't to think you're the only couple that's ever got into sich a mess—nor that there ain't no way to git it straightened out—if you ain't one of them rampagin', rip-snortin' kind of men that roars about husbands and their rights and sich like nonsense. Now I've said my say, and my mouth's shet for all time. I ain't give to interferin' between man and wife. If I've give you an idee—and if you ain't ruined things already—why, then, I calc'late I'm glad of it."

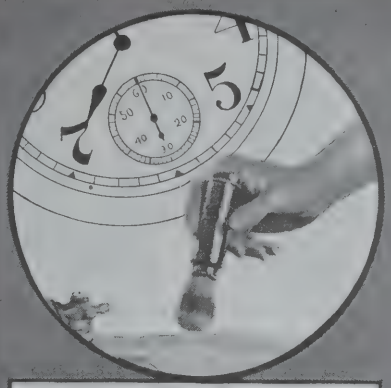
When Ruth returned, Stone was not in the house; he had gone for a walk—a thinking walk. When he came back, he went into the room where grandmother Jowett sat and nodded. That was all.

"That's a good boy," said grandmother, and smiled to herself and went on with her knitting.

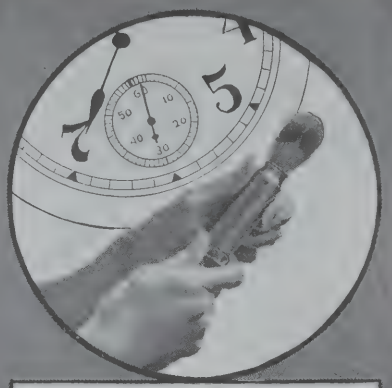
At dinner, Stone opened the conversation by referring to his idleness since he returned from France.

"I've got to be doing something right away," he said. "I think matters have shaped up now so that I can begin. If you don't mind, Ruth, I'll run out to Detroit for a week to go over things with the company. I'd better start to-morrow, now that my discharge has come."

He caught the glint of relief in Ruth's eyes, and so did grandmother Jowett, and knew that his going-away was a sort of reprieve for her.



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2 seconds past. Turn Cap

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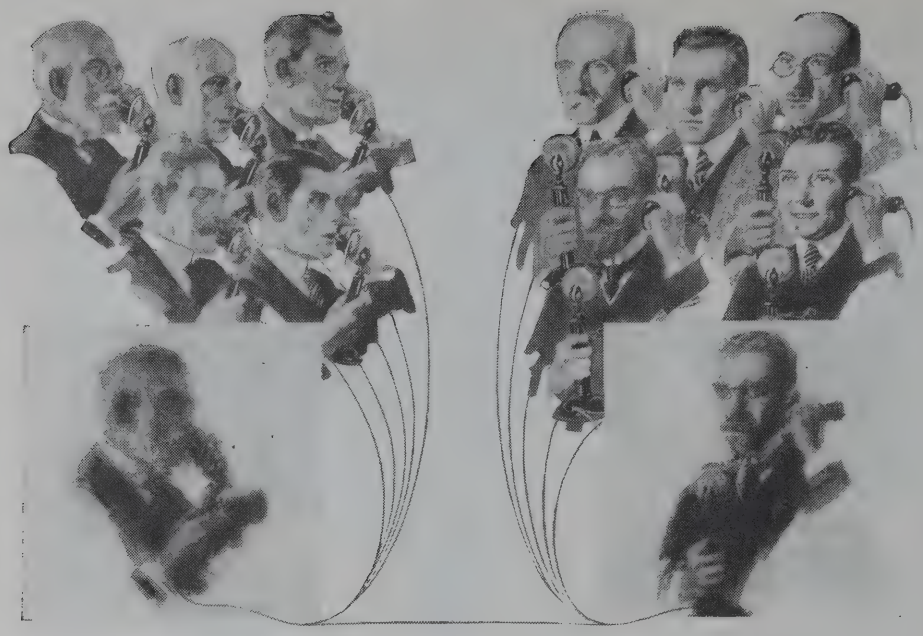
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Stone went, and remained not a week but ten days. When he came home again, Ruth, who had looked forward to his arrival with dread, noted, with a little wrinkl of puzzlement, that he was different, intangibly different. She couldn't just place her finger on the change, but his manner was not the same. He had not offered to kiss her, to touch her when he came, but had only offered his hand and shaken hers as any arriving guest in the house might have done. And from that day, with what care and schooling of himself Ruth did not know, he conducted himself scrupulously as a guest. He had brought her a great bunch of roses when he came. Now, day after day, he was absent from the house from early morning until dinner-hour. Some evenings, too, he was absent, though Ruth did not know that business had no part in his absence. It made things easier for her. She saw him three or four evenings a week, and then he was courteous, thoughtful—almost eagerly thoughtful. Diffidently, at first, he invited her to dinners in town and to the theater. He planned surprises for her. He brought her gifts. And never for an instant allowed himself to appear in the character of a husband—always as a guest, possibly a suitor.

Women are keen, but the situation was abnormal. Ruth did not perceive the suitor in the husband, but she did perceive the gentleness and the thoughtfulness—and day by day she postponed the determination she had taken of leaving his house to shift for herself in the quest of happiness.

It was not that her attitude had changed. She felt now as she had felt at the beginning, except that her fear of him was going, finally was gone. She was able to tell herself that she had nothing to fear from him. Which was no mean advance. And he was undeniably good company. Actually she enjoyed some of the parties they had together—and was quite unconscious of it. But day after day, week after week, they seemed to be growing no closer to each other. Still, they were strangers.

Then Stone realized—and the realization was sudden, alarming—that he loved Ruth—loved her as a lover. He had been simulating the suitor, and his simulation had changed to reality. He loved her, and this courtship had become no sham, no pretense, but the great business of his life. He was fighting now, not to regain something that had been beautiful in his past life but to win something new and wonderful. It was as if his youth had returned, and the longing, throbbing uncertain days of his youth and his devotion to a girl.

With love came fear. It was as if he wooed a maid whose love had never been awakened, and which he stood the common chance of man to win; he was wooing a woman who had been his wife and to whom his presence had become repulsive. It seemed a hopeless quest, an impossible task. He was afraid with a great fear.

He persisted now, not from a sense of duty, not from mere hope of piecing together broken fragments, but driven by that which through all the ages had urged men on to miracles of endeavor. He was all lover; his every thought and every action were devoted to the winning of his love. And he met with nothing but discouragement. That intangible curtain was still between them, and he could not pierce

it. Ruth tolerated him now, or so he fancied, but that was all. He could not bear to look forward to a life of toleration by her—and nothing more. It were far better to end the situation, to allow her to go, to make it possible for both of them to take up new lives amid new events. This he often told himself in his discouragement, but he could not endure the thought. He would persevere another day, another week, another month.

So another day and another week and another month were left behind, and his discouragement was only the greater. It often seemed to him that they were farther apart than ever, that they had settled in this new rut, that Ruth had resolved to endure him as long as his conduct remained unchanged, and that matters were hopeless.

More than once he was compelled to restrain a boyish declaration of his love—on evenings when they had returned from theater or party and she entered their home more beautiful, more alluring in his eyes than she had been in her first youth. But he had repressed these declarations, had made no sign—never had he attempted an advance, even such an advance as a hopeful lover might have dared. There was too much at stake, and he stood appalled before the possibility of making a false step and ruining everything—even hope.

It was toward the end of the third month of the experiment that Stone took Ruth into town to see a new musical show that had the city by the ears. Afterward, they went to the sort of foolish place to eat that young men take their sweethearts to. It was a delightful evening. Ruth seemed more like her old self than she had seemed since he came home from France; she was bright, laughing, rather excited, delightful. He fancied there was a difference in her attitude toward him, a swaying toward him, and the thought of the possibility of it went to his head giddily. For that night, he had made her forget. That was what he did not realize—that he had made her forget that she was abroad, not with a delightful companion but with her husband.

It was well past midnight when they opened their door. Ruth sighed a tired sigh and sank down, without removing her wraps, on the big davenport, and, leaning back, closed her eyes. Stone stood in the door, gazing at her, and, as he gazed at the allurement of her, he felt again that impulse to declare his love, to ask the boon of her love in return. But he dared not. He set his teeth, clenched his fingers—his face was stern and forbidding with the effort. And she opened her eyes and looked up at him. She leaned forward suddenly, staring; then, with a little cry of fear, she pressed her handkerchief to her face, brushed past him hurriedly, and ran up the stairs.

Stone did not turn. He had seen enough, heard enough. That sudden movement, that little cry of fear! He understood. The three months of patient courtship had been in vain. He was still a stranger, repulsive to her. It was the end. He had reached the limit of his forbearance and of his patience. He was defeated. Nothing remained now but to admit defeat, and to release her. Anything—*anything* was better than this! He went to the stairs and called. She did not reply.

"Ruth!" he called again. "Ruth!"

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"Will you come down, please? There is something I must say to you."

"Not to-night. I'm tired, Stone. To-morrow."

"I'm sorry, Ruth—but it must be to-night. Now."

He heard her coming, saw her descend the stairs, lovely in her evening gown—lovely until one saw the expression of her face, which was one of terror and grief.

"I won't be long," he said hurriedly, "but this thing has to have an end. You must see that. You wanted it to end months ago. You remember what you said to me then. Well, I think you were right. When you are ready, you may go—or I shall go. It is as you prefer—anything you want, so long as this condition is ended."

She stood leaning against the arm of a big chair for support. She was white, big of eye, frightened. It cut to his heart that she should be afraid of him, even now when he was giving to her her freedom.

"You—want me to—go?" she said.

"Yes."

"Very well," she said, standing straight and looking into his eyes. She even tried to smile. It was only by an effort that he stayed himself from crushing her in his arms.

"Yes," he repeated, and then, impetuously: "I have loved you, Ruth—loved you. I thought—well, I thought that if I were patient, if I waited, if I began at the very beginning and made love to you again as I did when we first met—that things would come right. I was foolish enough to believe that if I could make you love me once, I could make you love me again. It was foolish. I have only ruined another three months for you—when you might have been rid of me. But you mustn't blame me too much. I couldn't let you go. I don't know how I can let you go now—because I love you, Ruth—you must always remember that—that I love you. I loved you even when I saw fear in your eyes a moment ago. Even when I saw that you dreaded to have me near you for fear that I might touch you. I loved you even then—and God help me!—I think I shall always love you."

He stopped and stared at the floor. He did not look into her face, did not see that she was staring at him with eyes that refused to believe, with lips parted, with bosom rising and falling. He did not see that she opened her lips to speak but that words would not come. He did not see that she took a tottering step toward him, and that her hands lifted a trifle toward him—pitifully—and dropped again to her side.

"Stone!" she whispered.

He looked up with eyes that saw nothing.

"Yes?"

"You—that is *true?* You—mean that—that you love me?"

"Yes."

She laughed queerly.

"You saw fear in my eyes—yes. It was fear—a dreadful fear— Oh, Stone—I looked up and saw your face. It was so stern, so forbidding. I was afraid it meant that I had lost you. That was the fear. You have held me at arms' length so long, Stone. Always I remembered those awful words I said to you—and I knew you must remember them. And you kept me at arms' length—treated me like a stranger—



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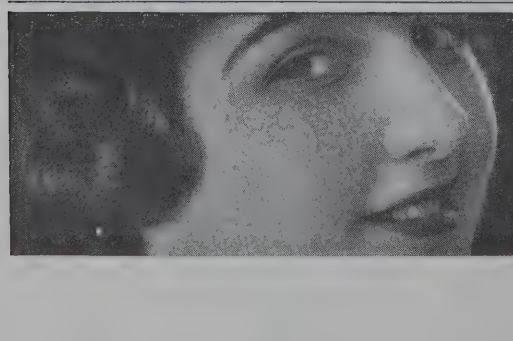
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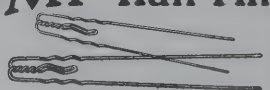
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acted like a strange guest in the house. And it was not long before I knew that I loved you and could never love anyone else. Then I was afraid. I knew a time would come when your patience would be gone—and you would leave me—and to-night I thought I saw it in your face that the time had come. And I was terrified."

"Ruth——"

"It's true. We've both been blind—blind! You thought— Oh, how was it you couldn't see? How was it that you couldn't see how I yearned to have you take me in your arms as you used to. Do you remember? And I have cried myself to sleep, thinking that you did not love me, did not want me. Oh, Stone!"

He took a step toward her, and she met him.

"Do I remember?" he whispered. "Was it like this?"

"This," she murmured presently.

"Oh, Stone, this is wonderfully better! You have improved."

"With practise," he said, and laughed gaily, happily.

Next morning, Ruth went to grandmother Jowett's door. Grandmother Jowett was packing her trunk.

"What's this, grandmother? You're not getting ready to go?"

"Calc'late I be," said grandmother, with a wise smile. "Calc'late the job of work I come to do is nigh about finished."

Even as You and I

(*Continued from page 29*)

enough of how beautiful it is? When I was a kid on my pap's farm out there, eighty miles beyond the ridge, instead of playing with the kids that used to torment me because I was a heavy, I just used to lay out evenings like this on a hay-rack or something and look and look and look. There's something about this soft kind of scenery that a person that's born in it never gets tired of. Why, I've exhibited out in California right under the nose of the highest kind of mountains; but gimme the little scenery every time."

"I'm a lump—that's what I am. Nine months of laying. I'm a lump—on a woman, too!"

"Why, Jas, Teenie's proud to have you on—on her. Ain't we got plans for each other after—you get well? Why, half the time I'm just in heaven over that. That's why, honey, if only you won't let yourself get setbacks! That's all the doctor says is between you and getting well. That's all that keeps you down, Jas, you scaring me and making me go against the doctor's orders. Last week your eating that steak—that drink you stole—ain't you ashamed to have got out of bed that way and broke the lock? You—you mustn't ever again, Jas, make me go against the doctor."

"I gets crazy. Crazy with laying."

"Just think, Jas—here I've drew out the last six hundred ready to be paid down on the place and us ready to begin to farm it. Ain't that worth holding yourself in for? It wouldn't be right, Jas, it would be something terrible if we had to break into that six hundred for medicine and doctors. I don't know what to make of you, honey, all those months so quiet and behaved on your back, and now that you're getting



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well, the—the old liquor-thirst setting in. We never will get our start that way, Jas. We got plans, if you don't hinder your poor Teenie. The doctor told me, honey—honest, he did—one of them spells—from liquor could—could take you off—just like that. Even getting well the way you are!"

"I'm a lump; that's what I am."

"You ain't, Jas; you're just everything in the world."

"Sponging off a woman!"

"'Sponging!' With our own little farm and us farming it to pay it off! I like that!"

"Gimme a swig, Teenie. For God's sake gimme a swig!"

"Jas—Jas, I'm going to get me a man nurse out here—honest I am!"

"A swig, Teenie."

"Please, Jas—it's only for bad spells—five drops mixed up in your medicine. That's six dollars a bottle, Jas, and only for bad spells."

"Stingy gut!"

"Looka down there, honey—there's old man Wyncoop's cow broke tether again. What you bet he's out looking for her? See her winding up the road."

"Stingy gut!"

"You know I ain't stingy. If the doctors didn't forbid, I'd buy you ten bottles, I would, if it cost twenty a bottle. I'm trying to do what the doctor says is best, Jas."

"'Best!' I know what's best. A few dollars in my pocket for me to boss over and buy me the things I need is what's best. I'm a man born to having money in his pocket. I'm none of your molly-coddles."

"Sure you ain't! Haven't you got over ninety dollars under your pillow this minute? Ain't the boy got all the spending money he wants and nowheres to spend it? Ain't that a good one, Jas? All the spending money he wants and nowheres to spend it. Next thing the boy knows, he's going to be working the farm and sticky with money. Ain't it wonderful, Jas, never no showing for us again? O God, ain't that just wonderful?"

He reached up then to stroke her hand, a short pincushion of a hand, white enough, but amazingly inundated with dimples.

"Nice old Big Tent!"

"That's the way, honey! Honest, when you get one of your nice spells, your poor old Teenie would do just anything for you."

"I get crazy with pain. It makes me ugly."

"I know, Jas—I know—anyway, you fix it, honey. I ain't got a kick coming—a—tub like me to have—you."

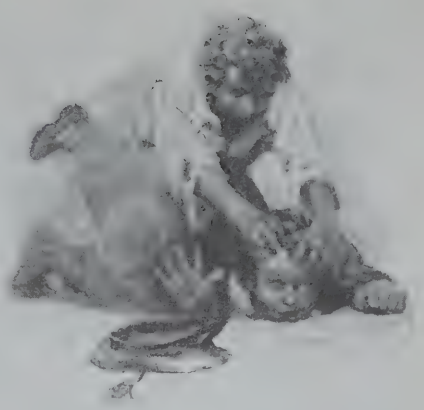
She loomed behind his cot, carefully out of his range of vision, her own gaze out across the drowsing countryside. A veil of haze was beginning to thicken, whole schools of crickets whirring into it.

"If—if not for one thing, Jas, you know—you know what? I think if a person was any happier than me, she—she'd die."

"Let's play I'm Rockefeller laying on his country estate, Teenie. Come on; let's kid ourselves along. Gimme the six hundred, Teenie."

"Why don't you ask me, Jas, except for what I'd be the happiest girl? Well, it's this. If only I could wear a cloak so when I got in it, you couldn't see me! If only I never had to walk in front of you so—so you got to look at me!"

"You been a good gal to me, Big Tent.



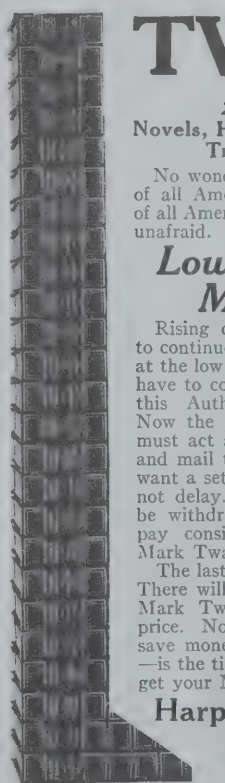
"Holler 'nuff!"

They hadn't a thing in the world against each other—unless it was that Tom Sawyer thought the other boy altogether too well dressed. They had never even seen each other until a few minutes before—and here they were tied in a knot.

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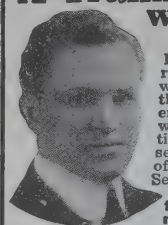
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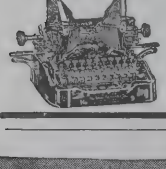
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"You mean it's me will square it with you, Jas—you see if I don't. Why, there'll be nothing too much for me to do to make up for the happiness we're going to have, Jas. I'm going to make this the kinda little home you read about in the magazines. Tear out all this old rented junk furniture, paint it up white, after we got the six hundred paid down and the money beginning to come in. I'm even going to fix up the little trap-door room in the attic, so that if the baron or any of the old exhibit crowd happen to be showing in Xenia or around, they can visit us. Just think, Jas—a spare room for the old crowd! Honest, it's funny; but there's not one thing scares me about all these months on the place alone here, Jas, now that we bought the gun, except the nightmares sometimes that we—we're back exhibiting. That's why I want to keep open house for them that ain't as lucky as us. Honest, Jas—I—I just can't think it's real, not anyways till we've paid down six hundred and—the fellow you keep joking about that wears his collar wrong side 'fore comes out from Xenia to read the ceremony. Oh, Jas, I—I'll make it square with you. You'll never have a sorry day for it."

"You're all right, Big Tent," said the Granite Jaw, lying back suddenly, lips twitching.

"Ain't you feeling well, honey? Let me fix you an egg?"

"A little swig, Teenie—a little one, is all I ask."

"No, no—please, Jastrow; don't begin—just as I had you forgetting."

"It does me good, I tell you. I know my constitution better than a quack country boob does. I'm a freak, I am—a prize concession that has to be treated special. Since that last swig, I tell you, I been a different man. I need the strength. I got to have a little in my system. I'm a freak, I tell you. Everybody knows there's nothing like a swig for strength."

"Not for you. It's poison, Jas—so much poison! Don't you remember what they said to you after the operation? All your life you got to watch out—just the little prescribed for you is all your system has got to have—wouldn't I give it to you otherwise—wouldn't I?"

"Swig, Teenie. Honest to God, just a swig!"

"No, no, Jas; no, no, no!"

Suddenly Jastrow the Granite Jaw drew down his lips to a snarl, his hands clutching into the coverlet and drawing it up off his feet.

"Gimme!" he said. "I've done it before and I'll do it now—smash up the place! Gimme!, You're getting me crazy! This time you got me crazy. Gimme—you hear—gimme!"

"Jas—for God's sakes—no—no!"

"Gimme, by God, you hear; gimme!" There was a wrenching movement of his body, a fumbling beneath the pillow, and Mr. Jastrow suddenly held forth, in crouched attitude of cunning, something cold, something glittering, something steel.

"Now," he said, head jutting forward, and through shut teeth, "now gimme, or by God——"

"Jas—Jas—for God's sake—have you gone crazy? Where'd you get that gun? Is that where I heard you sneaking this morning—over to my trunk—for my watch-d —gimme that gun—Jas! You—you' crazy, Jas!"

"You gimme, was what I said, a gimme quick. You see this thing pointi —well, gimme quick!"

"Jas——"

"Don't 'Jas' me. I'm ugly this tim and when I'm ugly, *I'm ugly!*"

"All right! All right! Only, for God sakes, Jas, don't get out of bed; don't g crazy enough to shoot that thing. I'll g it. Wait, Jastrow, it's all right—you're a right. I'll get it. See—Teenie's goin Wait—wait—Teenie's going—" She edg out and she edged in, hysteria audible her breathing. "Jas, honey, won't y please——"

"Gimme, was what I said, gimme—a quick!"

Her arm under his head, the glass tilt high against his teeth, he drank deepl gratefully, breathing out finally and lyi back against his pillow, his right ha uncurling of its clutch.

She lifted the short-snouted, wide-ba reled, and steely object off the bed-ed gingerly, tremblingly.

"More like it," he said, running h tongue around his mouth; "more like it

"Jas—Jas, what have you done?"

"Great stuff! Great stuff!" He ke repeating.

"If—if you wasn't so sick, honey— don't know what I'd do after such a terri thing like this—you acting like this— terrible! God, I—I'm all trembling!"

"Great stuff!" he said, reaching out an eyes still closed, patting her. "Great stu —nice old Big Tent!"

"Try to sleep now, Jas. You musta h a spell of craziness. This is awful. T to sleep. If only you don't get a spell Sleep—please!"

"You wait! Guy with the collar wrong side round—he's the one—he's t one!"

"Yes—yes, honey; try to sleep!"

"I wanna dream I'm Rockefeller. there's one thing I want to dream, i Rockefeller."

"Not now—not now——"

"Lemme go to sleep like a king."

"Yes, honey."

"Like a king."

She slid her hand finally into one of t voluminous folds of her dress, withdrawi and placing a rubber bound roll into h hands.

"There, honey, go to sleep now—li a king."

He fingered it, finally sitting up to cou leaning forward to the ring of lamplig

"Six hundred bucks! Six hundre Wow—oh, wow! If Sid could only see n now!"

"He can, honey—he can— Go to sle —sh-h-h-h!"

"Slide 'em under—slide 'em und Rockefeller."

She lifted his head, placing the small w beneath. He turned over, cupping h hand in his cheek, breathing outwar deeply, very deeply.

"Jas?"

"Huh?"

"Ain't you all right?" You're breathi so hard. Quit breathing so hard! It scar me. Quit making those funny nois Honey—for God's sake—quit!"

Jastrow the Granite Jaw did quit, suddenly, so completely, his face turn

outward toward the purpling meadows and his mouth slightly open, that a mirror held finally and frantically against it did not so much as cloud.

At nine o'clock there drew up outside the coolie-faced house, one of those small in motor-cars which are tiny mile-scavengers to the country road. With a thridding of engine and a play of lamps which turned green, gray, it drew up short, a rattling at the screen door following almost immediately.

"Doctor, that you? O my God, Doctor, it's too late! It's all over, Doctor—Doctor—it's all over!" Trembling in a frenzy of haste, Miss Hoag drew back the door, the room behind her flickering with shadows from an uneven wick.

"You're the 'fat,' ain't you? The one that's keepin' him?"

"What—what——"

"So you're the meal-ticket! Say—leave it to Will. Leave it to that boy not to get lost in this world. Ain't it like him to the T to pick a good-natured 'fat'?"

There entered into Miss Hoag's front room, Miss Sidonia Sabrina, of the Flying-Fish Troupe, World's Aeronaut Trapeze Wonder, gloved and ringleted, beaded of eyelash and pink of ear-lobe, the teeth somewhat crookedly but pearlily white, because the lips were so red; the parasol long and impudently parrot-handled, gilt mesh bag clanking against a cluster of sister baubles.

"If it ain't Will to the T! Pickin' hisself a 'fat' to sponge on. Can you beat it? M-m. Was you the 'fat' in the Coney concession?"

"Who—whatta you—want?"

"We was playin' the Zadalia County Fair. I heard he was on his back. The 'little' in our show, Baroness de Ross, has a husband playin' Coney with youse. Where is he? Tell him his little Sid is here. Was his little Sid fool enough to beat it all the way over here in a flivver for eight bucks the round trip? She was. Where is he?"

"He—who—you——"

"You're one of them good-natured simps, ain't you? So was I, dearie. It don't pay. I always said of Will, he could bleed a sour pickle. Where is he? Tell him his little Sid is here with thirty minutes before she meets up with the show on the ten-forty, when it shoots through Xenia. Tell him she was fool enough to come because he's flat on his back."

"I—that's him—Jastrow—there—O my God—that's him laying there, miss—who are you? Sid—I thought—I never knew—who are you? I thought it was Doc. He went off in a flash—I was standing right here—I— O God!"

There seemed to come suddenly over the sibilant Miss Sidonia Sabrina a quieting-down, a lessening of twinkle and shimmer and swish. She moved slowly toward the huddle on the cot, parasol leading, and her hands crossed atop the parrot.

"My God!" she said. "Will dead! Will dead! I musta had a hunch. God, I musta! All of a sudden, I makes up my mind. I jumps ahead of the show. God—I musta had one of my hunches. That lookin'-glass I broke in Dayton. God, I—I musta!"

"It come so sudden, miss. It's a wonder I didn't die, too, right on the spot. I was standing here and——"

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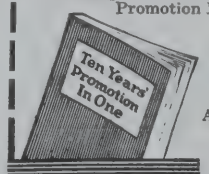
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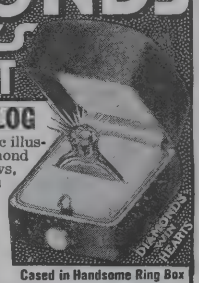
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Suddenly, Miss Sabrina fumbled in th gilt mesh bag for her kerchief, her fac lifting to cry.

"He spun me dirt, Will did If ever girl was spun dirt, that girl was me; bu just the same it—it's my husband layi there—it's my husband, no matter wha dirt he spun me. O God—O—O——"

At half-after ten, to a powdering of eye sockets, a touching-up with lip-stick, readjustment of three-tiered hat, Mis Sidonia Sabrina took leave. There wer still streaks showing through her retouche cheeks.

"I left you the collar-and-cuff box wit his initials on, dearie, for a remembranc I give it to him the first Christmas aft we was married, before he got to developi rough. I been through his things no entire. I got 'em all with me. If there such a thing as a recordin' angel, you'll g down on the book. Will was a bad lo but he's done with it now, dearie. I nev seen the roughness crop up in a man s sudden the way it did in Will. You ca imagine, dearie, when the men in the troup horsewhipped him one night for the wa he lit in on me one night in drink. Tha was the night he quit. O God, maybe don't look it, dearie, but I been throug the mill in my day. But that's all over no him layin' there—my husband. Will was good 'strong' in his day—nobody can't ev take that away from him. I'm leavin' yo the funeral money out of what he ha under his pillow. It's a godsend to me, m husband layin' up that few hundred whe things ain't so good with me. You was good influence, dearie. I never knew hi to save a cent. I'd never have thought i Not a cent from him all these months. M legs for the air-work ain't what they use to be. Inflammatory rheumatism, y'know I've got a mind to buy me a farm, to dearie. Settle down. Say—I got to hand to you, dearie—you're one fine 'fat.' Bab Ella herself had nothin' on you, and I'v worked with as fine 'fats' as there is in th business. You're sure one fine 'fat,' and there's such thing as a recordin' angel- I got to catch that train, dearie—th chauff's honkin'—no grandmother stori goes with my concession. Here's twenty five for the funeral. If it's more, lemm know. Sidonia Sabrina, care Flying-Fis Troupe, State Fair, Butler County, Ohi Good-by, dearie—and God bless you!"

Long after the thridding of engine ha died away and the purple quiet flowe over the path of twin lamplight, Mis Hoag stood in her half-open screen doo gazing after. There were no tears in h eyes; indeed, on the contrary, the echo the chug-chugging, which still lay on th air, had taken on this rhythm:

> Better to have loved a short man
> Than never to have loved atall.
>
> Better to have loved a short man
> Than never to have loved atall.

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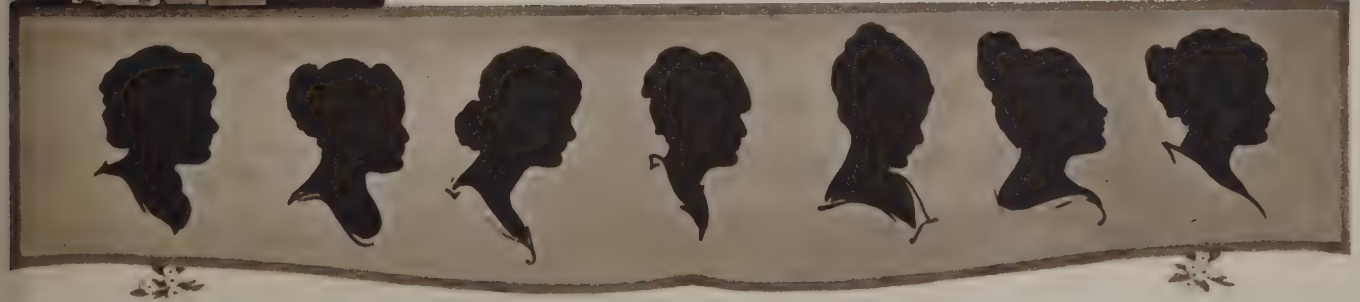
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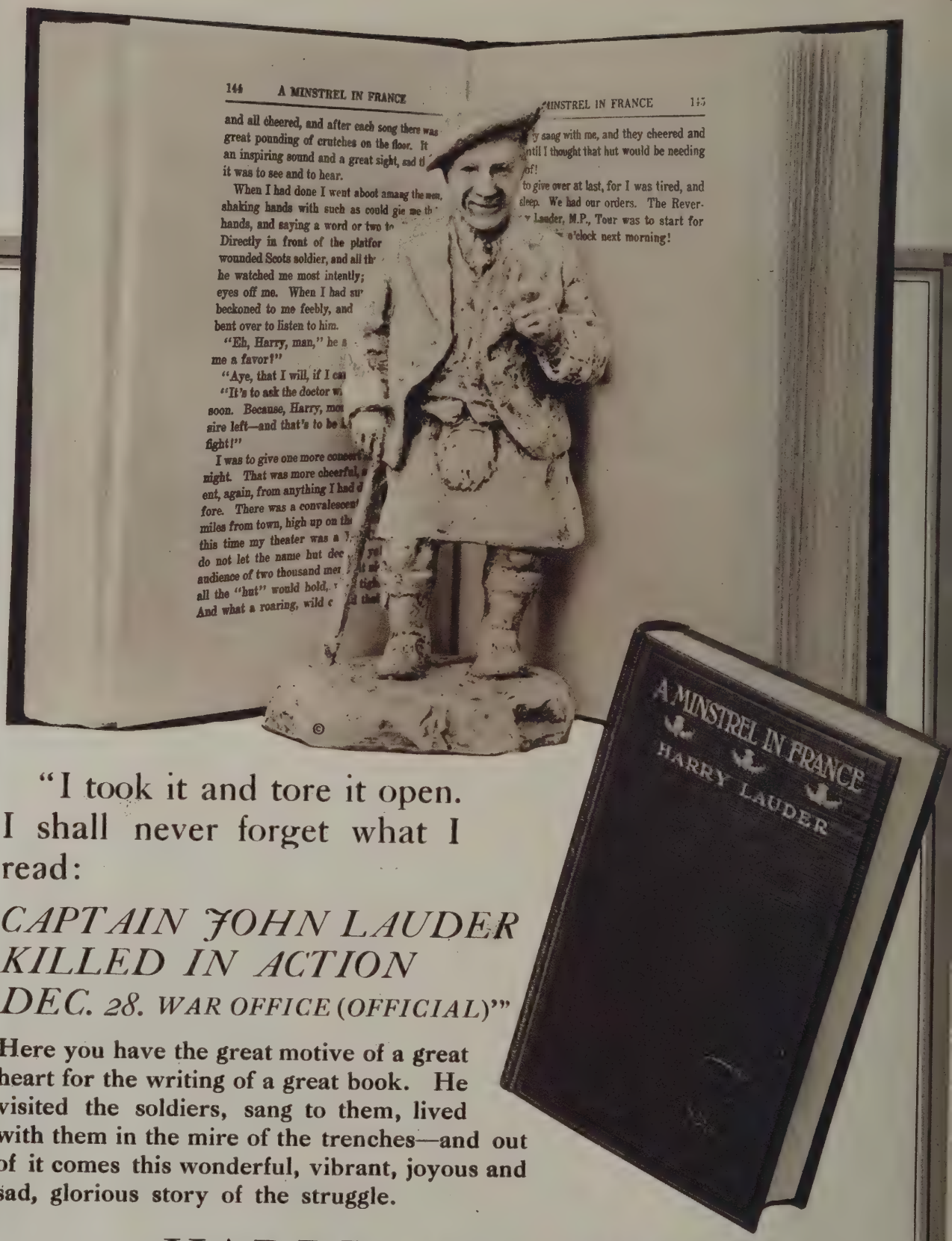
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The Passionate Pilgrim

(*Continued from page 83*)

purpose. One thing: Miriam must not be allowed to see this man again. He would be coming around in the morning.

Appleby, when she laid the matter rather heatedly before him at the dinner-table, complicated her mental processes by remarking:

"To-morrow? My dear girl, if he's as completely daffy over her as the nurse's story makes out, he won't sit around until to-morrow. He'll be calling this evening. I should say she can look for him about twenty minutes to eight."

Esther laid down her knife and fork.

"Will," she said, "we must go straight over there."

"The thing has awkward aspects. Miriam's most twenty-five. It's her own house. After all——"

"Do you really expect me to sit here and listen to that kind of talk?"

"Well, my dear, I feel about this much as you do—just as you do, in fact—but in all difficult business transactions, we men find it a good thing to——"

"Will, that girl's my own sister, my younger sister! It's high time we stopped feeling delicate about the property. There's such a thing as human responsibility. There's such a thing as duty. You'll admit that?"

"Of course, dearest; but——"

"My own little sister has fallen into the hands of a designing adventurer. It *isn't* the property. It's so much more than that that I don't see how you can hesitate one minute. It's that girl's life, and it's father's name."

Mr. Amme called up then. Will went to the 'phone. He returned with a genuinely distressed countenance.

"Dearest," he said, "I'll never again distrust a woman's intuition. They've run this fellow down. He's Henry Calverly."

"Henry——"

"The writer. A notorious chap."

"Henry Calverly! Wait! I remember. The Watt trial. All that mess."

"He's the fellow. Went to prison. And afterward disappeared off the face of the earth."

"A widower, too, isn't he?"

"A widower and a jailbird, and God knows what else!"

"We must go now, Will. This thing must be stopped to-night."

"Just how, sweet?"

"I'll take care of Miriam. My duty is clear. I'll have to drop everything, of course. But, at a time like this, who wouldn't sacrifice themselves?"

"You're thinking of taking her off?"

"Somewhere—yes. I was just thinking of Bermuda. But——"

"California might be easier to manage. Amme could run your father's car out. And you're not a good sailor, you know, dear."

"You can call Mr. Amme up from her house, Will. We'll go now."

So they set out.

"I suppose it's only fair that Miriam should stand the expense, seeing it's——"

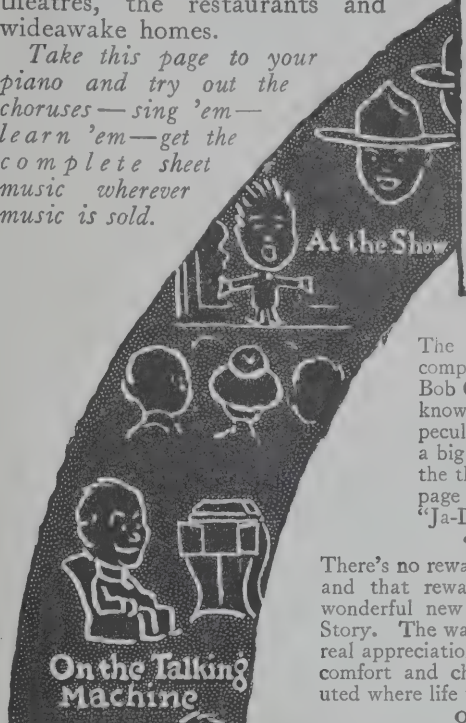
"Well, I should rather think so! It's her fault. We're acting in her interest. And as you'll have to come——"

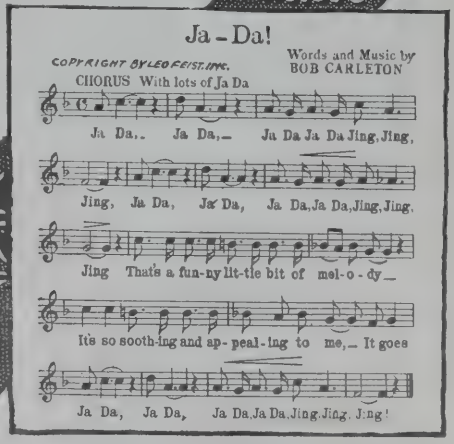
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CHORUS With lots of Ja Da

Ja Da,. Ja Da,— Ja Da Ja Da Jing, Jing,

Jing, Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing,

Jing That's a fun-ny lit-tle bit of mel-o-dy—

It's so sooth-ing and ap-peal-ing to me,— It goes

Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing, Jing!

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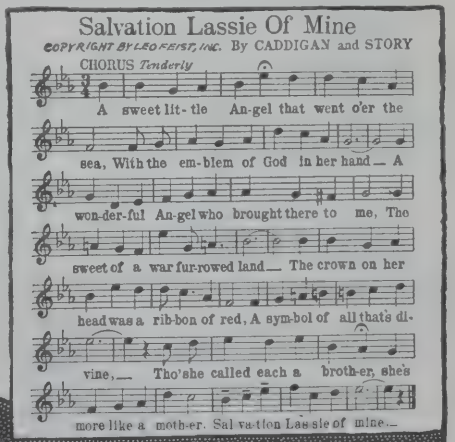
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CHORUS *Tenderly*

A sweet lit-tle An-gel that went o'er the

sea, With the em-blem of God in her hand— A

won-der-ful An-gel who brought there to me, The

sweet of a war fur-rowed land— The crown on her

head was a rib-bon of red, A sym-bol of all that's di-

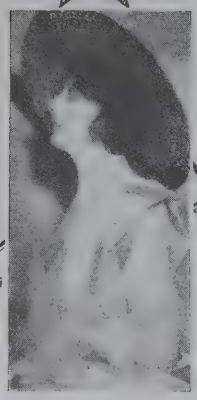
vine,— Tho' she called each a broth-er, she's

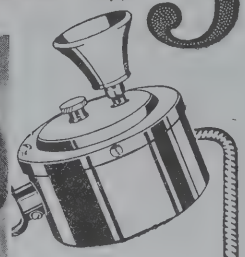
more like a moth-er. Sal-va-tion Las-sie of mine.—

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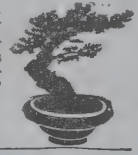
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"Me?"

"Of course, Will. Don't be stupid. You'll have to see us settled comfortably."

"Well—*whew!*"

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Esther walked in on her sister, all calm, high decision. Miss Russell, furtively discreet, seeing, hearing nothing, moved about the room and in and out. On the way over, Esther had waylaid Doctor Martin. That somewhat routine person welcomed her decision.

"You're a sick girl, Miriam," said Esther soothingly at the bedside. "I'm going to take care of you for a while."

"I get all the care I need, Esther." She was flushed, utterly exhausted.

"Doctor Martin has sent some medicine."

"I don't want it."

"He says you simply must sleep. You're wearing yourself out."

"Oh, Esther, please leave me alone! I can't talk now. But I don't want to sleep."

"The time has come, child, when we can't stop to consult your wishes. I tell you we're going to take care of you."

"I won't take veronal. I'm through with all that."

"This is something else. He sent it over by me."

"Miss Russell, is this true?"

"Miriam, how can you—" Esther's voice trailed off. She recalled that you humored invalids.

"Doctor Martin telephoned, Miss Cantey," said the nurse, very quietly. "He instructed me to give you the medicine Mrs. Appleby would bring."

Miriam glanced nervously from one to the other. What did they know? Why were they surrounding her like this? She tried to rally the strength she had felt in the afternoon. Henry's notes were under her pillow. She felt now, as she had never felt before, the disheartening effect of sheer physical weakness on the will. She wanted to tell the truth, but hesitated. Esther, sitting calmly, positively there, subtly, surely held the advantage. Now that the exaltation of the day had passed, one puzzling thought was undermining her secret happiness—her mental efforts to argue it down were unsuccessful—the curious problem of the false name. It felt more serious now. It wasn't serious, of course. But she must know all about it, in order not to be made ridiculous in an argument. For she knew of old that Esther would argue.

Perhaps Henry would come back this evening. He had come last evening. She would make them bring him in. He would face them all. The divine fire that had been in Henry Calverly, that had crept wonderfully into the last few of these little notes of his would be too much for them. During the day, she had glowed with the thought of mothering him. Now, in every conscious thought, she was leaning on what she could remember of his young strength. The finest quality in him was his utter, naive honesty. She became confused, however, trying to think out the problem of bringing such a literal mind as Esther's to the point of reconciling naive honesty with an alias. Some imp of the fancy popped that ugly word in among her thoughts. She tried to forget it. That was why he had changed his name, of course—because he was naive.

Esther was speaking. It seemed now that she had been speaking for some time. About a journey. California was mentioned—sunshine, rest, and something about a gradual building-up.

"I'm not going away," her own voice said.

"Now, dearie, you just lie quietly and leave it all to us. We're doing everything possible to make you comfortable. Mr. Amme is having father's car got ready. Will and I are going with you. And either Doctor Martin or his assistant. And Miss Russell, of course. Mrs. Bentley will close the house. It's all arranged. You're not to worry about a thing."

The evening and the night that followed remained as little more than a confused memory to Miriam. There were clear but unrelated little mental pictures of Esther, irritatingly deliberate and placid, moving about, and of a quietly efficient mulatto woman whom they called "Mrs. Harper," and of the white-clad Miss Russell, and of the gravely dominant Doctor Martin, who seemed to have been in the room a long time without definitely entering or leaving, and a rather apologetic Will Appleby at the door, whispering and mopping a glistening red face, and of Mr. Amme tiptoeing in and out but staying mostly in the hall. Her skin was hot, her head reeling. She couldn't trust her tongue. In her own thoughts she was eagerly, intensely, defending Henry Calverly, though they didn't speak of him.

Then, after a while—it must have been late—everybody seemed to be talking about him all at once. She couldn't think how this began, whether she herself finally brought it all up or whether they had known. One way or the other, they knew—about the engagement, the papers, everything. Their reproaches were veiled, and were the harder to meet for that. Her own position grew unexpectedly hard to defend.

Said Esther:

"But how can you say you love him when you don't even *know* him? You haven't known him a week. A man with an *alias!*"

"I know all about that!" she cried. "He told me. He is Henry Calverly."

"Wouldn't it have been just a little fairer to have consulted me before you gave father's most intimate secrets to a stranger?"

This provoked discussion. She remembered Esther saying: "A man's public life is one thing, his private life another. There are some things that can't be shouted to the rabble. Surely other people—nice people—have to be considered. And you'd think the immediate family had a few rights."

All this was trying. They pressed about her. She couldn't escape. Nowhere was there sympathy. She was to all of them no more than a wilful child. When she demanded that they send for

Henry and give him—give them both—a chance to face them all, they tried to soothe her. A sense of hopelessness came over her. She hadn't the strength to assert herself. She had forgotten the strength of the family relationship, as of the group that had surrounded her father. The authority of the older sister, so suddenly revived, had still a strength that was disarming. Of late years she had all but forgotten it; Esther had let her alone so.

One thing she jealously kept from them—that she had tried to walk. Esther would at once lay her present condition to that indiscretion. Justly, perhaps. She didn't care. But she wouldn't tell them. All this argument was too distressing.

Once Esther stood over the bed.

"You are making it very hard for us, Miriam," she said. "You have been a foolish girl. We are going to save you from yourself, whether you like it or not. We have no choice. We aren't doing this for ourselves. Certainly I'm not dropping everything overnight and leaving for a long journey to indulge myself. You'll never know what a sacrifice I'm making for you. It doesn't matter, of course. I want to ask you this: You say this man told you everything. Did he tell you that he has been a convict?"

That was what finally broke Miriam's will. She couldn't answer it. For that matter, she hadn't even known that he was a widower. And they saw that she hadn't. There was no possible explanation of his failure to tell the whole truth. Esther brought Will in at this point, and called Doctor Martin up-stairs, even dragged in prim little Mr. Amme. They all gravely confirmed these stories.

It was all really unanswerable. Miriam was alone among them. She felt as if her mind were going. All the years of her life—girlhood associations, memories of her mother, the years with her father—seemed to rise upon her and overwhelm these few amazing days. She couldn't, by any mental effort, make them or Henry come real again, even with her hand under the pillow clutching his notes. Her heart ached for him. He must have suffered during these heavily shadowed years beyond anything in her own experience. But he should have told her everything. It was the only possible basis. When Esther asked her bluntly if she were actually willing to wreck her own and her father's name by plunging on into this ill-considered, almost unconsidered love-affair just to gratify a sudden quite wild impulse—just heedless self-indulgence, when you came right down to it—she couldn't reply. There were moments when it might be thought to look like that. It was bewildering. Oh, why hadn't he told her?

She remembered storming at them all—and sensing the futility of it while she stormed.

She remembered, still later, being alone with Miss Russell and storming at her. One thought obsessed her now: She must not leave all her father's papers, even in the safe. Those men were strong, determined, ruthless. At least she could take the strong box.

She promised Esther at last that she would wait a few months, give herself a reasonable chance to think. Esther had said that she couldn't do less. And they had utterly beaten her down.



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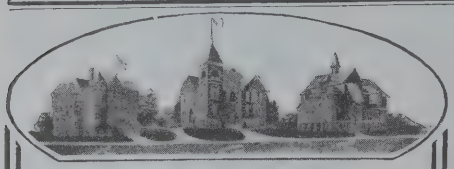
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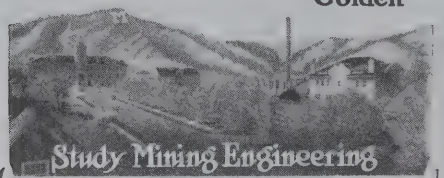


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Esther herself slept that night on the second floor. It seemed wise not to let herself slacken in this great responsibility. She was doing her duty. She was going through with it relentlessly. For Esther, too, had much of Jim Cantey in her, and a humorless touch of iron from the Puritans back of her mother. Jim Cantey's forebears had been other stock, from the South. His grandfather had come over the Blue Ridge into the Mid-Western wilderness nearly a century earlier.

Will was right about Calverly. He came before eight. Naturally, they didn't tell Miriam.

He proved somewhat difficult to handle. For a few moments, he quite insisted on going up to the study. He said he had work to do there.

Will found him rather interesting. He was, when all was said and done, one of those literary chaps, but, apart from that, didn't make such a bad impression. He was obviously down on his luck, but it would be like Miriam not to mind that—even to find it romantically pleasing. It wasn't hard to see how he had captured the heart of a lonely, imaginative girl, walking in on her unexpectedly like that. After insisting for a little while, he evidently made up his mind to yield. Will took it that he didn't want to risk saying too much. Which might have indicated either a decent desire to let Miriam do her own telling or, on the other hand, the mental obliquity of the fellow. Finally, he went away.

There was an element of excitement in standing there, talking with him and blocking off the doorway. He had been, after all, a really conspicuous public figure. Everybody had heard of him. Why, they—Esther and himself—had belonged to a reading circle, some years back, where "Satraps of the Simple" was discussed as a masterpiece. Phrases from that one great book had crept into his own speech. All that, of course, was when the young fellow was on the crest of his wave, before people found out what he really was. Even at that, Will was a little awed. For the fellow was, after all, Henry Calverly. The more impossible, the more dangerous, of course, for that fact; but none the less Henry Calverly.

The subject of this reverie walked the streets for a time, trying to puzzle out this unexpected circumstance. He had never before seen the man in the doorway. So Miriam was ill, and the house must be kept quiet. That seemed odd. She hadn't been so ill as that. Her notes filled one of his coat pockets; he slipped his hand in round them. He sensed it rather as the hostility she had dreaded. Very likely the man was her brother-in-law. Perhaps they had found out. It was alarming. He ought to see her, but he couldn't very well break in. They couldn't stop her getting word to him. She would do that, surely. But it was none the less difficult to calm himself. He found a florist's shop and sent a huge bunch of sweet peas, writing his initials on one of the florist's cards. She was not to see these flowers. Esther, acting on the smooth plane of self-evident duty, gave them to Mrs. Bentley, who said she loved sweet peas.

He had never before in his life felt the want of money as he felt it now. Hitherto, money had seemed desirable only as it was

OPPORTUNITY ADLETS

(Continued from page 10)

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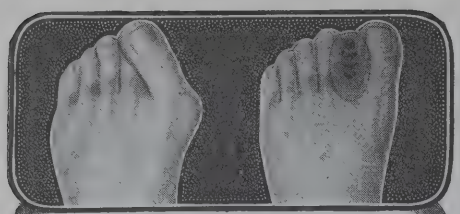
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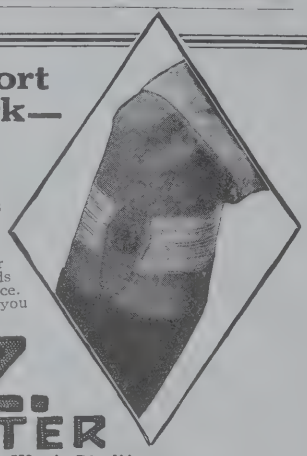
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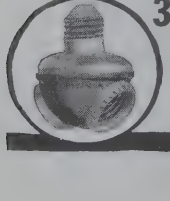
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needed to meet casual expenses; only, really, because people pressed for it. But now he desired the freedom of action that it brings, the power to do. He wanted to lavish gifts on her, and to plan for her without considering the wealth on her side that depressed him so whenever he permitted himself to think of it. That was why they surrounded her, of course. Nobody bothered much about poor girls.

He could write to her. In some way, the fire within him had to blaze out. He had to find expression.

He turned back to the boarding-house. It stood on a pleasant, quiet street. The maples arched over the pavement. The houses were set back on green lawns. Here and there were masses of flowering shrubs. A few of the older places still had their fences of pickets, or iron piping, or sanded timbers. Girls in white sat on front porches or lounged in hammocks. There was the intermittent chatter of fresh young voices.

A slim youth of eighteen or twenty, in clean white flannels, came by, lugging a canvas guitar-case. Only seven or eight years back, in Sunbury, Henry Calverly might have been seen, at just this time of a summer evening, when the first dusk came down, going, with a guitar, to the house of this or that girl. And it would have been on just such a street as this, with lawns and shrubs and arching maples and girls on porches. It was a poignant memory.

Even the boarding-house had been somebody's old homestead—a square old mansion of wood, surmounted by a square cupola and with a porch across the entire front. A path had been worn from the corner of the property across the rather casually kept lawn to the front steps.

He took this path.

The usual summer-evening groups were out on the porch. He had barely met these people. He had caught none of the names. There were several elderly ladies, a few colorless couples in later middle life, one very young and very anxious couple with a baby that cried a good deal, some maiden ladies, and an assortment of young people, most of whom seemed to work in the business district. They all made a point of bowing to him.

Another group—all men and all strangers—were sitting now on the steps—five or six of them. They wore their hats at odd angles, and their pockets bulged with papers. A wide belt of what appeared to be cigarette stubs lay across the front walk near the bottom step. The youngest, a youth with blond curls and a curiously seamed face, was violently chewing gum. He had a hazily familiar look. Calverly had known him or seen him somewhere. Could it have been in the *News* office?

His steps faltered. The whole group was hazily familiar now—not the individuals, but the kind.

The gum-chewer got up languidly.

"How d'do, Mr. Calverly?" he said. "I don't know's you remember me. I saw you some up in the old annex. Name of Hadley. This is Mr. Watson, of the *Globe*, and Mr.——"

The offhand introductions went on.

Calverly stood, his underlip between his teeth, looking guardedly from one to another. Something had happened, and he didn't know what. He couldn't make up his mind whether or not to answer to the name. And what did they mean by using it so baldly? To trap him, perha He simply stood there, looking.

"Perhaps you haven't heard the ne Mr. Calverly?"

It was the one called Hadley.

Calverly bent a blank face on him.

"Mrs. Watt died this afternoon. J too late for the afternoon papers."

The phrase, "Mrs. Watt," had a cu ously incongruous sound. They had variably spoken of her, back in Sunbu as "*Madame.*"

The voice was going on. And the oth were putting in questions.

More intensely than at any other ti during the past twenty-four hours, he h the feeling of being dragged along. In mind he couldn't keep up. He knew, course, on the surface of his mind, that all the blows that had lately fallen on hi this—it would certainly appear later on was the hardest. Still, he couldn't feel grasp it, believe it. It might almost ha been falling on somebody else.

"What are you going to do with t money?" asked a sallow and cyni young man, after a scrutiny that took his hat, clothes, shoes.

He managed to reply with a "Wh money?"—hopelessly trying to gain little time in which to think the situati out and shape a course. But all he cou think, with the little time gained, w that he had had to knot one of his sh strings that morning. He wished the m would stop looking at it. He knew w enough that he looked seedy.

"She left it all to you, you know. Abo two millions."

"Sounds pretty good," put in the gu chewer.

Calverly could only throw out his ha in ineffectual protest.

"Are you going out there?" asked a other.

Calverly shook his head. He collect himself now enough to frame a negati attitude.

"I can't talk to you," he said.

"Not even about your experiences li ing under the other name?"

This was a sharp shot, from one w hadn't spoken before. Calverly turned troubled gaze on him, but made no rep

"Did Mrs. Watt know that you call yourself Stafford?" asked Mr. Watson.

Again he merely shook his head.

"Did this Chicago lawyer know what's his name—Parker?"

"I simply can't talk to you," he said.

"Nothing to say," remarked Hadl lightly, but with a touch of passing frien liness. For, after all, Calverly had worke however briefly, on his paper, and the pr tective clan-instinct was at work with him.

The others kept up their questions for time, but finally they were gone.

He went up toward his room. If could only think! Some sort of positi he must take. Probably he would have step out now under his own name. would be a relief, if only it didn't call f too much explaining. A good deal d pended on the morning papers. He i dulged himself in the weak hope that th would be easy on him.

But his inner self knew only too w how weak the hope was. It strung hi that night on a rack of nightmares.

In the morning, when he walked into t dining-room, the whole room stiffen



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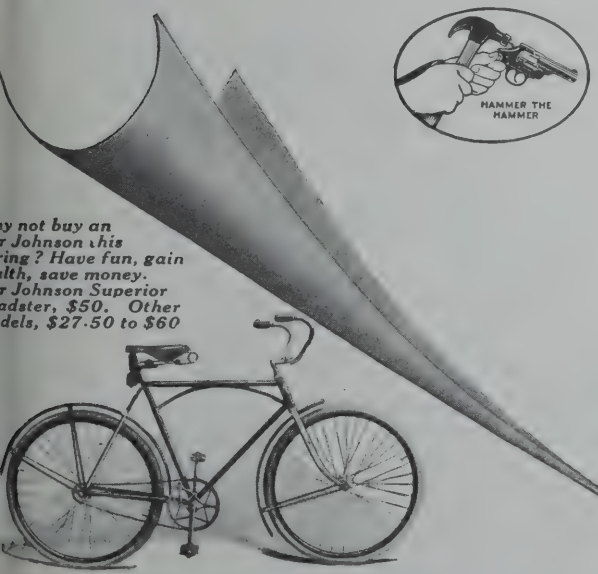
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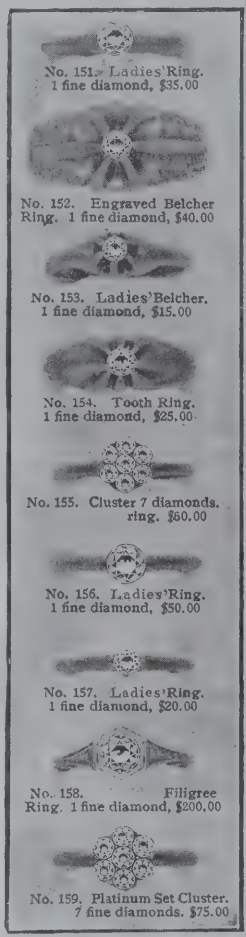
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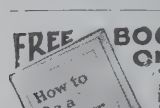
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Mrs. Morgan Williams, Higbee, Mo.

This deformity was corrected without plaster paris or general anaesthesia.

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

This private institution is devoted to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Our valuable book, "Deformities and Paralysis," with Book of References, free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
936 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo. A4

against him. He felt it. A few spoke coldly. One or two stared. Others looked down at their newspapers.

He sat patiently through the ordeal of breakfast.

Then he went out to the corner and bought all the papers. Not wishing to be seen bringing them back into the boarding-house, he walked over to a small park and sat there on a bench, now trying to read the bewildering "story," now watching the squirrels that played about the bench.

Still he couldn't grasp it.

He left the papers there half read and walked the streets.

One marked change had taken place in his spirit which he was in no condition to note. He took it for granted that he would stay here in the city. It didn't even occur to him to leave the boarding-house where he must now be addressed by a new name.

They had known all this, obviously, at the Cantey's, the evening before. They had undertaken to protect Miriam from him. The notoriety would be hard for her. He had tried to let her see the great difficulty in the course of that feverish note-writing, but she had lightly dismissed it.

It seemed to him now that the direct blow might easily prove a good thing. It cleared the air, put him in a position to begin the long fight standing squarely on his two feet. The thing to do was to insist on releasing her. She would perhaps, in her turn, insist on waiting for him. He loved her. She loved him. But he had a fight to win before he could permit her to accept him. He must tell her that. No man at the door would stop him this morning. Anyway, it was high time to begin the day's work. And no love-letters to-day!

"I've been weak about this"—so ran his thoughts—"but that's all done with. Thank God, I'm shaken out of that now! I've got a battle to win. We must make that book the absolute condition. If I can do it as it should be done, then perhaps we may talk. Not before. It's got to be so good that it can't be resisted. One thing on our side: Guard'll know if it's good. He'll be interested in the real thing. And if it is real, he'll help us fight for it."

The trouble, clearly, was the old difficulty of Henry Calverly's life. He was plunged again, willy-nilly, into the rough-and-tumble of the actual world, in which he had never found a place. He was no more fitted to understand Esther Appleby than he had been fitted to understand that irate judge in Chicago. In all this groping, he was missing the point.

He walked with a good deal of determination to the Cantey home.

The man servant blocked the door as effectually as had Will Appleby, merely handing him a long, softly thick envelop.

He opened it, standing in the vestibule.

Within were a number of bank-notes, and a curt business letter from a minor officer of the trust company with an indecipherable signature. The letter informed him that his services in the matter of the biography of the late James H. Cantey were no longer required and that salary for two weeks was enclosed in lieu of any other notice.

He read it a number of times.

"Oh," he exclaimed then, "I can't take this!"

The doorman stood motionless.



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Norma Talmadge
in "The Forbidden City"

In this scene Norma is shown being sent forth in disgrace from the presence of the Emperor. She brought down the imperial wrath upon her beautiful head because she took an American for husband.

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New York
Oct. 13, 1917

F. F. INGRAM CO.

The consistently splendid results I have always achieved through the use of your Milkweed Cream impel me to voice my appreciation of it. I have found that it has certain specific elements that keep the skin toned up and in a healthy condition.

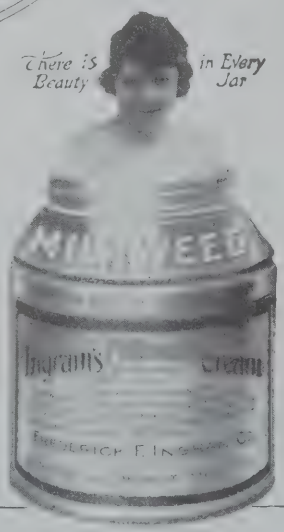
Norma Talmadge

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Many a woman wonders at the charming complexion of stars of the stage and film. The secret of their attractiveness and the way they retain their dainty colorfulness is an open secret. They give their complexion the *proper care*. Never for a day do they neglect the needs of the skin. And Ingram's Milkweed Cream is their favorite beauty aid.

It has a distinctive therapeutic quality, in addition to its softening and cleansing properties. Its daily use will tone up the skin and keep it in a healthful condition. Begin today to guard and enhance your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size



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FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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(142)

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This booklet lists and describes various Government, municipal, railroad, public utility, and industrial bonds and notes yielding from about 3½% to about 7%.

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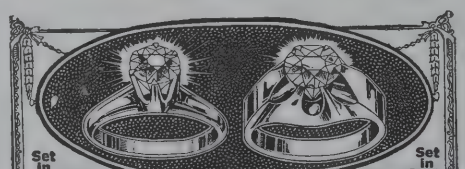
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"Here! Take it!" He thrust th money into the servant's hand. "I mus see Miss Cantey at once."

"Miss Cantey left this morning for Cal fornia. That is all, I think, sir."

And then he closed the door.

XXVI

THE INTERVENTION OF MR. HITT, MI HOLMES HITT, AND PERFECT PORCELAIN

THE fact that, in this crisis, he didn think seriously of self-destruction—and a all only at moments in the night—is no uninteresting. The forces of reconstruc tion appeared now to be at work withi him. They took the form, in his thought of an unreasoned, unguided flutter energy. It seemed that he must be star ing something. He sat, in the old alpac work coat, at the marble-topped table i his bedroom, staring at a pad of whit paper, blindly moved to write he knew no what, get it started to-day. On the mone side, it was immediately necessary to something or other. He knew that. was a grim fact. During the momen when his thoughts got away from his w and wandered off into the sort of rever that had, it now seemed, been the curse his life (he couldn't see now that it ha at times, been, and might again be, th blessing of it); the bare notion of such a unfortunate being as himself aspiring the hand of Miriam Cantey appeared border on the grotesque. He was, in the moments, humble about it. At other m ments, however, his spirit tortured hi by soaring. The difficulty was, perhap that the wonderful experience had con and gone so quickly. He should, perhap fight his way to her and protect her fro the hostile folk about her. But these fo were her own kin and kind. They we her own family, her father's friends, a the trustees of his estate. They were th dominant folk of the city, and he was impoverished, ineffectual nobody. It w like a mad dream. He was still in the gr of a paralysis of the spirit. He ha nothing, could cling to nothing but th spark of vitality that, in a sense, seem to have nothing to do with him, to com from without, but that, none the less, w burning, if faintly, within him. It seem to have a direct bearing on the fact that week's board would have to be paid in few days. So he stared at the white pape And at intervals, in an effort to reorienta himself, read random paragraphs in M Montaigne.

He was staring—it was about noo now—when Mrs. Clark, the landlad thinly anxious, knocked at his door.

"It's a man to see you," she said, e tending a card, "Mr.— Mr.— I hard know what we're to call you now."

"It may as well be 'Calverly,' I su pose."

"Mr. Calverly. Shall I tell him come up?"

The card read, "Mr. Hazlitt R. Hitt No address, no business.

"Oh, yes," said Calverly; "I'll see him It didn't seem to matter, one way or t other.

The caller came slowly up the seco flight of stairs, and paused at the top fo breath.

Calverly, waiting, finally came to t door.

Choose The Necklace That Suits You Best

Choose it for yourself, or as a charming gift appropriate to any occasion. In the Necklace La Tausca are combined the lustrous tints and perfect form of Nature's own sea-born gems, of eternal loveliness and possessing a fascination no woman can resist; the favorite adornment of well-dressed American women.



Perles de Ceylon

Lovely crême-rosée tinted indestructible pearls of superb beauty, in 15½ inch length. Solid gold spring-ring clasp. Like all La Tausca Necklaces, these are positively guaranteed not to peel or in any way suffer from the effects of perspiration, and their lustre and coloring is permanent. In selected cabinet of grey velvet, white lined. **Eighteen Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**

Panama-Pacific Pearls

Beautiful Roman Pearls in iridescent hues, faithfully reproducing the genuine oriental tints found only in pearls from far eastern seas. Mounted with solid gold clasp. Daintily encased in grey velvet cabinet. Necklace is 15½ inches long. (Shown below.) **Nine Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**



For the bride, on her day of days, the exquisite pearl necklace; and for the bridesmaids, the matron of honor, the flower girls—what more charming personal remembrance than a lovely necklace of pearls?

Marquette Pearls

Indestructible Pearls, oriental Roman quality, extra heavy, possessing a soft crême tint which distinguishes some of the most costly necklaces of natural pearls. Clasp of solid white gold set with two genuine diamonds. Grey velvet cabinet, white lined. Length of necklace, 24 inches. **Sixty Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**



Batava Pearls

Radiant necklace of finest Roman Pearls, glowing with elusive sunset hues. 18 inches long, pearls graduated in size. Enriched by exquisite solid white-gold clasp set with a genuine diamond. Encased in grey velvet cabinet, white lined. **Forty Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**

Diamond Opera Pearls

Satiny pearls, Roman quality, with beautiful iridescent tints. This necklace is appropriate for any costume and is made up in the popular graduation of pearl sizes equivalent to 3 to 20 grains in genuine pearls. Mounted with fancy white-gold clasp set with small genuine diamond and encased in grey velvet white-lined cabinet. (Shown below.) **Twenty Dollars at Your Jeweler's.**

LA TAUSCA TRADE MARK PEARLS

At Your Jeweler's

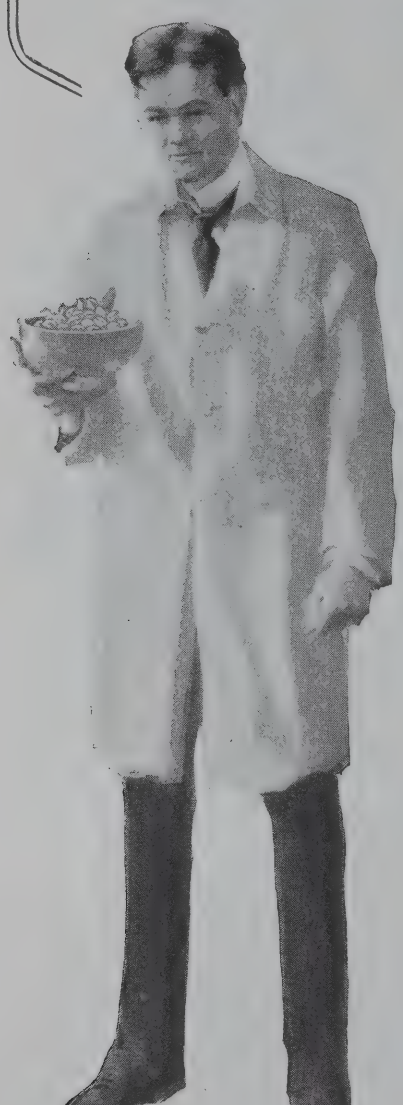
you will find these and other fascinating La Tausca Necklaces in 15½, 18 and 24-inch lengths, the pearls uniform or graduated in size in the strand. Prices up to $300. Ask your jeweler to explain the different necklaces, and give you a dainty booklet listing and illustrating them.





He Shot the Gun

and Found that He Had the Greatest Wheat Food in Existence



Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

Each 15c—Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (3034)

Mr. Hitt proved to be a patient-looking man with gold-rimmed spectacles, a bald head, and a cropped white mustache.

"I've seen you at the *News* office," remarked Mr. Hitt, with a good deal of quiet dignity. "I am librarian there."

And now, after, with an effort, focusing his tired eyes, Calverly recognized him.

"I called on a rather personal matter, Mr. Calverly. First, let me say that for some years, I've kept your 'Satraps' on my desk to read now and then, when I need freshening up—as you, perhaps, read your"—his eyes were roving over the table—"your Montaigne. I love that book. And I have long wanted to tell you so." Calverly guardedly bowed. This sort of talk always confused him. "My business touches on the matter of the Cantey biography. Let me ask—have you given up that work?"

Calverly drew forth the crumpled note of the morning, smoothed it out, and handed it to his caller.

"That's how it stands," he said simply.

"Rather cavalier treatment, Mr. Calverly."

"It seemed so to me, but—oh, well!"

"You have no idea of reopening it?"

Calverly threw out his hands.

"No."

"I had to ask you this. The trustees have offered the work to me. I couldn't consider it while you planned to do it."

"I don't. You are quite free. I—appreciate your calling."

"There's another matter. It may seem a bit delicate, but—Mr. Calverly, I'm much older man than you—more than twice your age. I know something of what you've been through. I don't imagine that you've been able to put much by. I know from experience that a small legacy is anything but ready money, and I imagine a large one is even more deliberate."

Calverly looked puzzled, then annoyed. "Oh, that money!" he exclaimed. "I can't touch that!"

"Not at once, certainly."

"Never!"

Mr. Hitt considered this.

"Well," he said, after a little, "if you'll take another job for the present, by way of picking up a livelihood, I think I can be of use."

Calverly was touched. The man seemed like a father. But he threw out his hands again.

"Who'd want me?" he replied.

"I've considered that. Of course, the notoriety must be very unpleasant for you. For a little while now you're bound to be conspicuous. But there's one line of business in which almost any sort of notoriety is welcomed—the advertising business. I have a nephew who is at the head of an agency here. He's very enterprising. He told me just now that he'd be glad to give you some work. And, after all, we do have to keep alive."

"I wonder if I could be of the slightest use to him."

"He and I both think you could. Would you care to lunch with us at the Rivoli?"

It was the only positive thought that had entered Calverly's stunned mind that day. He fell in with it.

Walking over-town, Mr. Hitt remarked: "Mr. Calverly, I've taken the liberty of keeping copies of the two pieces of work you did for the *News*, the one play-review—'The Isle of Delight'—and the interview



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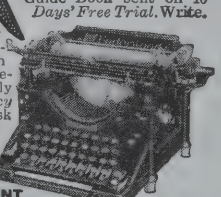
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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Lillian Nelson
2123 5th Ave. N. Y. City



with our beloved mayor. My nephew agrees with me about them. As he put it, there aren't ten living Americans who could have written the review, and only one who could have pictured the mayor as you did. It's a fact, of course, that in New York or Chicago that interview would have been a journalistic sensation. Here, it merely brought our local grand dukes down on you and cost Frank Winterbeck his job. That's the disadvantage we work under in a smaller city."

Nothing could have been said that would have been more soundly stimulating to Henry Calverly on this day. The startling new thought stirred in his mind that perhaps Mayor Tim and Mr. Amme and Harvey O'Rell and Mr. Listerly and the Applebys weren't, after all, the world. For a few moments he almost saw through his present confining walls of thought into the freedom beyond.

Then that remark about Frank Winterbeck claimed his attention.

"I didn't know Mr. Winterbeck lost his job, Mr. Hitt."

"He did. He's filling in now on a Cincinnati paper. In my more optimistic moments, I indulge the hope that some brighter day will see Frank installed as managing editor of the *News,* or even as publisher. This city needs a clean young Hercules with a newspaper in his hand if a city ever did. And I believe Frank would be equal to it."

They moved in among the mirrors and sparkling silver and crowded tables of the restaurant.

In a rear corner, a man rose to greet them.

Calverly found himself clasping the firmly cordial hand of Holmes Hitt, the most extraordinarily calm young man he had ever seen. Holmes Hitt couldn't have been thirty then. He wore a perfectly tailored suit of very light colored imported homespun. His ruddy brown necktie toned in subtly with complexion and hair, which just bordered on red. From his nose-glasses hung a doubled silken ribbon, of a deeper brown, that was fully half an inch in width. The figure was slimly athletic; the features were regular. There was not a line or wrinkle in the face, not a hint of care; the skin was smooth as a child's. And he fairly radiated calm. The very poise of his body, the way he moved, the set of his head on his neck, the pleasantly alert expression that yet was not a smile—all spoke of perfect inner balance, or of an amazing counterfeit. His voice was low, even almost without emphasis; that lay altogether in his choice of words and in the daring ideas that seemed to lie back of the words. It was clear that he never laughed, never was surprised or depressed. His whole outer being was a calculated effect successfully worked out.

They sat about the table. Holmes Hitt had already ordered luncheon. An extremely deferential head waiter hovered near, occasionally speaking to this young Mr. Hitt by name. The older Mr. Hitt he quite ignored. Holmes Hitt was clearly a person at the Rivoli.

Over the grapefruit, the elder remarked,

"Keeping busy, as usual, Holmes?"

"Moderately. I leased the best cigar factory in Cuba this morning by wire. Tied up their entire product for three years."

"Going into the cigar business, then?"

"Somewhat. I've grown a little e of trying to buy a really well-made c I'm going to have some made to suit There was room, too, for a modern t in distributing high-grade cigars to and good hotels. So I've just put the ideas together. It's really simple eno I sha'n't waste any time on the cl trade. On September first, the Hitt cial will be on sale in every club and that matters in America. The Panatela, twenty cents; Hitt Perfe twenty-five cents; Hitt Corona, th cents. And that's all. Wait a momen have an idea!"

He drew out a fountain pen and w on the menu-card in a small round h clear as print:

If a better cigar than the Hitt Special c be made, I would be making it. At your and mine. HOLMES HIT

When each had read it and expresse satisfactory degree of wondering appro he folded the card, cut it with a but knife, and placed it in an inner pocke

"So much for that!" he said. "I to clean up a job while I'm at it. Calverly, you are the greatest living wr of English." This simply couldn't be swered. Calverly bent over his pl "That is why," the remarkable yo man continued, "I believe you can w advertising copy. You understand is very exacting work. Or an exact part of the work. It is only a part course. Planning out a campaign, ordinating publicity with distributi soundly estimating the character and tent of the market—there's a man's j But the writing, in itself, is a beaut problem. In fiction, every word ough count. In advertising, it *must* count. must be aimed at and achieve a posi result—sell the goods. It puts a real sponsibility on the writing man."

Over the coffee and cigars—Hitt fectos—he came to the point.

"The Milhenning Porcelain Comp have appropriated two hundred thous dollars for a campaign. I suggested and shall direct it. They've been runn along for a few years, using amateur ad tising—their own, of course—and get nowhere in particular. Their slogan 'The White Bathroom.' It was va less, because all their competitors bathroom fixtures as white as th And, at that, they weren't even mak tile; though they have, I think, the process for porcelain and the best pl At my suggestion, they are going to their product, 'Perfect Porcelain.' really very good—Perfect Porcelain was able to point out to them, too, they could make and ship high-g bathroom tiling more efficiently and a little more cheaply than any other cern in America. So they are now build a new factory. To-morrow, at two, I s shut myself up to work out the campa I would like you there—on the other of a door. I shall expect you to w copy that will, within two years, put fect Porcelain into six thousand Amer homes. You'll find it absorbing problem. Will you try it?"

Helpless before him, aware every ment that one did have to keep alive, with profound misgivings, Henry sented.

The next instalment of ***The Passionate Pilgrim*** will appear in ***May Cosmopolitan.***

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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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A New Chambers Novel

WHAT is it the young woman of to-day needs? She is developing the strangest ideas of life, love, God, and man—especially of man. Her unrest has been accentuated by the war. What is the cure? Is it, as one man says, for her to marry and have numerous children? Or is it the revolutionary course adopted by Palla Dumont, the heroine of ***The Crimson Tide,*** a new novel in a startling new vein by Robert W. Chambers, which begins in June COSMOPOLITAN?

Boston Blackie

JACK BOYLE, author of the absorbing stories of Boston Blackie, knows the aristocracy of the underworld. He is one of the few men in the United States who has a real acquaintance among the powers that prey. He is in the confidence of men and women on the other side of the legal line. They trust him, because he never betrays their confidence. And because, when he writes of them, he writes understandingly. The stories of Boston Blackie are the best of their sort ever written. So, of course, they are to be a feature of America's Greatest Magazine. Read ***The Daughter of Mother McGinn,*** by Jack Boyle, in June COSMOPOLITAN.

The Butcher's Daughter

WHO but Rupert Hughes would ever think of finding a heroine in a butcher's shop? And who but Rupert Hughes would ever think of beginning the story of his hero on the night when he made his most unheroic appearance—the night when, as a kid in short trousers, he took his "girl" to a church sociable? From that start, this master of short-story writing has told one of the most extraordinary dramas that ever has been written in English. Let no mischance prevent you from reading ***The Butcher's Daughter*** in the June issue. It is a story of stories.

Gouverneur Morris

A NEW story by Mr. Morris always is good news. This one tells what one of our soldiers found when he returned to the home where he had left his happiness.

Those Curwood Stories

OF course you are reading James Oliver Curwood's stories of Swift Lightning. No one could resist them. The next one is called ***Swift Lightning Runs Alone.*** It will be in the June issue.

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Gluck as Nedda

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Victrola

COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVI MAY, 1919 NO. 6

Be a National Asset!

By Meredith Nicholson

THE test of all love is service, and to love America is to serve America. Soldiers and sailors receive an honorable discharge when the nation no longer needs them, but no discharge is possible for the loyal American citizen. He is always on the job. Something clearer and finer and sweeter than the bugle sounds the call of Duty in the hearts of the true lovers of America. Peace changes the nature of the need; it does not alter the obligation to serve.

We are debating how best we may express gratitude for the triumphant conclusion of the war. Monuments of stone and bronze we shall have, but the imperishable commemoration will be the prompt putting-over of the Fifth Loan.

Seven billion dollars out of America's abundance is not to be weighed against a certificate of Peace—a peace that has broadened the vistas of freedom for all mankind.

This outpouring of dollars will be a thank-offering to the Lord God of Hosts for America's preservation and the dawn of a new era of Justice, Mercy, and Peace throughout the world.

Failure would be a confession of weakness, a monstrous demonstration of ingratitude in the hour of victory. We have won the war; the immediate and pressing business is to pay the bills.

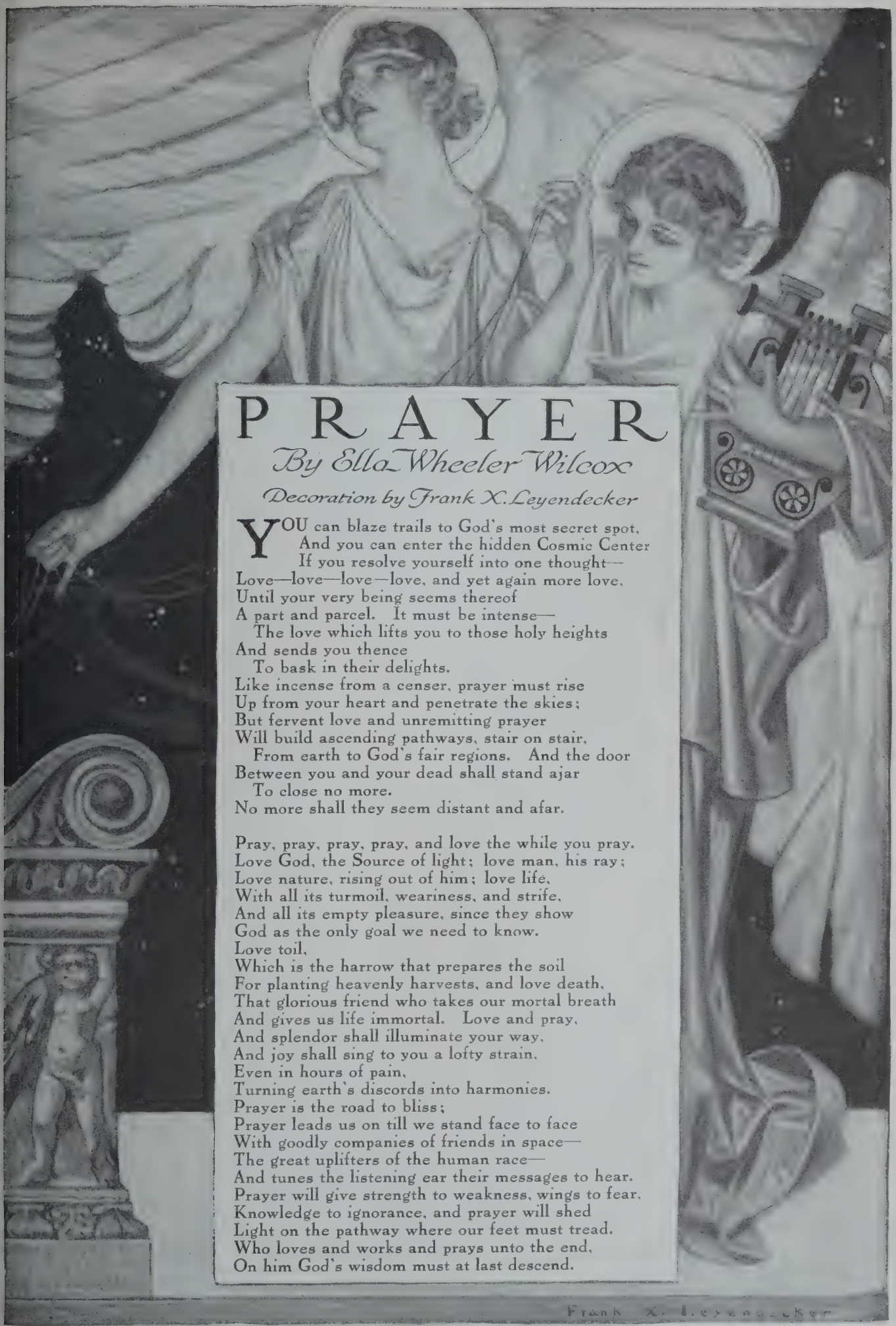
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Buy a bond! Buy more bonds, and strengthen your membership in the great communion of American Democracy!

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PRAYER

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by Frank X. Leyendecker

YOU can blaze trails to God's most secret spot,
And you can enter the hidden Cosmic Center
If you resolve yourself into one thought—
Love—love—love—love, and yet again more love,
Until your very being seems thereof
A part and parcel. It must be intense—
The love which lifts you to those holy heights
And sends you thence
To bask in their delights.
Like incense from a censer, prayer must rise
Up from your heart and penetrate the skies;
But fervent love and unremitting prayer
Will build ascending pathways, stair on stair,
From earth to God's fair regions. And the door
Between you and your dead shall stand ajar
To close no more.
No more shall they seem distant and afar.

Pray, pray, pray, pray, and love the while you pray.
Love God, the Source of light; love man, his ray;
Love nature, rising out of him; love life,
With all its turmoil, weariness, and strife,
And all its empty pleasure, since they show
God as the only goal we need to know.
Love toil,
Which is the harrow that prepares the soil
For planting heavenly harvests, and love death,
That glorious friend who takes our mortal breath
And gives us life immortal. Love and pray,
And splendor shall illuminate your way,
And joy shall sing to you a lofty strain,
Even in hours of pain,
Turning earth's discords into harmonies.
Prayer is the road to bliss;
Prayer leads us on till we stand face to face
With goodly companies of friends in space—
The great uplifters of the human race—
And tunes the listening ear their messages to hear.
Prayer will give strength to weakness, wings to fear,
Knowledge to ignorance, and prayer will shed
Light on the pathway where our feet must tread.
Who loves and works and prays unto the end,
On him God's wisdom must at last descend.



The drive into the veld was renounced, but home was reached only by a route both long and devious

Lost Loraine Loree

A New Novelette by Cynthia Stockley

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

PART I

KIMBERLEY was once the most famous diamond diggings in the world. Rhodes founded his fortunes there, and the friendships that backed him throughout his career. In the tented camps, hundreds of men became millionaires, and hundreds of others went to jail for the crime of I. D. B. (illicit diamond buying). Later, stately buildings and comfortable homes took the place of tent and tin hut, and later still, the town, like a good many other mining towns in South Africa, became G. I. A mine is G. I. (meaning "gone in") when there is no longer any output. This was hardly true of Kimberley. It continues until this day to put out diamonds, and still may be found there "the largest hole in the world." But Kimberley's day was over when gold was found in the Transvaal and the adventuring crowd left it, never to return.

At the present time, it is chiefly remarkable for its scandals, dust, heat, and the best hotel in South Africa, which is not so much a hotel as a palatial country house started by the De Beers' magnates for the entertainment of their friends or for their own use when they are bored with home life. Notabilities are often entertained there as guests of the famous company, but, even if not a guest of the De Beers, a traveler may stay at the Belgrove for about a pound a day and be silent and cool as in an ice-house while all the rest of Kimberley is a raging furnace. Mr. Rhodes entertained General French at dinner here after the relief of Kimberley. There is a picture over the dining-room mantelpiece of the two men meeting on the famous occasion of the relief of Kimberley.

Loree Temple, seated at a table just below it, looked often at this picture and then contemplatively at her own image in a mirror on the wall. It seemed a pity that Rhodes was dead, the Boer War over, and all the mining adventurers gone away. She would have liked to live and love among such men instead of being married to Pat Temple. None but the brave deserve the fair, and she imagined her beauty adorning a scene of triumph and roses and wine when gallantry returned to white arms and the soft rewards of victory. She had often dreamed herself back in ancient Rome, seated in a chariot beside some blood stained general, with pearls strung in her hair and immense uncu rubies and emeralds against her dazzling whiteness. Or perhap led into the banquet as a slave, with chains upon her wrists, pa of the spoils of war, proud and sad and exquisite in her doon At other hours, she remembered the words of Arthur, bitter an tender, to his queen:

> With beauty such as never woman wore
> Until it came a kingdom's curse with th

No doubt she took an exaggerated view of her own cas At any rate, her women friends would have found much pleasu in telling her so. It was only natural she should think herse a great deal more beautiful than she was. All pretty women d But there is no denying that the sight of her, as she sat ther would have spoiled many a woman's sleep and gladdened th heart of any man—a girl with red hair and a redder rose in i the milky skin such hair ensures, a sweet, ensnaring mouth, ey with a plaintive expression in them, a string of small but pe fect pearls round her young throat, and a black georgette gow by Viola. Pat always liked her to wear black while he w away. The simple soul had an idea that in black she would n be looked at so much.

Needless to say, Pat Temple was neither a blood-staine general nor a mining adventurer. He made his income honest enough out of cold-storage plants, and though indirectly he dea with corpses, they were legitimate corpses of beef and mutto This was hard on Loraine Loree (as her mother had romantical named her after Kingsley's poem), with her secret thirst f glamour and glory and strange jewels. But husbands often kno nothing of their wives' secret thirsts. Pat Temple knew that had found the girl he wanted growing like a flower in a Chann Island garden—a "Jersey lily," with French blood in her vei —and that was enough for him. He meant to get her t best the world can give before he had finished, but he nev mentioned his intentions. At the moment, he was up Nor trying to persuade Rhodesians to install cold-storage plants in their big towns. That was why Loree was alone in the luxurio



Kimberley hotel. He had told her it was better for her to keep cool and comfortable there than be bucketing about all over Rhodesia.

So there she sat in her black gown, reflecting, and drawing the string of little pearls softly back and forth across her fresh lips. The difference between real pearls and false is that you can play with the real ones in this manner or twist them perpetually between your fingers; artificial ones should be more discreetly used, and are best worn unassumingly under chiffon or only allowed to peep with modesty from the V of your gown.

Loree had always adored jewels, but never owned any until she married. This string of three hundred and sixty-five little pearls, one for each day in the year, was more precious to her than bread. Which was only right, for its purchase had made a considerable dent in Pat's capital (though he had never mentioned that, either). She also had two rather fine single pearls in her ears, and some pearl rings. For a dealer in carcasses, Pat Temple's taste in jewelry was curiously eclectic. She had never possessed a diamond. Nor had she particularly wished to do so, though, like most women, she sometimes lingered to gaze at a display of them in a shop window, wondering if they would become her. But it was only since she came to Kimberley that the romance of them had taken hold of her imagination. It was seeing "the biggest hole in the world" that started it. She had gone by herself, and gazed long into the vast excavation delved by the hands of man in the search for those strange little *cadres* of imprisoned light, each with a mysterious past behind it and an almost eternal future before it. She wondered what became of diamonds. They seem indestructible, yet where were all the millions of them that had been taken from this one great hole alone—that, down there, out of the light, were still being dug and groped and sweated for?

And it was all for women! That gave her a thrill she had never felt before. Men slaved and wore out their lives and were killed down there, so that women might wear diamonds. Those little sparkling stones were tokens of love between men and women—imperishable counters of passion!

It began to stir her uneasily from that moment to think she had never possessed a diamond. Why had Pat only given her quiet, peaceful pearls? Perhaps she was missing something. Perhaps the great things of life were passing her by.

Her eyes wandered round the dining-room. There were not many women, but every one of them had a glimmer of light somewhere—in her ears, at the bosom, or on her fingers. One woman who, like Loree, was dining alone, wore a single stone slung round her neck on an almost invisible chain, and at every movement it sent long pin-rays of light darting across the room to where Loree sat. Every time a ray reached her, it seemed to give her a prick, increasing her uneasy sense that she was missing something in life. There seemed a magical power in the thing. She determined that after dinner she would speak to the wearer and examine the jewel more closely.

The lady was a Mrs. Cork, a dark woman who did her hair in a classical knot at the back of her head and looked as if she had a past. She was a widow from Johannesburg, not beautiful but the kind of woman who would be looked at in a room before all the pretty women. Her brilliant, weary eyes wore an expression of having seen everything in the world worth seeing, and finding that nothing was worth having. Loree admired and intensely envied her air of "having lived," and the cynical flavor of her speech. They had already exchanged smiles and fragments of conversation when meeting in the lounge and drawing-room, and Mrs. Cork had told her that she was in Kimberley to consult a noted pedicurist about some trouble with her left foot.

Another person who interested Mrs. Temple now entered the dining-room and sat down at a table a few yards away, with his chair so placed that there was nothing between him and an uninterrupted view of Loree except the little delicately shaded electric lamp. Very unobtrusively, he moved the light slightly aside. Immediately Loree experienced the same odd pricking in her blood as the rays of the diamond seemed to cause her. Only, she no longer felt that she was missing something, or that life was passing her by on the other side.

For three days he had deliberately courted her with a pair of fine, golden-brown eyes that contained melancholy, power, a whimsical reflective expression, and a whole world of admiration for Loree Temple. He was a dark, gracefully built man with thick dark hair brushed back smoothly on his well-shaped head.

Everything about him was right, from his hair to his shoes. He was the kind of man who could not make any mistake about dress, and gave distinction to anything he wore. His name was Quelch, and Loree was aware that he was a power in the hotel and in Kimberley.

The first day at lunch, when the heat was sizzling outside among the fernlike leaves of the pepper trees and coming through the windows in almost visible waves, Mrs. Temple's red head had drooped rather like a poppy overtired by the sun, and she had fanned herself a little wearily with the menu-card. A low-spoken word at Quelch's table and a shade at the outside veranda was moved by swift hands, so that it darkened the window behind her without shutting off the air. A moment later, a huge block of ice standing in a deep tray of greenery miraculously appeared on the window-sill, and a fan daintily composed of lace and ivory lay at her elbow. In the evening, she found that beside her table a wooden tree had sprung up through the floor and blossomed into an electric fan whose zephyrs were for her exclusive refreshment. There were lovely flowers everywhere, but a silver bowl of deep-red roses distinguished her table from the others. There are some things you know for certain without knowing them for sure, as the saying is. Without any evidence, Loree was aware of Quelch's responsibility for these delicate miracles. He was a power. He spoke, and things happened.

The roses were there again to-night, deep and red and dewy, as if they had been plucked in a misty valley and were still wet with the dawn.

As she left the table, she took one from the bowl and stuck it into the V of her gown. It was carelessly done, but her hands trembled a little and her veins thrilled again as if in answer to some magnetic current which, whether it came from a magic stone or from a man's eyes, made her feel curiously alive and daring. There is no thrill like the thrill of playing with fire that *may* blaze out and consume you (but you won't let it), or standing on the edge of a precipice where you *might* fall over (but you are not going to).



A moment or two later they we

Betaking herself to the cool gloom of the veranda, where coffee was served, she sat down by Mrs. Cork. Out in the garden, spectral figures were drenching the trees and flowers with water after the cruel heat of the day, and the place was full of the scent of wet earth. Said Mrs. Cork:

"I have been so dull all day. Not a thought but to lie *perdue* under my mosquito-curtains until the sun went down."

"Do you dislike the heat?" said Loree. "I find it stimulating."

The other woman considered her with heavily shadowed eyes.

"It flattens me out like a glass of spilled milk. You haven't been here long enough for it to take toll of you, but it will body, soul, and spirit."

Loree laughed, secure in her fresh beauty. Besides, it fe very safe to be Pat Temple's wife.

"I should be inclined to challenge that if I had come to sta We are only out here on a trip."

"You're lucky. Africa is all right as long as you can get awa from her. But you should not challenge her. Like Fate, y never know what she has up her sleeve."

She sipped her coffee, looking moodily into the dark garde Loree snatched this opportunity to scrutinize the diamon It winked at her like a little demon with bluish-green eyes.

"Would you think me very inquisitive if I asked wheth your diamond came out of the Kimberley mine?" she asked.

Mrs. Cork smiled indifferently.



sitting together, discussing the matter

"No; it is a Brazilian. Are you interested in diamonds?"

"They exercise a sort of fascination," said Loree slowly. "I never thought about them much before."

The other woman examined her thoughtfully.

"Yes; one does begin to think about them here. Kimberley is a wicked place."

The statement gave Loree a sensation—not altogether disagreeable.

"It seems so quiet and peaceful."

The other smiled cryptically.

"There is a *mot* current in South Africa with regard to the degree of wickedness to be found in different towns. It runs: 'Kimberley, first prize; Cradock, second; Hell, highly recommended.'"

Loree could not help laughing, and at that moment Quelch sauntered out from the hall and stood in the light close beside them. Mrs. Cork, lifting her voice slightly, addressed him.

"Mr. Quelch, come here and help me convince Mrs. Temple that the wickedness of Babylon was as nothing compared to the wickedness of this sweet and tranquil town."

He laughed; they all laughed, and a moment or two later they were sitting together, discussing the matter. Quelch repudiated the libel on Kimberley. If "wickedness" was in question, he thought that Johannesburg ought, at any rate, to receive an honorable mention.

"There are no diamonds in Johannesburg," said Mrs. Cork.

"'Diamonds!'" Quelch looked musingly at Loree. "'The most exquisite of gems, known only to kings.' Pliny wrote that of them in the year 100 Anno Domini!"

His voice had a melancholy cadence; the dark beauty of his face suggested the East, where women are addressed with a musical, caressing softness. Loree was susceptible to voices, and she listened, fascinated. It appeared that the Tintara, a mine outside Kimberley which had produced some remarkable diamonds, belonged to him, but he spoke of it carelessly, as if it were a broken-kneed horse he owned. He showed them a stone that had been discovered that day. It was rather like a piece of washing-soda, with no glitter or spangle at all. Difficult to believe that it could be cut and polished into dazzling beauty. It must go to Europe for that, though. There are no lapidaries in Africa.

Before they parted that night, he invited them to go next day and see the diamonds at the De Beers offices. They accepted with fervor, and he said he would have a car waiting for them.

"He is not a De Beers man himself," Mrs. Cork told Loree, as they went up-stairs, "but immensely rich and hand in glove with the diamond crowd here. He can do anything he likes in Kimberley. Fascinating brute, isn't he?"

"Why 'brute'?" asked Loree, surprised. It was not a word she would have thought of applying to him.

"He has such a gentle voice," Mrs. Cork said, and seemed to think that answer enough. "He had a wife once—a lovely woman, they say. He is mad about beauty. She died in childbirth about fifteen years ago, leaving him a son whom he adores. He has the reputation of being extreme in his loves and hates. Extreme people are always dangerous."

Smiling her weary enigmatic smile, Mrs. Cork bade her goodnight.

A beautifully-appointed car fatched them the next day in the cool of the afternoon, and Quelch met them at the door of the famous Diamond Office, a substantial stone building with no hint in its squat face of the romance it housed. Quelch trod its corridors as if he owned them. Because of being his guests, they were not constrained, like other visitors, to stand behind a rail, but invited to approach the counter where men and women

sat pushing innumerable little objects that looked like dull bits of broken glass into cone-shaped heaps. It was difficult to believe in the concealed splendor of those dingy heaps. The two women lingered, plunging their fingers into hidden glory and speculating on the possible future of each stone. Some were for the engagement rings of little shop-girls, some might gleam in a crown, and be dyed with a queen's blood, as were the diamonds of poor Draga, of Servia. The past of each was silence, a secret buried in the earth's bowels, its future endless, almost eternal, like the hills.

There were freakish stones, too. Curiosities kept just as they had been dug from the mine. One had the face of a clock clearly marked on it, though by no human agency; another showed a church window, another a perfectly shaped capital V. One was like the bead of a rosary, with all its points pushed in instead of projecting. Mrs. Cork exclaimed much over these, but what moved Loree most was the sight of the cut and polished gems which a clerk set out before them. These were the show-stones kept for the glory of De Beers and the ravishment of visitors, row upon row of them nesting in cases upon such delicate shades of velvet as best became their beauty.

Loree's breath came in little gasps as she gazed upon them—rose-red, amber-colored, silvery, sherry-brown, smoky blue and water-white. It seemed to her that she was drinking some magic draft in an enchanted garden full of roses, dancing daffodils, and frozen dewdrops imprisoning a thousand spurts of flame.

Quelch stepped into the garden, too. The slow music of his voice as he gathered up the stones and let them fall from his fingers to hers was for her alone, and became part of the glamor and the dream. One exquisite thing, the color of a dog-rose and radiating a thousand minute roses of fire, fell into the pearly pinkness of her palm and nestled there.

"As if it wishes to stay," said Quelch. "As if it knows that for such hands diamonds are sought and found."

The words were spoken musingly and very low. Loree heard them, but they did not disturb her. The spell of diamonds was on her. The garden had turned into enchanted woods, and Pan was fluting there.

When they were leaving the building, some minutes later, they met a man who stopped Quelch and showed him something he had picked up. Loree recognized it, for already her eye had learned to discern a diamond in the rough. Quelch gave a glance and handed it back.

"Worth about a hundred and seventy," he said carelessly.

"What was it? Where did he find it?" asked Mrs. Cork eagerly, as they passed on.

"A seven-carat diamond. He found it in the street close by, and is going to hand it in."

"But may one not keep a diamond if one finds it?" asked Loree wistfully. He smiled at her ignorance.

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Temple. Findings are not keepings here. Every stone within a large radius is the property of De Beers Company."

"How strange!" she sighed. "One would think that what is lying loose in the world would be everyone's property?"

"On the contrary, if that fellow had kept it, he might have got from five to ten years in jail for illegal possession."

"And for being honest—what will he get?" inquired Mrs. Cork.

"Nothing. He is a company's man. De Beers employees are not expected to pick up seven-carat diamonds in the street. If encouraged, such accidents might develop into habits."

"And if I had found it?" she pursued.

"Ah! You, as an innocent stranger, would be paid a reward of twenty per cent. on its value."

"It seems worth while to keep one's eyes open," she laughed, and began to shuffle with the toe of her shoe in the dusty street.

"I should hardly advise that course," smiled Quelch. "There are detectives all about us, as well as in the office. The innocence of strangers is only presumed as long as they keep a roving look out of their eyes and do not stoop down to pick interesting things from the dust."

Both women looked startled. Mrs. Cork, indeed, was rather indignant.

"How horrible! Do you mean to say that even *we* might be suspected? That we were being watched in there?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted Quelch apologetically. "As you said yourself, it is a wicked place."

They got into the car, and he asked permission to accompany them, suggesting a drive round the open mine. Loree did not mention that she had already been there. She longed to see it again. Mrs. Cork sulkily declared that, though she did not mind prolonging the drive, she wanted no more to do with mines. When they reached the big hole, she closed her eyes, tucked herself under her mauve sunshade, and said they could inspect it if they liked, but that her interest in the diamond industry was damped forever.

"I believe she is really upset," said Loree to Quelch, as they walked away.

"She need not be. The rule of watching is never relaxed. Everyone is suspect while in contact with diamonds, and no one trusted. Even the watchers are watched."

"How curious—and how terrible!"

"In spite of it, many thousands of pounds' worth are stolen every year."

They looked down into the mine. The pit's colorings ranged from surface red and yellowish clay to the famous "blue ground" in which the gems are found. Far below, amid the jutting blocks of rusty rock that are the barren "reef," tiny figures moved busily, pushing infinitesimal trucks. But Quelch explained that surface work had practically ceased. The real labor took place out of sight.

"It is down in the bowels of the earth that the work goes on," he said. "Thousands of natives groping and toiling in the gloom—for women." He had only put her own thoughts into words, but, somehow, spoken in his arresting tones, the fact became more potent. "I was going to say for women like you, but that would have been foolish. There is no other woman in the world like you."

His habit of looking abstractedly into distance while he talked lent an impersonal note to his remarks that was strangely contradicted by his voice. Young as she was, Loree Temple had tasted the sweets of homage before now, and learned when it was fitting to lightly accept or coldly pass them by. But this man's homage, both bold and subtle, was outside of her experience. She was a little frightened—disturbed, yet held in thrall. She had an instinct that he was dangerous, but wild horses could not have dragged her away. In the mean time, she used such women's gifts as the good God had given her. She gave a little careless laugh.

"Oh—there are lots of women like me in the world. And diamonds are not for everybody."

He looked steadily across the mine.

"If I believed there was another——"

Perhaps he saw the fleeting glance she cast toward the car, for he broke off abruptly, and she did not hear what would happen if he believed there was another woman like her in the world. But her pulses were beating furiously. If some one had tried to push her into the mine and she had escaped by a hair's breadth, she could not have been more inwardly perturbed. Yet there was no outward and visible occasion for it. He was talking calmly and interestingly, as he had done the night before about diamonds. They were *not* for everybody, he said, but for beauty only. From Cleopatra down to Cléo de Merode, it had been the same. The advent of a lovely woman, duchess, or actress into the world affects the diamond market as the sensitive plant is affected by the approach of a human hand. A thousand waves and wheels are set in motion. Dealers, designers, skilled workmen, and common cutters—all feel the magnetic thrill. Even the thieves in the underworld become busier, and greater quantities of raw diamonds are stolen. Buyers make hurried journeys to Amsterdam and Antwerp. Parcels of rare stones change hands. The jewels that fill shop windows are, it seems, only for ordinary women. For the extraordinary ones, something special must be made. For them the combination of flawless stones, exquisite enamels and rare design.

It was strangely interesting to hear these things. Loree did not know why they should move her so profoundly, and become all mixed up with the sparkling joys of the flowers in her enchanted garden. Perhaps the fluting of Pan had something to do with it.

When they returned to the car, Mrs. Cork had recovered her good humor. Quelch proposed a drive to Alexandersfontein (a sort of Southern Coney Island) and, dismissing the chauffeur, took the wheel himself. Loree had the sensation of tasting life very sweet between the lips as they flew along through the cooling air right into the heart of a blazing sunset. She knew that the strangely attractive man beside her was more than a little in love with her—and when will such knowledge cease to exhilarate a woman's blood? The only crumpled rose-leaf in her happy cup was an accident that happened as they dismounted from the car for tea. Quelch stepped on her frock and tore it from its gathers, necessitating the assistance of a maid, who took some time to fix it up. Mrs. Cork's temper appeared to be of uncertain quality



She looked *ravissante*. No wonder every man in the hotel found a good and proper reason for being in the hall while Quelch put on her wraps

and unable to bear strain of any kind. She looked very sulky at being kept waiting for her tea, and all Loree's apologies and Quelch's civilities, surmounted by a heavenly tea, could not disperse her gloom. She said that the drive had made her eyes ache and the sight of strawberries and cream made her sick. For the homeward drive, Loree offered her the front seat, but she preferred silence and solitude in the body of the car, and the others did not deny her. When two people are on the brink of an entrancing flirtation, they cannot truthfully "grieve as they that have no hope," if they are left to themselves. In the warm, rushing darkness of the night, no word was exchanged between Quelch and Loree, but they advanced quite a long way on the perilous path of forbidden primroses. Arrived at the hotel, Mrs. Cork said abruptly:

"You won't see me again to-night. I've got one of my awful headaches and shall go straight to bed."

They breathed sad sympathy over her, smiling in their hearts. It was plain to see that the poor woman was suffering. Her attractiveness had quite gone, and her skin taken a yellowish pallor with heavy lines about her eyes. Loree was really sorry, but the heart of youth is light, and the troubles of other people do not unduly depress it. Moreover, she was in the throes of the first interesting thing that had happened to her since she married Pat Temple a year ago. She was sure that she was very strong and clever and well able to look after herself, and keep Quelch where he ought to be kept—outside of Pat Temple's garden of happiness. But it was fascinating to philander over the gate, and would hurt no one *who ought not to be hurt.*

"I don't want to make him unhappy, of course," she murmured virtuously, as she hurried out of her afternoon things and splashed herself with cooling waters. "But if men will go looking for scalps, they must expect a few scars."

It was past the dinner-hour. She flung on the little black gown and fastened Pat's pearls into her ears and about her neck. They seemed extraordinarily unimaginative ornaments, somehow—not a sparkle or glimmer about them anywhere. More virtuous indignation moved her—this time against the giver of the pearls.

"If I flirt a little, it is his fault for leaving me behind in this dull place—while he is enjoying himself."

Even her own cheek blushed at this casuistry, and a photograph of Pat on the mantelpiece gave her a reproachful glance. She remembered that she had not written to him that day.

"I will, after dinner," she murmured. "Not that he deserves it. If he really cared for me, he would not neglect me in this manner."

Another blush brightened her cheek. But it only served to enhance the violet of her eyes.

Needless to say, she did not write after dinner. It was so very pleasant sitting in the veranda, smelling the drenched roses out in the gloom of the garden and listening to Quelch's voice. He no longer talked about diamonds but about life. Of its loneliness. Of its irony. Of chance that comes too late. Of being rich and going empty. Of suffering thirst and knowing the torment of mirage. Of the desolation of being on the wrong side or the gate of the one "blue garden" in all the wide desert of the world. Among the things that she learned was that it is not right for any woman's hair to have the rich red browns of the back of an old violin—a priceless Stradivarius—and that when a man sees a certain plaintive *priez-pour-moi* look in a woman's eyes, he is ready to throw his immortal soul under her feet.

She felt extremely elated when she went up to bed at somewhere about eleven o'clock. It had been a charming evening and the morrow held a further prospect. Quelch was to fetch her in his racing car at five and take her to see the Rhodes Memorial.

Her garments of the afternoon still lay in confusion about the room. The servants had turned down the bed and arranged the mosquito-net, but everything else was as she had left it. She began to pick up things and put them away, but her mind was preoccupied. She stopped to examine the color of her hair in the glass as though she had never seen it before. And she looked long at her eyes. Had they really a *priez-pour-moi* expression? At last she hung up her gown and prepared leisurely for bed. Her gloves lay flung on the dressing-table, and she took them and put them into a drawer. Then she stood still, staring. Where the gloves had lain something glittered. Something was lying there like a fallen star.

At first she hardly dared touch it. But at length she lifted it tremulously and gazed into its scintillating heart. It was the lovely dog-rose diamond that had nestled in her palm that afternoon. The touch of it warmed her all through, then slowly froze her into fright. How had it come there? The only possible explanation seemed to be that, after playing with and handling the diamonds, this one had slipped into some fold of her clothes and been brought home by her. The alternative was that some one had brought it and placed it on her dressing-table. But that seemed too fantastic. The one person connected in her mind with this stone was Quelch. Yet she had found him in the dining-room when she went down and had been with him ever since. Who on earth would have any object in leaving a valuable diamond on her dressing-table? She *must* have brought it herself. But how terrible! The watching detectives must know that it was missing! Even now she might be under suspicion of stealing it! A wild impulse came to her to fly and tell Quelch. But he had gone to bed, and she did not know where his room was. Besides, she realized in a moment that was an impossible idea. Quelch was the last person she could go to. Mrs. Cork, then? But her room also was unknown. And she was so bad-tempered and would be furious at being disturbed. It was late, too. Midnight. She had been dawdling and dreaming longer than she supposed. Impossible to do (*Continued on page 142*)



"It is down in the bowels of the earth that the work goes on," he said. "Thousands of natives groping and toiling in the gloom—for women"



A slim, soft hand is laid on his arm, and a woman warns him, "If some one hears the baby call you 'papa!'"

Read It *Again*

A short story as new as to-morrow's newspaper by Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by

H. R. Ballinger

THE tall Sunday-school teacher stood and harangued a small flock of fidgety boys. They thought of nearly everything except what he was saying, and if they learned anything at all, it was something that he never dreamed he taught. One of the Sabbath sparrows was fascinated by the play of light on the teacher's features. It streamed through a window of imitation stained glass cut in small diamond-shaped panes, covered with colored paper oiled into translucence.

What fascinated the boy was the miracle wrought in the teacher's appearance by the change of light as his weight shifted from foot to foot and his head from beam to beam. When his brow was smitten by the shaft from a blue pane, he looked wan, ethereal, spiritual, holy. Then he moved into a rosy glow, as if into a fountain of youth, and the pallid ascetic was suddenly young, ruddy, amused, exuberant. With the change of appearance, his character seemed to change; he was not the same man in any respect. His interpretation of the Scriptures seemed to be altered.

He bent forward into a greenish glare, and at once was three days dead, livid, loathsome, grisly. He leaned back into the influence of a pane whose colored paper had curled up and peeled off. Through this came a ray of ordinary daylight. And ordinary daylight is not considered mysterious, since it contains all the mysteries of light and emphasizes none. Herein the teacher looked to be merely himself, and of course there is nothing mysterious about an ordinary man.

Again and again this Proteus slipped from phase to phase, recurring to each aspect as he passed through a sheaf of tints like a clutch of brushes, each painting a new portrait.

The boy remembered this kaleidoscope of character for many a year, but he was no longer a boy and deeply steeped in life before he seemed to find an important lesson in the unimportant incident—a primer lesson in the art of understanding other people and in the science of analyzing other people's motives as well as one's own.

For of all the dreadful habits of mankind, few are so nearly universal and eternal as that of ascribing to another person a motive he did not feel, and then condemning him and exalting ourselves on that cheap and flimsy basis.

We are most contemptible when we are contemptuous, for we judge everything by appearances that are never complete or correct, forgetting that we see and are seen not by any light of our own but by some other body's light that strikes from outside and ricochets into the observer's eyes. And the observer accepts us or rejects according to our alien illumination. And even this borrowed color is misleading, for the colored glass itself gets its character and its name not from the rays that it absorbs but from those it lets go. A red rose is one that rejects the color red.

What is true of our appearances is true of our deeds as well. They are, and must be, judged not by themselves but by the look they wear in a foreign glow that dyes them with its own pigments. If you disbelieve it, read this scene and try to judge of the merit or demerit of the characters.

I

A CHILD shrieks in wild fear:

"Papa! Papa!"

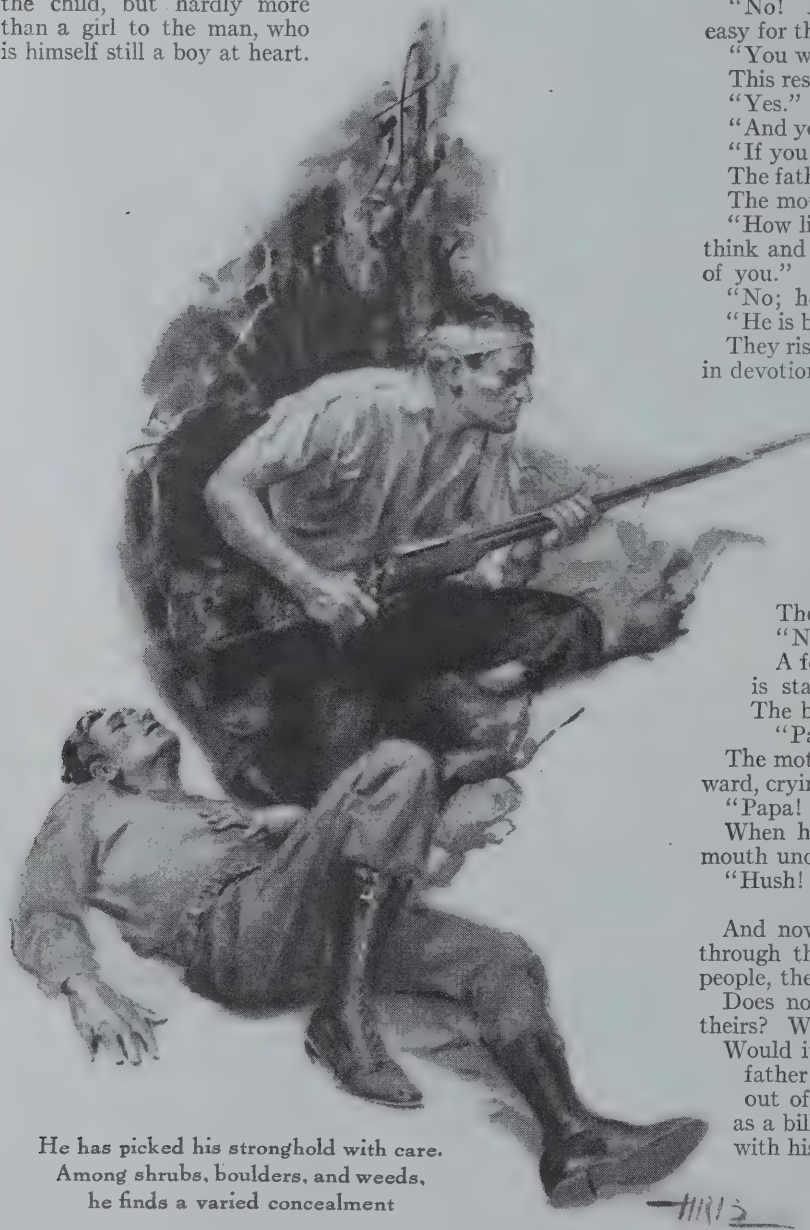
A tall man laughs as he tosses the boy in air. Its little body falls safely into his big hands. Now the boy gurgles with laughter. The tiny fingers that clutched space clasp the neck of the man so tenderly that he groans with love. He crushes the pink frame to his heart till he wrings a cry of pain.

A moment of contentment, and then the child demands to be thrown aloft again into terror.

As the father is about to obey, a slim, soft hand is laid on his arm, and a woman warns him,

"If some one hears the baby call you 'papa!'"

The woman is ages old to the child, but hardly more than a girl to the man, who is himself still a boy at heart.



He has picked his stronghold with care. Among shrubs, boulders, and weeds, he finds a varied concealment

He accepts her command and puts the child down, but it storms:

"No, no, mamma! Papa! Papa!"

Now both of them try to hush its clamor and both look about anxiously. At all costs the child must be entertained. The man drops to his knees and says,

"Baby must not call me 'papa.'"

The child insists:

"You are my papa! You telled me so!"

"Yes, sweet; but you must not tell other people so. You must not tell anybody you saw me here."

"Why?"

Those whys take a bit of explaining. It is easier to divert the mind than to satisfy it. The man falls forward on his hands.

"Come for a ride!"

The mother lifts the boy and puts him in the saddle, holds him there while the father hobbles about on palms and knees, with many an awkward pretense at curvet and caracole, at balking and backing and running away.

The child shouts now, "Gid-dap, horsie!" now, "Whoa, horsie!"

The mother laughs. She is not afraid so long as the child calls its father a horse. At last, the steed collapses and spills the rider on the floor. The mother bends down in the posture of the crouching Venus. The father sits on the carpet. The child's head is on a level with his father's. This pleases him. He boasts:

"Looky! I am taller than my papa!"

"Yes; so you are, my big man."

"Why you don't come more times to see us?"

"I—I'd like to. I will. I must go now."

"No! No!" Frantic resistance and fierce protest. It is not easy for the father to rip the little hands loose.

"You will take good care of your mamma till I come again?"

This responsibility inspires bravery.

"Yes."

"And you won't tell anybody you saw me? Promise?"

"If you tell me why, I promise."

The father gives up in despair.

The mother smiles wretchedly.

"How like you! Wonderful that he should look like you and think and speak so much like you! He's a tiny pocket edition of you."

"No; he has your eyes—your beautiful mouth."

"He is both of us and neither."

They rise to their full height and embrace, with a bitter rivalry in devotion.

The child, finding them suddenly lifted into the clouds, their faces hidden from him by their clasped arms, hovers about, beating at his knees, twitching her skirt.

Jealous of their mutual love, greedy of their common love, he pushes between them. They bend and gather him into their embrace in a kind of trinity. The father reiterates his,

"I must go."

The mother forgets the child, groans, clutches him.

"No! No!" A clock strikes. "Yes; you must."

A footstep is heard. The woman blenches. The man is startled. He turns and steals toward another door. The baby cries,

"Papa!"

The mother tries to restrain him. He breaks away, darts forward, crying:

"Papa! Papa!"

When he arrives, flying, his father seizes him, smothers his mouth under a firm hand, pleading:

"Hush! For God's sake, hush!"

And now that you have spied on this little domestic scene through the plain unstained glass, what do you make of the people, their characters, their motives, their worth?

Does not your guess rather show your own character than theirs? What sort of glass are you—red, blue, yellow, or green?

Would it make a difference to you if you were told that the father is a Belgian officer who marched with the beaten army out of Flanders, who learned that his home has been taken as a billet for German officers, and has risked his life to be with his little family for a few perilous moments, knowing that his presence will be suspected if his child is heard calling him "papa"?

Read it again, and see if it makes a change in the quality of your sympathy.



DRAWN BY H. R. BALLINGER

She sighs, rises. "Well, I can't say any more. You've broken my heart. I hate you—I think. Anyway, I won't bother you any more." On his knees, he clutches at her hand, kisses it

Then keep the same people, words, acts, emotions, before you, but put them under another glass. Imagine that the father is not a soldier who has braved the enemy but a draft-evader. His nation is in peril. Other fathers have gone out to defend their homes, but he has been craven. His young wife is so rich that he could not claim exemption on her account. He had preferred to run away and hide, and has now crept back to borrow funds of his wife and go back into seclusion. The poor infatuated wife loves him in spite of his cowardice. The child does not know.

Read it again in the light of the belief that the scene is one of illicit love—the man the woman's paramour. Her absent husband trusts her and his friend, and believes the child his own. The false friend and the false wife keep up their perfidy. The child has overheard the truth and, all guileless, revels in the hideous relationship. The footstep that frightens the two is the step of the home-coming husband.

As a matter of fact, these three are the victims of the chaotic American divorce laws. In earlier years, the man had long ago married another woman, who had deserted him for a rich lover, whom she had married after a Western divorce farce. Believing himself free, this man fell in love with this good girl and she with him. They had been married only a few weeks when the courts declared the Western divorce void and invalid. The man was technically guilty of bigamy. To save him and her own name, the girl moved to a strange town. When the child was born, she moved to another town, pretending that she was a widow, and worked hard to support her baby and herself.

The hapless father has found her, but he cannot free himself or her or the child from the snare of the law. He can only leave her the pitiful protection of the widow's disguise and his child the shield of the name she has assumed.

Does his cowardice seem to disgrace him now?

II

Flattened, and wriggling as a snake lurking among rocks, a man with blood-matted hair crawls through matted roots and vines. He lifts his head slowly till his eye can just peer above the edge of a stone. A bullet zings, searing his scalp and starting another trickle of blood.

He lowers his head, cursing, gathers his rifle in his arms, and rolls over and over to the shelter of another boulder. He looks round it cautiously, smiles hideously, thrusts his rifle forward through the weeds, and, taking aim with an agony of care, fires.

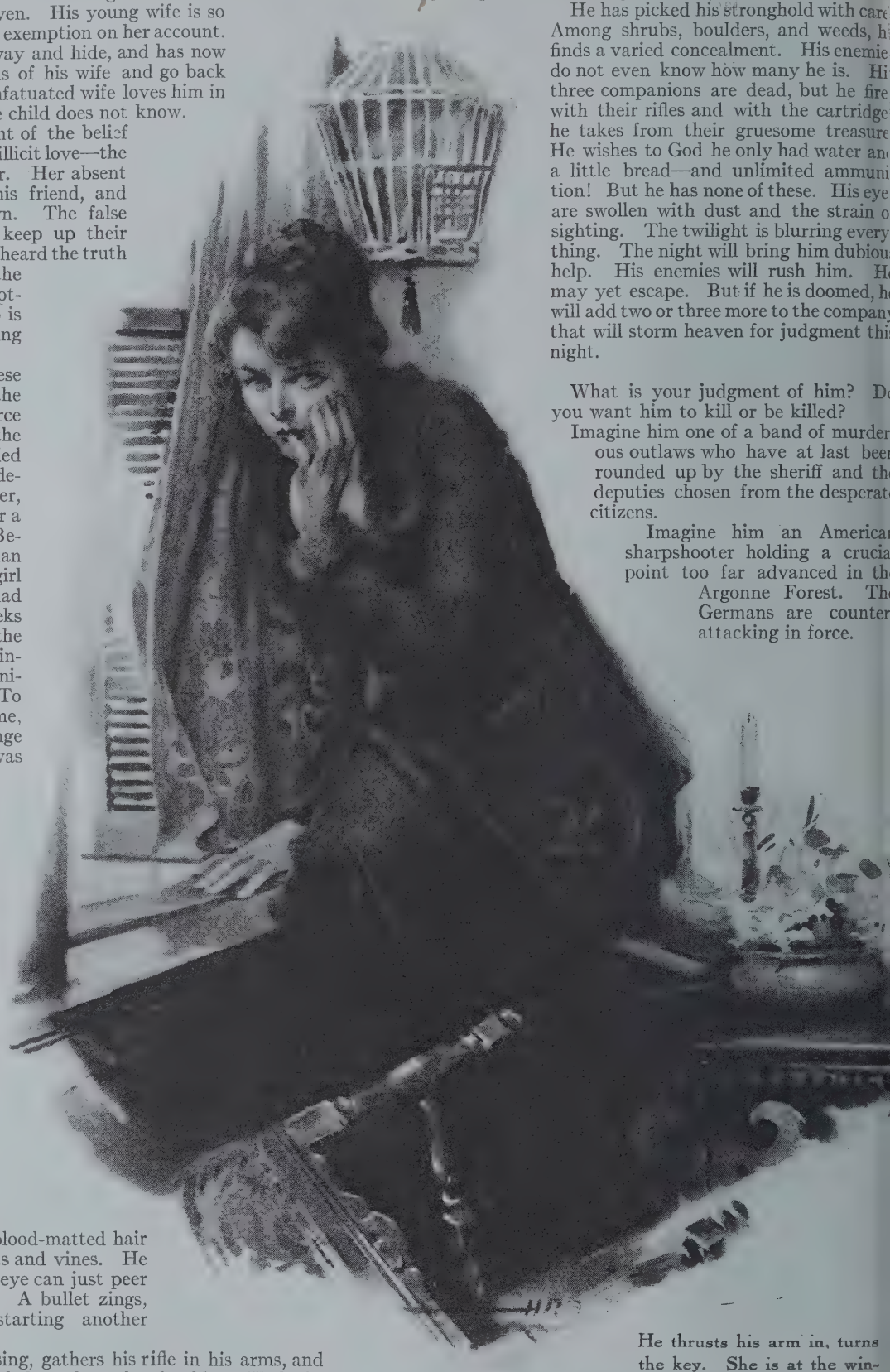
He laughs as he sees the bullet strike one of his enemies, hears a "thwuck," a grunt, a thrashing-about. Then silence tells him his foes are fewer by one. But many others are creeping toward him. He is mad with thirst. His own blood is salty and quenches none of his fever. But he will not surrender. In fact, he dare not if he would. If he should hold up his hand, it would be shot off before he could pull it back. He has killed too many of his enemies to be granted any parley. He has indeed decoyed some of them from cover merely to plant his cartridges in their bodies. They will be satisfied only with his life. He is auctioning it off for the highest price it will bring.

He has picked his stronghold with care. Among shrubs, boulders, and weeds, he finds a varied concealment. His enemies do not even know how many he is. His three companions are dead, but he fires with their rifles and with the cartridges he takes from their gruesome treasure. He wishes to God he only had water and a little bread—and unlimited ammunition! But he has none of these. His eyes are swollen with dust and the strain of sighting. The twilight is blurring everything. The night will bring him dubious help. His enemies will rush him. He may yet escape. But if he is doomed, he will add two or three more to the company that will storm heaven for judgment this night.

What is your judgment of him? Do you want him to kill or be killed?

Imagine him one of a band of murderous outlaws who have at last been rounded up by the sheriff and the deputies chosen from the desperate citizens.

Imagine him an American sharpshooter holding a crucial point too far advanced in the Argonne Forest. The Germans are counter-attacking in force.



He thrusts his arm in, turns the key. She is at the window-sill. She calls to him, "If you come near, I'll throw myself out on the rocks!"

Imagine him a German sharpshooter holding up the American advance.

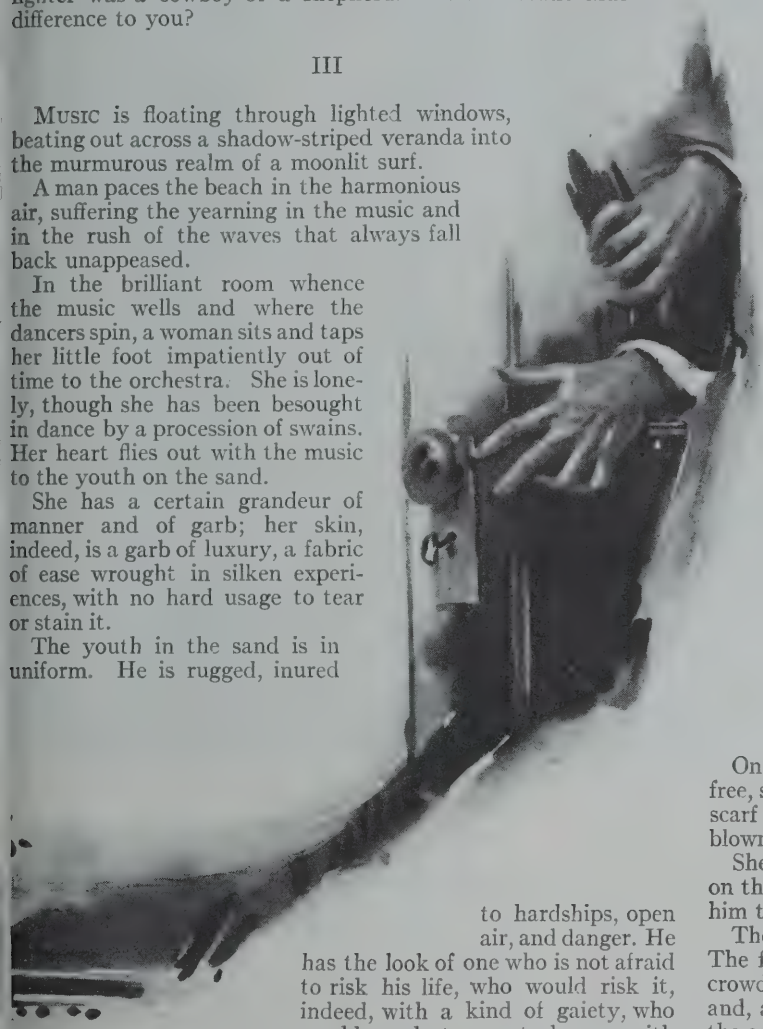
Consider that he and his band are Mexican desperadoes—pursued by cowboys, or vice versa—or a squad of American railway surveyors penned in by hostile Sioux—or a pack of scalp

laden Apaches overtaken by a troop of cavalry, and see how your opinion veers, how quickly the heroism and villainy change places. Though, in each case, the people all feel equal eagerness and anguish and justification and are equally sincere.

As a matter of fact, this episode is taken from one of the sheep- and cattle-wars of our West. The herders of innocent silly sheep have been hated by the drovers of long-horned cattle. The cowmen complained that the sheep, nibbling eternally, ruined vast pasturage, since the fastidious cattle will not graze where the vile sheep have been. The cattlemen have just driven a flock of a thousand over a cliff in a bawling cascade. The shepherds have driven hundreds of cattle over another precipice.

Now the shepherds and the cowboys are at war, and I forget which it was that had outnumbered and cornered and killed all but one of these four men. I am not sure whether this last fighter was a cowboy or a shepherd. Does it make much difference to you?

III



Music is floating through lighted windows, beating out across a shadow-striped veranda into the murmurous realm of a moonlit surf.

A man paces the beach in the harmonious air, suffering the yearning in the music and in the rush of the waves that always fall back unappeased.

In the brilliant room whence the music wells and where the dancers spin, a woman sits and taps her little foot impatiently out of time to the orchestra. She is lonely, though she has been besought in dance by a procession of swains. Her heart flies out with the music to the youth on the sand.

She has a certain grandeur of manner and of garb; her skin, indeed, is a garb of luxury, a fabric of ease wrought in silken experiences, with no hard usage to tear or stain it.

The youth in the sand is in uniform. He is rugged, inured to hardships, open air, and danger. He has the look of one who is not afraid to risk his life, who would risk it, indeed, with a kind of gaiety, who would rush to meet danger with welcome.

The beautiful woman, with a sudden resolution, pretends to be faint, and, bidding those she passes good-night, makes her way from the ballroom into the veranda, and thence stealthily to the steps and out along the beach to where the young man waits.

And now he loses his native courage. He greets her shyly. She takes the arm he does not offer and marches along the iridescent sand with him. It is he, not she, that looks back anxiously to see if they are watched or followed.

They move together silently to the dim limits of the music's reach, and there she drops to the sand and bids him sit beside her. Wayfarers drift past them on the high board walk, but the haze of moonlight veils them from recognition. They are just two vague people whom nobody knows for who they are.

She says:

"Well, I came. I am here. I felt that you might be waiting, and I couldn't resist. I suppose people would think me insane if they knew."

"Yes."

"And yet perhaps I am wiser than I've ever been before. It all depends on you, after all."

"On me?"

"Of course. On how you feel toward me. You haven't really ever told me."

"I don't know. I don't dare to be sure."

"Why?"

"Because you are so wonderful, and I'm only—well, I'm nothing at all."

"But if you loved me?"

"Oh, everybody loves you; you're so beautiful, so wonderful, so rich, and all! But you couldn't love me."

"What if I could?"

"Then you oughtn't to."

"Why not? I'm free. You're free."

"But there's such a tremendous difference in——"

"Love is blind."

"But people are not. Everybody would hiss at you. It wouldn't matter about me. But it would be frightful for you."

"You darling boy! I don't care whether they hiss or not, so long as I'm happy with you."

"But you couldn't be happy with me, for I'm nothing—I'm nobody. They'd despise you if they saw you with me in this uniform."

"You are beautiful in that uniform."

"But think what it is in the eyes of your people. Your father would want to kill you. I think he'd try to kill me."

"Are you afraid of him?"

"Not on my own account, but on yours. He would hate you, even if he killed me. I don't want to cause you any suffering. That's the only thing I'm afraid of."

"But I'd suffer a thousand deaths if I lost you. I can't bear the thought of it."

"You'll get over it. You mustn't love me. I won't let you. I've no right to your love. I'd go away if I could, but you know I can't. So you must go."

"Never! I'm not afraid of anything but losing you. I'd defy the world for you. Now that I know you love me—for you do love me, don't you?"

"I love you too well to destroy your happiness. I want to protect you."

"Marriage is protection enough, isn't it?"

"How could we marry—you what you are, with me what I am? You'd never forgive yourself or me."

She sighs, rises.

"Well, I can't say any more. You've broken my heart. I hate you—I think. Anyway, I won't bother you any more."

On his knees, he clutches at her hand, kisses it. She draws it free, shakes her head in bewildered despair, and hurries away, her scarf flying about her. She seems but a wraith, a scud of spume blown along the shore.

She goes back to the veranda, turns to stare. She sees a blur on the sand. She does not know whether she despises or adores him the more, the love-poltroon.

The music begins like a tide that softly turns from ebb to flow. The feet of the dancers swish in gliding ripples. She joins the crowd. A number of men hasten toward her. She lifts her arm and, accepting the embrace of the first to reach her, swings into the eddy, spinning with the swirl like a lost soul in hades.

What do you make of her and of the young man in uniform?

Suppose that she is a princess and he a member of the King's Own regiment.

Read it again, having in mind the thought that she is the pampered daughter of a wealthy patriot. She is betrothed to an officer desperately wounded in foreign service. She has bewitched a young corporal in a camp near the summer resort.

Lay the scene in Holland. She is an American woman and he an interned German soldier.

Or say that she is a German woman and he an interned English aviator fallen within the neutral lines.

As a matter of fact, she is a rich young woman who has become infatuated with her father's chauffeur.

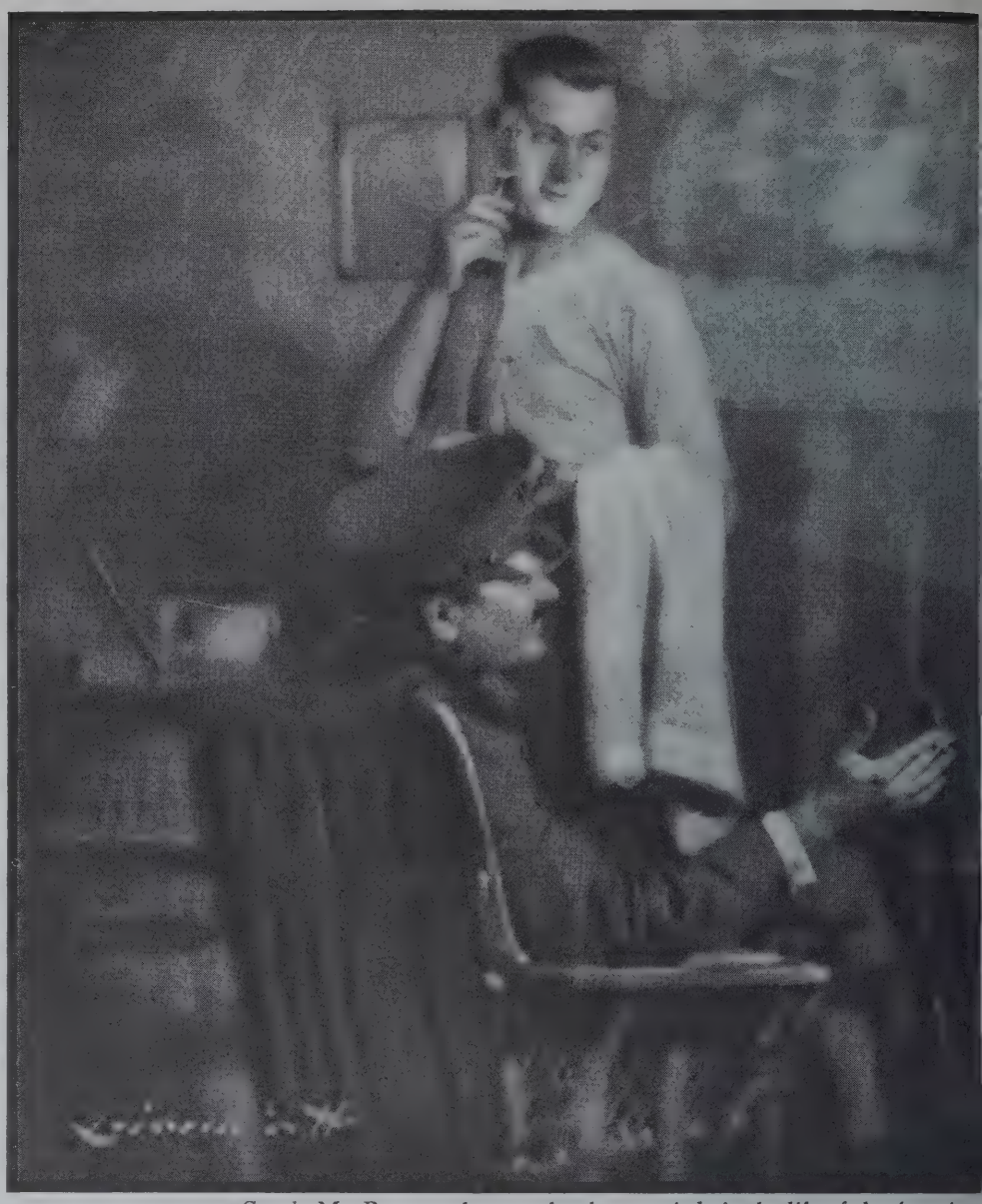
One more experiment with the colored glasses:

IV

A woman keeps rendezvous in a little house on a cliff. She hears some one open the door, enter the hall. She runs to meet the man. One glance at him changes her look of welcome to a stare of dread.

(*Continued on page 121*)

This story is by
Frank R. Adams,
a writer new to Cosmopolitan's pages, but one whose keen insight and expert craftsmanship entitle him to rank with the masters of writing in 1919.



"Speak, Mr. Bones; what are the three periods in the life of the American

The Last

Photographic Illustrations

THE beginning of a story is its most important strategic point. The second-heaviest gun at the disposal of an author is the ending. Any book on the construction of fiction will bear out those two statements. Besides that, they are true.

The beginning of this story is also the ending, because—and this may seem a trifle curious at first—the tale starts off with something that has not happened yet, something that may never happen. But, however, as it has considerable bearing on the plot, it is perhaps as well to place it here in this, the most important position in a narrative, even though it may most appropriately be called the epilogue.

In the year 194–, or possibly 195–, there will pass away quietly in his own home, surrounded by his immediate family, a highly respected citizen of a Middle-Western metropolis, an attorney of note, ex-member of the state legislature, and a man in general with an honorable civic record that extends back to the time that he gave up his commission in the army at the close of the Great War.

His death, at an age somewhat before his time, will doubtless be ascribed to the effects of an old wound and to the fact that he was at one time badly gassed.

Expressions of great respect and regret will be called forth by his demise, but there will be no one—no, not even in his own family—who will be inconsolably stricken.

His widow will miss him more than anyone else, because a man and his wife are a habit to one another, and habits are not easily broken. But even she will doubtless wonder to herself why her grief does not tear her to pieces, as she has seen some women torn at the final inevitable separation. The real answer will probably never occur to her, for she will not realize that she and her husband never quite touched the sublime heights together—she, perhaps, because she could not, and he because the heart can never blindly, without reason or hope of reward, give twice all that it has. There is only one April adventure—in all others there is the element of calculation.

His son will mourn him, too, but rather as a business associate and friend than as a son mourns a father, because the boy will have grown to manhood without ever having quite pierced the armor of his parent's reserve. Besides, he will be more like his mother, will understand her better, although he, too, will wonder a little at the rather formal sense of loss that they both feel, and contrast it speculatively with the almost insupportable anguish of others under similar circumstances.

After the funeral, he will doubtless be the one to settle up the estate, and, as the executor, it will be his duty to survey all documentary mementoes of his father, both commercial and personal.

There is a certain thrilling expectancy about opening the safe-deposit box of some one who will have no further use for it, about examining, with legal right, the things that no other person save the owner has set eyes on, perhaps for years. The life of a man flows on for sixty or eighty years, and at the end the things that he really cared about are all deposited in one little pocket in the river-bed no more than six inches wide, six inches deep, and less than a yard long. The rest is silt.

It will be with some such anticipatory thought and thrill that the son and partner of the deceased will step round to the bank-vaults, armed with the proper legal papers, and receive from the respectful hands of the uniformed attendant the oblong box of japanned steel in which his father had always kept the few private documents which were not connected with the joint business of the law firm.

In the sound-proof cabinet provided by the bank, with the door locked behind him and the oblong box on the table under the direct rays of a green-shaded desk-lamp, he will doubtless sit for a moment in speculation. What will he find to be the few things in his life that his father had deemed important enough to keep vivid in the sepulcher of a safe-deposit vault? Will they be silly or sad, trivial or tragic? He will feel sure of one thing: whatever he is about to examine will be something he has hitherto known nothing about. Perhaps it will turn out to be the record of some foolish speculation, the failure of which



man of to-day?" "Before the war, during the war, and after the war"

It was not the glorious fighting that made the vital change in the Americans who were in France; it was their contact with men and women—whose thoughts and modes of life were as different as night is from day.

Adventure

by Lejaren A. Hiller

his father had never been quite willing to acknowledge, or of some unsavory transaction which had at some time threatened to smirch his father's reputation and which had been buried there until it was safe to destroy it.

With a sigh at abandoning speculation for fact, he will open the double lids of the box and empty the contents on the table.

The collection will surprise him a little at first, even though he is braced for a surprise.

There will be perhaps a dozen letters in envelops, held together by a circle of black-silk elastic fastened by a jeweled buckle in the shape of a golden butterfly, a photograph, and a lock of brown hair not very long. That will be all.

The elastic qualities of the jeweled garter will have long since departed, and it will slip loosely from the treasures it has guarded so long, like a tired sentinel on the last relief, but the buckle will still sparkle gaily, and the butterfly will seem as if it were about to take wing and flutter away.

On the envelops, the handwriting will be a little blurred by time, and it will look strange, foreign, and all but one of them will be addressed to his father at some unfamiliar place, not in America. The letters themselves will prove to be written in another language than English, although here and there the son will see an occasional word or two in his own tongue, usually the phrase: "my very dear."

He is no linguist, so he will reserve the letters for future examination and translation, and will pick up the tiny lock of not very long brown hair.

Perhaps he will only imagine it, but it will seem to him for a moment that there is a fleck of golden sunshine in it that escapes forever when he separates the soft strands with his fingers. For it will be wonderfully soft and some way thrilling. He will know that the person to whom it belonged was certainly at one time very much alive.

Then the photograph. It will be very old-fashioned, and, besides that, it will be foreign, very much of a time and country that he is unfamiliar with. But the person in it will step right out and speak to him, will search out the little corner of his heart that is father's own, and tell him with her eyes the secret that no one else ever knew.

In the photograph, she will be wearing a short walking-skirt, quite dark, with white stockings and shoes, a white sweater with a sailor collar. Her hat will be a boyish sort of a thing like a tam-o'-shanter, dark, like the skirt, and it will be crowded down over a mass of rumply, soft-looking hair, cut off short below the ears.

Yes; the photograph and the clothes will be old and out of date, but her eyes and her smile will spell undying youth and the wistful enthusiasm of spring.

She will be standing there quite still, her arms and hands hanging idly at her sides, but some way, all at once, he will get the impression that her arms are raised and that those empty hands are trying to reach across the chasm of years, that her lips are trying to frame some whispered phrase. He will try and try to think what it may be, but cannot until he looks finally at the bottom of the photograph, where he will find written in ink that has almost faded entirely the single word: "*Adieu.*"

I

"THERE are, I think, three periods in the life of the American man of to-day."

Rapley Harp, of the field artillery, shot the remnant of a cigarette in the general direction of the stove and lighted a fresh one. He was due back at his battery, but if he could badger his friends in the infantry rest-billets into a discussion, he might justify himself in staying a little longer. Heaven knew it was more comfortable where he was than in the dugout.

"Meaning what, Rap?" inquired one of the other lieutenants. He happened to be shaving, and he turned round to face the sprawled figure of the speaker, but continued to scrape his chin

without regard to the mirror. "If you're feeling philosophical, the rest of us can stand it. Speak, Mr. Bones; what are the three periods in the life of the American man of to-day?"

"Before the war, during the war, and after the war."

"Concisely put and admitted by everybody, but why confine it to the American man? Why not let in the American woman—God bless her!—and, incidentally, all the other people of both sexes in all the world? This isn't any single-handed scrap we're running, you know. I remember to have seen a few Frenchmen, Italians, Portuguese, Serbs, English, Belgians, and others on our side of the barbed wire."

"But none of the others, with the exception, perhaps, of the Canadians and Australians, are fighting so far away from home as we are. They haven't lost entire touch with the things they have known all their lives. Think it over a minute. We've lived our youth under certain familiar conditions at home. We've had some success in life; we've made love; some of us are married, some engaged. Now that's all finished; the book is closed."

"Say, now—not so fast, Rap. What do you mean, 'closed'? Some of us are still married or engaged, you know. You can't laugh that off. I'm engaged myself, or was when I got my last mail from home six weeks ago."

"There you are!" Lieutenant Harp hopped unerringly on the last statement. "'Six weeks ago!' How often did you hear from her when you first came to France?"

"The regiment has been moving about a good deal lately," Hutchinson, of the Signal Corps, offered defensively, pausing pensively with his razor in air. "The mail may have gone astray."

"But I've had business letters from the States within the week," Harp countered conclusively, "and my battery has been moving more than you have."

"If you're trying to make me feel bad—" began Hutchinson.

"I'm not—I'm just proving my point. We're now well along in the second period of our lives—that's all. The people back home are beginning—not to forget us but to get along without us; and for us the things that we were used to have begun to be memories—nothing much more. We've started all over again over here. We don't meet a soul that we ever knew before. For instance, I did not know one of you chaps or a man in my own battery until the war broke, and yet now you're my best pals. We speak a strange language part of the time; we meet girls who don't look in the least like what we used to consider the highest type of beauty—not by a long shot—but we're used to them now, and we tell them how nice they are without thinking much whether we are lying or not— Listen to that!"

Outside, a detachment of infantry moving up for the relief was singing, singing the French marching-song, "*Quand Madelon.*" They were not French soldiers, but, on the contrary, Americans, and they were singing it rather well—in French. Harp went on to point the moral.

"We sing different songs. What sort of a pull is it going to put on your heart when somebody puts on a phonograph-record of that song after you are back? What are you going to think about? Will it be the girl who owns the phonograph? Or will it be, for instance, Hutch, that rather *Parisienne*-looking person for whom it seems necessary for you to make such an elaborate toilet this evening—lucky pup that you are?"

The other did not answer, so Harp continued:

"I've got your number, son; but you can spare your blushes, because it's no disgrace. We're all in the same boat. Our moral standards haven't exactly lowered, but they certainly have become slightly more elastic than when we stood on the ship and watched America slip away from us. It wouldn't be possible for us to live for months in a country that is crazy to be friendly without adopting some of their customs for our own. We've done just that—and that's all. And when we go back—" He paused.

"'When we go back'," repeated Lieutenant Hutchinson, from behind the towel with which he had been polishing his face, "we come to that third period you spoke of. Why do you bother to have a third period?"

"That's going to be the hardest one of all, I think, because we aren't going to have the excitement of war to ease us over the change. But that needn't worry all of us. As a matter of fact, it doesn't worry any of us. We're too young and too busy to be bothered."

"That third period will take care of itself," Hutchinson averred. "We'll just settle back into the old grooves exactly as if nothing had ever happened."

"Hm. Will we? We'll go back, certainly, but we won't be the same men who stepped out of the first period of our lives."

"We'll be older," Hutchinson admitted.

"Twice as old, if we're only away another year. But we won't be the same in any way."

"If you mean that the war will have shocked us so that we will be nervous wrecks, I'm free to go on record that I don't take much stock in that theory. The American is an elastic animal, and our nerves spring back into place like a rubber ball on the bounce."

"But I didn't have any reference to nerves and shell-shock and all that sort of thing. Frankly, I can't imagine what is going to happen, but it will surely be interesting and maybe a little pathetic. We're going to be strangers to those who ought to know us best—the better they knew us once the more strange we will be—and there's going to be a cord round our hearts tugging wistfully toward France."

"All I can say, Rap, is that if you ever try to follow your cord back to this country, you're going to find the end of the string in an awful tangle."

The other officers in the shack laughed. Rapley himself admitted the bull's-eye with a rueful grin.

"I've been searching—that's all, son—searching for that golden last romance that life promised me nearly thirty years ago."

"And you've worn the edge off of all possibility of ever appreciating it if it should come," interjected another officer who had been writing busily during the discussion—a tall young man who looked as if he had been born with a uniform on, a serious person with ideals written all over him.

"Here—get back in your cage!" admonished Hutchinson severely, snapping his towel, like a whip, in the direction of the speaker. "This here conversation has nothing whatever to do with shellbacks and other denizens of the deep like yourself." Then, turning to Rap, he continued: "Old Dan, here, is a living rebuttal of your argument. You couldn't divide his life into three periods with a meat-ax. He's just the same now as he was when he was a promising young attorney back in the States. And he'll go back to his desk and stick his nose in the familiar manger exactly as if he had never been away."

Rapley Harp looked at Lieutenant Denham Daniels speculatively.

"I'm allowing the rule goes for Dan, too."

Hutchinson snorted.

"Not a chance. Dan spends all his time writing dutifully to *her* back home. He hasn't seen anything over here to put any periods in his life—have you, Dan?"

"I have not," Daniels answered decisively, as he sealed his letter with characteristic precision; "nor have I seen anything that would put any periods in anybody's life if they had any sense."

"Ouch!" acknowledged Harp languidly. "You don't approve of me, do you, Dan? *Çà ne fait rien.* I don't give a darn about your approval so long as you like me. But you just uttered an inexpert slander upon the fair sex of an allied country. You don't know whereof you speak. How can you, an ex-lawyer, pronounce a judgment without passing 'em in review? Get out and investigate, as I do. Pass around an occasional wild oat to the starving natives. You speak more French than most of us, but it doesn't do you any good. The only thing that is delaying Dan's transformation is a certain admirable but inconvenient steadfastness of character. He is fortified with a lot of more or less obsolete battlements that it will take heavy-artillery fire to knock a hole through. Gee, how I envy him his relief when he does fall! He's getting a little low on his love-ration already. Haven't you noticed, Hutch, a certain loneliness in his eye recently? He writes letters to conceal the canker that gnaws at his bosom, so to speak; but I'll bet there is a white flag in his pants pocket."

Lieutenant Daniels started to address the envelop of his letter when the electric light suddenly went out.

"Air-raid," grunted Hutchinson in disgust.

"Knocks out your date in town, doesn't it?" Rapley sympathized mockingly. "Now you'll have to trim your whiskers again to-morrow."

Lieutenant Hutchinson's conjecture as to the meaning of the extinction of all illumination was immediately confirmed by the opening up of the anti-aircraft battery which was located almost in their front yard. In intervals of comparative silence there could be heard the steady hum of plane-motors somewhere in the sky.

"They're after the aviation hangars again, I suppose," Hutchinson grumbled. "I don't see how they ever came to put such a tempting target so close to a rest-camp. Don't they think



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY LEJAREN A. HILLER

As the fi-st wave struck her tiny white feet, the maid relieved her of her bath-robe

we have enough of Fritz up there without giving him a special invitation to come and see us when we're supposed to be getting ready for next time? Rest! My eye! Every night they drop a mess of high explosive round our little home and expect us to sleep."

A deep-toned explosion subdued the anti-aircraft barrage for a second, and then it burst forth again viciously, like a pack of unleashed hounds. Spent shrapnel rattled noisily on the roof.

"Who wants to make any bets on how close they come to us?" demanded Harp. "Don't let that cigarette go out, old man, until I get a light off from it."

"I'll give you twenty to one they don't hit us," offered Hutchinson.

"Nope," denied Harp. "No sense to that bet. I couldn't collect it if I won. We'll make a pool of ten francs each on this and establish an imaginary circular target round the shack with us for the bull's-eye and a hundred-yard-wide strip for each ring. Choose any ring you like, men, and if it lands in your ring, you get the pot——"

"Boom!" a louder explosion interrupted.

"No fair placing any bets by sound-ranging," declared the bank monotonously, "and gentlemen with sporting blood will kindly forget that Fritz usually drops 'em twenty seconds apart."

He was still talking when the corner of the shack opened up and the rest of the tiny building fell in over them.

II

"Not a darn thing to do but rest for two weeks by the side of the beautiful sea," declared Rap, yawning luxuriously upon the seat of a first-class compartment of a train arriving presently at one of the fashionable shore summer resorts of France. "Personally, I am greatly in favor of convalescent leave as an institution. This is going to beat the hospital forty ways. As far as I can see, we're just about as good as we ever were. Does the old leg bother you much to-day, Dan?"

"Hardly at all, Rap; but I haven't stood on it any."

"Well, it gives you a good excuse to carry a picturesque cane. Personally, I can't say that I think my looks are improved any by this jagged scar under my eye, but I suppose I ought to be glad I didn't get hit in the mustache or some other vulnerable spot. And I feel something like a kid on the first day of vacation." He lifted his heels from the floor and cracked them together like a vaudeville dancer. "Gosh darn, but this is a hard war to-day!"

They did not speak of Hutchinson. The war had ended abruptly for him that night in the rest-shack, and the bomb-splinter that had only sentenced his companions to a couple of months in the hospital gave him his ticket to whatever heaven of wires, buzzers, telephones, rheostats, and induction-coils is inhabited by signal-corps men. That the living do not dwell too much on the memory of the dead does not so much spell callousness in an army but rather sensible optimism that must go forward or perish.

"I'd rather go back to my outfit," Daniels declared. "I'm well enough to go, and if they are where I left them, they must have been in the thick of it yesterday according to the communiqué."

"Look-a-here, infantryman: Don't go ruining this here vacation of ours by uncouth longings for action. There will be lots of scrap left when we get back, and this may be the last chance we'll ever get at civilized life. So far as I'm concerned, I'm not going to think of a single darn thing any more strenuous than a beautiful girl in a bathing-suit in her ceaseless struggle to keep from getting her feet wet by the incoming tide. They do say this is the place where Ziegfeld gets all his ideas for the 'Follies'."

"You know that sort of thing does not interest me."

Rap looked at his friend with quizzical, old eyes.

"I've heard you say so before, Dan, if that's what you mean. Well, anyway, you're going to have a lot of fun just watching my smoke trail across the horizon. Something tells me that here romance—gleaming, moonlit romance—is waiting for me just round the corner."

"You hunt for it too hard," his friend observed dryly.

"And you don't hunt at all."

"I've found it."

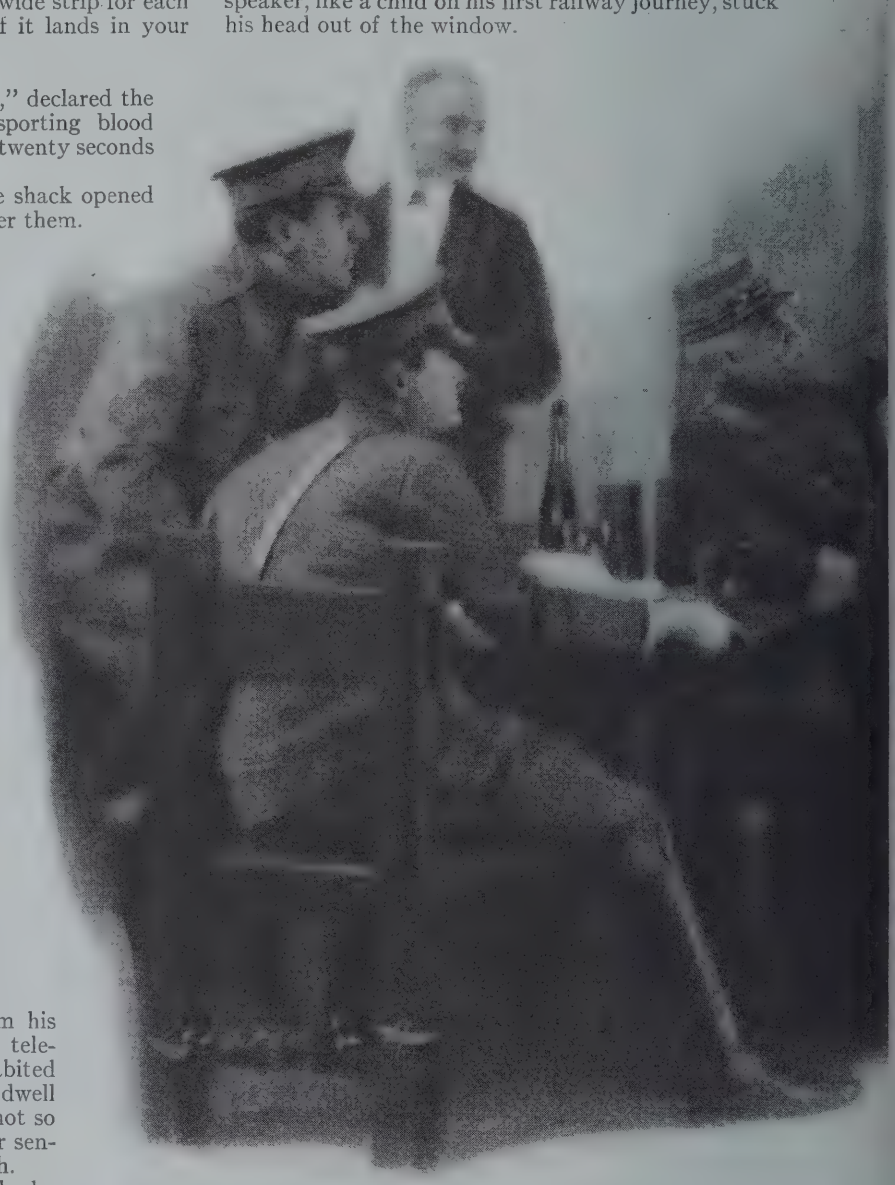
"Back there in the States?"

"Of course."

Rap sighed like a tired stage-director whose pupils have forgotten their parts.

"But that was yesterday. That was America; this is France. The old book is closed. To-day we open a new account with life. Here's your purse, all full of clinking, golden moments. Be sure to spend them as foolishly as possible, because to-morrow the shop may be closed."

The train came to an indecisive stop, and the speaker, like a child on his first railway journey, stuck his head out of the window.



Rap looked at her as his friend directed, and also because it would have been impossible to look anywhere else

"Biarritz!" He read the sign on the station. "My boy, face to the west and press your forehead against the ground three times. We are standing at the gates of paradise."

III

"We're certainly going to like this place," Rapley declared positively, as he and his companion sat on the terrace of the Casino overlooking the beach that same afternoon.

The infantry officer did not take the trouble to resent the "we" in his volatile friend's remark. Instead, he contemplated critically the stretch of sand before them, dotted with gaily striped beach-tents and bordered by the boisterous blue ocean

that rolled friendly breaker after friendly breaker up the receding beach.

It was the bathing-hour, and the children were already "in," laughing joyously at the water and causing ceaseless anxiety to their mothers on the shore and to the hectored life-guards who herded them back into the shallow places. The guards were all old men, bronzed and uncouth—a mute testimony to the whereabouts of the youth of France—an easily forgiven blemish on the otherwise beautiful picture.

Before the two American officers had finished their first iced drink, the beach was in full swing. In pairs, mostly, gorgeous persons appeared in delicate- or bizarre-colored bath-robes, which they handed to attendants on the beach before stepping into the water.



"Lord," exclaimed Rap breathlessly, "how can they be so wonderful and live?"

"Probably some one pays their expenses," suggested Dan cynically.

"Lucky some one—that's all I can say," Rap returned, with green envy. "How much do you think it would cost, mister, to get me one like those, just a small one? And how much have we got between us? A thousand francs? Why did I ever come here with abject poverty staring me in the face? Why didn't I save my pennies, as my father tried so hard to teach me? I see now, for the first time, what he meant. Dad must have been to a place like this."

"That drink seems to have affected you more than it has me."

"Everything does; but you are a proud, cold fish, and I couldn't live in your aquarium. Do you really think it was the drink? *Garçon*"—addressing the waiter—"*vite, s'il vous plait! La même chose, tout de suite.* After I've had one more of those things, I want to go down on the beach and look more closely, even if I have to ruin my shine doing it."

At the water's edge, the irrepressible member of the party was sobered, or subdued, rather, with awe. The bathing crowd was growing thicker, mostly women, of course, with here and there a few, very few, young men. The costume worn by both sexes was about the same—one-piece tights of silk or wool, except that those of the men were somewhat nondescript as to fit and dark in color. It was rather a tribute to the bodily grace of the Frenchwomen to discover that most of them looked really better in bathing-costumes than when enhanced by the creations of the Paris costumers which they wore on the terrace.

"You never saw anything like this in America," Rap averred fervently.

"I admit that. I don't know that I should wish to."

"Perhaps you are right. Maybe it is better to keep our indiscretions for this side of the water, deacon."

Soon after they arrived, a girl in a black voluminous bath-robe came down the steps from the bath-house, followed by a maid at a respectful interval. Her robe was rather an unusual thing in that field of color, but it was rendered more bizarre by a great golden butterfly which was embroidered on its heavy folds just over the right breast, just one butterfly with wide-spread wings that glittered in the sunlight as if it were really flying.

The person wearing a garment of that sort should have been a popular actress or a costumer s manikin, enameled, rouged, and exquisitely and uncomfortably coiffed. But, on the contrary, the face above the black drape was that of a rather serious child, pink and white mostly, with eyes a little too large, smoke-gray in color, and dark-brown hair with secret golden lights in it, which had been cut off or bobbed below her ears. She wore no bathing-cap, and her short hair was rumpled gracefully by the friendly fingers of the wind.

It is only fair to say that Lieutenant Daniels did not notice all those things about her, but Lieutenant Harp did, and the same may be said of nearly everyone else on the beach—because she was distinguished not only by her somewhat striking appearance but also by the fact that she was alone. No one seemed to know her, and she walked quite to the water's edge without greeting any of the bathing throng, intent apparently on her own affairs. She was not sad exactly, but she smiled to herself as if she and the ocean had some private secret which the crowd did not share.

As the first wave struck her tiny white feet, the maid relieved her of her bath-robe. Then she ran swiftly through the shallow water and dived into the first roller that came gaily in to meet her.

"Did you by any chance see that, too?" inquired Rapley cautiously, after a minute had gone by. His voice was an incredulous whisper.

"If you mean the little girl in the——"

Rapley cut him short.

"'Little girl!' 'Little,' yes, and 'girl,' yes, by all that's holy, but not 'little girl,' the way you say it. She is twenty if she's a day, and in her heart there are secrets that were old a thousand years ago."

"But her hair," objected Dan, "is——"

"Is cut in the latest style, *à la Montmartre*," finished the artilleryman. "Everybody's doing it who is good-looking enough to dare, and she'd dare do anything. Did you notice the bathing-suit that was painted on her? Apple-green silk, and about the hardest shade to wear in the known world. Your complexion has to be perfect to stand it. With a tiny golden butterfly embroidered on the left leg of her unmentionables, no wonder she has no friends among the ladies. Do you suppose she really is the Queen of France?"

Far out, a patch of more vivid green that moved through the waves was all that they could see of the earth-bound divinity. Evidently she liked swimming in deep water, and the life-guards had enough knowledge of her skill not to bar her way to the open sea.

"If you've had enough," suggested the infantryman, "let's go to dinner."

Rap sighed.

"I'll never have enough. This is the ozone that keeps the feeble spark of life glowing in this manly bosom. But I suppose that, in our capacity as wounded heroes, we 'has to have our nourishment.' But lead me away forcibly, so that I can appear reluctant. I wouldn't have these people think that I was leaving them willingly."

After they had walked in silence half-way to their hotel Rapley Harp murmured ecstatically:

"'Little girl.' Oh, boy, if we ever see her again, get sticks and beat the natives."

Daniels, limping half a pace behind, also came out of his reverie.

"What girl are you talking about this time, Rap?" he asked patiently.

"'What girl?' Is there more than one?"

"Not for me, of course. I was thinking of her, I'll admit. I'm going to write Barbara a description of this place right after dinner."

With a yell of anguish, Rap threw up his hands.

"Gods of ancient Rome and Athens, behold this man!" he cried, with a gesture to heaven. "He has brought a sandwich and a thermos bottle to a banquet."

IV

Lieutenant Daniels' letter to his *fiancée* was not written that evening. Nor was it written, as may as well be stated now, for many evenings following. And when it was finally inscribed, it was quite the shortest and most stilted note that he had indited to her since their engagement had been first announced.

Dinner, that first evening, proved to be quite a lengthy and formal affair. Immediately afterward, Rap insisted on dragging his friend out for a stroll on the beach

"Why, it's moonlight out there, man," he said, when Daniels started to object, "and every ray of it will cleanse your soul. Besides, everybody does it here. You can write your letter in the morning while I am sleeping off the headache I hope to have."

So they went out, at a leisurely pace, because of Daniels' limp, and down the half-mile promenade between the Casino and the sea. Rap was right. Everyone was there, moving in a restless, gay procession up one side and down the other, jostling a little on the inside edges, and exchanging good-natured salutations. With the coming of night, the formal lid seemed someway lifted off the world. An air of *camaraderie* was abroad that had not been noticeable in the afternoon. Everyone seemed to know everyone else and was glad about it.

Daniels was not used to it, and it confused him when a lady stopped him for a moment with a polite and musically murmured request for a light for her cigarette.

The glow of the cigarette-tips, as she puffed them together, brought out her features as those of a woman of unmistakable culture, perhaps five years older than himself.

"*Merci, monsieur*," was all that she said as she passed on.

"Simple, but characteristic," was Rap's comment, as they strolled along themselves. "There's pleasantness and good cheer in the very air we breathe. As they say in the song, 'I don't want to get well.'"

They had another drink in the Casino, discreetly covered now by awnings clear down to the ground, in order to veil the lights from possible German submarines which might be lying in wait or sowing mines off the coast.

Inside, the atmosphere was the same as out in the open. Gay banter was exchanged between the occupants of adjoining tables, and everyone waived the formalities in speaking to everyone else. The women were dressed, for the most part, in light colors, which was in itself in sharp contrast to every other place which the American officers had visited in France. A few French officers in brilliant dress uniforms and a few young men in white flannels, Spaniards chiefly, added to the vividness of the picture. The other men were either obvious fathers of families or American or English officers in businesslike olive drab.

Rapley Harp struck up an acquaintance almost immediately with two young misses and their governess at the next table. They were youngsters, seventeen or eighteen at most, and quite willing to be friendly—pretty, too, in an immature sort of a way, and wildly interested in things American. They could not speak any English, so the conversation was a slow-moving sort of affair, waiting between sentences while Rap and Dan marshaled their insufficient vocabularies before each attack upon the unfamiliar language. But it was a fascinating pastime, and Dan was agreeably surprised at the pleasure he took in such a harmless diversion.

"Well, let's go," suggested the restless Rap, when the entertainment began to pall on him.

"'Go?' Where?" Dan replied. Both of the men had spoken in English.

"Why, to find that girl who wore the green bathing-suit this afternoon. I doubt if I could sleep unless I see her again. I think she is real, but I'm not sure. If she is real, something tells me that she is going to be linked up in some way with our young lives. It doesn't seem to be hard to get acquainted here. So why not aim at the highest? Come on."

"No, thanks," Dan responded dryly. "Go on by yourself, if you wish. I'll stay here for a while and then go on up to the hotel."

"Just as you like. But this thing gets in my blood. I can't sit still. Adventure may be hiding in the next shadow. What a fool I'd be not to go out to meet it! *Au revoir, mesdemoiselles, et vous, madame. Il faut que je parte maintenant, mais j'espère que je vous verrai une autre fois bientôt.*"

The young ladies extended their hands graciously, and Rap bowed in Continental fashion over each one. Then, in English, he confided to Dan,



"Just hold me tight against

"It won't happen, of course, but if that girl should, by accident, stumble over your feet and force you to notice her, for heaven's sake hold her until I get to you with help—hold her, even if you have to use a club."

Rap wandered off gaily, clicking his spurred heels to music that he alone heard.

Dan turned once more to the governess and her two charges, and struggled anew with the tortured French language, in which struggle he was painstakingly corrected by his obliging new-found friends.

Ten o'clock, it appeared, was their bedtime, and in half an hour the general of the party marshaled her cohorts and led them regretfully away, leaving Dan with a very pleasant sensation of cleanness and sweetness as a memory. He resolved to write Barbara about it in the morning.

With a contented sigh, he started hotelward. It was not such a bad world after all. That jagged line of sputtering, crashing fire that he had left on the other frontier of France must be just some sort of a bad dream.

The moon was hidden behind a cloud, but the air outside was soft and the ocean played a gentle, swishing accompaniment to pleasant thoughts. The crowd on the promenade had thinned perceptibly. Those who remained were strolling in couples mostly, or were seated upon a knee-high wall that bordered the walk or upon benches distributed at intervals. From these came a low murmur of conversation and subdued laughter.

Daniels fancied that his leg pained him a trifle. It was little wonder if it did—he had walked more that day than for many weeks previously. Besides, it was still early, and the spell of the night was upon him. Adventure and romance beckoned wistfully to his soul.

So he paused undecidedly before a bench which was occupied only by a single muffled figure at one end, and finally sat down himself at the other extreme. He lit a contemplative cigarette.

The woman—for it was a woman who shared the bench with him—did not turn her head to see what he looked like in the flare of the match. She seemed absolutely uninterested, a strange anomaly in this crowd of frankly curious persons. Reassured by her self-absorption, Daniels cast a sidelong glance at her to see what she might be like.

It was too dark to make out anything save that she wore a long, dark cloak that covered her from neck to ankle and which was closely muffled about her throat. Her elbows were on her knees, and she leaned forward, staring out to the black line where the ocean blotted out the semiluminous beach. Some widow, perhaps, she was, who had contributed everything to France, as so many of her women have, and had come down to ask the sea and the night wherefore. The shapeless cloak and the attitude rather fostered the idea.

Lieutenant Daniels' sentimental fantasy was rudely cut short by a man who came and sat down between him and the subject of his mental painting. He was a civilian, French, presumably, with a bushy beard and a straw hat—two things that look odd in combination, even on a dark night. Men with whiskers belong in high hats or skull-caps. Anything else is too frivolous altogether.

Daniels resented the intrusion immediately, the more so when he realized that the newcomer was addressing the pensive widow of his fancy. He did not hear what he said, and probably would not have understood had he heard, but the effect on the woman precluded the necessity of a translation.

She calmly and deliberately put on a cap which had been lying in her lap, got up, pulled her cloak more closely about her, and started away alone, leaving the whiskers speechless under the straw hat.

But as she stood up, her head was outlined against a more luminous part of the sky, and Daniels noted, with a start, that her hair was cut short below her ears, bobbed *à la Montmartre*. And as she walked away, there was something in the independent swing of her stride, in the very flare of her shapeless cloak that reminded him of something he had seen before.

Suppose it were she?

Well, what if it were?

It was nothing to him. He was not the one who had even pretended to lose his mind that afternoon. Besides, what could he do about it, even if it did matter? Nothing, absolutely.

Nothing, unless, for the sake of his friend, he should follow, simply to see where she lived. Lieutenant Daniels was not in sympathy with Rap's methods or desires, but he knew that the artilleryman would be inconsolable if he found out that the girl his imagination painted so vividly had been discovered and lost without so much as an effort being made to hold her.

(*Continued on page 152*)



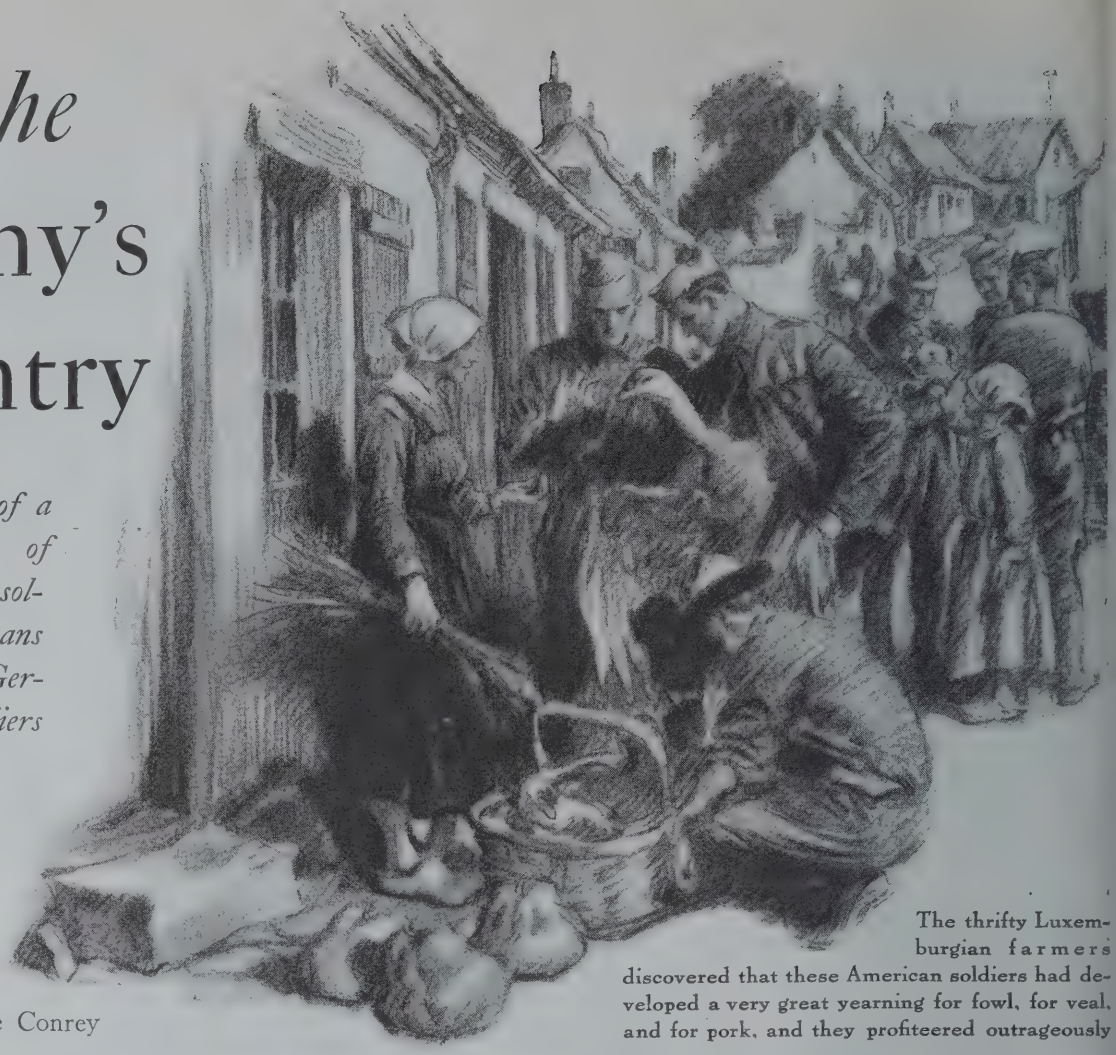
your heart, because to-morrow——"

In *the* Enemy's Country

The impressions of a trained observer of the effect of our soldiers on the Germans —and of the Germans on our soldiers

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

Illustrated by Lee Conrey



The thrifty Luxemburgian farmers discovered that these American soldiers had developed a very great yearning for fowl, for veal, and for pork, and they profiteered outrageously

IT WAS six months ago that our troops marched into Germany—it seems six years. It was bleak December then. The flowers and grasses were blackened and killed by frost. All Germany was wrapped in the gloom of defeat. The daisies are pushing up now, and with them come a succession of world-events that make some of the unpublished incidents that were tramped into the soil of Europe by the hobnailed shoes of our marching men to bloom with new interest. Some of those incidents were grotesque, some humorous, some pathetic—all illuminative. They marked chasm-like differences between the American character and the Teutonic character, and a succession of them brought me at last to a little German schoolhouse standing in the center of a country village on a modest hill in the western Rhineland. Into that austerely furnished chamber set apart for the instruction of the German young it is my wish presently to invite the reader to stand as I stood, and to note some objects upon its walls

But to reach the schoolhouse, and in the proper frame of mind, we must trudge westward along certain European highways in the company of a great fellowship of simple but royal souls. If, in so doing, some pages of unwritten history are turned, the reader need not be surprised, any more than if he encounters that which mists the eye, or enlarges the heart with pride and admiration, or splits the sides with laughter.

We are moving, let us imagine, with the Second Division of the American First Army. It is commanded by Major-General John A. LaJeune. We have entered the largish Belgian town of Virton. Although the place bears few marks of German occupancy, the populace have greeted us wildly, and the mayor of the city is now to deliver an address of welcome to the American army. The hour is sometime after dark of a late November evening, and the public square is so crowded, packed, and jammed with human sardines that the general's car with difficulty delivers him to the terrace where, in the open air and all the dignity of official black, the mayor waits to greet him. A marine band discourses the national airs of Belgium and America.

The mayor makes his speech in French—a very eloquent speech, evidently, and highly approved of, for the crowd interrupts with frequent applause. General LaJeune, who has understood perfectly, responds with equal eloquence, though he has chosen to speak in English, for he wishes his own troops to hear what he will say even more than the Belgians. There is more applause, and the band plays again while, with the general and the mayor fraternizing on a rustic bench at one side, a carpet is spread upon the bricks, and a ballet-dancer, Mademoiselle Bounce, of the American army, charmingly arrayed in the costume of her profession, leaps nimbly to the center and begins to entertain with a truly meritorious exhibition of her art. She is graceful; she is winsome; she is indefatigable in her efforts to please. She is abundantly endowed with physical charm. The round of her arms gleams brightly under the torchlights as she wafts her complimentary kisses this way and that, while the crowd marvels and murmurs its appreciation.

"Ah, these Americans!" one old man confides to another, with grave shakings of his hoary head. "They make provision for everything. They even carry their entertainment with them. Such a beautiful, dainty young creature, too!"

Indeed, there is no doubt that this dancer, pirouetting so gracefully, bounding so nimbly, displaying so much of pulchritude, and radiating in all directions the infectious fervor of her smile, was making a greater impression on the populace than either orator had with his speech. The dancer was encored again and again. In response to the last of these, that airy nymph swept off a wig, and with it her mask of beauty, for there remained the coarse black hair and the grinning features of a doughboy, while some one announced to the crowd that Mademoiselle Bounce was none other than the general's husky cook.

The general ha-ha'd tremendous enjoyment of the situation, while the people applauded the hoax more heartily than they had the performance. More than anything else could have done, this act advertised to all the people of that town the good-hearted, laughter-loving nature of the American army. It was a joke; it was free and easy; it contributed to mutual understanding; it was essentially American. I cannot imagine a British major-general or a French one sitting complaisantly by while his masquerading cook performed grotesquely where he had just made a serious speech. Either would have felt that it compromised his dignity, that it turned the whole thing into farce.



As a fact, it made a mere ceremony real. It proved that back of this expression of a general to a mayor was the good will of an army to a people. More than a thousand speeches, that bit of playful humor had revealed the simple humanity of the Americans. Wise, tactful, non-posing General LaJeune!

But the insuppressible exuberance of the American spirit manifested itself in ways quite other than this, and under circumstances totally different. While the people were still chuckling and explaining to each other that it was indeed true, that this voluptuous young woman was certainly the general's cook and an American fighting man who, in every engagement, was always for abandoning his pots and pans, seizing a rifle, and rushing out to slay a dozen *boches* and string them on a wire like chicken livers *en brochette*, some one was telling me of a German hospital in the town where, among three or four hundred of their own wounded too bad to be moved, were a dozen or more Americans.

American wounded sprinkled in among *boche* wounded, with *boche* doctors and *boche* woman nurses and a *boche* atmosphere—here was certainly an opportunity for a study in contrasts. Eagerly we went up next morning. The officer in charge was a stalwart more than six feet high, typically German and military in his bearing, who abandoned pomposity and bent himself nearly double to greet us, thrusting out a clammy, deprecatory hand as he regretted that he did not speak English; but since my friend spoke German, we understood well enough what he was saying.

We found the air of the hospital heavy and malodorous. It did not look clean. Some orderlies were scraping hall floors with a hoe as if they were scouring up for an American inspection. The spirit of the German inmates was naturally enough one of depression. They were victims of war or "flu," smashed and broken, and left behind to become prisoners. The spirit of the Americans was, naturally enough also, one of elation. They had been retaken by their own. For another thing, they had enjoyed good treatment, being captures of the last few weeks, during which time the Hun had learned lessons which taught him that, as a matter of forethought, it would be policy perhaps to be even kinder to the American wounded than to his own. Yet none of these things was sufficient to account for the remarkable contrast afforded. The bearing and stories of the Americans showed that they had been indomitable, even in the darkest hours.

"How are you, old man?" I asked of one red-headed lad, "and what have you got?"

"Look here!" he responded, with the greatest alacrity, and proudly bared the stump of a leg off above the knee. "Fritz chewed that up with a machine-gun spray," he explained, "and I crumpled up in a shell-hole. About five minutes after that, a grenade came rolling in and mussed up my other leg above the ankle something scandalous."

"Four days in a shell-hole with both legs mangled?"

"Oh, I had a kind of a good time out there," insisted the boy out of honest blue eyes. "For one thing, I was resting, and, for another, I had plenty of cigarettes. They came and got me and scissored off my legs."

And then a prisoner and living to crow about it! I am afraid my stupefied admiration for such vitality was taken for incredulity. Anyway, the blue eyes smiled indulgently, and the man in the next bed broke in upon us, eager to exhibit his stump and tell another story. Beyond these two lay a young lieutenant with his mouth mangled and his face covered by a quantity of flaxen beard. One arm was off at the elbow, and the shoulder on the other side was a mass of bandages. Through one side of his wounded mouth he managed to recount to me:

"Ducked into a shell-hole to dodge machine-gun fire when I had wandered into the *boche* lines by mistake. Almost immediately a grenade rolled in on me. I reached for it to throw it out and—that was the last I knew till I woke up here."

He reached for it to throw it out! And that was where his hand and forearm had gone!

"All right now?" I stammered, stupefied as before.

"Fine! There's lots of things a one-armed man with two good legs and good eyes can do." His splendid eyes sparkled with confidence and bright anticipation.

And that was the spirit manifested in every American bed—the spirit of the indomitable.

As we passed out of this ward, a German with one leg was being lowered into a sitz bath by a tired-looking nurse and an orderly. His stump was healed. No other wounds were visible. But he was whimpering like an infant. It might have been a case of nerves. I think probably it was—I think that quite generally now the German army, top and bottom, was suffering from nerves.

Next day we were at Arlon, also in Belgium, but a larger and a finer town, as I remember; and here we were all struck by the pathos of the Belgian endeavor to greet the American soldiers with displays of the American flag. Each, of course, was home-made, and many were in truth but grotesque imitations of the Stars and Stripes. Often the stripes ran the wrong way, or the field was at the other end of the flag. There was a great uncertainty as to the number of stars and their arrangement. Yet they appeared by hundreds in windows, on coat lapels of men, on the breasts of women and girls, in every fabric from tissue-paper to silk, and their very crudeness lent an added pathos.

I besought a druggist to sell me, for a souvenir, a particularly fine one. It was perfectly proportioned; its white stripes were of bed-linen and its crimson ones of turkey-red table-cloth, while the field was made from a piece of toweling dyed the proper blue. Upon this diamonds, to represent stars, were painted with thick white paint to the number of forty-nine. The extra star, perhaps, was to represent Belgium.

" 'Sell it?' No!" he responded, with a smile and a shrug. "I will give it to America—America, which has been the nursing mother of Belgium."

Under the emotion of the moment, I presumed to accept some-

thing for America, promising to exhibit it widely and treasure it long, and the ladies of the druggist's family, who had sat up nights and labored secretly during the German occupation to prepare this flag, nodded approval of his generous act and stood by while he wrote his autograph upon it.

But there was special reason why the people of Arlon should be grateful to the Allied flags, for I heard from many lips while there the story of how one hundred and fifteen citizens of the town were shot to death in the railroad station under circumstances of exceptional blood-lust and cruelty, with details of one mother's death that I will not harrow the reader by setting down. And back near Virton, too, there had been a story like this—only more ghastly, for the number was larger, the killing more deliberate. The victims were residents of the little town of Ethe, and, in this deed, barbaric cruelty attained to new refinements, for wives or daughters of the men to die were made to lie down where the bullet-pierced bodies fell across them into graves the hands of the condemned had previously dug. Our division passed through this little town of Ethe next day—a town of unusually pretty houses, for the stone of their construction was a mottled buff instead of the usual dingy whitewashed stuff. Some of the houses were still in ruins; others gave signs of being recently rebuilt, while a portion of the town had evidently never been destroyed at all. Through windows and doors the people of Ethe looked out at us with eyes that were large with wonder and glowing with grateful satisfaction, as recognizing that our advent meant the definite and final departure of the brutal invader.

I think it was the consciousness that we were going so quickly from scenes like this to the homes of the people who had done these terrible things which filled us with a kind of savage curiosity that was difficult to describe exactly as we looked forward to crossing the German border.

But before we could cross, a halt of eight days was imposed upon us by the terms of the armistice. We spent those eight days in the northern part of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. The headquarters of Brigadier-General Wendell C. Neville, of the Marine Brigade, whose personal guest I was at this time, was Eppeldorf, a miserable little side-hill scramble of farmhouses, with a church in the center. Steep, cobbled, ice-covered roads and stone-walled barnyards, reeking of filth and animal sewage—drizzling rain, penetrating fogs—with a consequent depression of spirit that was lightened only by the barrage of wit and anecdote which the general himself invariably put over at mess-time—those are my memories of Eppeldorf. Not a horse to be seen except our own—oxen pulling carts, driven mostly by girls, and oxen plowing in the fields, one man at the plow and another with the goad—wooden shoes, wooden faces, wooden minds. All in all, Eppeldorf was as un-American a town as the army entered during its stay abroad.

And it was here that Thanksgiving overtook us, a day shrined so deep in American traditions and so sacred to fireside memories that, far more than the Fourth of July, it rouses every latent spark of loyalty in the heart, and fills every absentee with the most intense longings to be in the midst of his loved ones. How the pull of home was felt in every heart in the army in the days preceding the twenty-eighth of November! Those discipline-hardened men almost forgot that they were soldiers, and went about with long faces and eyes turned inward.

There was some talk about turkeys. The slogan: "A turkey-dinner for every man in the A. E. F." had been printed in the newspapers that straggled through to us, but the wise ones read it with a sardonic smile. They knew it was the same old story, that the army was short of transportation as usual, the ration-dumps were none too full of tinned "willie" and bacon, and that it was folly to talk of turkey. The freezers back in the S. O. S. might be filled with turkeys, but none would ever get to the front.

But after a day or two of doleful faces and hunched shoulders, heads might be seen together, plotting. Next, two marines were noticed in the privacy of a fence-corner, looting the feathers from the hide of a tough old rooster and later committing other atrocities upon the carcass, working with awkward hands but determined faces. The idea spread. Thanksgiving-dinner clubs were formed. "Shorty" Sproul and "Dollie" Anderson were reported to have paid sixty francs for a goose. Figure it up. That was around twelve dollars for the superannuated waddler on which eight young soldiers dulled their teeth and strained their imagination trying to fancy themselves sitting down with the folks at home about the traditional American bird. Other groups went stronger still.

The thrifty Luxemburgian farmers discovered that these American soldiers had developed a very great yearning for fowl, for veal, and for pork, and they profiteered outrageously. One mess paid one hundred francs for its goose—that is, twenty dollars roundly—while another turned to sucking pig, and again the consideration was one hundred francs, while still another group gave up one hundred marks, or twenty-five dollars, for their pig, as German exchange-rates still prevailed.

And so Thanksgiving day in all our camp was a day of feasting, a day of pretend, that, as to food, was a dismal failure, but as a manifestation of the earnest desire of these march-weary fighting men to have fellowship with the folks at home was glorious.

And all these days, it must be understood, were days of bitter toil imposed upon the army—for we were preparing to enter a foreign country. We must appear at our best. Not a buckle, not a strap on a harness must be misplaced when this two hundred thousand men moved over the line.



Now, our army had been campaigning for two solid months, fighting and crawling forward, fighting and crawling forward. Under such circumstances, equipment deteriorates or disappears, and both officers and men lose patience with the finer punctilios of discipline. A brigadier-general, sneaking from one dug-out to another, does not insist upon attention and salute from every buck private he passes toting ammunition, or dodging shrapnel, or holding fast to his job of the moment, whatever it may happen to be.

But now, without time for rest, without the opportunity for supplies to come up and make refitting possible, the army was being flung forward. It must refit as it marched and as the supplies overtook us, and it must reacquire the appearance of smartness and the habits of exacting discipline. To insure this, a cloud of inspectors from division and corps and army headquarters filled the road like stinging wasps. They studied the moving columns with microscopes; they marked every fault; they uttered harsh, rasping complaints to commanding officers, and then they wrote the complaints down and turned them in at night, so that, while tired men slept the sleep of innocent unawareness, some bivouacked in pup-tents in the open, and some snored in farmer's straw, the telephone-wires were busy with indictments coming down from one headquarters to another.

A major-general, conscious that his men were looking very well under the circumstances, would hear that his division was the eyesore of the American army, that the roads were full of stragglers, that wagons were dirty, packs not regulation, columns ragged and wabbling, camping-grounds poorly policed, and so on. The major-general would bark back in his wrath and then, turning, snarl at his chief of staff. That dignitary would snap at the brigade chiefs of staff. These, in due course, would fall upon the

regimental commanders, and they upon battalion commanders, who would pass the mustard on down till the last buck private in the rear rank had his corporal on his neck.

The air would be filled with the wildest rumors of the most unmilitary conduct. It was reported that a marine had actually been seen in Medernach with his overcoat unbuttoned and that a depraved and insubordinate Sixth Regiment mule had taken two bites of the bark of a tree in Useldingen. Especially was it alleged that the wagons and motor-trucks of the Fourth Brigade were mud-spotted and unseemly. As those vehicles had been struggling forward for ten days through mud from ankle- to knee-deep, there was a ground for suspecting that the charge might be true. Colonel Ellis, who managed to look always as dapper as a dude on Broadway, stepped out into the yard with the spick-and-spanness of his uniform, a shining rebuke to all untidiness, inspected the wagons, and decided that there were indeed traces of soil upon them. They must therefore be cleaned.

The movement of brigade headquarters was held up an hour while nice young soldiers who had the precious privilege of riding when others walked now disgustedly backed their wagons into streams or drew them up alongside of watering-troughs, found old rags just anywhere, and, dipping their hands in icy waters till they were red or blue with the chill of them, washed and washed, polished and manicured, till wagons and harness shone like the imperial carriages and their equipment as displayed in the glass cases at Versailles. And if the inspectors came round in the first hour of march, they noticed these clean vehicles and approved, but if they chanced along in the second hour, they found them mud-spattered and foul as before, and noted complaints in their bothersome little books again.

"Where the blankety blank blank were these inspectors when we were fighting?" General Neville, whose command was the Fifth and Sixth Marines of Belleau Wood and Champagne and Argonne fame, used to growl. "I never used to see them nearer than twenty miles of us then."

It was experiences like this which caused motor-cycle driver Van Amburgh, who has the D. C. S., to make the sage deduction, one morning, that "Peace is hell!" This remark has been much quoted since in the Army of Occupation.

But what emphasized this hellishness of peace during the halt in Luxemburg was that drill had been resumed. Yes, drill! These men who had fought for eight weeks on end, who had whipped the flower of the supposedly best army in the world, and sent it backward reeling, staggering and crying for relief, and who thereafter had been marched off their feet on the slippery roads of Belgium and Luxemburg, were now turned out to drill six hours a day. Six hours a day they marched and countermarched over the sometimes frozen, sometimes soaked and soggy, but always bleak, wind-swept, and marrow-chilling hills of Luxemburg, goaded thereto by the hoarsely bellowed orders of officers who were as weary as the files, yet under the necessity of trying to replace a parade-ground snap in men who had fought everything out of themselves but the will to win.



The good-humored sergeant had forgotten his orders about fraternization, or had abrogated them as far as the children were concerned, for he playfully elevated one of the munching urchins to his shoulder and paraded with him to and fro, to the obvious pride of the mother

And they all, from top to bottom, took it in good part, grumbling but philosophical, as willing to show the Hun that, though the American soldier did not pretend to be able to parade as well as he could fight, he could nevertheless make a grand-stand appearance upon occasion.

But besides this pardonable pride in desiring to put our best foot forward, it must be remembered that there was genuine necessity that the men should be up on their toes when they went into Germany, for throughout the whole army was a grave doubt as to how much good faith lay back of *boche* promises and protestations. It had learned that the *boche* was a treacherous foe, that, when he seemed most bland and harmless, then he was most apt to be preparing something especially devilish. But G. H. Q. was determined not to be led into ambush. Patrols, pickets, and outposts were upon the lookout for the slightest hint of treachery.

Especially was there concern as to what was going on within the German army itself, supposed to be retiring steadily from our front, rolling back as we rolled forward. Rumors of mutiny and rebellion drifted back, but with them also came hints that these rumors were lies meant to deceive us into a false feeling of security. H. Q. 2, which is the symbol for the Intelligence Department, worked indefatigably, seizing upon and interrogating every returned prisoner for facts about internal conditions in Germany, while any loquacious peasant whose eyes and ears had been busy when the Hun army was passing through was sure to be summoned to headquarters and searchingly examined as to how the army had appeared and what its officers and men had had to say.

The results of all these inquisitions were issued daily in mimeographed sheets to the various officers entitled to receive them, and it was astonishing how much information these bulletins contained. Yet the sum total of them all was insufficient to allay

that feeling of suspense and apprehension which kept the nerves tautened among us all. It took a travel-stained marine to do that, with one of those ludicrous escapades of the buck private which, so often in this war, have set the predictions of military wiseacres at naught, made generals to gasp, and half the world to chortle. Quite as usual, too, this important incident had a most commonplace beginning.

While we were still in Belgium, Captain Foster, of the Eighteenth Company, Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment of Marines, discovered that he had left his one and only perfectly good Sam Browne belt hanging on a peg in his billet in the town that was now half a day's march behind, and he despatched an orderly to get it. This orderly's name, as I recall it, was Tucker. Anyway, we will call him that; and it was remembered afterward that he was a man with a faculty for blundering into absurdities that became important.

For the orderly, the correct execution of his present assignment was no more than the matter of snatching a ride toward the rear on a motor-truck, seizing the belt from its peg, and connecting with some form of transportation moving in the reverse direction. He should have rejoined his command soon after nightfall, but taps sounded without the orderly. Captain Foster's company moved next morning as usual, and for two succeeding days thereafter, finally settling down at a small village in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg for the halt of eight days already referred to.

Meantime, the captain had listed his Sam Browne as a casualty, and one certain orderly was down on the company records as A. W. O. L. It was toward the end of the week that H. Q. 2 turned up the exciting fact that an American marine had been in Germany, traveling about, even to the Rhine, being received everywhere as an honored guest, and finally, after concluding an extensive trip in the enemy's country, had casually returned to his own army. The afternoon of this same day, Tucker appeared to his captain, somewhat breathless and confused, but saluting and presenting one much-traveled Sam Browne belt. He did not appear to feel particularly proud of himself, and it required considerable cross-examination to elicit the details of his exploit, which transpired to be as follows:

When he reached the little Belgian town, the belt had been souvenired, and it took him a day to locate it, so that when he returned to the place where he should have found his company, it was no longer there, and the inhabitants assured him it had departed for Luxemburg. Failing to distinguish between the city and the duchy, Tucker had immediately taken train for the former place. Luxemburg was a large city, full at the time of American troops, of excitement, of rumors, and of misinformation. The anxious marine was told that the Second Division might have been there, but certainly was not there now, and had most likely gone on to Coblenz. Tucker, being a marine and the kind of man who does what he starts out to do, doggedly took train for Treves, a large city in Germany, where he appeared in full equipment, the first American soldier the Teutonic populace had ever seen, and announced his desire to go to Coblenz.

The guards about the railway station received him with as much deference as if he had been a four-star general with an army at his back. They supplied him with the best food the lunch-counter afforded, and directed him to his train for Coblenz. No fare was demanded of him. It appeared that an American soldier in an American uniform with an American rifle in his hand at the time was conceded to have an annual pass on the railroads of Germany. They placed him in a first-class carriage; Tucker disposed his tired feet upon the cushions, smoked a cigarette, and breezed coolly into Coblenz, where he was probably one hundred kilometers from the border and from the nearest outpost of his own army. Literally, he was alone in the midst of Germany. But here, also, the man who was wrapped in the talismanic khaki of the United States needed no divisions to protect him.

Some officer, whether a high-non-com or a low-commissioned officer Tucker could not make out, but some officer took him in his especial charge, listened to his story, assured him that the American army had not yet entered Germany, and intimated delicately that it was therefore his duty to withdraw. But this officer also suggested that it would be a pleasure to extend to so distinguished a guest the hospitality of the fine city of Coblenz. Tucker, nothing loath, behaved quite as if he were the original of that marine of whom Kipling had sung:

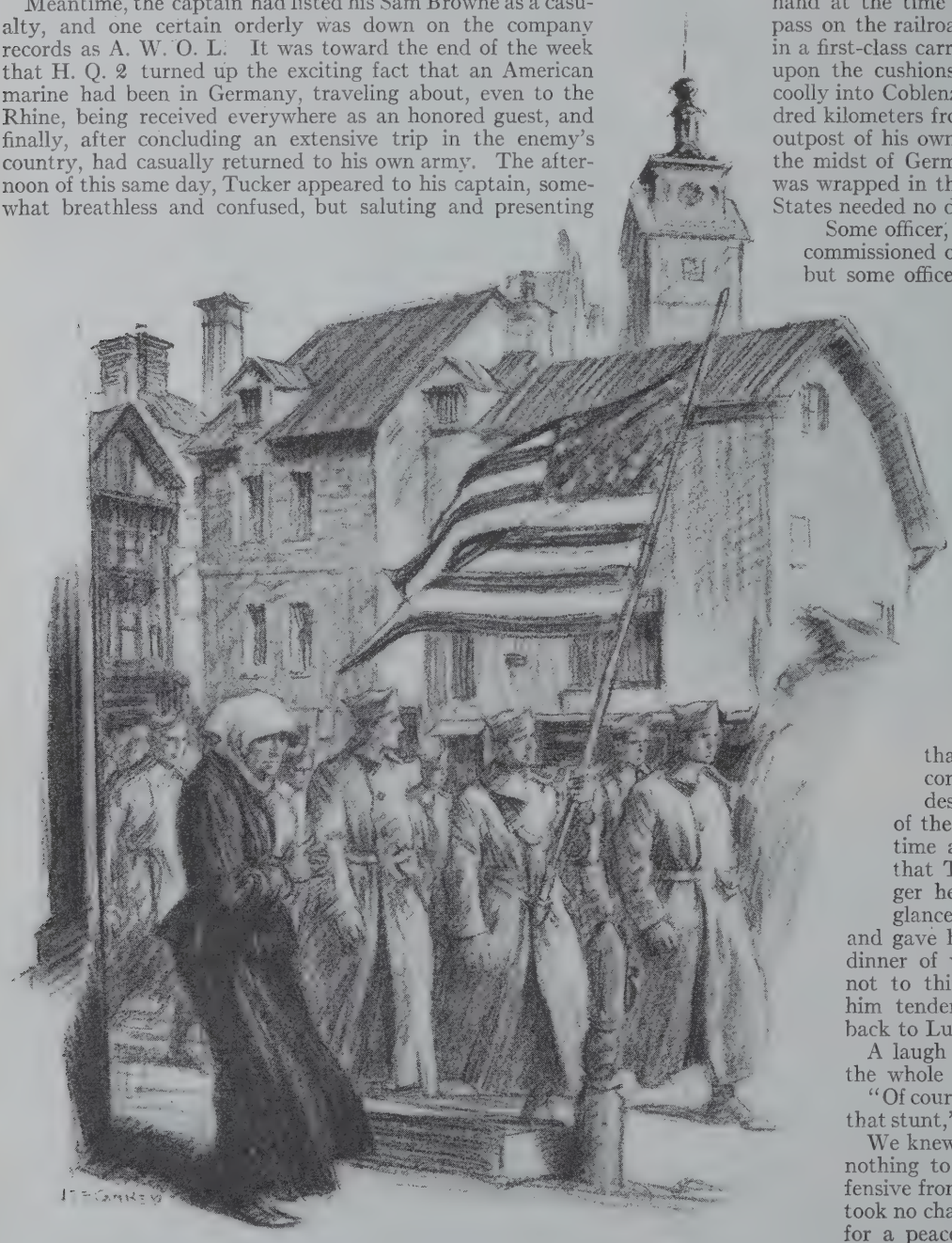
> You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead to paddle is own canoe.

He accepted the invitation and allowed himself to be paraded about the town. He saw the streets decorated as for a victory; he heard that the revolution was on, that the common people were in control, and, despite machine guns at the corners of the streets, he saw that it was at that time a city of peace. And everywhere that Tucker went the most serious danger he encountered was from stabbing glances. His host took him to a hotel and gave him the best dinner to be had—a dinner of which, however, Tucker professed not to think much—and then they placed him tenderly in his carriage and sent him back to Luxemburg.

A laugh and a sigh of relief ran through the whole army as it heard Tucker's story.

"Of course it would be a marine that pulled that stunt," chuckled General Neville proudly.

We knew from that moment that there was nothing to apprehend in the way of an offensive from Germany; nevertheless, the army took no chances. It did not move forward as for a peaceful march, but advanced in the order of preparation for instant battle. Naturally, there was the greatest eagerness to see



The demeanor of the people as a whole was rather perplexing. There was an occasional look of hatred



There were furtive, frightened faces that marked my every coming and going with the greatest trepidation

what the German demeanor would be, and the first thing noticeable was that curiosity had triumphed over pride. The populace of the invaded districts turned out to receive us. The day was Sunday. The people therefore were in their best, and their best looked very good. The children were fat, and some of them rosy-cheeked. If any in these country districts were undernourished or underclothed, I could not discern it from their appearance as we rolled slowly by. Numbers of men were in the group gathered at every crossroads and at the entrance to the villages—men who had the look of recently discharged soldiers. This was revealed by their bearing, by the fact that so many of them were obviously of military age, and that now and then one still wore his army cap or boots or some other vestige of his uniform. Occasionally, too, one betrayed himself laughably by the first movement of an involuntary salute when an officer happened upon him abruptly, especially if this officer were of high rank.

The demeanor of the people as a whole was rather perplexing. There was an occasional look of hatred, an occasional proud face that screened itself behind a curtain and peered out with malice in the hard eyes; but in the main the universal expression was one of bland, salvy irresponsibility that was maddening.

"No fraternization—absolutely none," was the order that had gone out; but it was hardly necessary. The American soldier was grimly determined that he did not wish to fraternize. These men here who stood brazenly by, camouflaged in mufti, were the men who had potted his comrades from trees, who had mowed them down with machine guns, who had deluged them with gas, who had fought and sneaked away leaving all manner of cowardly death-traps behind them, who had nailed kittens to trees in such fashion that, when the humane American soldier went to rescue them, he was inhumanely blown to atoms for his kindness of heart—these were the men, these were the wives and the daughters and the children of those who had robbed and murdered and devastated, heaping atrocity upon atrocity, outrage upon outrage, inhumanity upon inhumanity in the name of war; and now they stood mute and meek, presuming upon the chivalrous spirit of the invader to protect them from the fate they had inflicted with impunity upon others.

So the American soldier did not want to fraternize with these people—but alas for his intent! The amiable, honest-hearted, non-malice-holding American! That very first night, in the German town of Neuburg, I saw the populace gathering in curiosity round the brigade ration-dump. At an open spot in the public square the great camions were backing up, and out from their cavernous depths came tumbling burlap-covered quarters of frozen beef, sacks of potatoes, boxes of canned goods, and Himalayas of white bread. Around this peak of bread, piled up against the side of a building to await the call of the regimental ration-wagons, a crowd of women and children gathered inquisitively, whereupon a huge commissary-sergeant seized a loaf, broke it in pieces, and passed them to the eager children, who eyed the substance and ate it like cake, yielding up bits to their elders for inspection and sampling.

In another moment, the good-humored sergeant had forgotten his orders about fraternization, or had abrogated them as far as the children were concerned, for he playfully elevated one of the munching urchins to his shoulder and paraded with him to and fro, to the obvious pride of the mother and with smiles and chatter from the other women. After this game had gone on for a minute or so, another soldier sidled up and touched the big sergeant on the shoulder.

"Say, Jim?" he inquired. "Know what they're saying—these kids?"

"Nup," admitted Jim; "I don't get this gol-darn stuff at all."

"Why," explained the other, "they're saying: 'It's all right. Germany's beaten now, but wait twenty, or fifty years maybe, and Germany will come back again and do to America what she did to Belgium.'"

"No!" exclaimed the sergeant, with a gasp of incredulity and a look of horror in his eyes; but he put the child down as if it had been a baby viper, and he frowned the whole group away from his bread-dump.

That night there was talk between two of the general's aides who prattled German freely and their hosts, the burgomaster of the town and his wife. They were a cultured young couple, and the man was a graduate of three universities. They told with seeming frankness of their experiences and of their opinions. They told how the scarcity of certain foods had pinched them. To prove how they had suffered, the wife exhibited pre-war photographs of the husband, fat and sleek-looking, and bade them regard him now, pale, clothes hanging loosely, features wearing an expression of chronic dejection.

They confessed amazement at the mildness of the Americans. They marveled that the general had been content with a small bedchamber on the third floor. They had expected him to cast them out of their almost luxurious apartments on the second, as the German general had done before him. (*Continued on page 128*)



"Wot's this?" the yegg roared, stepping out and holding up a bleeding fist to Spalding

The Petermen *of* Providence

By Henry Leverage

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

IT was raining in Providence when Spalding took the high ground of the M. T. & K. tracks for a twelve-mile walk to a junction where a train could be taken for parts unknown without leaving a clue for the powers that ruled or a scent for human blood-hounds whom, he had certain reasons to believe, would be unleashed on his trail.

He had been thoughtful enough to burn in his grate at home a collection of pamphlets dealing with California and the Golden West, where he was not going. Their ashes could be read by a correspondence-school sleuth. Also, his actions in checking a suitcase for Denver and taking the limited for the same city were within the possibility of discovery. The clue was snapped, however, outside the yard-limits, where he swung from the smoker and circled the town, facing the east and all that it might hold for a fugitive and a fool.

The spruce ties on the M. T. & K. Railroad are mathematically spaced to encourage the passenger revenue or to develop a lock-step. Spalding could span two by running, and this is what he would have done had not his wind been severely tested by the detour he had made round the town of Providence.

The rain thinned to a drizzle, to a mist, then came down in showers from a blanketed cloud that obscured the moon, and rolled on and on from out the east in endless billows of discomfort. Spalding shivered, and turned and glanced back over his shoulders, then smiled bitterly. The jig was up, and he cared more than his heart would allow him to admit.

She—he plunged onward at the thought—she would know in the morning. They would gather up the threads of his other life and learn of the other women he didn't care a rain-drop for, and throw them all at her—the wife—in the manner of people in small towns. The kid would grow up and forget his father until the reminder came. The kid! Spalding's eyes filled. He paused, half turned, then went on, head down, cursing a sentiment which had already begun to take root and grow.

A mile-post shone white ahead, where the shining rails lifted out of the low fog. He stumbled over one of the M. T. & K. ties and rolled down an ash-and-cinder embankment that showered after him with friendly clamm ness. He rose and retrieved his hat, a drew one foot out of the mud and the wat that stretched for all the world like an ocea behind him. At a sound, he glanced up a stiffened to rigidity. A hand-car on wheels of velvet glid above and stopped. Three faces peered down on him—har straight-browed faces that chilled along his spine as ice.

"The glim wuz 'ere," one rasped. "It's him. I seed him duck

"It's him," husked another. "They're always duckin'—cur the game! A jug to-night an' another to-morrow. Soup, dinn and nitro. I've got a headache mixin' th' stuff, an' nothin' b stickers an' white money. Call this new guy. Wot's th' office

"The First National," laughed a third. "Come up, bo! We' Canada Mack's friends out of Chi. He said Mile-post Fifty-si an' here we is."

Spalding smiled wearily. Three detectives, on a hand-ca posing as bank-burglars, was a ghastly joke for a getawa There was no possible escape. He climbed the embankment a stood facing them. He lighted a cigarette with fingers of ste He held out the tiny flame to each face in succession, and th blew the match out, and said, in the same exaltation:

"Here I am, boys! I'm ready to go."

"Right-o! Come on!" shouted the largest and the leader the trio. "It'll be crackin' dawn in two hours, an' there plenty to do. Jump on the car, bo! Now, boys; all together up an' down, down an' up. Watch the tools, Pete."

Spalding found himself lifted to the car, and soon they we flying down the track toward Providence. He lighted a secon cigarette, shielding the match with his cap and thinking deepl He could leap, and be deep in the gloom before they could sto He half braced himself for the attempt when his foot touched metallic object. He bent and peered down between the flyi handles, and saw an assortment of tools varied and powerf enough to rip the armor from a battle-cruiser—drills and brace a plate with a slot and set screws, a Brobdingnagian "ca opener" with an assortment of handles, a box swaddled in cotto waste with protruding fuses, a rude bundle of tapered a graduated wedges, a half-score of sectional jimmies.

His breath sucked through dry, parched lips. He turned and crutinized the faces about and around him with awakened inter-st. They were as hard and as scarred as the bunch of burglari-us tools at their feet. A thrill and a warmth crept through im. He turned with a lifting hope and gulped the cool night air s a draft of nectar.

"Perhaps—who knows?" he said to himself. "Stranger things ave happened, but never before to me."

"Give us th' office, bo," husked the leader in his ear; "the hortest cut to the jug. Yon's th' semaphore, an' th' station's his side, ain't it?"

Spalding nodded slowly, his head in a whirl. He recalled a iding at the yard-limits. He thrust out his hand as they rattled ver the first switch. The hand-car coasted, lost momentum, nd then came to a grinding stop.

"All out!" shouted the leader of the trio. "Get 'er off th' rack. This burg is dead, boys. Pick up your tools an' we'll ollow Mack's friend. He knows th' road—or he ought to."

Big Scar, Alibi Pete, and Glycerin Jimmy, as they were known in the underworld and to the police of a score of cities, eaped to the ground and lifted the car bodily from the M. T. & K. ails and set it in a clearing by a switch-shack. Canada Mack ad long planned the bank-job, and had promised the trio a eader sufficiently stocked with information and knowledge of he situation to insure success. All the arrangements had been made by mail with Canada Mack, and Spalding came up to the trio's expectations. He brought to mind a type of box-man who carries his tools in a golf-bag, who talks little, and who is usually in the habit of working alone. The Providence job, Mack had explained, was beyond one man and "mob-work," and the lone star would be waiting at Mile-post Fifty-six for reenforcements and tools.

The First National Bank of Providence stands with its Corinthian front in the heart of a rural business and farming section. At the rear looms a low shed, where country patrons hitch their horses while their notes are shaved in the changing-temple of Mammon. Thither Spalding led the trio as unerringly as an Apache to a bottle. The tools were spread on the straw without sound. Big Scar peered out and husked:

"Now, bo; give us the lay. Mack writes it's a tough kiester, but that th' rest is some cheese. Where's th' watchman?"

"Up-stairs," lipped Spalding, his teeth clicking from doubt and fear.

"Wot?"

"Sure," whispered Spalding. "I told Mack—Canada Mack. Also, if you want to know, the third window from here in the back isn't wired. You can climb in that way. The others are; so look out. There's a stair there, and it leads to the janitor's room. Don't kill him; he's got a family down South somewhere."

"Cut it, kid," growled Big Scar. "Can th' soft stuff. Th' trouble wid youse kid-glove kids is culture. What we wants is th' information—th' layout. Give us facts; we'll do th' rest—we lives on facts an' information."

Spalding stuttered as he unfolded a maze of details—details only one long on the job could supply. Big Scar nodded now and then in appreciation, his face growing livid from pent excitement. Spalding wound up by pulling from an inner pocket the cashier's twenty-sixth annual statement, showing that there ought to be eighty-five thousand, seven hundred-odd dollars in the vault of the First National Bank of Providence at that very moment.

"That'll do," barked Big Scar. "That's enough for us to winter with an' buy th' missus some coal. Now, James, up you go—th' third window, mind. Sap th' Hoosier watchman, an' sit on his chest an' stay there. Mind you—stay there. Whistle when you got him sapped, an' we'll follow."

"Ain't yer a-goin' to post a lighthouse?" inquired the yegg, drawing a gun and eying the third window homicidally.

"Naw," growled Big Scar; "this burg's dead. We could take th' jail an' th' town hall an' th' fire department, an' nobody would rumble on a night like this."

A half-hour later, the orbed moon broke through the clouds and peered through the First National's windows and hid her face for shame. The great double door of the vault had been ripped apart from hinge to dial under the combined assaults of two vultures who had finished the meat and were picking the skeleton clean with sectional jimmies. Big Scar paused as the way stood clear and wiped the powdered fireproofing from his sweltering brow.

"Th' bigger they are," he explained to Spalding, "th' easier they fall."

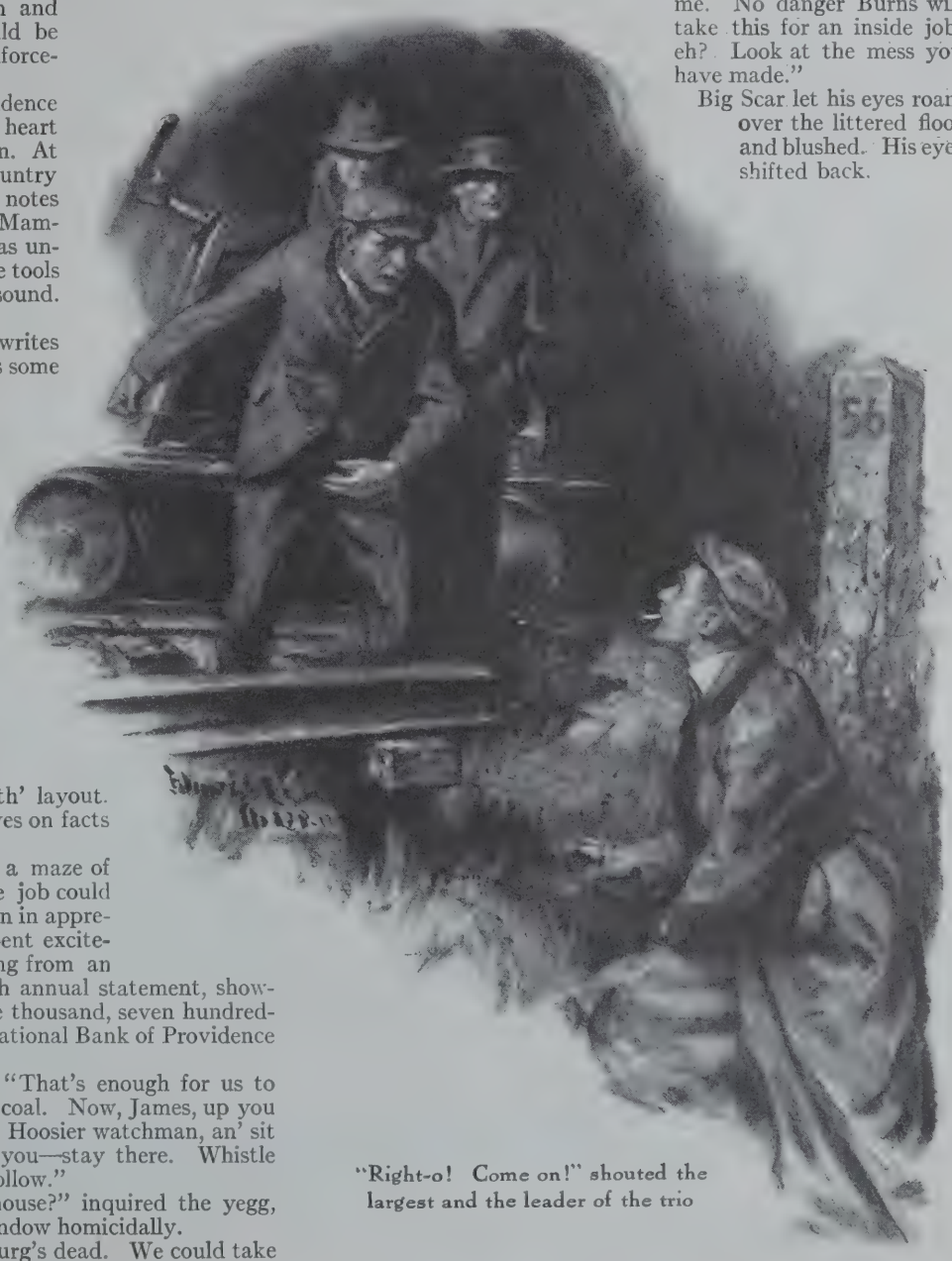
With this aphorism, he dived into the interior, and Spalding watched, holding himself together with difficulty.

"Wot's this?" the yegg roared, stepping out and holding up a bleeding fist to Spalding. "Wot's this, I'd like to know? Say, Pete—it's a cannon-ball—a double-dial, gun-breeched cannon-ball wot can't be opened—wot's never been opened. We're done for. I thought it wuz a box-kiester."

Alibi Pete let out a wail that could be heard to the stars. He glared at Spalding homicidally. Glycerin Jimmy incautiously left the trussed watchman and peered over the head of the stairs to add his clenched fist to the collection.

"Easy, men," said Spalding. "I'd 'a' told you, but I thought that you would quit on me—and Canada Mack. I'll open the kiester. What do you think that Mack sent me for, anyhow? I've opened more boxes than any one of you. See that soft plug in the big door?" Spalding's finger was accusing. "Why didn't you drill there? I let you do all that work, because you amused me. No danger Burns will take this for an inside job, eh? Look at the mess you have made."

Big Scar let his eyes roam over the littered floor and blushed. His eyes shifted back.



"Right-o! Come on!" shouted the largest and the leader of the trio

"Go on, kid," he snarled; "open that kiester—that cannon-ball—an' you kin have my end of the swag. It can't be done. There ain't no way to get in th' soup."

"If it's a Lion I can," answered Spalding. "I can open a Lion or a Monarch every morning for breakfast."

"It's a Lion," snarled the yegg, "a double-dial, triple-lever, screw-locked Lion wid its jaw tight shut."

"Out of the way, please!" said Spalding, taking off his coat. "When I give you the word, pass in some liquid dynamite and a detonator—about a cupful."

Big Scar glared at his two companions, then wilted over an apron-plate that was designed to pull a spindle from a safe like a radish from a truck garden. Spalding had already entered the vault as the big yegg husked,

"Pete, serve the gentleman a cup of soup and a string; he's going to blast."

"He sure is!" exclaimed Pete, in derision.

Again the moon peered from the clouds and shone through the windows of the First National Bank of Providence. A man worked over a circular door and its combination—the riddle of the underworld and the despair of all box-men. When he had finished, a thin line of oil rimmed a junction no wedge could have entered. A fuse sputtered on a hinge, with its cap over the suture. Spalding backed out, and the detonation and the roar that followed would have lifted the lid from Cotopaxi. The door shot through the plate-glass window, to catapult across the street and penetrate a brick wall, and kept on going. Spalding staggered through the acrid mist to the window at the rear of the bank office. He saw Big Scar and Alibi Pete crawl over a tool-littered floor with sacks in their teeth, for all the world like bull-dogs after their prey. They pounced into the smoking vault. Spalding marked the scene of destruction and desolation, and then, after lighting a cigarette, smiled enigmatically. Afterward, he threw one leg over the window-sill and dropped to the ground.

A little later, the trio joined him at the shed, ducking from out the rain. They all waited, counting the minutes. Five passed, ten; Providence slept on, wrapped in blissful ignorance of the events of the night.

"Well," laughed Big Scar, replacing his gun, "they won't hear Gabriel's horn, either. This here's some burg."

"The finest on the line," said Spalding, with pride. "I happen to live here."

"S—o!" gasped Big Scar, regarding Spalding curiously. "So you live here? Then it's no wonder Canada Mack picked you out for the job. An' you're th' only heavy man that ever took a cannon-ball to my knowledge. Put it here!"

They shook hands, and Spalding winced in a grip that was meant to be friendly.

He led the way through the sleeping town, toward the outskirts and the waiting hand-car. Then he paused, placed his finger up to his lips for silence, and led them down through a wet, grassy lane that brought up to a vine-clad cottage in the heart of some dripping poplars and elms. They circled the cottage in Indian file. Spalding drew out a key and opened a kitchen door. He motioned for silence as he tiptoed, followed by the trio, into a cozy dining-room. They found chairs around a damasked table, where he set out a bottle and glasses, after thrusting into his pocket a sealed and addressed envelop he had taken from the centerpiece.

"Here's to success!" he said, holding out a glass.

"To crime!" chimed in the yeggs, smacking their lips and reaching in unison for the bottle.

Big Scar, after a cautious glance around, stood up and dumped on the table-cloth a bundle of burned and scorched notes from a bag he had carried. Alibi Pete added a mound of gold and silver. The count began with Glycerin Jimmy keeping tab on the white damask with the stub of a badly bitten pencil. The last coin clinked.

"Eleven thousand, five hundred an' seventy-one, an' a plugged quarter," announced the yegg. "Eleven! I thought it was more."

"Seventy-odd thousand short," husked Big Scar sadly. "We got all there wuz, men; you kin frisk me. Them National Bank reports is like jewel-robberies—exaggerated— Wot wuz that?"

The three yeggs turned as one and glared down a hallway. Alert as three quick cats, each drew a gun. A woman had called from the head of the stairway. They all had heard one word:

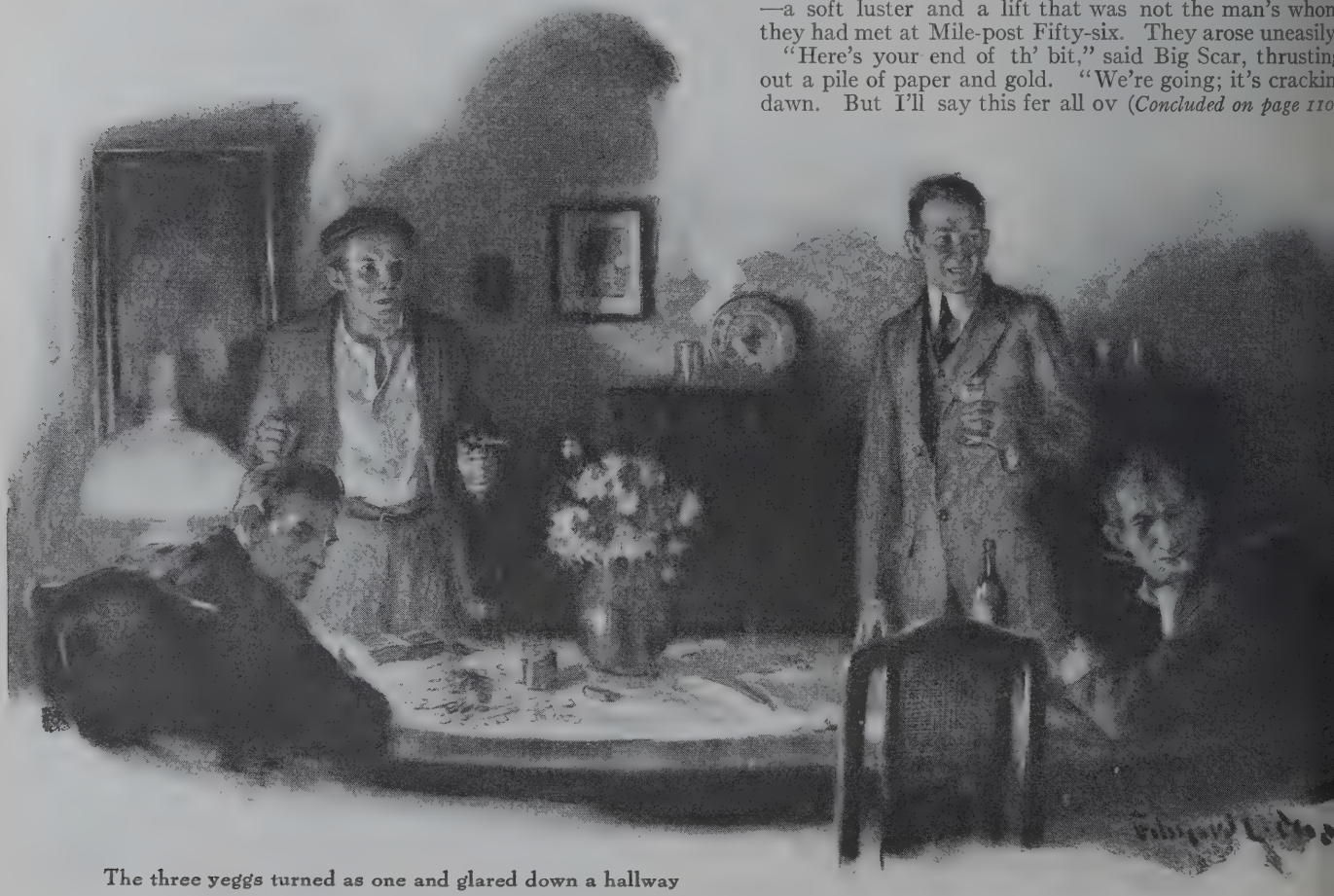
"Paul!"

"Yes, May," Spalding had answered, with a gesture to the trio for silence; "yes, May—what is it?"

"Is it you? I thought you—" They hung on her words. "Oh, I had such a dream! Come to me, Paul. Come up to me. Don't go away. It's almost morning."

Spalding turned and motioned for them to remain. The three saw him disappear through the portières. When he returned there was a light in his eyes that they did not understand—a soft luster and a lift that was not the man's whom they had met at Mile-post Fifty-six. They arose uneasily.

"Here's your end of th' bit," said Big Scar, thrusting out a pile of paper and gold. "We're going; it's crackin' dawn. But I'll say this fer all ov (*Concluded on page 110*)



The three yeggs turned as one and glared down a hallway



The Return of Bessie McCoy

BESSIE M'COY DAVIS received a welcome on her return to the professional stage that attests the public's affectionate remembrance of the supreme grace and exquisite dancing of the Yama-Yama Girl. She is now the chief luminary of the New York Danse de Follies' twin entertainments, the "Nine o'Clock Revue" and the "Midnight Frolic."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



Tillie of the Mennonites

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEISLER & ANDREWS

PATRICIA COLLINGE, beloved of theatergoers for her Pollyanna, which she played the country over for three years, has been promoted to stardom in "Tillie," a comedy depicting the quaint life of the Pennsylvania Mennonites. Miss Collinge, who comes from Dublin, has acquired a special renown through her portrayal of character rôles.

A Goddess of the Goths



EVELYN GOSNELL, with her youth and blond beauty, seems an incarnation of Freya, the adored goddess of her Norse ancestors. She was born in Sweden, but came as a wee girl to this country. On the stage only since last June, she has now been assigned an important part in a successful farce, "Up in Mabel's Room."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



A Midnight Whirler

ARLINE CHASE has found in the "Midnight Whirl," the diverting after-theater revue at the Century Grove, New York, a better opportunity for the display of her Terpsichorean abilities than came to her in the musical comedies where her remarkably graceful dancing created a genuine sensation and brought predictions of a brilliant future.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Saint's Progress

By John Galsworthy

Author of "Beyond," etc.

Illustrated by Fanny Munsell

EDWARD PIERSON is the vicar of a London parish and an ardent music-lover. He is a widower with two daughters —Gratian, twenty, who has recently married George Laird, an army doctor, and is herself now a nurse; and Noel (Nollie), an affectionate, high-spirited, impulsive girl nearly eighteen.

In July, 1916, Noel and her father visited Pierson's brother, Robert, and his wife, Thirza, at their home, Kestrel, in Monmouthshire. Here Noel meets a young officer, Cyril Morland, and they fall deeply in love. Morland urges an immediate marriage, but Pierson refuses his consent on the grounds of Noel's youth and the short acquaintance. Morland is summoned to join his regiment, and Noel, with the sole thought of making him hers forever, gives herself to him.

Returning to London, Noel, to fit herself to be a nurse, enters a hospital where Pierson's cousin, Mrs. Lynch (Leila), is in charge of two wards. Leila has had two husbands and a somewhat adventurous career, and just now she is the mistress of Jimmy Fort, an army captain whom she first met in South Africa. Fort is incapacitated for service and employed in the War Office. He takes a great liking to Noel, and Leila is much disturbed thereat.

Noel is happy in her work at the hospital until news comes that Morland had been killed in France. She now knows that she is going to have a child, and to her grief is added anxiety for what the future holds. She confides in Leila and Gratian and Doctor Laird. Leila endeavors to cheer her up, and tells her that she must not get into a morbid state of mind over the situation. Laird is most sympathetic and promises to do all in his power to help her.

When Pierson learns of Noel's condition, he is completely stunned and reproaches himself with failure in his duty toward his motherless child. But the girl defends her action, takes all the blame upon herself, and refuses any pity or sympathy. She goes down to Kestrel and there in the early spring a son is born to her.

Her uncle offers to adopt the child, but she refuses, and goes back to her father, who approves her resolution. She soon encounters Opinion, for she openly acknowledges her motherhood. The results are what might be expected. Meanwhile, Captain Fort, filled with pity, offers any service in his power, for he knows that he is in love with her.

Noel now realizes that her return home was a mistake. She sends the baby and nurse to her aunt's and goes to Leila's, to remain until she can decide what to do. Her father follows her there and after an interview, decides to give up his parish, although Noel begs him not to. Leila has not yet returned from the hospital. Noel is alone after her father leaves—and presently Fort comes in. Leila finds them together. They have been drinking some of her champagne. Noel sees that Leila is deeply resentful of her presence and leaves immediately. She spends the night at a railway station and takes the earliest train for Dover, where Doctor Laird is stationed. He decides she had better stay there, and takes her to the place where he is stopping. Gratian will come later. They will then take a house, and Noel can have her baby. She believes that, under this arrangement, her father will not resign his parish, but Laird thinks otherwise. He is right. Pierson is determined to go. Too much resentment of his course in harboring his daughter has developed in his flock. He will leave London and seek a chaplaincy in the army.

His one anxiety in leaving is for Noel. He fears that Fort will want to marry her, to which he is much opposed, on account of the captain's relations with Leila.



Fanny Munsell

Pierson came slowly up to him. "In my view," he said, "you are as bound to Leila as if you were married to her"

XII

1

WHEN Noel fled, Fort had started forward to stop her; then, realizing that with his lameness he could never catch her, he went back and entered Leila's bedroom.

She had taken off her dress, and was standing in front of her glass, with the cigarette still in her mouth; and the only movement was the curling of its blue smoke. He could see her face reflected, wide-eyed, pale, with a little spot of red in each cheek, and burning red ears. She had not seemed to hear him coming in, but he saw her eyes change when they caught his reflection in the mirror. From lost and blank, they became alive and smoldering.

"Noel's gone," he said.

She answered, as if to his reflection in the glass:

"And you haven't gone, too? Ah, no! Of course—your leg! She fled, I suppose? It was rather a jar, my coming-in, I'm afraid."

"No; it was *my* coming-in that was the jar."

Leila turned round.

"Jimmy, I wonder you could discuss me. The rest—" She shrugged her shoulders. "But that——"

"I was not discussing you. I merely said you were not to be envied for having me. Are you?"

The moment he had spoken, he was sorry. The anger in her eyes changed instantly, first to searching, then to misery. She cried out:

"I *was* to be envied! Oh, Jimmy, I *was!*" And flung herself face down on the bed.

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Through Fort's mind went the thought: "Atrocious!" How could he soothe—make her feel—what? That he loved her, when he didn't; that he wanted her, when he wanted Noel. That he was her true and loving servant, when she knew that he was not. Atrocious! He went up to the bedside, touched her timidly, and murmured:

"Leila, what is it? You're overtired. What's the matter, dear? I couldn't help the child's being here. Why do you let it upset you? She's gone. It's nothing. It's all right. Things are just as they were."

"Yes," came the strangled echo; "just!"

He knelt down and stroked her arm. It shivered under the touch, seemed to stop shivering and wait for the next touch, as if hoping it might be warmer, shivered again.

"Look at me!" he said. "What do you want? I'm ready to do anything."

She turned and drew herself up on the bed, screwing herself back against the pillow, as if for support.

"My dear Jimmy," she said, "I want you to do nothing but get me another cigarette. At my age, one expects no more than one gets." She held out her thumb and finger. "Do you mind?"

Fort turned away to get the cigarette. With what bitter restraint and curious little smile she had said that! But no sooner was he out of the room and hunting blindly for the cigarettes, whose position he knew perfectly well, than his mind was filled with an aching concern for Noel, fleeing like that, reckless and hurt, with nowhere to go. He found the little polished golden-birchwood box which held the cigarettes, and, going back, made a desperate effort to dismiss the image of the girl before he again reached Leila. She was sitting there, with her arms crossed, in the stillness of one whose every nerve and fiber is stretched taut.

"Have one yourself," she said. "The pipe of peace."

Fort lighted the cigarettes and sat down on the edge of the bed, and his mind at once went back to Noel.

"Yes," she said suddenly; "I wonder where she's gone. Can you see her? She might do something reckless a second time. Poor Jimmy! It would be a pity. And so that monk's been here and drunk champagne." And she laughed. "Good idea! Get me some, Jimmy."

Again Fort went, and with him the image of the girl. When he came back the second time, she had put on that dark-silk garment in which she had appeared suddenly radiant the fatal night after the Queen's Hall concert. She took the wine-glass, and passed him, going into the sitting-room.

"Come and sit down," she said. "Is your leg hurting you?"

"Not more than usual." And he sat down beside her.

"Won't you have some? '*In vino veritas*,' my friend."

He shook his head, and, taking her hand, said humbly,

"I admire you, Leila."

"That's lucky! I don't know anyone else who would." And she drank her champagne at a draft. "Don't you wish," she said suddenly, "that I had been one of those wonderful 'new women,' all brain and good works. How I should have talked the universe up and down, and the war, and causes, Jimmy, drinking tea, and never boring you to try to love me! What a pity!"

But to Fort there had come Noel's words: "It's awfully funny, isn't it?"

"Leila," he said suddenly, "something's got to be done. So long as you don't wish me to, I'll promise never to see that child again."

"My dear boy, she's not a child. She's ripe for love; and—I'm too ripe for love. That's what's the matter, and I've got to lump it."

She wrenched her hand out of his, and, dropping the empty glass, covered her face. The awful sensation which visits the true Englishman when a scene stares him in the face spun in Fort's brain. So far as a man *can* understand that moment in a woman's life when she accepts the defeat of youth and beauty, he understood perhaps; but it was only a glimmering. He understood much better how she was recognizing, once for all, that she loved where she was not loved.

"And I can't help that," he thought dumbly; "I simply can't help that." Nothing he could say or do would alter it. No words can convince a woman when kisses have lost reality. Then, to his infinite relief, she took her hands from her face and said:

"This is very dull. I think you'd better go, Jimmy."

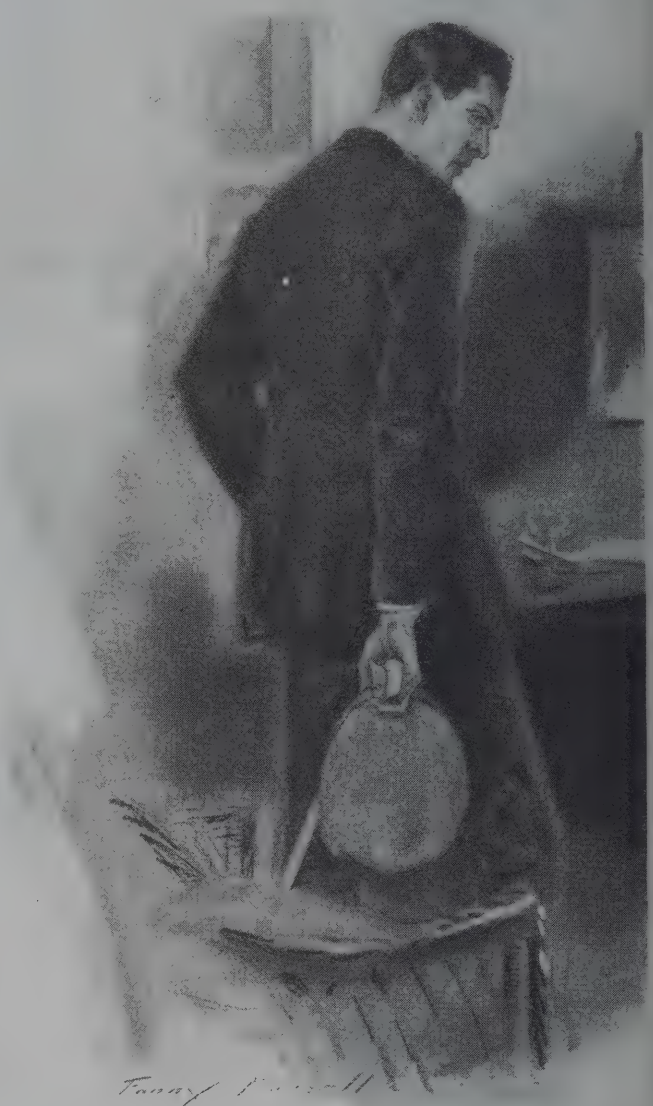
He made an effort to speak, but was too afraid of falsity in his voice.

"Very nearly a scene," said Leila. "My God! How men hate them! Quite right; so do I. I've had too many of them in my time; nothing comes of them but a headache next morning. I've spared you that, Jimmy. Give me a kiss for it."

He bent down and put his lips to hers. With all his heart he tried to answer the passion in her kiss. She pushed him away suddenly and said faintly,

"Thank you; you did try."

Fort dashed his hand across his eyes. The sight of her face just then moved him horribly—horribly. What a disgusting



In opening the door, he caught sight of her had a frightened look. They went

brute he felt! He took her limp hand, put it to his lips, and murmured:

"I shall come in to-morrow. We'll go to the theater—shall we? Good-night, Leila. Bless you!"

But, in opening the door, he caught sight of her face staring at him, evidently waiting for him to turn; the eyes had a frightened look. They went suddenly soft, so soft as to give his heart a squeeze.

She lifted her hand, blew him a kiss, and he saw her smiling. Without knowing what his own lips answered, he went out. Atrocious! Once in the moonlight, he could not make up his mind to go away, but, crossing to the railings, stood leaning against them, looking up at her windows. She had been very good to him. He felt like a man who has won at cards and sneaked away without giving the loser his revenge. If only she hadn't loved him; if only it had been a soulless companionship, a quite sordid business! Anything rather than this! What was he, that she, who had loved at least two other men in her time, should be so wretched because he couldn't love her? English to the back-bone, he could not divest himself of a sense of guilt. To have let it begin at all—and now that it had come to this, to see no way of making up to her, of straightening it out, made

him feel intensely mean. "Shall I go up again?" he thought. For a moment, he seemed to see the window-curtain move. Then the shreds of light up there vanished. "She's gone to bed," he thought. "I should only upset her worse. Where is Noel now, I wonder? I shall never see *her* again, I suppose."

And painfully, for his leg was hurting him, he walked away.



face staring at him, evidently waiting for him to turn; the eyes suddenly soft, so soft as to give his heart a squeeze

2

Leila was only too well aware of a truth that feelings are no less real, poignant, and important when one is outside the ring-fence of morality than when one is within. Her feelings were, indeed, probably even more real and poignant, just as a wild fruit has a sharper taste than that of the tame product. Opinion —she knew—would say that, having wilfully chosen a position outside morality, she had not half the case for broken-heartedness she would have had if Fort had been her husband. Opinion would say she had no claim on him, none at all; indeed, that the sooner an illegal tie was broken the better. And yet she felt fully as wretched as if she had been married. And, of course, she had not wanted to be outside morality; she had never in her life wanted to be that. She was like those folk who, by good and constant confession, can shed their sins and start again with a clear conscience. She had never meant to sin, merely to love, and when she was in love, the thing was so important to her that nothing else mattered for the moment. But if she was a gambler, she had so far always paid up. Only, this time the stakes for which she had played were the heaviest a woman can put down, or, rather, that time and fate can put down for her. It was her last throw, and she knew it. So long as a woman believed in her attraction, there was hope, even when the curtain fell on a love-affair; but that lamp of belief had suddenly gone out. When this next curtain dropped, she felt that she must sit in the dark until old age had made her like unto Gallio. And between forty-four and real old age a gulf is fixed.

There was another element at least as poignant and bewildering in her present situation. This was the first time a man had tired of her before she was ready for it. Why, he had been tired before he began, or so she felt, sitting there when he had gone. In one swift moment, as of a drowning person, she seemed to see again all the passages of their companionship, and to know with certainty that it had never been real or deep in him—never a genuine flame. A fever of shame ran, consuming, in her veins. She buried her face deep in the cushions. The girl who had sat just here where she was sitting had possessed his real heart all the time.

One thing was certain: without Jimmy she would be wretched, and with him she would be wretched, too. "I can't bear to see his face," she thought; "and I can't live without him. It's really funny!" And again she laughed. The thought of her hospital filled her with absolute loathing. To go there day after day with this despair eating at her heart—she simply could not. She went over her resources. She had more money than she thought; Jimmy had given her a Christmas present of five hundred pounds. She had wanted to tear up the check, or force him to take it back; but the realities of the previous five years had prevailed with her, and she had banked it. She was glad now. She had not to consider money. Her mind sought escape in the past. She thought of her first husband, Ronny Fane, of their mosquito-curtained rooms in that ghastly Madras heat. Poor Ronny! What a pale, cynical young ghost started up under that name! She thought of Lynch, his horsy, matter-of-fact solidity. She had loved them both—for a time. She thought of the veld, of Constantia, and the loom of Table Mountain under the stars; and —the first sight of Jimmy, his straight look, the curve of his crisp head, the kind, fighting-schoolboy frankness of his face. Even now, after all those months of their companionship, that long-ago evening at grape harvest, when she sang to him under the scented creepers, was the memory of him most charged with real feeling. That one evening, at any rate, he had longed for her, eleven years ago, when she was in her prime. She could have held her own then; Noel would have come in vain. To think that this girl had still fifteen years before she would be even in her prime! Fifteen years to bewitch men; and then another ten before she was on the shelf. Why, if she married Jimmy, he would be an old man, doting on her still, by the time she had reached this fatal age of forty-four!

She felt as if she must scream, and, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, got up and turned out the light to get rid of the sight of her face in the glass over the mantel-shelf. Darkness cooled her a little. She pulled aside the curtains and let in the moonlight. Jimmy and that girl were out in it somewhere, seeking each other, if not in body, then in thought. And soon, somehow, somewhere, they would come together. They would come together because fate meant them to! Fate, which had given her young cousin a likeness to herself, placed her, too, in just such a hopeless position as appealed to Jimmy, and gave him a chance against younger men.

She saw it all with bitter surety. Good gamblers cut their losses. Yes; and proud women did not keep unwilling lovers. If she had even an outside chance, she would trail her pride, drag it through the mud, through thorns. But she had not.

And she clenched her fist, and struck out at the night, as though at the face of that fate which one could never reach—impalpable, remorseless, surrounding fate with its faint and mocking smile, devoid of all human warmth. Nothing, nothing could set back the clock and give her what this girl had. And she saw herself going down the years, powdering a little more, painting a little more, touching up her hair till it was all artifice, holding on by every little device—and all, to what end? To see his face get colder and colder, hear his voice more and more constrained to gentleness and know that, underneath, aversion was growing with the thought: "You are keeping me from life, and love!" till one evening, in sheer nerve-break, she would say or do some fearful thing, and he would come no more. "No, Jimmy," she thought; "find her and stay with her. You're not worth all that!" And, pulling to the curtains, as though with that gesture she could shut out her creeping fate, she turned up the light and sat down at her writing-table. She stayed some minutes motionless, her chin resting on her hands, the dark silk fallen down from her white arms. A little mirror, framed in curiously carved ivory, picked up by her in an Indian bazaar twenty-five years ago, hung on a level with her face and gave that face back to her. "I'm not ugly," she thought passionately; "I'm not. I still have some looks left. If only that girl hadn't come!" She took up a pen, and wrote:

MY DEAR JIMMY:

It will be better for us both if you take a holiday from here. Don't come again till I write for you. I'm sorry I made you so much disturbance to-night. Have a good time, and a good rest; and don't worry.

Your——

So far she had written when a tear dropped on the page, and she had to tear it up and begin again. This time, she wrote to the end— "Your Leila."

"I must post it now," she thought, "or he may not get it before to-morrow evening. I couldn't go through with this again." She hurried out with it and slipped it in a pillar-box. The night smelled good; it smelled of flowers, and, hastening back away from it, she lay down and stayed awake for hours.

XIII

1

LEILA had pluck, but little patience. Difficult to say which helped her most in the next few days. Her one thought was to get away, and she at once began settling up her affairs and getting a permit to return to South Africa. The excitements of purchase and preparation were as good an anodyne as she could have taken. The perils of the sea were at full just then, and the prospect of danger gave her a sort of pleasure. "If I go down," she thought, "all the better—brisk, instead of long and dreary." But when she had the permit and her cabin was booked, the irrevocability of her step came to her with full force. Should she see him again or no? Her boat started in three days, and she must decide. If, in compunction, he were to be affectionate, she knew she would never keep to her decision; and then the horror would begin again, till again she was forced to this same action. She let the hours go and go till the very day before, when the ache to see him and the dread of it had become so unbearable that she could not keep quiet.

Late that afternoon—everything, to the last label, ready—she went out, still undecided. An itch to turn the dagger in her wound, to know what had become of Noel, took her to Edward's house. Almost unconsciously she had put on her prettiest frock and spent an hour before the glass. A feverishness of soul more than of body, which had hung about her ever since that night, gave her color. She looked her prettiest, and she bought a gardenia at a shop in Baker Street and fastened it in her dress. Reaching the old square, she was astonished to see a board up with the words: "To let," though the house still looked inhabited. She rang, and was shown into the drawing-room. She had only twice been in this house before; and for some reason, perhaps because of her own unhappiness, the old, rather shabby room struck her as extraordinarily pathetic, as if inhabited by the past. "I wonder what his wife was like," she thought. And then she saw, hanging against a strip of black velvet on the wall, that faded color-sketch of the slender young woman leaning forward, with her hands crossed in her lap. The coloring was lavender and old ivory, with faint touches of rose. The eyes, so living, were a little like Gratian's, the whole face delicate, eager, and good. "Yes," she thought, "he must have loved you very much. To say good-by must have been hard." She was still standing before it when Pierson came in.

"That's a dear face, Edward. I've come to say good-by. I'm leaving for South Africa to-morrow." And as her hand touched his, she thought, "I must have been mad to think I could ever have made him love me."

"Are you—are you leaving him?"

Leila nodded.

"That's very brave, and wonderful."

"Needs must when the devil drives—that's all. I hate asceticism, Edward; I don't give up happiness of my own accord. That's not within a hundred miles of the truth. What I shall become, I don't know, but nothing better, you may be sure. I give up because I can't keep, and you know why. Where is Noel?"

"Down at Dover, with George and Gratian."

He was looking at her in wonder, and the pained, puzzled expression on his face angered her.

"I see the house is to let. Who'd have thought a child like that could root up two fossils like us? Never mind, Edward; there's the same blood in us. We'll keep our ends up in our own ways, won't we? Where are you going?"

"They'll give me a chaplaincy in the East, I think."

For a wild moment Leila thought, "Shall I offer to go with him—the two lost dogs together?" And she looked at him with a queer little smile.

"What would have happened, Edward, if you had proposed to me that May-week, when we were—a little bit in love. Which would it have been worst for, you or me?"

"You wouldn't have taken me, Leila."

"Oh, one never knows. You'd never have been a priest then. And you'd never have become a saint."

"Don't use that silly word. If you knew——"

"I do; I can see that you've been half burned alive—half burned and half buried. Well, you have your reward, whatever it is, and I mine. Good-by, Edward!" She took his hand. "You might give me your blessing; I want it."

Pierson put his other hand on her shoulder and, bending forward, kissed her forehead.

The tears rushed up in Leila's eyes.

"Ah, me!" she said. "It's a sad world." And, wiping the quivering off her lips with the back of her gloved hand, she went quickly past him to the door. She looked back from there. He had not stirred, but his lips were moving. "He's praying for me!" she thought. "How funny!"

2

The moment she was outside, she forgot him; the dreadful ache for Fort seemed to have been whipped up within her, as if that figure of lifelong repression had infuriated the love of life and pleasure in her. She must and would see Jimmy again, if she had to wait and seek for him all night. It was nearly seven; he would surely have finished at the War Office. He might be at his club or at his rooms. She made for the latter.

The little street in Buckingham Gate, where no wag had chalked "Peace" on the doors for nearly a year now, had an arid look after a hot day's sun. The little hair-dresser's shop below his rooms was still open, and the private door ajar. "I won't ring," she thought; "I'll go straight up." While she was mounting the two flights of stairs, she stopped twice, breathless, from a pain in her side. She often had that pain now, as if the longing in her heart strained it physically. On the modest landing at the top, outside his rooms, she waited, leaning against the wall, which was covered with a red paper. A window at the back was open, and the confused sound of singing came in—a chorus from some soldiers billetted in a big hotel close by. "*Vive la, vive la, vive la vé! Vive la compagnie!*" So it came to her. "O God," she thought, "let him be in, let him be nice to me! It's the last time." And, sick from anxiety, she opened the door. He *was* in—lying on a wicker couch against the wall in the far corner, with his arms crossed behind his head, and a pipe in his mouth; his eyes were closed, and he neither moved nor opened them, perhaps supposing her to be the servant.

Noiseless as a cat, Leila crossed the room till she stood above him. And waiting for him to come out of that defiant lethargy, she took her fill of his thin, bony face, healthy and hollow at the same time. With teeth clenched on the pipe, it had a look of hard resistance, as of a man with his head back, his arms pinioned to his sides, stiffened against some creature clinging and climbing and trying to drag him down. The pipe was alive and dribbled smoke, and his leg, the injured one, wriggled restlessly, as if worrying him; but the rest of him was as utterly and obstinately still as though he were asleep. His face was young—so



DRAWN BY FANNY MUNSELL

And with his arm round her, she let herself go, deep into the waters of illusion—down—down, trying to forget there was a surface to which she must return

much younger than hers! Why did she love it—the face of a man who couldn't love her? For a second, she felt as if she could seize the cushion which had slipped down off the couch, and smother him as he lay there, refusing, so it seemed to her, to come to consciousness. Love despised! Humiliation! She nearly turned and stole away. Then through the door, left open, behind her, the sound of that chorus: "*Vive la, vive la, vive la—*" came in and jolted her nerves unbearably. Tearing the gardenia from her breast, she flung it on his upturned face.

"Jimmy!" she cried. "Jimmy!" Fort struggled up and stared at her. His face was comic from bewilderment, and she broke into a little nervous laugh. "You weren't dreaming of me, dear Jimmy, that's certain. In what garden were you wandering?"

"Leila! You! How—how jolly!"

"'How—how jolly!' I wanted to see you; so I came. And I have seen you as you are, when you aren't with me. I shall remember it; it was good for me—awfully good for me."

"I didn't hear you."

"Far, far away, my dear. Put my gardenia in your buttonhole. Stop—I'll pin it in. Have you had a good rest all this week? Do you like my dress? It's new. You wouldn't have noticed it, would you?"

"I should have noticed. I think it's charming."

"Jimmy, I believe that nothing—nothing will ever shake your chivalry."

"'Chivalry?' I have none."

"I am going to shut the door—do you mind?"

But he went to the door himself, shut it, and came back to her. Leila looked up at him.

"Jimmy, if ever you loved me a little bit, be nice to me to-day. And if I say things—if I'm bitter—don't mind; don't notice it. Promise?"

"I promise."

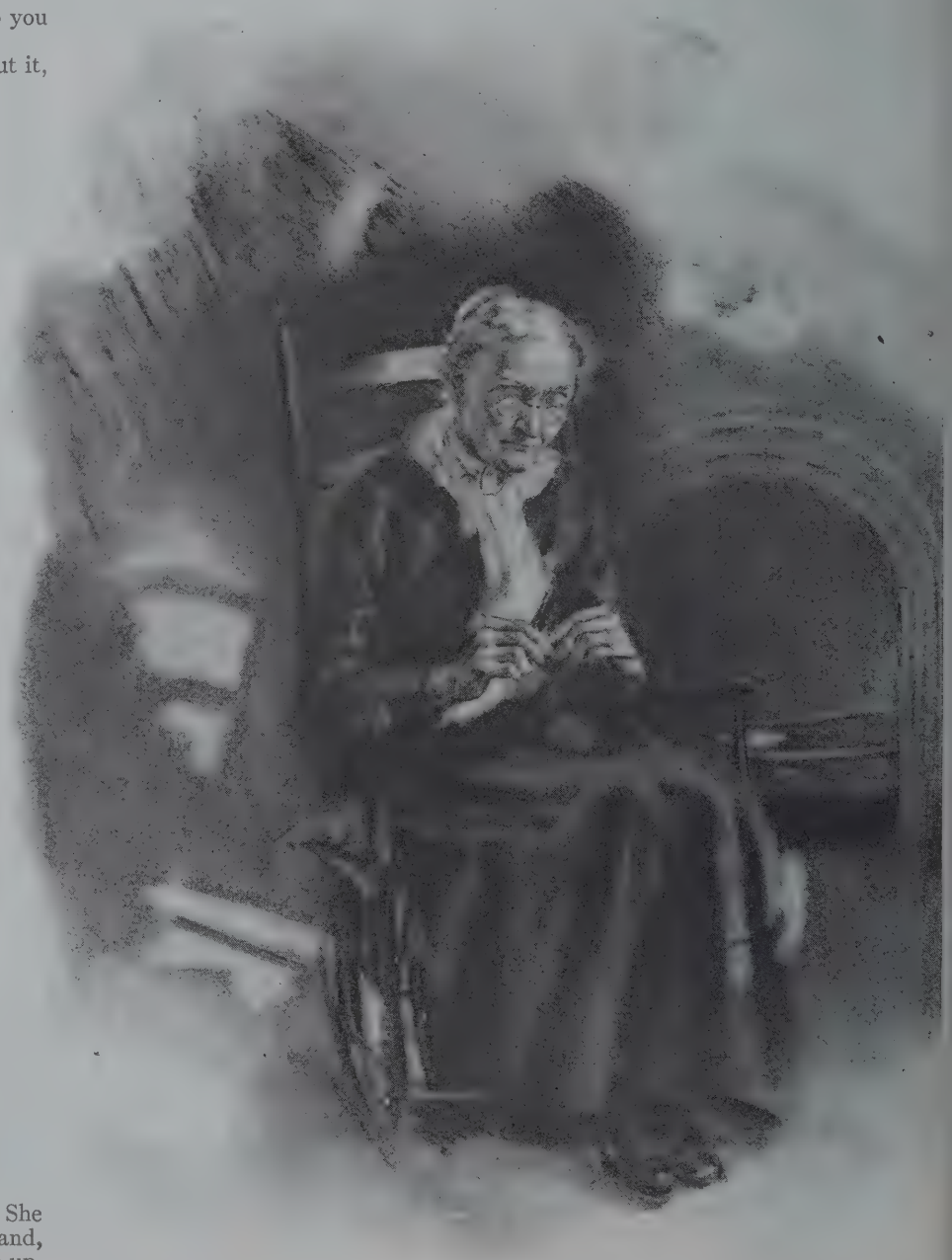
She took off her hat and sat leaning against him on the couch, so that she could not see his face. And with his arm round her, she let herself go, deep into the waters of illusion—down—down, trying to forget there was a surface to which she must return; like a little girl, she played that game of make-believe: "He loves me—he loves me—he loves me!" To lose herself like that for just an hour, only an hour—she felt that she would give the rest of the time vouchsafed to her, give it all and willingly. Her hand clasped his against her heart; she turned her face backward, up to his, closing her eyes so as still not to see his face. The scent of the gardenia in his coat hurt her, so sweet and strong it was.

3

When, with her hat on, she stood ready to go, it was getting dark. She had come out of her dream now, was playing at make-believe no more. And she stood there with a little stony smile, in the half-dark, looking between her lashes at the mortified expression on his unconscious face.

"Poor Jimmy!" she said. "I'm not going to keep you from dinner any longer. No; don't come with me. I'm going alone—and don't light up, for heaven's sake!" She put her hand on the lapel of his coat. "That flower's gone brown at the edges. Throw it away; I can't bear faded flowers. Nor can you. Quite right. Get yourself a fresh one to-morrow." She pulled the flower from his buttonhole, and, crushing it in her hand, held her face up. "Well, kiss me once more; it won't hurt you."

For one moment her lips clung to his with all their might. She wrenched them away, felt for the handle blindly, opened the door, and, shutting it in his face, went slowly, swaying a little, down the stairs. She trailed a gloved hand along the wall, as if its solidity could help her. At the last half-landing, where a curtain hung, dividing off back premises, she stopped and listened. There wasn't a sound. "If I stood here behind this curtain," she thought, "I should see him again." She slipped behind the curtain, close-drawn but for a little chink. It was so dark there that she could not see her own hand. She heard the door open, and his slow footsteps coming down the stairs. His feet, knees, whole figure came in sight, his face just a dim blur. He passed, smoking a cigarette. She crammed her hand against her mouth to stop herself from speaking, and the crushed gardenia filled her nostrils with its cold, fragrant velvet. He was gone; the door below was shut. A wild, half-stupid longing came on her to go up again, wait till he came in, throw herself upon him, tell him she was going, beg him to keep her with him. And—and he would! He would look at her with that haggard pity she could not bear, and say, "Of course, Leila; of course." No! By God, no! "I am going quietly home," she muttered, "just quietly home! Come along; be brave; don't be a fool! Come along!" And she went down into the street. At the entrance to the park, she saw him, fifty yards in front, dawdling along. And, as if she had been his shadow lengthened out to that far distance, she moved behind him. Slowly, always at



She wouldn't give in, this oldest lady in the world:

that distance, she followed him under the plane trees, along the park railings, past St. James's Palace, into Pall Mall. He went up some steps and vanished into his club. It was the end. She looked up at the building—a monstrous granite tomb, all dark. An emptied cab was just moving from the door. She got in.

"Camelot Mansions, St. John's Wood." And, braced against the cushions, panting, and clenching her hands, she thought: "Well, I've seen him again. Hard crust's better than no bread. God! All finished—not a crumb, not a crumb! *'Vive la, vive la, vive la vé! Vive la compagnie!'*"

XIV

When Leila left him, Fort's thought was just a tired: "Well, so it's begun again!" What did it matter, since common loyalty and compassion cut him off from what his heart desired, and that desire so absurd, as little likely of attainment as the moon. What did it matter? If it gave her any pleasure to love him, let it go on! Yet, all the time that he was walking across under the plane trees, Noel seemed to walk in front of him, just out of reach, so that he ached with the thought that he would never catch her up, and walk beside her.

Two days later, on reaching his rooms in the evening, he found this letter on ship's note-paper, with the Plymouth postmark:

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Then for ever fare thee well!"
Leila.

He read it with a really horrible feeling, for all the world as if he had been accused of a crime and did not know whether he had committed it or not. And, trying to collect his thoughts, he took a cab and drove to her flat. It was closed, but her address was given him—a bank in Cape Town. He had received his release. In his remorse and relief, so confusing and so poignant, he heard the driver of the cab asking where he wanted to go now. "Oh, back again!" But before they had gone a mile, he corrected the address, in an impulse of which next moment he felt thoroughly ashamed. What he was doing, indeed, was as innocent as if he were driving off from the funeral of his wife to the boudoir of another woman. When he reached the old square, and the words: "To let" stared him in the face, he felt a curious relief, though it meant that he would not see her whom to see for ten minutes he felt he would give a year of life. Dismissing his cab, he stood debating whether to ring the bell. The sight of a maid's face at the window decided him. Mr. Pierson was out, and the young ladies were away at Dover. He asked for Mrs. Laird's address, and turned away, almost into the arms of Pierson himself. The greeting was stiff and strange. "Does he know that Leila's gone?" he thought. "If so, he must think me the most awful skunk. And am I? Am I?"

When he reached home, he sat down to write to Leila. But having stared at the paper for an hour and written:

My dear Leila:
I cannot express to you the feelings with which I received your letter——

he tore it up. Nothing would be adequate; nothing would be decent. Let the dead past bury its dead—the dead past which in his heart had never been alive! Why pretend? He had done his best to keep his end up. Why pretend?

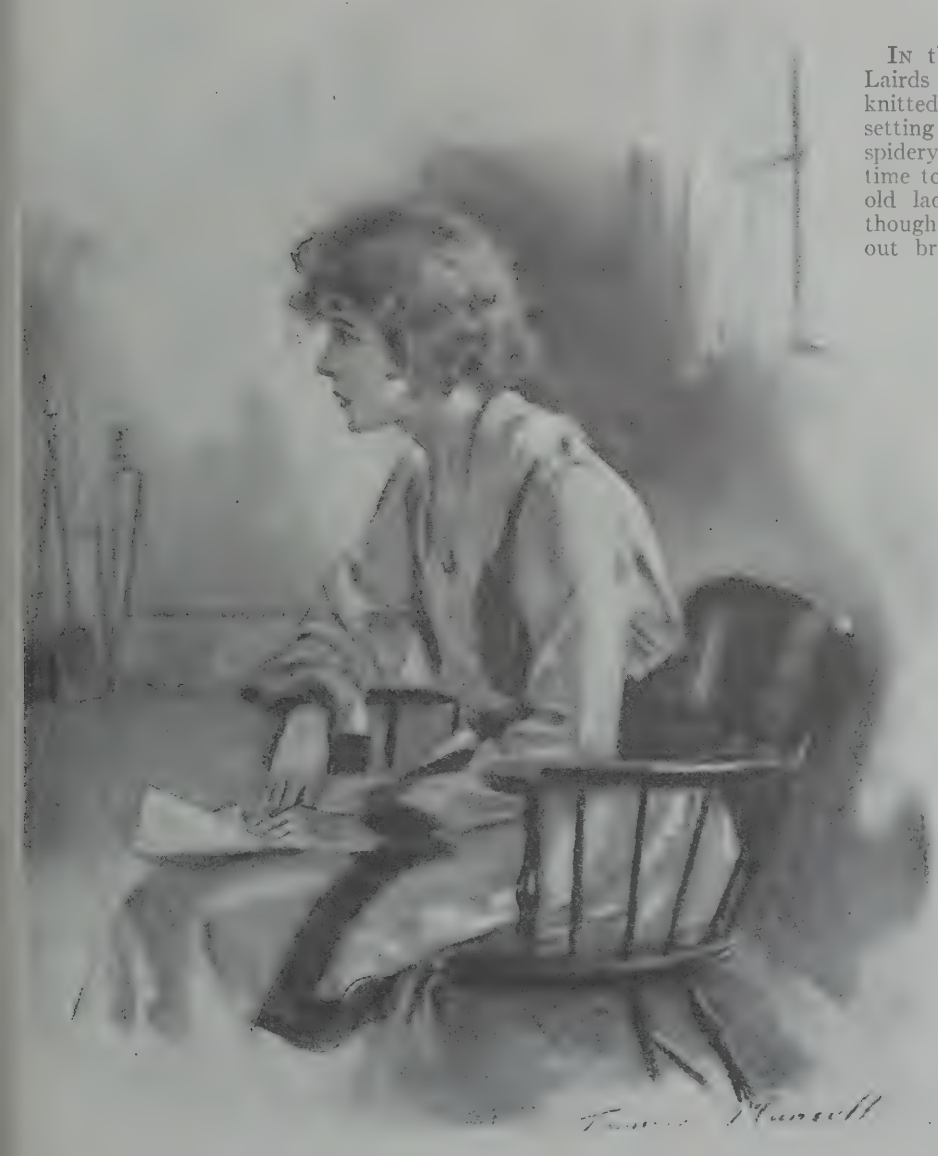
Part IV

I

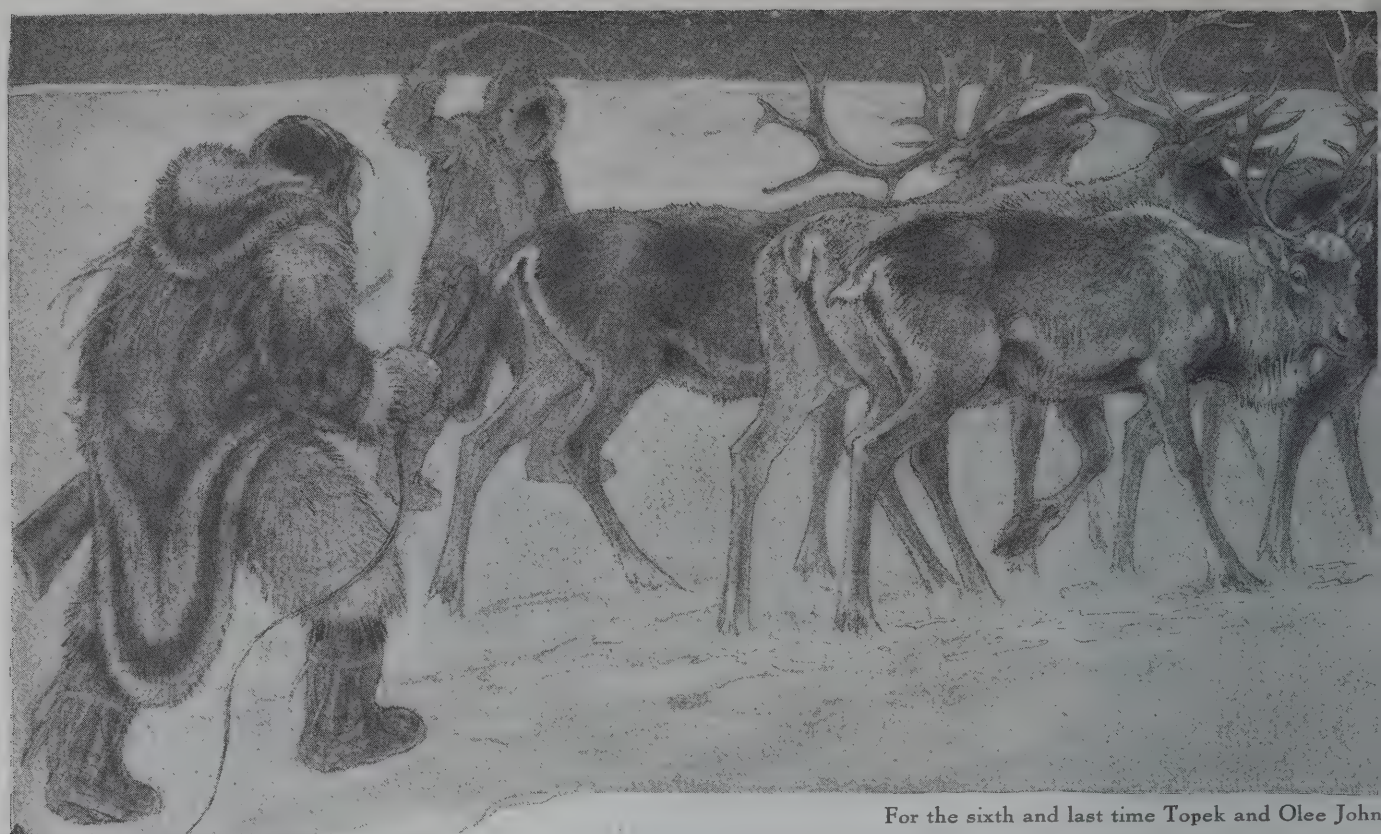
In the boarding-house at Dover, whence the Lairds had not yet removed, the old lady who knitted sat by the fireplace, and light from the setting sun threw her shadow on the wall, moving spidery and gray over the yellowish distemper, in time to the tune of her needles. She was a very old lady—the oldest lady in the world, Noel thought—and she knitted without stopping, without breathing, so that the girl felt inclined to scream. In the evening, when George and Gratian were not in, she would often sit watching the needles, in a brooding dream over her still undecided future. And now and again the old lady would look up above her spectacles, move the corners of her lips ever so slightly, and drop her gaze again. She had pitted herself against fate; so long as she knitted, the war could not stop—such was the conclusion Noel had come to. This old lady knitted the epic of acquiescence to the tune of her needles; it was she who kept the war going—such a thin old lady, too! "If I were to hold her elbows from behind," the girl used to think, "I believe she'd die. I expect I ought to; then the war would stop. And if the war stopped, there'd be love and life again." Then the little silvery tune would click itself once more into her brain and stop her thinking. In her lap, this evening, lay a letter from her father.

My dearest Nollie,
I am glad to say I have my chaplaincy and am to start for Egypt very soon. I should have wished to go to France, but must take what I can get, in view of my age, for they really don't want us who are getting on, I fear. It is a great comfort to me to think that Gratian is with you, and no doubt you will all soon be in a house where my little grandson can join you. I have excellent accounts of him in a letter from your aunt, just received. My darling child, you must never again think that my

(*Continued on page 147*)



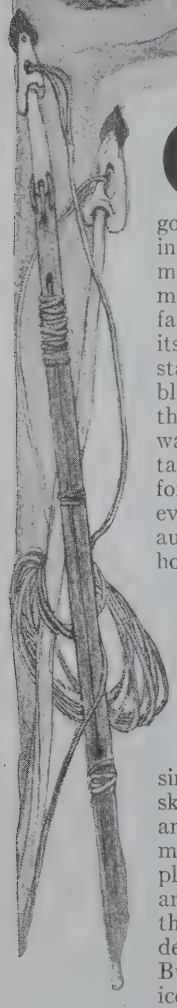
she meant to knit till she fell into the grave



For the sixth and last time Topek and Olee John

The Hungry

An adventure of Swift Lightning, the new hero of the Great Open Spaces created by the author of "Kazan," "The Grizzly," and "The Nomads of the North"



OKENANIS—the light of the Seven Stars—had come. But, instead of seven stars, it was the light of seven billion. The sombrous darkness of twilight was gone, and the arctic world lay mellow and golden in the lap of the Long Night. High up, where the midday sun would have been in a southern summer sky, hung a steady, silvery illumination, the faintly gleaming mother-of-pearl heart of the night itself, and close about this silvery heart began the stars. Countless and still, fixed and lifeless things blazing everlastingly in the sky, they lightened the frozen world, like unmoving and jealous eyes watching enviously the scintillating and more spectacular glory of the aurora. To-night, or to-day—for night and day must travel in terms of hours, even where there is neither day nor sun—the aurora was like a many robed magician. For two hours Kesik Munitoowi—the sky-goddess—had been at play, and, as if to disprove her kinship to the pole, was displaying her mysterious charms and phosphorescent splendor over what would have been the western horizon. For two hours she had been unstreaming her banners of all the colors of the rainbow; for two hours she had frolicked in all her dazzlement of flame and glow. She had sent out ten thousand dancers of sinuous and twisting beauty; she had streaked the sky with pathways of gold and crimson and orange and diamond-blue, and now—as if tiring of her more intricate sport—was beginning to paint her playground a vivid, living red. From city, village, and open land two thousand miles to the south, there were eyes that saw her that night, and wondered at the mystery of the thing "over the pole." But it was *under* her that souls shivered, and the ice of a frozen world flung back a glow to the stars and the mother-of-pearl heart of the sky.

This world was dead, white, and still. It was terribly cold, so cold that in the air—unmoved by a breath of wind—there were at times steely, crackling sounds. Now and then, from out of the mountainous ranges of ice in Coronation Gulf, came an explosion that was like the rumble of a great gun as one of the ice mountains broke or split to its heart; and when these explosions came, their echoes ran like whimpering, ghostly things up the frozen surface of Bathurst Inlet, for weird and mysterious as the aurora herself was the play of that intense cold. At times it was as if a company of skaters were flying through the air on ringing steel, and one could fancy the swish of their skirts, the sound of voices and—far away—laughter. Yet, standing in fur and hood, one would not have sensed the deadliness of the cold, for without wind it held no bitterness or sting.

Outside of a little cabin of saplings built at the edge of a great glacier-slash stood Corporal Pelletier and Constable O'Connor, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and a distance behind them was a hooded and muffled Eskimo with a sledge and a six-dog team. It was a month and a half ago that Pelletier had sent his last report down to the superintendent of "M" Division at Fort Churchill, giving warning of just what had come to pass—hunger, death, and the scourge of wolves.

It was Pelletier who looked at the vivid crimson splash of the aurora in the west and said:

"*Mikoo-hao*—the first 'red night' of the winter, O'Connor. It's lucky for us. It means plenty of blood to the Eskimo, and I'll wager every conjurer between here and Franklin Bay is busy at work this minute casting out evil spirits and offering up prayers. The hunters along the coast ought to be on their way to join us to a man."

O'Connor shrugged his big shoulders with the skepticism of the unbeliever. He had great faith in Pelletier. He loved, with a man's love, this picturesque and storm-hardened Frenchman who had lived half of his life along the edge of the arctic circle. But he had his own opinion of the gigantic wolf-hunt he had faithfully helped Pelletier to plan. For two weeks his clumsy fingers had rolled strychnin poison in pellets of caribou fat. He had faith in the poison. Scattered over the wide barrens, those posion-baits would bring death—to something. But as for the hunt——

"It's our one chance—and theirs," Pelletier was saying, still looking at the red sky. "If we can get the big pack into a cul-de-



and the reindeer herd set forth upon their errand

Horde

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

sac, if we can destroy even a half of it, we save five thousand caribou. And if Olee John doesn't fail us with the reindeer, we'll do it. If we succeed, it means we'll be staging big hunts up and down the coast all winter, and if we don't get a sergeantcy and a corporalship out of it—" He grinned hopefully at O'Connor.

"We'll at least have the fun," finished the Irishman. "Let's move, Pelly. I'm guessing the thermometer would say close around forty right now. Ho, you—Um Gluck; get a move on! Mush it! We're on our way."

The Eskimo in his furs came to life. His voice rose in a clacking chatter; his long whip curled over the backs of the dogs, and, eager for the thrill of the trail, the malemiuts leaped out in a straight tawny line, whimpering and whining and clicking their jaws in their yearning for the long, clean run under the growing crimson of the sky.

For many miles up and down the savage coast of Coronation Gulf and the rugged shores of Bathurst Inlet, there was movement that night. The scourging hand of famine lay threatening over the land, and this movement was Pelletier's awakening of the igloo people, their response to the "call" of the White King, who was to turn a great magic against the devils that possessed the devastating hordes of wolves that were driving all game from the barrens.

The tribal camp of Topek was to be the rendezvous. It was Topek's runners who had carried word of the great wolf-hunt up and down the coasts, and it was Topek who sent the warning that, unless the wolves were driven off or destroyed, famine and death would fall heavily upon the land. Faithfully he repeated the message of the police, represented by Corporal Pelletier and Constable O'Connor in the little cabin on the glacier-slash.

Under the crimson sky there was thrilling answer to the summons. For unnumbered generations, the benighted people of Coronation Gulf had lived in the belief that devils entered into the bodies of the blood-mad wolves in winter-time, and those who answered the call of Topek and the police were the youngest and bravest of them all. It was one thing to give battle to the big white bears, but quite another matter to turn human hands against the evil spirits. Yet they came, and two hundred hunters headed for Topek's village. They were protected by many charms and armed with many weapons. A few had rifles, purchased in times of plenty from the whalers; some had harpoons, and others assegai-like lances, with which they hunted the seal. From farthest west of all came Olee John, an Eskimo who had married a wife in the white man's way, and with him came ten of the bravest hunters of his village and a herd of fifty reindeer.

The aurora, like a lamp burned out, had faded away when Pelletier and O'Connor came to the end of their six-hour journey and shook hands with Topek and almost hugged Olee John. For six hours thereafter the hunters continued to come in. With the last of them there drove from over the ice-fields a terrific wind filled with a sleety, shotlike snow. It swept the barrens clean. It filled every track and wiped out all trails. And for three days and three nights after that storm, by the hours of Pelletier's watch, there was great activity in Topek's camp. The cul-de-sac was found—a "blind cañon," with ice walls and only one entrance—and the work of luring the wolves into it begun. Five times the reindeer herd went forth, guided by Topek and Olee John and Olee John's men; and five times it came back, men and beasts near exhaustion. Yet no cry of wolf came from the reindeer's trail, and no great pack followed it in. And hundreds of poison-baits were scattered in the hoof-prints of the herd; yet no dead wolves were ever found.

In the stolid faces of the young Eskimo hunters began to grow a solemn fear. The medicine-men and the elders of the tribes were right—devils were in the wolves, and they might as well offer to fight the winds. Even Topek and Olee John were losing faith, and in Pelletier's heart was an ever-growing anxiety, for the failure of his scheme meant the loss of half the hard-earned prestige of the police.

And for the sixth and last time Topek and Olee John and the reindeer herd set forth upon their errand, and in Topek's village there were those who whispered that outraged gods and devils were about to set their curse upon the land and sea.

II

THIN-RIBBED and gaunt with hunger, backs and haunches drooping from days and nights of futile questing for meat, Swift Lightning and his great pack of white wolves were heading north. They did not travel in close formation, as in the days of a month ago, when the caribou herds were ranging the barrens. They were scattered like a beaten army in retreat. Since the night that

Swift Lightning had fought and killed Baloo, and thus won the leadership of the pack, they had made only one big kill. Then had come a week of storm, and after the storm the caribou were gone. There was no longer scent of hoof on the barrens. In a world trackless and illimitable, they had disappeared as utterly as though they had never been. Forty miles to the west, hugging the hollows of the coast plateaus for shelter, Swift Lightning would have found them, and the pack would now have been fattening at the tails of the thinned and scattered herds. But after the storm they had gone east and south, and famine had followed them.

Could the eyes of Topek's people have seen the return of the pack into its old hunting-grounds, every god within the Eskimo ken would have been called upon for protection. For it was no longer a superstition that devils traveled in the bodies of the wolves. They *were* devils. The hunger-madness was in their hearts and in their red and half-blind eyes. In other beasts, starvation works its natural way—the animals crawl off and die. In the wolf, it is a poisonous toxin. Under the billion stars and the silvery illumination in the heart of the sky, Swift Lightning's pack, a hundred and fifty strong, traveled in deadly suspicion of itself. In truth were they pirates now—pirates fallen out, pirates watching for the opportunities to slit one another's throats. Red-eyed, sleepless, their jaws white as their bodies with the frozen drool of hunger, they watched and listened for the snarl and clash of fang that meant one more victim among their comrades. There was no howl or outcry as they crossed the barren. A moving, spectral horde of gaunt and thin-ribbed shadows, they made their way silently through the white illumination of the night.

Swift Lightning, with his drop of dog—twenty generations removed from Skagen, the great Dane—alone had escaped the madness. He was hungry. He, too, was starving. His giant body had grown thin. His eyes were red. A flaming desire possessed him, but his heritage from Skagen had saved him, and he was not mad, nor did he hate. The dog-abhorrence of cannibalism was strong within him. A score of times he had seen the pack rush in to fight and rend in its monstrous feast over a carcass of its kind. He held himself aloof, and in his throat now and then—instead of the snarl of murder and hate—came a faint and yearning whine, and, as the pack neared its old hunting-ground, there grew in him once more the lure of the white men's cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash. He had not forgotten the purring, deadly thing that had passed over his head—the bullet from O'Connor's gun. But instinct rose above fear. Again it was Skagen, the dog of twenty years ago, who answered to the glow of yellow sun within the cabin, the smell of smoke, and to that *something* which Swift Lightning, the wolf, could not understand.

With the whine in his throat, Swift Lightning drifted back into the heart of the pack until the spectral shadows were traveling all about him. Among them he was a giant. He did not slink or cringe as he moved. He heard the snap of jaws in the white gloom, and snarls greeted him when he shouldered too near another of his clan. He sensed the deadliness of those snarls, yet he felt no animus in return, and, as he drifted, he made his way to the east. In that direction the cabin lay. It was not reason that drew him. The cabin had given him nothing but the smell of smoke and the yellow glow. Out of it death had sung close over his head. Yet he went, his body moving mechanically to the impulse that lived in his brain. At the edge of the pack he stopped and watched the last of the starving shadows as they passed him. Then he headed north and east. He increased his speed. It was not the speed of the Swift Lightning who, a few weeks ago, had sped like the wind down the frozen surface of Bathurst Inlet. In his movement there was no longer the pure joy of running. His muscles had ceased to respond like living wires to the thrill for action. His feet were sore. A steady and aching distress lay between his ribs. The snap was gone from his jaws, the keenness of swift vision from his eyes, and his breath came short and quick in less than half a mile. When he slowed down, he was panting. For a space he stood and listened. Starving, he still held his great head erect, and in the starlight his eyes gleamed brightly. He drew a deep breath and sniffed the air. And back to him, through the twenty years since his race had known white masters, came once more the ghost of Skagen, the great Dane—through the red flood of his wild and wolfish blood rode triumphantly the drop of dog. He faced the direction of the famished pack cautiously and alertly. He did not want to go back to it now, and he did not want it to follow him. In his aloneness there fell upon him a new freedom. The pack was gone; the gnashing of teeth and the snarling of throats were gone—and he was glad. The air was clean, no longer heavy with the hot scent of mad beasts. The stars were clear. Ahead of him lay the night, open and far-reaching, and filled with new promise.

What that promise might be was a thing of no definite fact in his mind. In all his world the one thing he wanted most was something to eat, and the cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash had given him nothing but the smell of smoke and the sight of light and the threat of sudden and mysterious death. Yet, again he turned in its direction. For a quarter of an hour he kept on. He was traveling with the wind, and twice in that time he stopped for an instant to test it out. The second time he stood longer than the first. Faintly he caught a scent in the air—the wolf-scent—and he growled. Half a mile farther on he stopped again, and the growl was deeper and more menacing in his throat. The scent was stronger than before, and yet he had been moving steadily away from the pack. He increased his speed, and in him began to grow a sullen resentment. The wind was his book. It was the one thing that held all knowledge for him, and it told him that, back in the night, hidden from his eyes, something was following him.

A fourth time he stopped, and his growl deepened into sullen warning. The scent was stronger. His pursuer had not only kept pace with him but was overtaking him. This time, Swift Lightning waited, and his hair stiffened and his muscles grew tense for battle. It was not long before he saw a shadow advancing slowly through the light of the stars, approaching him in stealthy, slinking silence. It stopped not more than fifty feet away. And then, a step at a time, hesitatingly, cautiously, it advanced, and Swift Lightning gathered himself to meet an enemy. Almost within leaping-distance it stopped again, and this time Swift Lightning saw that it was not white, but that it was the huge gray timber-wolf who had joined the pack far down in the scrub forest at the southern edge of the barren.

As large and as dark as Swift Lightning was Mistik, the wandering wolf of the big timber. Bred in the southern forests, wise in the ways of white men, trap-bitten and battle-scarred, Mistik the Wanderer had come north with the white pack. In the light of the stars, the two great beasts faced each other. In that light, Swift Lightning's naked fangs gleamed, his lips drew back, and slowly he began the deadly circle. Mistik did not move. With steady, questioning eyes, he watched Swift Lightning. His jaws were closed. There was no answering battle-light in his eyes. He did not snarl or growl. Magnificent and unafraid, he stood without movement in the center of Swift Lightning's narrowing circle, offering no challenge, betraying no enmity. Slowly the snarl died out of Swift Lightning's throat. The gleam of his fangs faded away, and his flattened ears grew erect. And then he heard from Mistik, the wolf, a low, throaty whine. It was an offer of friendship. It was as if the great wolf, missing the shelter of his timber, was trying to tell him that he was tired of the madness and starvation of the pack, and that he had come to hunt with him alone, under the glow of the stars, and that he did not want to fight but wanted to be friends.

Swift Lightning sniffed. Stiff-shouldered and still suspicious, he thrust in his head. Again he heard the low whine in Mistik's throat, and he answered it. A foot at a time, circling slowly in the maneuver, they drew nearer, and at last their muzzles touched. A deep breath rose out of Swift Lightning's chest. He was relieved. He was glad. And Mistik whined again and rubbed close to his shoulder, and together they looked ahead into the night in this first hour of their comradeship.

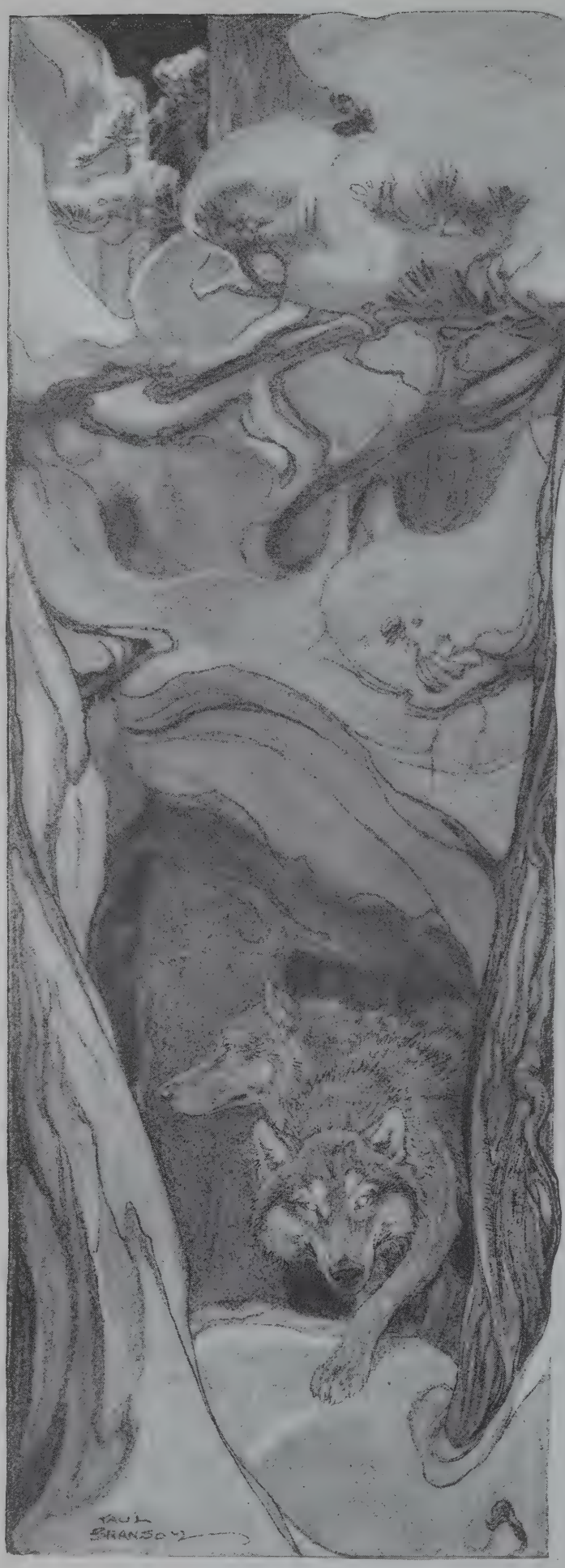
It was Swift Lightning who led the way north and east. His head was higher; in his eyes was a new gleam, in his blood a new warmth. He sensed the presence of a new thing in his life—a new kind of comradeship. Mistik was not of the barren-land wolves. He was not treacherous. He did not want to fight. In the touch of his nose was the pledge of brotherhood, and Swift Lightning whined his approval of him as they sped through the starlight. Mistik ran at his shoulder. He did not run as the pack-wolves ran. Bred of the forests, he was more watchful and alert. Swift Lightning's vision was ahead; Mistik's was ahead and on both sides. At intervals, it was Swift Lightning's custom to stop dead in his tracks and sniff the back trail; Mistik, with quick, sidewise swings of his head, caught the back-trail scent as he ran. To his instincts, the pitfalls and the trickeries of the forests were still about him; to Swift Lightning, the open barrens held no concealment for treachery or peril. In his knowledge of things, it was the pack that was deadly. Alone under the stars were freedom and safety.

Had Pelletier and O'Connor seen them as they ran, something of the majesty and the sovereignty of the wild must have impressed itself upon them. Had their eyes been the eyes of Aoo,



DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSOM

Blind and deaf and insensible to all things but the smell of meat that was almost like taste in their mouths, the famished beasts swept between the yawning lips of the crevasse



Out of this pit they climbed over a mountainous drift into a second

the conjurer at Topek's village, Aoo would have sworn by his gods that he had seen the two greatest devils in all the North racing on a mission of their own. For, at the shoulders, the two great beasts ran inch to inch in height. In length, Mistik was the greater of the two, but in jaw and chest Swift Lightning made up the handicap; so that, in a fight, one would have hesitated to choose between them. But in Mistik's head was much that Swift Lightning had yet to learn. For Mistik had fought his way in a white man's world. His right forefoot was deformed from the bite of a trap. He had almost died in the torment and fire of a poison-bait. He had discovered the peril of deadfall and snare, and it was the white man he feared above everything else in the world.

So it happened that, when they came within scent of the cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash, it was Mistik who drew back with a sudden warning snap of his jaws. His spine shot erect; his ears grew flatter, and he circled widely in the wind, his great body no longer erect but sinuous and slinking with the caution of the hunter and the hunted. Swift Lightning faced the window. There was no light in it to-night, and neither was there smoke in the air. He approached nearer, and behind him he heard Mistik's ominous whine. Circling the cabin cautiously, he came into all quarters of the wind. The scent was cold. After a little, he knew that life and light and smoke were gone. The cabin was dead. The thrill died out of him, and he trotted boldly toward the window, nearer than he had ever gone before. Then he sat down on his haunches and looked steadily where he had seen the glow of yellow light. A hundred yards behind him sat Mistik, also on his haunches, and in those few seconds of their silence a gulf as wide as the barren itself lay between them. For in Swift Lightning there grew a slow and compelling desire to throw back his head and howl before that dark window of the empty cabin, just as he had howled at it when there was light. When the cry came, Mistik slunk farther back, for in it there was a note that troubled him, a note that he had heard far south in the howling of the dogs. He circled until he came to the edge of the glacier-slash, an eighth of a mile below the cabin, and it was there Swift Lightning joined him.

For weeks, the slash had been catching the wind-blown drift of the snow like a great furrow, and in places it was filled almost to the brim. Where this had happened, the gnarled and twisted tops of trees lay sprawled out on the surface like the grotesque and agonized hands of monsters smothering underneath. In other places, the humors of the wind had left deep, dark pits where no snow had gathered at all, and into these pits Mistik's eyes blazed like coals of fire. It was there, and not in the open barren, that he saw their first promise of meat, and, with the noiseless stealth of the forest-wolf, he slunk down into the deepest and darkest of them all. Swift Lightning followed. He felt the shroud of tree-tops growing over his head. The brilliance of the stars was shut out. He was traveling in a darkness which he did not like, and in that darkness Mistik's eyes were like red and green points of flame when they turned his way. Twice he heard the snap of powerful snow-owl beaks not far away. Once Mistik made a terrific lunge at a ghostly shadow that swept so close over their heads that they could feel the breath and hear the purr of its wings. Out of this pit they climbed over a mountainous drift into a second, and here, also, they found no smell of meat. Then it was that Swift Lightning took the lead. He clambered again up to the level of the barren, and Mistik followed him as he set out for the Tom Thumb forest in which he had seen the big white hares weeks before.

Neither of them ran now. Their exertion in the crumbling avalanches and uncertain footing of the pits had betrayed more than ever their weakness. Hours ago they had passed through the physical rack of hunger. The process of starvation had developed beyond the stage of acute and muscular torment in their bodies. Its gnawing pain was gone from between their ribs. In its place was an increasing and, at times, almost irresistible desire to lie down. A little while ago it was the cabin that had urged Swift Lightning to greater exertion. Now it was the century-old "forest" of junipers and cedars that grew no taller than the crook of a man's arm, and his brain was filled with dancing visions of big white hares.

They came to it and passed into it. Most of it was choked and

smothered under drifted snow. Here and there were places swept clean by the wind. In all his life in the thick and tangled swamps of the South, Mistik had never seen anything like this grotesque and misshapen "forest" of the arctic world. Its "trees," some of them hundreds of years old, were like sprawling octopuses. As man, with far-seeing deliberation, has made human dwarfs, so nature, with her intense cold, had made deformed and club-footed hunchbacks of the junipers and cedars. In the terrible cold they could not live to a height greater than the protecting depth of the snow, and each year the new upstanding growth that summer forced above the level was killed. And there was no meat. Even the little white foxes that Swift Lightning hated were gone. Famine lay heavy upon the Tom Thumb forest, even as it lay upon the barren.

In Swift Lightning there was still one last homing instinct—the instinct that was drawing the starving pack. On the trails of the old hunts there were many bones. Now that his visions of the hares were gone, meat ceased to exist in his comprehension of things. He saw the bones. He saw them lying thick where once the snow had run red with warm blood under the stars. Toward the bones he set out, and Mistik—strong in his faith, even as his strength ebbed away—kept with him neck to neck.

An hour later they came upon the broad and beaten path where, for the sixth and last time, Topek and Olee John and Olee John's reindeer herd had traveled over the open barren. It was warm and rich with the smell of meat. The air still breathed the fragrance of steaming, heated flesh. Swift Lightning's heart leaped into his throat. He stood, for a space, atremble. And Mistik trembled beside him. Every desire of hunger flamed up in them anew, painful and terrible again, as desire is roused in the thirst-dying man who sees the rippling water of a mirage close ahead of him in the desert. In those moments they breathed deeply and stood still, while their bodies, like machines straining to a new task, gathered themselves for the final tremendous effort. Their blood ran swifter. Their heads shot erect. The fagged muscles of their shoulders and legs hardened as they stood, and in their poise was a fresh alertness. They had not only struck the trail of a herd, but the herd was near, and instinctively they were listening to catch the beat of its hoofs.

And then Swift Lightning sat down in the middle of the reindeer-trail and, with his gray muzzle turned up to the stars, sent back over the barren the hungering, wailing meat-cry of the pack. And Mistik, squatting on his haunches beside him, opened his great jaws to add voice to that cry, so that together they sent far and wide over the windless plains the summons to the hunt. From a mile away came answer. From two miles another. Voice carried to voice, until, under the billion stars, the white world shivered to the thrilling news, and starving, thin-ribbed shadows raced in like ghosts from out of the night—a hungry, savage horde, pitiless and unpitied, scourging Huns of the upper lands, fiercest of all fighters for the meat of life.

And the way of their craving stomachs led this time straight to a white man's trap.

III

WHERE the early slashings of winter storm had piled the ice high on a finger of land between Arctic Sound and Bathurst Inlet was the cul-de-sac—a great fissure half a mile in length between ragged walls of ice and snow, a glacier-chasm with but one opening—a trap from which there was but one escape. At its neck it was a hundred yards in width, at its end less than twenty.

Into this trap Topek and Olee John had driven the reindeer herd. Not once but six times had they driven the herd between the ice walls, and for the sixth time the reindeer were in their ice stockade midway between the mouth and the end of the cul-de-sac. Pelletier's scheme was simple, and—if it worked smoothly—deadly. Vividly he had pictured the success of it in his mind. Hot on the trail of the reindeer, the pack would rush in, and from their concealment, close to the mouth of the crevasse, a hundred hunters would drop in behind them, and at the reindeer stockade there would be many more to protect Olee John's herd from harm. The pack would be driven to the narrow end of the cul-de-sac, and there it was that Pelletier figured the great slaughter would be made.

Topek, uncovering his hooded ears to listen, was first to hear the far-away shot of a gun that signaled the gathering of the wolves. An instant later came a nearer (*Continued on page 124*)



Together they sent far and wide over the windless plains the summons to the hunt



She would recognize the tune and put her hands to her hair, smiling. "Oh, the '*Colleen Rue*'—the 'Red-haired Girl,'" she would laugh

The Colleen Rue

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

THE wizened, swarthy stool-pigeon turned, flitting like a ghost, from Sixth Avenue into Fifty-seventh Street. The big Irish detective followed, lounging lazily at the side door to Marie's, the great dress-designer. The stool-pigeon stopped to light a cigarette. The cigarette dropped from his fingers. He bent to the ground. O'Connell passed him lazily.

"They're up-stairs," Guinea Joe whispered huskily, out of the side of his mouth. "There's three of them."

"All right—beat it!"

"You ain't going up alone?" Guinea Joe never looked up. He fumbled at his boot-lace. "They're bad guys. You ain't going up alone?"

"Beat it!" O'Connell's tone was decisive. The stool-pigeon stepped into Fifth Avenue like a ferret, disappeared. Inside the door, the young detective kicked his shoes off, and, noiselessly as a cat, for all his wrestler's bulk, he stepped up the stairs. He listened for an instant outside the storeroom door.

"We'll make about eight bundles out of them and pile them in the car. It's a pipe."

"Ninety dresses, and each one of them worth five hundred bucks, and they'll get twice as much in South America for them. Listen, fellows: There's nothing to it——"

"Cut it out," came an imperative voice, "and get to work! The cops is fixed, but you never can tell what will turn up."

O'Connell pushed the door open and loosened up his gun. Inside, three electric torches punched through the dark like miniature search-lights. Three shadows moved about like mummers in the setting for a Dunsany play. On the floor, frocks that cost thousands of dollars lay piled like so many rags. O'Connell stepped into the room.

"You'd better come along with me," he said quietly; "the captain will be glad to see you."

The men whipped around like terrified rats.

The three torches converged to a white blazing point on O'Connell's black hair, his ruddy, Greek-featured face, his gray eyes—now dangerous slits.

"I'm O'Connell," he said quietly. "Come on," he snapped; "throw those gats into that pile of skirts or I'll bore you! Come on, Julius; I know you all. Get busy."

Julius, the "Fighting Yid," the most dangerous burglar in New York, walked over to the detective. He held his hands away from his sides.

"Listen, now, Mr. O'Connell," he pleaded, with singsong Galician intonation: "I know it—you got us. But be reasonable."

"What do you mean 'reasonable?'" O'Connell asked, ugly.

"If I go now to trial, I get it maybe a long stretch in, now, up river. Maybe, now, a hundred dollars——"

"Come on!" O'Connell was snarling like a teased dog.

"Three hundred."

There was no answer. The Fighting Yid took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his streaming forehead. In the background, his helpers stood tense, like quivering horse-flesh.

"Five hundred, by God! Five hundred!" he broke in hysterically.

"I'll see that five hundred," O'Connell drawled, as though in a poker game. With quivering, uncontrolled fingers, like the fingers

of a drug fiend, Julius took a roll from his pocket and counted five hundred out in fifties, twenties, and tens. Perspiration fell from the burglar's forehead on the saffron bills as great drops of autumn rain fall on leaves. O'Connell snapped it from his hand and pocketed it, his eyes never leaving the gang.

"Outside!" he barked at them. Without a word, the three piled through the door past him, slipped down the stairs carefully, and out in the street.

For a long time he stood at the door there, and the high blue arc-lights of Fifth Avenue, shooting their rays into the room, fell on his face, and showed it up gray and lined and set like a death-mask, and brought out vaguely the shamed, troubled look in his eyes, such as shows in the eyes of fallen women, only much more shameful.

II

In any Irish saloon in New York, on Third Avenue, for instance, from the Bowery to the Bronx; at Celtic Park, of a Sunday; at Jim O'Brien's, at Arverne; anywhere the Irish foregather, you can make yourself at home by discussing three subjects. One is home rule. One is the possibility of finding an Irish-born heavyweight champion of the world, such as they thought Peter Maher might be, or Tom Sharkey, or Jim Coffey, or Roscommon. The third is Jer O'Connell. The last is the most popular; the first two are abstract theses, but the subject of O'Connell is warm with humanity and romance.

"I mind him in Fermanagh, I do, begor," they will tell you, "and he was as good a wrestler then as he is now. I mind him in Liverpool, the time he was beaten by the Austrian, and he put up a fight that broke the champion's heart. He lost, to be sure—he lost. What could you expect? One hundred and eighty-five pounds against two hundred and thirty, and Jer O'Connell only a slip of a lad. Aye, but he fought two hours before he went down.

"A great pity now," a canny Northerner will put in, "that he doesn't go in for it as a profession."

"Sure—he loves the game; that's what it is," another will say. "And the money doesn't mean anything to him. Tell me now: Can you see Jer O'Connell traveling around from city to city, faking matches, the way the Poles do be doing and the Turks and Greeks? Tell me now: Can you see him doing that?"



Three policemen came pelting in. They looked at the prisoner. They looked at O'Connell. "It's Chick Torre," they murmured in awe. "And the Wrestler's got him"

"I cannot," will come the answer. "He's too straight, Jer is."

"It was in Fermanagh, too, he first knew the wife?"

"In Fermanagh, it was."

He is thirty-two now, Detective O'Connell is, with the shoulders of Herakles and the waist of Apollo, two hundred pounds of steel and whalebone, only twenty pounds heavier, and practically the same man as he was twelve years ago in his home in Lisnaskea.

Martin O'Connell is dead now, and his wife, Moyra, and Jer's sister, little Sheila, is alone in the big homestead on the hill—a pretty girl, as pretty in her way as Di De Bourke herself. A great place it must have been then, with old Martin, the ruddy farmer, attending to the work in the fields, and his wife, Moyra, pottering about the dairy, and little Sheila, winsome as a pixy, going hither and thither in the old-time garden, while Jer, son of the house, went from fair to fair, trading in cattle, or appeared at the wrestling-tournaments, meeting lively Cornishmen at collar-and-elbow, and heavy Russians pushing like draft-horses in the clumsy Greco-Roman style, and deft, agile Spaniards and Greeks sparring for catch-as-catch-can holds—and coming home, in the main victorious, with an Irish song on his lips and a smile in his eye.

"In four years," wrote old Watson in the *Mirror of Life*, "O'Connell will be champion of the world if he persists. If he persists—for he has not the professional but the amateur temperament."

In Fermanagh they will tell you that Jer O'Connell left for New York because he was a roaming Irishman, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky. But little Sheila knows better, and I know better, and so does O'Connell's wife, who was Diana De Bourke.

I wonder how many men made serious love to Diana De Bourke in that one season of hers in London and in the two in Dublin town. A round hundred, I should fancy. There was none could resist her. A fine figure of a woman, you said instinctively, as she came into a room, giving tribute to that glorious presence. And then you looked from her noble, mobile proportions to the glorious head and face, and you drew in your breath so quickly that it seemed like a sob.

Balanced on those white shoulders, as delicately as a juggler balances an ivory ball on a wand, was a head that would drive men mad. A dim, regular face, like a strange white flower; magnificent hair, tawny red, like autumn apples—hair, one knew, that, if unbound, would come to her knees; eyes, now gray, now green, like the shallower parts of the sea, and chiseled lips that had the indescribable red of dove's feet.

They all loved her. They all told her so. They all asked her to marry them. In London there were John Crane, the young Oxford poet, who wrote her ballads, rondels, and *chants royaux;*

Bassett Barett, the under-secretary of the Foreign Office; Carcassanne, the painter.

"You are in love," she told them, "with your idea of what love is, with me as a figure in the foreground." And she sent them off.

"Thank God!" they said later. "She is the most beautiful woman since Helen of Troy. But where her heart ought to be, there is nothing but a lump of ice."

To the older men in Dublin and in London, such as Mendel, the banker, and Sir John Digby, the polo-player, and Captain Hutchinson, of the Inniskillens, and a host of others, she was very frank.

"I cannot marry you," she told them, "because, simply, I do not care for you as a wife should."

"But in time," they protested.

"No!" she said firmly. "I'm sorry; no!"

And they went away, one by one, some of them smiling and losing gallantly, as a gentleman should, and some of them paying her the compliment of drinking at great length and very expansively, and some of them, very humanly, damning her to hell. But they went away.

III

She must have been very glad to get back to Lisnaskea, and, after these mental pawings, to roam around with her father's tenant's son, young Jer O'Connell, her childhood's friend with the laughing eyes and singing mouth. They were great comrades, those two, seemingly. On his wrestling matches she would wager her dress-allowance, and sometimes win, and less often not. And when he would be at home, she met him continually and walked about with him through the flowering Maytime hawthorn trees, when the primroses came out and the cuckoo called ridiculously from a quarter-mile away, and in November frost, when the black roads were inlaid with silver and the rabbits and the hares streaked up and down.

Together they would stroll around Lough Erne, he with his hunting terriers behind him, on the off-chance of an otter; herself, as always, silent. A lilt would come from his lips, and she would turn and find him looking at her with that half-roguish, half-impertinent, wholly innocent smile to which outlanders have applied the hideous and vulgar term of "blarney." She would recognize the tune and put her hands to her hair, smiling.

"Oh, the '*Colleen Rue*'—the 'Red-haired Girl,'" she would laugh. And laughing, too, he would begin the old street-ballad, with its swinging rhythm and intricate internal rimes:

"Are you Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, Euterpasia, or Venus bright?
Or Helen fair, beyond compare, that Paris stole from the Grecian's sight?
O fairest creature, you have enslaved me, I'm intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whose golden notes and infatuation deranged my ideas, *O Colleen Rue!*"

Her own eyes would twinkle mischievously, and, half under her breath, she would sing back to him:

"Sir, I am surprised and dissatisfied at your tantalizing insolence.
I am not so stupid, or enslaved by Cupid, as to be duped by your eloquence.
Therefore, desist from your solicitations. I am engaged—I declare it's true—
To a lad I love beyond all earthly treasures, and he'll soon be embracing his *Colleen Rue*."

Then came a time when the song did not come spontaneously to O'Connell. It was hard to smile with the eyes. Something within was being repressed, hidden.

It was about autumn-time, when the yearly emigration to America was at its highest, and the men who had not gone to America were in England cutting the harvest, that O'Connell decided to bundle and go. He spoke to old Martin, his father.

"I'm off to make my fortune," he said.

Old Martin was furious, as he might well be. Moyra, Jer's mother, was troubled. She wondered what had come over her son. But little Sheila wept to herself, for she knew.

"Why don't you ask her, Jer?" she murmured.

"As well ask the kingfisher on the stream to mate with the curlew of the bog," he said bitterly. Then he laughed. "I'll be bringing home a Yankee wife one of these days."

"You never will," his sister reproved.

So to New York came Jer O'Connell, young, laughing—in his sportsman's way, careless of all things, ready for anything. In due time his money gave out, as money will do, and it became necessary for him to do something for a livelihood. He might have become a great professional wrestler, but the naked commercialism of the American mat disgusted him. When he wrestled, he fought for supremacy—a clean, sporting fight, lose or win. But to travel from town to town giving crooked exhibitions to a prearranged decision—that revolted against every instinct in him. He turned away with a wry face.

"Why don't you join the police force?" a friend asked him.

"Begor—that's an idea!"

In due time, through the efforts of various officials of the Irish Counties' Association, and by means of his splendid frame and honest eye, Jer O'Connell was clothed in the blue-and-gold of the New York officer, and on lonely nights he patrolled Broadway from Fourteenth Street southward, a deserted district, with but little to do. And, in the mean time, he came into prominence in athletics, wrestling at benefits here and there, and appearing occasionally in the bouts staged at neighboring vaudeville houses, where he nearly always won. His fellow policemen were proud of him.

"We've got Martin Sheridan, the discus-thrower," they boasted. "We've got Matt McGrath. And now we've got Jer O'Connell, the wrestler. Is it any wonder they call us 'New York's Finest?'"

They discussed, as all New York discussed, his bout with Aberg, the Greco-Roman, when O'Connell lost only after two hours' fight. They told one another with glee of the perspiration pouring from the face of Stanislau Bendyk, the giant Pole, when O'Connell slammed home the full-nelson hold and punished the European champion for twenty minutes until the Pole tapped the floor in signal of defeat. And they spoke of his bout with Cyclone Kelly, and of the night that they saw the shoulders of Hans Schreyer, the burly Saxon, nailed to the mat.

They regarded him more or less as an ornament to the police force, to be exhibited on athletic occasions, not as a trustworthy guardian of public property, until the night when, single-handed, he captured the Chick Torre gang on St. Marks Place.

They had robbed a Harlem bank in broad daylight, had Chick and his helpers, jumping from a taxi-cab and shooting the cashier. For three weeks, the city and country had been combed for them. Hope was given up. They were said to be in Mexico, playing the races at Tia Juana, or on some cattle-boat out at sea.

He was on his way across to the Bowery from Broadway, humming a little song to himself, when he saw a figure come warily out of a saloon, sniff round like a rat, scurry along the walls as an intimidated dog might, disappear like a ghost in an apartment-house hallway.

"Begor, there's a man will stand watching," O'Connell decided.

Regardless of the law of entering premises without a warrant, acting on intuition alone, O'Connell was after him like a flash. Like a flash he was up the apartment-house stairs. He got his foot in the door of the top rear flat as it was closing.

"Who's there?" came a husky whisper.

"Just a friend who dropped in for a chat." He pushed the door open.

There were four men in the room, he noticed in the infinitesimal space of time before the light went out—three swarthy, undersized men—Italians, or possibly Jews—and a burly Scandinavian. Then there was darkness and spitting guns.

"Well, I don't know rightly myself," O'Connell will tell you, if you ask him to describe the fight at Number Seventy-three. But you gather that he jumped where one man was, with his right fist swinging clean for the solar plexus. The man fell like a pole-axed beeve. O'Connell dropped on his hands and knees, as the automatics thundered above him, feeling his way across the floor as he would feel it over a wrestling-mat. A touch of a trouser leg, and he had his arms about a man's middle. He swung the crook above his head in a rage that was all but berserker. He flung him away. There was the crash of glass as Chick's assistant went through the window, a scream as he hurtled through the air streetward.

"Wait; I get this big Polack." O'Connell heard the Swede mumble in the darkness. The blond giant rushed on him with arms swinging. They clinched. They went to the floor, fighting like mad wolves. In twenty seconds, O'Connell slipped home the dreaded head-lock. Under the terrible leverage of forearms and biceps, the Scandinavian's jaw crumbled like defective glass. There was the trample of feet on the stairs.

"I'm through, fellows," came the last man's voice. The lights flared up. A gun fell at O'Connell's feet. The swarthy Neapolitan walked over and held out his hands. O'Connell's handcuffs snapped home with a click.

The door was smashed open, and three policemen, alarmed by the shots and the broken body in the street, came pelting in.



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

"I wanted to help you. I wanted to give, give, give all the time, for that is what love is"

They looked around the bullet-hacked room. They looked at the two inert bodies. They looked at the prisoner. They looked at O'Connell.

"It's Chick Torre," they murmured in awe. "And the Wrestler's got him."

An exploit such as this could only end in preferment, and preferment came to Jer O'Connell in the shape of being advanced to the grade of detective, a thing for which he was as manifestly unfitted as a great Dane would be for running a course with a hare. But all about him the majority of the detectives were not the hawk-faced, keen-eyed criminologists such as fiction of the cheaper sort is wont to portray. They were hard fighters, raised to sleuthdom by virtue of prowess—harsh, material men, with great knowledge of the world and iron jaws.

"How is it done?" O'Connell asked, in frank stupidity.

"We'll put you wise," said his fellow officers. "First, you got to get a stool-pigeon." And they explained to him that, as it was manifestly impossible for him to enter the saloons and resorts of criminals and by himself to extract the secrets of that closest of all gilds, it was necessary for him to employ a ferret to cozen information here and there, to pick up a trail as a bloodhound might, and lead to the capture. He must be assisted by one of the brotherhood. There was an adage about setting a thief.

"What do I give this stool-pigeon?"

"Give him?" they laughed. "You give him nothing. You just let him alone in his own line of work."

"Let him burgle—pick pockets?"

"Sure! You got to," was the hardened reply. "Everyone does it."

It didn't seem quite right to O'Connell. Setting a thief to catch a thief was fine, but letting a thief thieve in order to catch other thieves— Still and all, that was evidently the only way to do. One had to. All the others did it.



The safe-blower held out the roll in quivering, nervous fingers. "I got a mother up in Simpson Street, Mr. O'Connell," went the singsong hysteria

IV

Five years passed, and Martin O'Connell, the bluff farmer, was dead, and his wife, Moyra, with him. The big farm on the hill was still there with little Sheila and a new-found husband in it. But Sheila, knowing her brother was trying to forget, wrote no news of the De Bourkes. So O'Connell did not know that the De Bourkes' mansion was haunted by poverty as by a gray ghost. He knew not that old Sir Roger, in his simplicity a little pinched, but not poor, had been hypnotized by golden literature which promised fortunes greater than those the Spanish captains brought from Aztec lands.

The old squire went to Belfast to investigate the promises held out to him, and there he fell in with vultures from Hull and Birmingham and Manchester, parasites of whom their own countrymen were ashamed. They rubbed their hands.

"Here comes an Irish gentleman!" Their mouths watered. "Here comes an Irish gentleman!" There was in their eyes the hideous look of the stoat as he watches the proud and speckled trout. "Here comes an Irish gentleman! Let us treat him like a dog!"

And very like a yellow cur they treated him. Sir Roger could not understand it, as he would not believe evil of the least of men. In the end, it became patent to him. And the proud, dignified heart in him broke in two pieces. And he just died.

V

Through all the great opera-house, breaths were stilled as, under the flaring green lights above the white mat on the stage, the blond, giant Esthonian and the slim, pantherlike Celt sparred for a hold. A quick feint, a dodge, a moment of flying white bodies; and the Russian had O'Connell with an arm-lock and half-nelson.

Minow, one of the Big Five in wrestling, settled himself comfortably to punish the Celt, grinning his cruel half-snarl at the audience. The audience hooted back. There was no sportsmanship to Minow.

"Don't give in, Jer! Don't give in to him!" The admirers in the audience boomed like artillery. On the mat, the referee hovered around like an uneasy bird. Agony swept across O'Connell's face in flushes of white and red. At times, he would writhe like a snake. At times, he would twist double to an archer's bow and spring like a salmon. The Russian held him like a wild thing caught in a trap. The roar of the audience died suddenly. The crisis was too acute for sound.

In an instant, O'Connell sagged, became dead weight. For an infinitesimal fraction of a moment, he lay on his side, every muscle relaxed as though life had gone from him. Minow, for the same fraction, was puzzled. In that fraction, Minow lost. With the quick turn of a lizard, O'Connell had slipped from the hold, and was on his feet, dazed, staggering, completely beaten, but on his feet. The whistle blew the end of the period. The audience roared like the sea.

From her seat at the rear of the house, where she was with a girl companion, Di De Bourke rose and slipped through the lobby, her vague, flowery face set firmly. She went out to the street. The man at the stage-door did not stop her, so full of high purpose did she seem. She blundered up unknown stairs to the wings on the stage. She walked straight to where O'Connell sat among his handlers.

"I'll go ahead till he gets me, but I'm a done man," the wrestler was saying.

"For our sake, Jer, try, boy!" A burly policeman was near sobbing.

"I'm a done man."

"For the sake of old Ireland!" some fool urged.

"I'm a done man."

The referee raised his whistle to his lips. Diana stepped forward.

"For the sake of the *Colleen Rue!*" Her voice came clear like a bugle. "Beat him, boy; beat him!"

He looked (*Continued on page 133*)



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Horses' Rights *for* Women

By Ben B. Lindsey

Written in collaboration with

Harvey O'Higgins

WHEN you asked anyone in Great Britain the secret of the strength which that country had shown in the war, the answer was invariably one word: "Women."

The British newspapers agreed: "It is our women who have made it possible for us to win the war, if we win it." One of the munitions manufacturers, when I commented upon the country's incredible output of war-material, replied, "It has been done by our women." When I was amazed at the amount of food that was being produced under the provisions for cultivating idle land, the government official explained, "That is due to the efforts of our women." And a report from the British Bureau of Information summed it all up: "But for the work of women, the wheels of industry could not have been kept in motion, nor could our armies have been maintained in the field."

I was told that a million women had gone into farm-work, and instead of raising only twenty per cent. of the farm-products that were consumed in the country, Great Britain was now raising eighty per cent. Nearly a million women were employed on munitions alone. The British were manufacturing as many heavy shells in four days as they had been turning out in a year when the war began; and a government report declared, "Nine-tenths of the whole manufacture of shells is now due to the labor of women." Another million were engaged in essential industries. Thousands were in service behind the British lines in France, and among them I saw many young girls driving officers' automobiles under fire and along dangerous roads where a chauffeur needed the greatest skill and daring. "They make daredevil chauffeurs," I was told. "The best we have."

Everyone spoke of the courage of the women who were manufacturing high explosives. When an accident turned one of their plants into a shambles, those who escaped returned to work smiling as heroically as the Tommies on their way back to the trenches. A Welsh girl in a London shell factory had her hand caught in a machine and all but torn from her wrist. She stood chatting to the men who were working to release her mangled fingers. One of her girl friends asked, "Doesn't it hurt?" and she whispered: "It hurts all right. I just want to show them I'm Welsh." I saw girls who had lost an eye, a leg, or an arm in munition accidents. I saw many who had been scarred. They had to handle poisons that often ruined their complexions, destroyed their skins, or "scalped" them, as the slang phrase was, by killing their hair, their eyelashes, and their eyebrows. They all worked with a knowledge of the chances they were taking. I complimented one of them on her bravery. "It's work that has to be done," she said. "We are all glad to be able to help."

And everyone was surprised by their skill and their endurance. It was found, officially, that a girl of eighteen was equal in intelligence and ability to an unskilled man of twenty-five, and that she was less liable to tire at "repetition work" than youths or unskilled men. They learned more rapidly than men. "After a few weeks, women on fitters' work were nearly as efficient as skilled men," a government report said, "and fitting is skilled engineering." They were, for the most part, better than men in processes that required unusual nimbleness of hand and delicate sureness of touch. But their endurance was the great miracle. As blacksmiths' strikers, wielding seven-pound hammers; as truck-loaders, handling boxes of ammunition weighing as much as a hundred and eighteen pounds; as excavators, with pick and shovel; as laborers in annealing furnaces, they did the heaviest sort of work as well as the men had ever done it. And it was officially reported of a woman in the annealing furnace of a Glasgow locomotive plant that "she seems to be heat-proof, and when men at another furnace have been seen to be fagged, she has gone to help them."

All this will be no surprise to those who remember that in the early days of the human race, all the industrial labor was

done by women while their men hunted or fought. Among savage tribes to-day, the woman is the worker. The endurance of peasant women is well known. And the surgeons tell us that any woman bears pain better than a man.

What stuck in my thoughts was a wholly different matter.

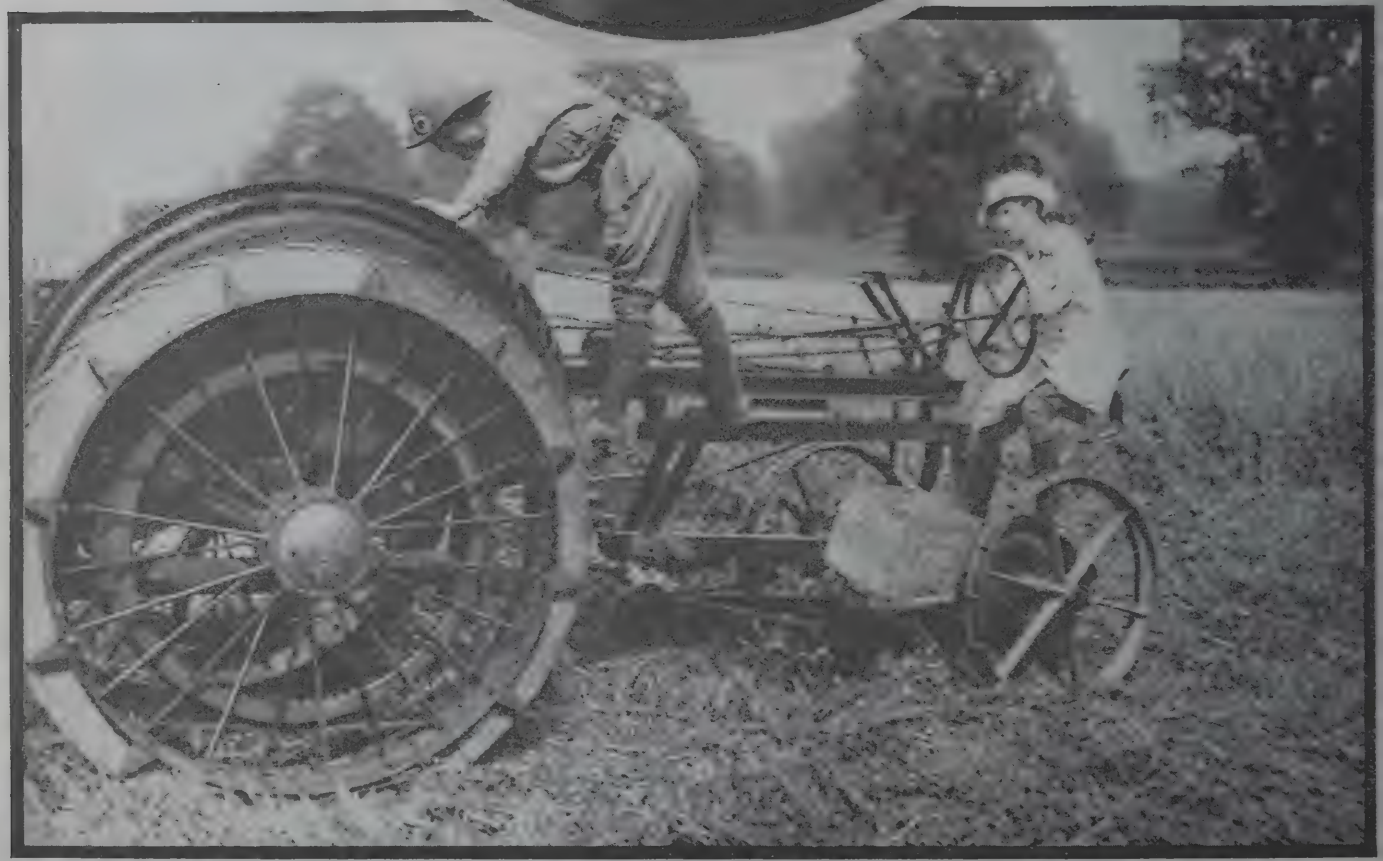
I had been at St. Dunstan's Hospital in London, where there were several hundred blind soldiers, and I found that nine-tenths of them had had opportunities to marry since they had lost their sight. The maternal instinct in women took pity on them. There were plenty of charming and beautiful girls ready to help care for them for the rest of their lives. But the girls who had been scarred or maimed in the munitions works—what of them? I asked a woman who was conducting us through one of these plants whether any of the wounded girls had ever received an offer of marriage after her accident. She replied: "Not to my knowledge. No; not one." And as far as I could learn, what she said of this plant was true of all of them.

That difference between the consequence of injury to men and to women in war-time stuck in my thoughts, as I say. It was not a difference for which the government or society or the state could be blamed. No; it was a difference due to human instincts and the laws of nature herself. It was nature's way of providing that man, the hunter and fighter, might go out to defend the tribe with the assurance that his wounds would not be a bar to his mating when he returned. But it was also nature's way of making the woman keep her body out of danger because her health and safety were of first importance to the future health and strength of the tribe. England was pouring out the lives of her men on the battle-front. That was terrible enough. But, on her home front, in dangerous tasks and truly destructive labor, she was also pouring out the lives of her women. And that might prove fatal.

The danger had been seen. The government had somewhat provided against it by regulating woman's work and the conditions of that work for her protection. The French government had gone further. In an attempt to provide for the future generation, the mother was being cared for by the state before the birth of her child and during her convalescence. Similar laws were proposed in England. There was, of course, a general feeling that the war-time conditions were necessarily abnormal and unavoidable, though they were also considered as merely temporary.



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(Above) Women have become proficient in the art of acetylene welding (Below) Women harvesters using a tractor on a farm in England



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Giving a lesson to French soldiers made blind in the war

But the more I saw of women in war-time, the more I realized that these "abnormal conditions" were only an exaggeration of our ordinary peace-time conditions, and that the danger which was so obviously threatening the future of Great Britain, through the bodies of her women in war-industries, was equally threatening her future and the future of America, through the bodies of women in the industries of peace.

For example, take this matter of providing for the care and support of mothers in order to assure the health and strength of the coming generation. Take, to be explicit, a case that I had in my court in Denver before the war—the case of Mrs. N——.

Her husband had worked in the smelters. He had been employed there for sixteen years from ten to twelve hours a day. Work in the smelters is a dangerous occupation, and under our Colorado law he should not have been on duty more than eight hours a day; but, in order to evade the law, his employers had transferred the men in the smelters to the pay-roll of the railroad, where they might work twelve hours legally. At the end of a hard day, a tired workman stumbled against a pail of water and upset it on a slag pile. The slag exploded and killed Mr. N——. The railroad company paid Mrs. N—— two hundred and fifty dollars for the life of her husband, and that was the end of the first chapter.

Mrs. N——, with six young children, settled down in a little house by the railroad tracks to a life of poverty and ill-paid labor. The children were allowed to run wild, because she could not look after them; she had to leave home to earn for them. They were continuously hungry, because she could not earn enough to feed them. Near the house, the railroad's box cars were always standing as a temptation to mischief. Tommy, her eldest boy, broke into a box car, one day, stole two dollars' worth of lead that had come from the smelter—the smelter where his father had been killed—sold it for sixty cents, and took the money to his



In the laboratory of a French base hospital



Englishwoman breaking lumps of iron ore



Women ambulance-drivers in France working over their cars

mother. He was arrested and brought to the Juvenile Court. End of chapter two.

The agents of our state Humane Society, so-called, here entered the case to report that they had investigated Mrs. N—— and found that she was "bad." In an attempt to eke out her earnings, she had taken a boarder in her little shack. In the course of time and temptation she had entered into relations with this boarder which the Humane Society described as "immoral." Therefore they proposed to take all her children away from her and put them in orphan asylums, and leave her to complete her ruin.



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Women glass-workers in a Lancashire factory

That is to say, society having killed her husband by failing to enforce the laws for his protection, and having left her without the means to raise her six future citizens efficiently, and having forced her into the temptations of immorality in order to save them from starvation, and having debauched her boy Tommy in the same process of poverty—society now proposed to punish her and Tommy and all the other children for the acts and omissions of which society had been guilty.

Our Juvenile Court, of course, does not see the responsibilities of society fulfilled in this way, and we did what we could to save Mrs. N—— and Tommy and her other little citizens from complete disaster. But, as a result of this and many similar cases, we lobbied the Colorado legislature for Mothers' Compensation Act that should allow us to pay such women as Mrs. N—— as much as fifty dollars a month to stay at home and rear their young families, so that these might be a profit to the state instead of a loss. It was peace-time. The war had not taught the world the value of mothers and children to the state. The legislature would not act.

In the mean time, the Progressive campaign in Colorado won the initiative and referendum, by which the people themselves could initiate legislation. One of the first laws that we initiated was the Mothers' Compensation Act. But the law contained no appropriation of money to carry it out. In Denver we had to ask the city council for the money. We asked for an appropriation of five thousand dollars.

That seemed little enough, but it was too much for a committee of business men from the Denver Chamber of Commerce, who came to the hearings on the city budget and objected to giving five thousand dollars to assist destitute mothers. They said it was "paternalism," "an encouragement to pauperism," "a fad," "the worst sort of socialism." They would have called it "Bolshevism," but that word had not yet been initiated itself. They argued against any appropriation for mothers.

While they were arguing, I glanced down the budget and found

an item reading, "For the Dog-catcher's Department, eight thousand dollars." I called their attention to this item. The city was providing eight thousand dollars for the purpose of seeing that the streets were not overrun with homeless, ill-bred, and dangerous dogs. It was, in effect, an appropriation to provide for a good breed of well-cared-for dogs by catching and destroying all the poor mongrels for whom nobody would buy a tag. I pleaded for "dogs' rights for women." If they could appropriate eight thousand dollars for the better breeding of dogs without being "paternalistic," couldn't they give five thousand dollars to ensure a better breed of human beings? Would they do more for the offspring of a dog than for the children of a human mother?

They decided that they could grant "dogs' rights for women," and the business men dropped their objection. After the hearing, one of them came to me and said: "I was a fool to appear here, on this protest. I've never thought of these things at all. You're right. I was only thinking of my taxes."

The British had been taught by the war to think of something more than taxes. They had begun to think of the real values of their community life, and of how to protect men, women, and children from the industrial evils of peace as well as war, and of the means by which the nation could assure education, comfort, and happiness to all its citizens. They were campaigning for a number of bills—the Fisher Educational Bill, the Child-Welfare Bill, the Maternity Bill, and the bill establishing a Ministry of Public Health.

In the campaign for the Maternity Bill, they ran against a sort of opposition which we had been fighting in Colorado. That was the opposition of the churches, the religious, and all the most moral people of the community. They present a baffling problem in peace as in war.

One of our greatest difficulties in the Juvenile Court had been to care for the young unmarried mothers who came before the court. They were not "bad" girls. The bad ones knew how to avoid motherhood. These were usually girls who had been betrayed by their own ignorance or innocence and the overpowering strength of natural instincts of which they had not been properly warned. They were about to give birth to children under conditions of ostracism and shame that were sure to blight the lives of their infants and themselves. That is to say, they were about to bring into the world future citizens who would surely be a liability to the state instead of an asset. We had no way in which we could provide them with the care and attention they needed, and no way to protect them from the disgrace that was certain to destroy their social value to the state.

Equally, we were unable to provide in advance for the poverty-stricken young mother who abandoned her infant—because she foresaw no way of raising a child—and who was charged with a crime for deserting it. And, equally again, we had no way to help the poor mother who could not afford medical attention in childbirth, who could not even remain away from her work long enough to regain her strength after the birth of her child—with disastrous results to both parent and offspring.

One Sunday, after a week in which I had heard several such harrowing cases, my wife and I went motoring in the country. We passed the farm of a well-known stock-breeder, who hailed us and invited us in. He had a reputation all over the West for raising a very strong and enduring breed of horses; and in the West, where the horses have to climb hills and mountains, such a reputation must be well deserved. I asked him how he had won it. He replied: "There's the reason in front of you," pointing to a pasture in which a score of mares with their colts were browsing and feeding and playing about in the sunlight. "We don't put the mothers at work for several months before and after foaling. We leave the colts with them as long as possible to feed. It makes all the difference between our horses and inferior stock." And when I thought of all those pathetic young mothers whose tales I had been hearing in court, I cried out in despair to myself, "Why can't *they* have horses' rights?"

So we began our slogan, "Horses' rights (*Continued on page 166*)



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Women workers filling gas-shells in a British munitions plant and wearing masks to protect them from noxious fumes

The Rakes *of*

This is one of a delightful series of short stories in which Mr. Oppenheim tells of the efforts of two eminently respectable English brothers to get rid of their money faster than they make it.

THE brothers Underwood walked together upon the terrace of their newly rented domain in a sunny corner of Surrey, and, as it chanced to be Sunday, indulged in a morning cigarette. It was a very delightful country house of considerable size, in perfect order, with a full staff of servants. Both brothers were in good spirits.

"I imagine," Stephen said, looking about him, "that it will be quite impossible for us to live here without a large, a very large expenditure."

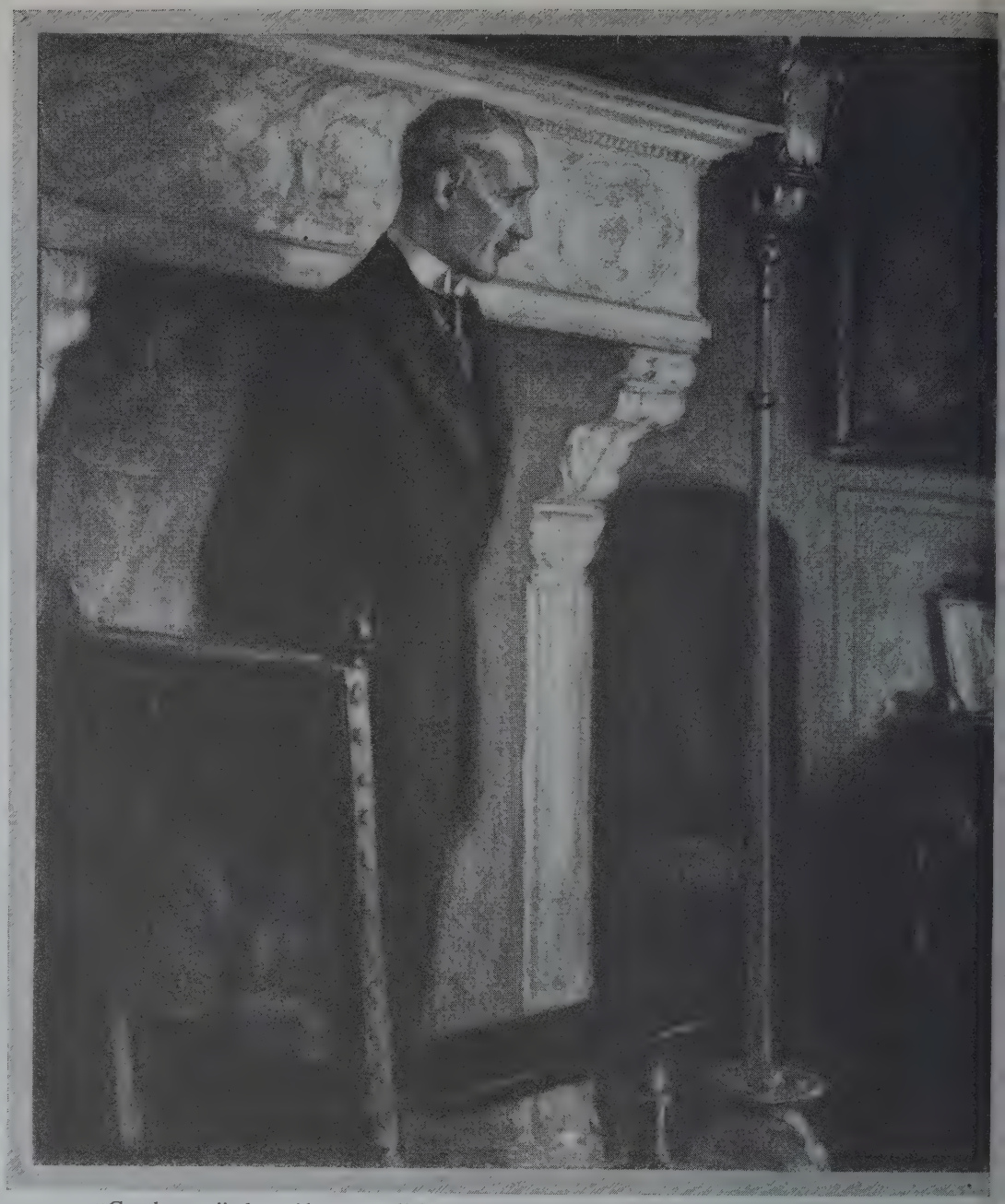
"The same thought has occurred to me," George Henry assented cheerfully.

"I understand," Stephen continued, "that we have seven gardeners to pay weekly."

"A third man servant brought me my shaving-water," George Henry observed, "and from what I have seen of the butler, I should think he would be cheap at a thousand a year."

"Then there is the housekeeper, the lady in black silk and old lace, whom you took for Lady Drummond herself. She has a suite of rooms of her own, and a maid to wait upon her."

"The shooting, too. We know nothing whatever of sport, Stephen. We are sure to be robbed. I understand that gamekeepers are remarkably proficient in the art of mulcting their employers."



"Gentlemen," she said, "you will forgive my saying so, but I find your views so extraordinarily

They stood for a moment looking across the exceedingly pleasant prospect of tree-embowered park, with corn fields and rich meadow-land beyond. A humorous twinkle shone in Stephen's blue eyes. He laid his hand upon his brother's shoulder.

"George Henry," he said, "you will be fifty years old next week."

"Perfectly true," was the solemn reply, "and you will be fifty-four the week after."

"Have you considered," Stephen went on, "how absolutely unique is our position? Through no special enterprise of our own, simply through an extraordinary increase in the use of rubber and indigo and various such commodities, we are in receipt of what might be termed a princely income."

"Princely indeed!"

"Yet," Stephen continued, "we find ourselves in a position of some embarrassment. Where other people struggle to make both ends meet, we find ourselves always confronted with the problem of preventing them from overlapping too much. Last night, George Henry, I read our dear father's letter once more. I could not help feeling a slight sense of guilt when I read that memorable sentence: 'I charge you,' he says, 'without waste, yet with a certain lavishness, to disseminate among your fellow creatures a considerable portion of the income which I feel will accrue to you.'"

"We have tried our best to increase our expenditure," George Henry declared.

"We have, indeed! Our failures have been many. Speculations into which we have entered, with the sole idea of dispersing some of our accumulating capital, have disappointed us by their extraordinary and unforeseen success. This present move, though, George Henry, the credit for which belongs to you, will, I think, be of great assistance. The up-keep of an estate like this must be enormous, and the rent, although not so much as I had hoped, is still considerable."

"We must hope that all will turn out as we wish," George Henry said. "I considered Mr. Duncan's few remarks, when he sent us back our last balance-sheet, a little uncalled-for, considering the great increase in our personal expenditure."

"I saw him yesterday at the Milan," Stephen observed. "I told him that we had taken Keston Court, furnished, at a rental of four thousand a year."

"What did he say?"

"His remark was doubtless meant to be jocular, but I found



opposed to my preconceived ideas that, for the moment, I am nonplused"

Keston Court

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

in it a certain irony which I presume he felt himself entitled to make use of. He simply observed that without doubt we should discover gold under the tennis-lawns, coal in the park, and a clause in the lease by virtue of which these became the property of the tenant."

A personage of exceedingly august demeanor came slowly along the terrace toward them. He was clean-shaven, austere, and pompous. In his morning clothes, he had the appearance of being much better dressed than either of his masters.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, bowing to Stephen, "Mrs. Buxton desires to know if you will accord her an audience."

"'Mrs. Buxton?'"

"Your housekeeper, sir."

"We will see Mrs. Buxton in the library at once," Stephen consented.

"Very good, sir."

The new tenants of Keston Court took up a position of vantage in their magnificent library and awaited the proposed visit. Stephen stood upon the hearth-rug, his hands, however, vainly seeking the protection of his customary coat tails, dark-flannel suits having been allotted to them by their valet as more suitable wear for the country on Sunday morning. George Henry supported his brother from the depths of an easy chair. The entrance of Mrs. Buxton seemed to indicate that such support might be necessary. The perfection of her simple attire, her poise, and the manner in which she gave her orders to the maid who followed her, carrying various books, were all evidences of a status and qualities entirely unfamiliar to her new employers. She greeted them kindly, however, and accepted the chair which Stephen placed for her.

"That will do, Amy," she told the maid, as she watched the disposal of the books upon the table. "I will ring when you are required."

The maid departed, and Mrs. Buxton drew the books toward her. The onus of opening the interview appeared to rest with the brothers.

"You wished to see us?" Stephen ventured.

Mrs. Buxton smiled faintly.

"I thought it best to explain to you," she said, "my system of keeping the housekeeping books, to go through the salary-account with you, in case you should desire to effect any reductions, and to explain my views generally as to the economical management of the household."

The brothers looked at one another a little blankly. Stephen waved away the ledger which Mrs. Buxton was opening.

"My dear Mrs. Buxton," he begged, "we do not wish to be worried with accounts. The recommendations which we have received are sufficient. We leave the management of this establishment entirely in your hands."

"And pray do not think," George Henry put in, "of any reductions."

Mrs. Buxton seemed a little unnerved, also more than a little surprised.

"I understood," she said, "that, being City gentlemen, you would take some interest in the economical management of an establishment such as this."

"My brother and I," Stephen explained, "have no particular desire for economy. We are, in fact, inclined—inclined to be extravagant; are we not, George Henry?"

"Most decidedly," was the prompt assent.

Mrs. Buxton was distinctly nonplused.

"You will forgive my remarking that this is unexpected," she said.

"You will get used to us, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen declared encouragingly. "We ask you—our wishes are that you conduct this place in as lavish a style as possible. Spare no expense in the meals which you prepare for us. Let our servants be well

paid. You spoke just now of reductions. We should, on the other hand, prefer you to look through the list of servants and see whether some slight advances might not be desirable. Your own salary, for instance, Mrs. Buxton, if you will excuse me?"

"I am paid two hundred pounds a year, the services of my maid, and a private sitting-room," Mrs. Buxton announced.

"Ridiculously inadequate!" Stephen exclaimed.

"Absurd!" George Henry echoed.

"Let me suggest three hundred pounds," the former begged. "I trust that the emoluments of the house generally are not fixed upon such a paltry basis?"

Mrs. Buxton pressed her fingers for a moment against her forehead.

"Gentlemen," she confessed, "you have a little confused me."

Stephen coughed.

"Mrs. Buxton," he said, "let us take you into our confidence. We are rich men."

"Increasingly rich," George Henry added dismally.

"We have only lately realized our duty," Stephen continued, "as regards the dispersal of a certain proportion of our income. It is our wish to spend more. It is for that reason we have taken this very charming country estate. Do not cramp our efforts at the start, Mrs. Buxton. Do not wage here a campaign of economy. Get value for your money, but spend."

"You confuse me, gentlemen," Mrs Buxton again admitted. "It has been the study of my life to effect every possible economy in the management of the various households with which I have been associated. I have found this course of action universally appreciated. I was hoping that, in your service, and with your assistance, you being City gentlemen, I might learn something more of the art to which I have devoted many years."

"On the contrary," Stephen pointed out, "we should wish you, while you honor us with your services, to unlearn as much as possible."

"I have succeeded," Mrs. Buxton announced, with some pride, "in reducing the indoor expenses of this establishment, with four people day by day, and occasional lunches and dinner-parties, to fifty pounds a week."

"My dear Mrs. Buxton!"

"My dear lady!"

"Fifty pounds a week must mean starvation for everyone," Stephen protested.

"A life of misery for all concerned," George Henry put in.

"We are not socialists," Stephen continued, "but we wish the servants' hall to fare as well as the rest of the house. We should like you, Mrs. Buxton, to arrange a little entertainment once a week in the servants' hall—a small band for dancing, or any popular entertainers you may fancy could be secured from Keith Prowse's. We shall not consider the expense. If more convenient, we could arrange this matter ourselves."

"We have also," George Henry said, "a motor-car coming down, intended entirely for the use of the domestics under your control. My brother and I being in the City a portion of every day, and the staff numbering, I believe, over twenty, they will naturally have a certain amount of spare time."

Mrs. Buxton rose slowly to her feet. She was so upset that she picked up the ledgers herself and placed them under her arm.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you will forgive my saying so, but I find your views so extraordinarily opposed to my preconceived ideas that, for the moment, I am nonplused. I thank you very much for your offer of an increased salary, but I am not sure whether I shall be able to give you satisfaction. I have never been accustomed to conduct a household in the manner you suggest."

"Give it a trial, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen begged.

"Just a week or two," George Henry suggested.

"I will, with your permission," Mrs. Buxton decided, "consider the proposition in my apartment."

She moved toward the door. Stephen opened it, and closed it after her. He looked anxiously toward his brother.

"Well?"

"I am afraid," the latter regretted, "that Mrs. Buxton did not altogther appreciate our point of view."

"She is evidently," Stephen remarked, "a lady of very strict demeanor. I imagine that her sense of discipline and economy will induce her before long to seek a position elsewhere. Let us try what we can do out of doors. We will see if we can discover Mr. Andrews, the gardener."

They strolled across the lawn, and at the entrance to a walled garden, one end of which was glittering with greenhouses, they came upon that potentate. It being Sunday, Mr. Andrews was dressed in sober black and wore a black bowler hat. He carried gloves and an umbrella.

"The clergyman coming to call," George Henry whispered.

"Nothing of the sort," Stephen replied. "This is the man we are looking for. Good-morning, Andrews," he went on. "Fine lot of glass you have here."

"But it's not so expensive to keep up, sir," the man replied, raising his hat. "It's wonderful what can be done with five men and a couple of boys, properly looked after, and prices of fruit in the West End what they are. You'll be surprised, sir, when you see my books."

"Another Mrs. Buxton!" George Henry groaned.

"Do we understand," Stephen demanded, "that you are accustomed to dispose of the fruit you grow here by sale?"

Mr. Andrews stared at his questioner.

"You'll no understand what we do raise, sir," he remarked compassionately. "I'll just be taking you round."

"We are not interfering with your Sunday habits, I trust?"

"It's of small consequence, sir," the man replied. "The church here's not to my liking, and that's a fact. You'll just follow me, gentlemen."

The new tenants of Keston Court spent an exceedingly exhausting hour, at the end of which Mr. Andrews invited them into a small shanty rigged up as an office. Here he produced several memorandum-books and some sheets of ruled paper.

"I prepared this for your coming, gentlemen," he announced, "knowing you're from the City, and keen, as it were, on the matter of figures. On this side, you'll see the salary-account, which, with my own wages, five men, and two boys, comes to a matter of eighteen pounds a week. Then there's the cost of seeds, manure, coal, and other items—you see them there—and on the other side there's the sales—no such bad sales, either—and an allowance for such fruit and vegetables as is sent to the house and servants' quarters. You'll see, gentlemen, that the garden and hothouses are verra nearly self-supporting. I'm proud of those figures, gentlemen. Take them away and study them, if you're willing."

Stephen adjusted his *pince-nez*, glanced through the memorandum-book, and shook his head gravely as he returned it.

"Andrews," he said, "this is most disappointing."

"'Disappointing,' you call it?" the gardener exclaimed, a little taken aback.

"Don't misunderstand me," Stephen continued. "Your figures are wonderful, but in every detail your accounts show a lamentable tendency toward the vice which is our pet aversion—the vice of parsimony."

The Scotchman removed his hat and scratched his head.

"The good Lord!" he murmured. "'Parsimony!'"

"Yes, Andrews," his new employer continued firmly; "here I find that you put down your own salary—you, whom I understand to be one of the most accomplished raisers of fruit and vegetables in this country—at four pounds a week. Disgraceful!"

"It's no too much for a man like me," Andrews protested.

"'Too much!'" Stephen repeated. "It's too little, man! Do you want us to feel, every minute of the day, that we are slave-drivers, my brother and I?"

"Eh? What's that?"

"Your salary list all through is a disgrace," Stephen continued sternly. "I am not blaming you, Andrews. You are an honest man and have done your best for your employers. You forget, however, that there are others to be studied. Do you not owe something to yourself and to your family, and to those who work for you so faithfully?"

Andrews smiled in a sickly fashion. He was not at all sure that he was not being made fun of.

"You will forgive me, gentlemen," he begged. "This is strange hearing."

"We shall not quarrel," Stephen said firmly. "You are a man of the world, Andrews. You are a shrewd man. You will recognize the fact that it is necessary for you to adapt yourself to the whims and ideas of your employers. You have been drawing four pounds a week. The thought makes me shiver."

George Henry looked at his brother in silent admiration. Considering, as he well knew, that they neither of them had the faintest idea as to what a gardener's wages might be, he was perhaps justified.

"You will kindly," Stephen instructed, "draw in future six pounds a week. You will increase the salaries of your staff by twenty-five per cent., and you will at once discontinue this mercenary principle of sending your fruit to market."

"'Discontinue!' No send my fruit to market!" the man exclaimed. "Am I to make a dunghill of it, then?"

"My brother and I are directors of several hospitals," Stephen said. "We shall hand you a list to-morrow. In future, the



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. HAHL

"I trust that you will all enjoy yourselves," he said simply. "My brother and I have been very interested in watching you dancing to such very inspiring music"

whole of the surplus fruit will be despatched at convenient days of the week to such institutions as we shall indicate. See that the servants' hall, as well as the dining-room, are thoroughly well supplied."

Mr. Andrews closed his books a little reluctantly.

"I'm no denying, sir," he admitted, "that you've given me a bit of a shock. When I heard that the place was let to two City gentlemen, I was thinking they'd appreciate my ways. I'm your servant, though, and I'll obey your orders. Eh, but it's a powerful lot of fruit and vegetables to be giving away for just nothing at all—even to the hospitals!"

"My brother and I are not in need of money," Stephen explained. "On the contrary, it is our wish to spend it."

"You're no Scotch gentlemen; that's verra certain," Mr. Andrews observed, with a faint attempt at waggishness. "As regards the trifle of increase to my own salary, I'm not above taking it and thanking ye kindly, and I'll bear in mind your wishes with regard to the others."

They parted company, and Stephen drew a little sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven the man was Scotch so far as regards his own salary, at any rate!" he murmured, as they retraced their steps toward the house.

After luncheon, the brothers strolled across to the neighboring golf-links. George Henry spoke hopefully of the extravagance of sport.

"I was reading an article in one of the reviews last week," he said, "in which the writer asserted that the money spent in sports and games in the United Kingdom during a single year was sufficient to liquidate the national debt."

"One could no doubt spend a great deal in yachting and horse-racing," Stephen acquiesced, "but our deed of partnership prohibits any speculation with regard to them. Quite right! We must see what golf will do for us."

They found the professional in his workshop. He was a large, loosely-built Scotchman, with stubbly fair mustache and keen eyes. He looked them over with interest and bade them a cheerful good-afternoon.

"We have come to consult you," Stephen explained, "with reference to our starting the game of golf."

"And why not, indeed?" was the decisive answer. "It's a healthy sport, gentlemen, and the least expensive there is."

The faces of the golfing aspirants perceptibly lengthened.

"We had an idea," George Henry said diffidently, "that if we purchased every known variety of club, indulged in a new ball for every stroke, and engaged a golf professional to devote himself solely to our tuition——"

"Eh, mon, but it's not necessary," the professional intervened. "Half a dozen clubs each in one of my hide-leather bags—they're no more than fifteen and sixpence each—will start you properly. As to a new ball at every stroke, the thing's ridiculous, as you'll realize when you've played the game. And a couple of hours' tuition a day, which I can very well spare you myself, will be all that you're needing from a golf professional. A matter of twenty pounds will make golfers of you, gentlemen."

Stephen sighed.

"I have no doubt, George Henry," he said to his brother, "that we shall find the pursuit exhilarating."

"Even if it fails to help us in our present state of embarrassment," was the somewhat dismal response.

"I've an hour to spare, gentlemen," the professional said, "if you feel like taking your first lesson. There's a club or two in the shop would suit you nicely."

The acquisition of clubs, at any rate, appealed to his two visitors, and was conducted upon a scale which made their vendor, notwithstanding his nationality, indulge in a little mild remonstrance. Thereupon followed an hour, during which Stephen and George Henry, throwing dignity to the winds, endeavored to train and develop a new sense and a new set of muscles. The result was not altogether unsatisfactory, and the professional bade them an encouraging farewell.

"You'll no make scratch golfers, gentlemen," was his comment, "but you'll be a pair of useful half-swingers when I've done with you."



"Mrs. Buxton," Amy explained, "does not approve of ragtime music"

"This is all very well, so far as it goes," Stephen observed, as soon as they were out of ear-shot, "but I am afraid that, except from the health point of view, golf is likely to be of little use to us. The man hesitated even to accept the sovereign which I pressed into his hand as a little recognition of his efforts."

"That may have been," George Henry confessed, with a somewhat conscious smile, "because I had just given him one myself."

"You were unreasonably secretive about it, George Henry," his brother said severely. "I did not even see you put your hand into your pocket."

"Neither did I see you, for the matter of that," was the cheerl retort.

Stephen sighed.

"You are right," he admitted. "We must not allow our oubles to come between us, George Henry. We must endeavor treat one another with confidence. Who is this person?"

George Henry, who had once been a great reader of serials, cognized immediately the brown-velveteen coat, the corduroy ggings, and knobbly stick of the man who stood prepared to cost them.

"It is a gamekeeper," he declared.

"Our gamekeeper," Stephen observed hopefully. "This may e another chance for us, George Henry. I have heard that the eserving of game is very expensive."

The man touched his hat respectfully and introduced himself. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Name of Higgs. Happening to see you come along, and hearing that you was away ost of the week-days, I made so bold as to come out for a word."



"Quite right," Stephen replied. "You, I believe, are the gamekeeper to the estate?"

"Gamekeeper and vermin-killer, sir," the man assented. "There's two thousand acres of it, and a good bit of wood. There ain't many hours of the day that I'm idle."

"'Two thousand acres!'" Stephen repeated, in a shocked tone. "My good man, we are not sweaters, my brother and I! You must engage an assistant immediately."

"Yes," George Henry chimed in. "Get another vermin-killer."

The man appeared a little dazed.

"I knows of a likely lad, sir," he admitted, touching his hat. "What I wanted to ask was—was you thinking of rearing?"

"'Rearing?'" Stephen repeated, in a tone of great deliberation.

"Ah!" George Henry murmured, looking sagely at his brother.

"To tell you the truth," Stephen confided, with simple candor, "we have never before resided upon a country estate. Exactly what did you mean?"

"There's a nice few wild birds, sir," the man explained, "but we've generally reared a few hundred up to this year. It's full late now, but the last lot of eggs is only a week overdue, and there's hens in plenty. The coops are all ready, and if you'd a fancy for turning out a few more hundreds, it could be managed."

"The idea appeals to us," Stephen assented at once. "This pheasant-rearing, I understand, is a most expensive process."

"Not the way I does it," the man replied, with a pitying smile. "With meal at its present price, and rakings, I'll turn you out a nice lot of birds as you'd hardly notice the cost of, so to speak. Mr. Helmsby, over to Wanford, has the eggs."

"Arrange for them to-morrow," Stephen directed, producing his pocketbook, "and whatever you do, don't underfeed the birds. If anything is required to add to their comfort, pray see to it. My brother and I are exceedingly fond of birds."

"We had an aviary once," George Henry remarked reminiscently.

The man dropped his stick and was several seconds picking it up. When he did so, it appeared that there was something in his eye.

"You have a book for your expenses?" Stephen inquired.

The man produced from his pocket a somewhat soiled and crumpled memorandum-book. Stephen adjusted his *pince-nez* and glanced through a few pages.

"Do I understand," he asked, with his finger upon one item, "that your weekly wage is no more than two pounds a week?"

"There was some talk of a rise last Christmas, sir," the man explained hopefully, "but it didn't come to nowt."

"We raise your wage ten shillings a week," Stephen declared. "For the rest, here is fifty pounds for expenses. Pay for the eggs, and provide yourself with such supplies as are necessary for bringing up the young birds. Be liberal in their diet."

The man placed the notes in an awed manner within the pages of the book, which he buttoned up carefully in his pocket.

"If you'd like to cast your eye over the partridge-ground, gentlemen—" he began.

"'Partridges,'" George Henry interrupted. "Are you doing anything to stimulate the production of partridges?"

The gamekeeper stared at his questioner suspiciously. George Henry's expression, however, was convincingly ingenuous.

"There's a good few coveys," the man said thoughtfully, "but that storm we had last month washed a good many of the young ones out of their nests."

"They must be replaced," Stephen insisted.

"What can you do about it, Higgs?" George Henry asked anxiously.

"Well, I don't rightly know what you can do, gentlemen," the man confessed. "I've heard tell of putting a few Hungarians down in the middle of the ground."

"'Hungarians,'" Stephen repeated (*Continued on page 94*)

The Passionate Pilgrim

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy



HENRY CALVERLY, of an inconstant and erratic nature, but possessing marked musical and literary talent (as a youth he published a volume of short sketches that was highly acclaimed), was brought up in the Chicago suburb of Sunbury. Here he was associated with Humphrey Weaver, a man of an inventive turn of mind, in the ownership of a weekly paper. When twenty-one he married Cecily Hamlin, the daughter of an American adventuress, who later became the wife of ex-Senator Watt. Shortly after this, Madame Watt, as she was called, murdered her husband during a violent altercation. Cecily, the sole witness of the tragedy, was so overcome at the trial that Henry abducted her. They were discovered after a fortnight; the trial was resumed, but Cecily died a few weeks later. Madame Watt was acquitted and went to live in a stone house resembling a castle that she built in a lonely spot on Lake Michigan. Henry served six months in the penitentiary for obstruction of justice.

He then disappeared for some years but finally turns up in a small Mid-Western city under the name of Hugh Stafford, and obtains work on a newspaper. He soons finds himself becoming interested in Mary Maloney, a bookkeeper who lives in his boarding-house, and is somewhat disturbed by the thought of disloyalty to Cecily's memory. At the office, his eccentric behavior and absent-minded manner arouse the interest of Mr. Hitt, who has charge of the paper's "morgue," and of Margie Daw, a special writer. By searching among Henry's effects, Margie penetrates the "Stafford" disguise.

Henry's career on the paper is short, for he writes an indiscreet interview with the mayor. But his ability is recognized, and Mr. Listerly, the publisher of the paper, assigns him to write a biography of James H. Cantey, who was a power in the city, and whose estate owns, among other valuable properties, the newspaper.

This news creates consternation among some of Cantey's former associates—Tim MacIntyre, the mayor; O'Rell, manager of County Railways; Qualters, attorney for the Painter interests, and Amme, a lawyer for the Cantey estate. They resolve to stop Henry, but he goes the next day to the Cantey home and meets the younger daughter, Miriam, who has been her father's confidant. She is an invalid and unable to walk.

Miriam gives Henry a strong box containing her father's private papers, and shows him a letter to her left by Cantey, in which he requests that his biography shall be perfectly frank and sincere and spare no one. Henry enthusiastically agrees with this idea, and sets to work. Meanwhile, MacIntyre and his friends continue their plans to oust Henry from the project. They make desperate efforts to recover the strong box from Henry, and fail to get him to tell his history. Meanwhile, he has returned the box and announced his intention of giving up the biography. He and Miriam are in love. He tells her who he is, but not the tragic episode of his past. Miriam begins to get better, and Henry announces their engagement to Miss Russell.

Madame Watt dies, leaving her fortune to Henry, but he declares he will not touch it. His identity is thus revealed, and Miriam's married sister, Mrs. Appleby, carries her off to California. Henry accepts an offer to write advertising matter for Holmes Hitt, the nephew of the Mr. Hitt who was Henry's associate on the paper. Holmes Hitt is about to inaugurate an extensive advertising campaign, and believes, from what he knows of Henry's ability, that he is a man who will furnish some very original copy.

A feminine voice fell o

XXVII

THINKING PERFECT PORCELAIN

THE City Trust Building was the newest and most impressive business structure in the city. It stood sixteen stories high, on the corner next east from the *News* Building. The entire ground floor was occupied by the trust company. Occupying the fifteen floors above this were the offices of virtually all the most important corporations and the most successful lawyers, contractors, promoters, and representatives of out-of-town business concerns. Qualters, Cummings, and Biddeford, for example, were on the second floor. The Great Hills Pulp and Paper Company (a strong Painter concern) was on the floor next above. All of the seventh, eighth, and ninth floors were occupied by the Valley States Insurance Company, another Painter property.

So the City Trust Building, through its impressive size, its choice (in the real-estate vernacular) situation at the very center of the business district, overlooking Cantey Square, radiated an air, an aura, of success. It was the home of financial reputations, the very local temple of Prosperity. Which explains why the offices of Holmes Hitt occupied the best—the southeastern—corner of the sixteenth floor. On the ground-glass door were simply the three words, lettered in black and gold:

HOLMES HITT, INC.

Within, if you opened the door, was a bare enclosure, hardly eight feet square, with a door, a small window with a calm-faced

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Calverly's ear. A familiar voice

girl behind it, and a wooden bench. Beyond the inner door was a corridor, with offices. At the end, another door bore the inscription:

MR. HITT

Here were two rooms, one occupied by a trimly efficient young woman secretary; the other, the corner room, large, airy, with five or six mahogany chairs, a long, bare mahogany table, a simple little wall desk (closed), and on the wall a few paintings. The room was severely gray; the paintings had clearly been selected for their coloring. Nowhere was there a pigeonhole of papers, nowhere a sign of the familiar clutter of business offices.

Thither, promptly at nine in the morning, came Henry Calverly, carrying his old alpaca coat wrapped in a newspaper.

The calm-faced girl at the door kept him waiting for a while on the bench. He sat, parcel on knees, staring at a bare wall, frowning a little, fighting back tumultuous thoughts. But among these thoughts, at moments dominating them, was a purpose. Through a wakeful night he had been working it painfully out. He must live on; he must fight; he must win. Miriam might need him terribly, but he couldn't go again to her with empty hands. Somehow—no matter how—he must carve out a place for himself here in this rough, actual world. It had come down now to a final test of his metal. Either he was designed to stand alone, as an inhabitant of this particular earth, or he was not. It was high time, once and for all, to find out. And with Miriam spirited off, with all that had so suddenly come to be vital, real in his life hanging in suspense, the time was short.

An efficient-looking, well-dressed young woman came in, glanced at him, waited while the calm-faced girl pressed a button, opened a partition door, and passed in. A moment later, she reappeared, made sure that he was Mr. Calverly, showed him along the corridor, through the outer private office and into the corner room. There she left him. The heavy door swung to.

He looked about at the paintings. They pleased him. And breathing out of the severely rich furniture, out of the soft rug under his feet, the airy spaciousness, the paintings, he felt there was the very living instinct of success.

The young woman secretary brought in a fresh whiff of it when she unexpectedly entered. She was like another and not inexpensive bit of decoration.

"You may want to look these over," she remarked, and left a heap of papers on an end of the table.

He drew up a chair, plunged his fingers into his hair, studied the papers. There were proofs of advertisements, all built about that "White Bathroom" phrase. There were booklets picturing a porcelain factory, showing the processes of manufacture; interviews, illustrated, with officers of the company; a clip of letters bearing on the advertising problem; blueprints of the new tile factory, and so on.

He asked the young woman for pencil and paper, and tried rephrasing the advertisement about the "Perfect Porcelain" idea.

He had given up the idea of putting on the alpaca coat. It would look hopelessly out of place in this magnificent room. In fact, dwelling at moments on the atmosphere of the place, he despaired of ever fitting into the job. He wasn't like this. In his heart he wasn't like it. After each such moment, he plunged at his task, wrote a new version of the advertisement.

At half-past ten the door opened and Holmes Hitt appeared. He wore a smoothly pressed, perfect-fitting suit of pale linen, with a tie of cool blue silk. The wide ribbon that hung from his nose-glasses was blue, matching the tie. The merest corner of a handkerchief, bordered with palest blue, showed above the breast-pocket. The smooth young face was quietly, pleasantly, yet unsmilingly alert.

"Good-morning," he said, glanced at the papers, and, perhaps with amusement, at Calverly's tousled hair, drew up a chair. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, just trying an advertisement."

"Let me see."

But before looking over the scribbled pages, the calm eyes of Holmes Hitt surveyed the room. They rested on the newspaper parcel on a chair. He reached under the table. A buzzer sounded faintly. The decorative secretary promptly appeared. Holmes Hitt's gaze indicated the parcel. The secretary glanced from it to Calverly.

"It's mine," said that young man, a little flushed.

"Oh, all right," remarked Holmes Hitt.

The secretary disappeared.

"As for this stuff," remarked Holmes Hitt, fingering the papers, "what you've done is to write nice phrases. And too many of them. Nothing in that. Later to-day I'll take you over to the factory. You must see the work and get the feeling of the men behind it, their ability and energy, and faith in their product. Then you must give up your whole mind to thinking about it. You must eat, breathe, dream Perfect Porcelain—until you're fairly bursting with the impulse to tell people not only how good it is but how necessary it is. Then you must visualize the woman you'll be writing at."

"'Woman?'"

"Certainly. You're dealing with homes. Every home means a woman. You've got to *think* Perfect Porcelain so hard that you

think it straight from your head into hers, get her to dwelling on the thought of Perfect Porcelain until nothing else will do—nothing in the world. Give up your whole being to it. Fight for those six thousand homes, one by one. Win them. There's no other way. It must crowd out of your mind every other——"

A soft buzzer sounded. Calmly Holmes Hitt rose, slid back a panel over the desk, and drew out a telephone instrument.

"It's for you," he said.

A feminine voice fell on Calverly's ear. A familiar voice.

"It's me," said the voice, adding, after a moment: "Mary Maloney. This—is Mr. Staf—Mr. Calverly, isn't it? I called up the *News*, and they said I might find you here. I had an awful time getting anybody there that would say anything. . . . Where am I? Why, right down here by the *News* Building, in the drug store. Listen: Could you come down for just a minute? Two telegrams came. They just left them lying on the table in the hall, and I thought they might be important, and so I——"

Calverly turned. Already the secretary had entered with mail. She stood at Holmes Hitt's elbow while he went swiftly through the thick pile of papers, pausing now and then to outline a brief reply.

"I'm afraid I—I'd better step out, just for a moment."

Holmes Hitt merely moved his head.

Uncomfortably aware that he was being drawn momentarily farther from Perfect Porcelain and the new relation with life, feeling, in fact, out of key, Calverly went down to the drug store.

Mary's little plump person rose from a stool by the soda-fountain. Her face was suffused with color. She was smiling. She was unexpectedly pretty. Her great, curiously honest eyes moved him to a feeling of gentle regard, even of tenderness, that was yet like a faint revival of an old memory, of something that had happened very long ago.

One telegram was from Parker, in Chicago.

It read, in the familiar telegraphic jumble of words:

> Can you come at once discuss estate as there is no other legatee I prefer take no steps without advice from you and there are many matters should be gone over carefully or if you cannot come will go to you important.

It stirred no particular interest in his breast, so he slipped it into a coat pocket.

The other was from Humphrey Weaver, offering either to come at once or to send money. A few extra words of cordial import warmed his heart, as such words do when found on a telegraph-form.

He walked out with Mary to the street.

His preoccupation fell away for the moment. Here she was, on his hands, rather confused. Something must be said. And her manner, simple, almost alarmingly open, made it evident that she had been thinking every moment of him.

"You were good to come, Mary," he said.

"Oh, no! I thought you ought to have them. And I didn't think they'd object at the office. I never asked for time off before, this way. I didn't care much. I've thought lately I might look up another job. You get tired of doing just one thing." He couldn't reply to this. "The girls were awfully excited," she ventured. "At the news, I mean." Her eager confusion was fading. "I—I could see that you were going through trouble," she added timidly.

"I was, Mary." His voice was so gentle that she glanced up at him. "I still am."

"I'm sorry," she murmured.

On the step of a River Street car she hesitated, looked back. He was standing motionless, holding his hat above his head. She bit her lip. The car rolled away. She went in and looked, with swimming eyes, for a seat.

Calverly returned to the room at the top of the City Trust Building, pausing only to telegraph Humphrey that he had a job, was in excellent spirits, and needed no help.

Holmes Hitt made room for him at the table. The correspondence was cleared away.

"There's no other way," said Holmes Hitt, taking up a half-tone of an elaborately equipped bathroom. "You'll find that you must shut out from your mind every mental image except Perfect Porcelain and the home it's going into. By the sheer power of words you have to move Perfect Porcelain from the factory to the freight-yard, over hundreds, even thousands, of miles of railroads, through wholesale and retail plumbing establishments into six thousand of those homes. You have to get specifications for Perfect Porcelain into the plans for six thousand new houses. You can only do that by stirring six thousand women to the point of insisting, even of overcoming, the objections of their architects. Your principal medium will be the woman's magazines. All you really have, of course, is the white paper before you. That's all—white paper, plus a brain. You can write. No man on earth can make a phrase live as you can. But can you, with a phrase, lift that Perfect Porcelain bathtub, shower, wash-stand out of the factory, move it across the country, and install it in a house? For that's what the writer of advertising copy has to do."

Calverly, struggling with depression, had sunk back in his chair.

"I don't know," he replied; "I doubt it."

"I don't, Calverly. Not for a minute. Fill your mind with Perfect Porcelain, and you can do it."

Calverly regarded the smooth face, the calm eyes, the studiously arranged color-scheme of the young man before him.

"There are other makes of bathroom fixtures, aren't there?" he asked dully.

"Certainly."

"Some of them about as good as this?"

"None of them better."

"And it's going to cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to exploit this make. That'll be added to the price, won't it? This room, part of your income, even my little income, will all be added to the price?"

"Certainly."

"Why not save all that money and let the woman buy any make she likes?"

"Because we shall be raising the standard of comfort and cleanliness in the homes of America. We shall be stimulating business, stimulating life itself. Energy put out in the mercantile field creates new markets, new business. Life isn't an accumulation of things. Life is energy, and energy is life. The money spent in pushing Perfect Porcelain will force a higher standard of manufacture. It will stabilize small businesses all over America. It will improve advertising itself. But, above all, it will make better homes. Homes that are more livable-in."

It was difficult to withstand this flow of easy yet alert talk. And the man himself was utterly convincing. He radiated confidence and success. He was a living example of his creed.

"But how about the poor devil who has to pay for all this—that woman's husband? We're going to force it on him by stirring his wife's desire for it—aren't we?"

"Certainly."

"Is that sound economy?"

"Certainly. Better homes make better men. By the way, note that phrase down: 'Better homes make better men.'" Calverly obediently wrote it down. "And remember this: Life isn't a stable thing. You can't put life away on a shelf and expect to find the same thing you left there. It's fluid. It's volatile. Business is always either shrinking or growing. Men are either growing or shriveling. I personally stand for growth. Every time I improve a home by installing a Milhenning bath-room, by just that much I improve America. Because of my effort, America is growing where it might shrink. Remember that one vital fact: energy is life." Calverly bent forward over the papers. "You've got to think, feel, believe Perfect Porcelain with every ounce of energy in your mind and spirit before you can write a sound line of copy."

Calverly looked at him, a kindling light in his eye, a touch of color in his cheeks.

"All right," he said; "I'll do it. I'll put everything else aside. It's worth the chance."

"It *is* your chance," said Holmes Hitt.

The door opened.

"There are several newspaper men outside," said the secretary quietly, "to see Mr. Calverly."

"I won't see them!" cried that young man.

Holmes Hitt thought this over.

"Yes, you will," he said. "You'll have to. May as well get it over with."

"But I've told them all I—" And Calverly, sputtering, went out to the bare little coop by the outer door. Three young men were sitting on the bench. Two of them he seemed to know. They had doubtless been in the group at the boarding-house.

"Mr. Calverly," said one, "we hear from Chicago that your attorney expects you out there to-day." Calverly spread his hands. "He confirms the news that the entire fortune has been left to you. You're a millionaire, of course. When are you leaving?"

"I'm not leaving."

Another spoke up.

"Of course, Mr. Calverly, you'll understand that this is a very dramatic occurrence. The papers can hardly ignore it



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

It stirred no particular interest in his breast, so he slipped it into a coat pocket. The other was from Humphrey Weaver, offering either to come at once or to send money. A few extra words of cordial import warmed his heart, as such words do when found on a telegraph-form

Won't you tell us something about your plans for the future? Will you take up novel-writing again?"

"No," muttered Calverly, in great discomfort. "I don't know. I can't talk to you." He was by this time in utter nervous confusion. These men, with their talk of the future, brought up, overwhelmingly, the past. The time had not yet come when he could look back calmly on those awful years. Why couldn't they let him alone? He could have screamed at them.

"You said you were not going to Chicago?"

"I said that. I'm not."

"Then this Mr. Parker will be coming here?"

"No—I don't know."

"Of course, Mr. Calverly, you must realize that in taking this attitude you are suggesting a bigger 'story' than any we've got so far. Do you mean to say that you are refusing this fortune?"

"Yes!" The inner pressures at last found an outlet in voice, gesture, blazing eye. "I mean just that! I won't touch her filthy money! I don't want ever to hear it spoken of again. Now get out and leave me alone!"

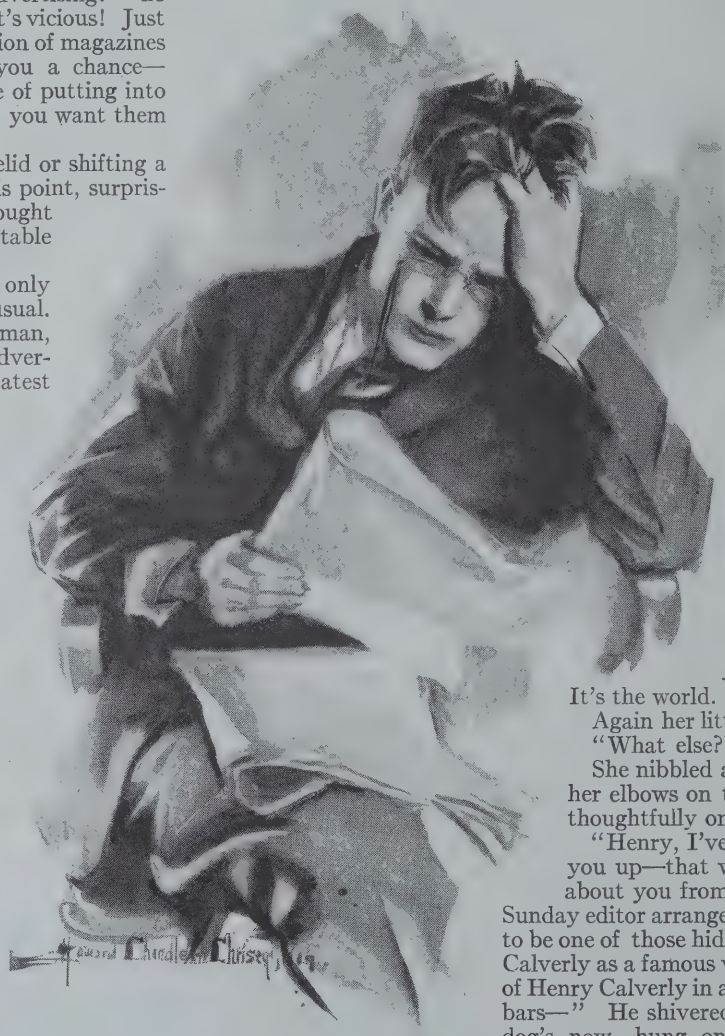
He slammed the door on them. The girl at the window looked after him, mildly surprised. Doors weren't slammed in the establishment of Holmes Hitt, Incorporated.

He loitered in the corridor. It wouldn't do to go back to that corner room in this condition. He must think Perfect Porcelain. He set his face, marched back doggedly. Then, before the unruffled, momentarily exasperating Holmes Hitt he exploded.

"I don't care for advertising!" he cried. "It's debasing! It's vicious! Just because the wide circulation of magazines and newspapers gives you a chance—because this new scheme of putting into people's minds the thing you want them to think——"

Without lifting an eyelid or shifting a foot, Holmes Hitt, at this point, surprisingly, dramatically brought down a flat hand on the table with a bang.

"'New?'" he said, with only a little more vigor than usual. "'New?'" My dear man, don't you know that advertising has been the greatest force in the world since life began? New? Why, bless your heart, do you know who *were* the greatest advertising men in history? They were Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Ghengis Khan, Peter the Great, Martin Luther, Ben Franklin. Cæsar writes his own 'Commentaries,' puts them into every school in the civilized world, keeps them there two thousand years. Why? Advertising! Luther burns the pope's bull. Where? In his old porcelain stove? Not a bit of it! He burns it at the city gate. Why? Advertising! Kings travel around laying corner-stones and addressing orphan asylums and attending teas, have their pictures taken in every kind of costume. Why? Advertising!"



He drew up a chair, plunged his fingers into his hair, studied the papers

"Oh, come—those things aren't a parallel to this commercial——"

"Aren't they though? 'Commercial!' What's commerce? Selling things, isn't it? Suppose a man gives his life to building up a manufacturing business? Suppose he makes honest goods, believes they're the best? He wants people to know about them, doesn't he?"

"He wants their money."

"Money, nothing! He wants success, power—yes. That's human. What does your soldier, your statesman, your reformer, your novelist want? Success, fame, power! One man sells his goods; another sells himself. What's the difference?"

Again the soft buzzer sounded.

"For you," said Holmes Hitt, with a quizzical glance.

And again it was a woman's voice.

"It's Margie—Margie Daw—Henry. I want to see you."

"Well—I—I'm busy just now."

"Are you engaged for lunch?"

"For lunch—why, no; I don't think so."

"Well then, meet me—let's see, I don't want to go to Philipe's—I'll tell you! You're a millionaire now. Meet me at the Rivoli at one."

Calverly came slowly back toward the table. He knew now that Holmes Hitt was a force. He would have given almost anything in the world just then to feel even a little of that clear mental energy in his own worn-out brain. He thought of it as worn out. Even so, the man fired him. The trite phrase: "Energy is life," rang in his ears like a new gospel. He felt those steady eyes on him.

"It all comes down to thinking it," said Holmes Hitt. "And thinking it means wanting to do it. You can put Perfect Porcelain into six thousand homes if you want to. The question is: Do you want to?"

"Yes," said Calverly; "I do."

XXVIII

IN WHICH MARGIE DAW FINDS HERSELF USEFUL MAINLY AS A STIMULANT

"THEY'RE pounding you pretty hard, aren't they?" observed Margie. She looked fresh, pretty, more than usually boyish. The gaiety and clatter of the restaurant suited her to-day.

Calverly inclined his head. His sensitive mouth twitched.

"But I don't care," he said. Holmes Hitt wouldn't have cared.

"That's hardly true, Henry. Of course you care. And you've got to do something about it."

"Work's the thing!" said he, with sudden emphasis.

"What work? Advertising business?"

He nodded. She shook her head firmly.

"It is. You don't know, Margie—how I've lived. It's practical life. It's the world. I've got to take my place in it."

Again her little head moved in a decided negative.

"What else?"

She nibbled at her salad, considered, finally leaned her elbows on the table and let her bright eyes rest thoughtfully on him.

"Henry, I've just learned—it's really why I called you up—that we've taken a Sunday syndicate story about you from the National Feature Service. The Sunday editor arranged it by wire this morning. It's going to be one of those hideous things—colored picture of Henry Calverly as a famous writer wearing a laurel wreath, another of Henry Calverly in a striped suit looking out between iron bars—" He shivered. His eyes—she thought them like a dog's now—hung on hers. She knew she was torturing him. "Yes; really. I was there when he ordered the drawings. The story is to dwell on the sensational ups and downs of your life."

His lips moved. She caught the one word:

"Please!"

"But we've got to consider this, Henry. It's a fact. That story's going all over the country. There'll be others. They'll pound you right down if you let them. The question is: What are you going to do? How are you going to meet it?"

He shaded his eyes with his hand. He was silent so long that she fell to eating again.

"I'll ignore it," she thought he said.



There was a long, tense silence. Finally he looked up at her, seemed, in a hesitating way, about to speak

"But you can't, Henry."

"I can. They can't touch my private life."

He faltered a little on this. They could, and they would. They had already, for that matter, touched it to the sensitive quick.

"You're going to make me speak plainly——"

"Why talk of it at all?"

"Perhaps I can help. I'd like to."

He was silent, head on hand, eyes downcast now. Playing with his fork. He couldn't eat; she was bearing so on those old worn nerves.

"You're a page-one problem, Henry. Your whole life. Hiding your head in Holmes Hitt's office can't change that fact."

"I don't think I know what you mean," he murmured.

"You're a man with a public name. There's a public Henry Calverly. He isn't so, but he's the only you that the public knows or cares about."

"I don't care about the public."

"Oh, but you do! You've got to. All your real work, until you die, has got to be done in the public eye. And what the public thinks of you, thinks you are, will make you or break you. It will carry you on to success or pin failure on you at every turn, no matter what you may personally try to do."

Again he was touched with that involuntary little shiver. She couldn't see his eyes. She wondered, with swift insight, what recent deep hurt she had probed. Sure of her reasoning—firmly, in fact, on her own ground—she pressed on.

"Let's look at the hard fact. You're tagged now, Henry. Your name suggests prisons—and aliases. It's unjust. Most reputations, one way or the other, are unjust. Every public man bears a tag. The shrewd men see to it that their tags are pleasing, popular. Hence press-agents. Politicians have them, and preachers and bankers and actresses. Their job is to build up a fictitious personality. They find out what the public likes in bankers, preachers, actresses, statesmen, and make their employers look like that. Very few newspaper reputations but are false. You surely know that. Even the great names—Washington and that inspired cherry-tree yarn. Of course George Washington told lies. From all I can gather, he had violent moments; but the cherry tree triumphed, and Gilbert Stuart finished the job with his undying portrait of frozen virtue." For one swift instant, Calverly's deep eyes swung up in a sharp glance, then dropped again. She was puzzled, unaware that Holmes Hitt had, within the two hours, laid the foundation for her talk. "The simple fact is, Henry, you're tagged wrong."

"Work," he said again. "I'll work it out, little by little."

"It won't do it. Reprobates have gone down in history as paragons of virtue. Human angels have gone down as devils. We've got to change your tag. Big job." She mused aloud. "Publicity is the greatest force in the world. The great dear public doesn't see straight, and it never will."

Henry turned toward the music, moodily watched the violinist, said something about the cheapness of these popular songs.

She went on studying him. Clearly he didn't see it. It seemed tragic. They'd simply pound him to death; there'd be no let-up, no mercy. The public was merciless, casually but persistently cruel. They smashed one so.

"That's what you're up against, Henry. Yours is a publicity problem. Nothing else. I don't know whether I can make you see it. If I can't——"

He shrugged this off, peered out from under his hand at the musicians.

"When do you get the money, Henry?" He shook his head. "One or two years, I suppose. These things take time. Has the will been probated?" No answer. "You do get it, don't you, Henry?"

"Oh, please!" It was hardly more than a sigh.

"You're awfully difficult. More than anybody else in the world you need a publicity man right now. Time is passing. We'd have to catch it right at the top of all this row. Maybe, even then, we couldn't do it. It's a chance. And, of course, if you won't help—against your will—I can't do a thing. I could if—" She leaned across the table. "Supposing it's hopeless, Henry, after all—supposing you just have to clear out again—I can't bear to think of your going alone. We might work it out together. You need a woman awfully to take care of you. And to work through you. I'd take a chance with you, Henry. My life isn't so much. I'd pack up and go—oh, anywhere—Africa, South America, China! It doesn't much matter where. It would be one more experience. There'd be a thrill in it. Perhaps that's what you

need. I find—the way I feel about the little time you were at my place. I'm fussy; some men I'd loathe, just seeing them round—you know, coats off—shaving— Oh, I know all about it. I've been married. But I'm young enough, and not so unattractive. And I wouldn't set up claims on you—smother you—make exactions—strike a hard bargain—like these innocent little marrying things."

There was a long, tense silence. Finally he looked up at her, seemed, in a hesitating way, about to speak.

"I've got to get back," he said. "Up to the office. It's my first day there, you see." And he faintly, apologetically smiled.

The warm color faded from her face. She had again let herself go too far; her usually quick mind couldn't make this turn in time. She couldn't speak at all, walked out with him in silence.

"I don't want you to think I don't appreciate all you've said," was his stiffly inadequate remark.

From this sort of thing she could only turn away, telling herself bitterly that she was a fool.

And he went back to the City Trust Building to carry on his dogged, grotesquely heroic little struggle with what seemed to him, for the moment, reality.

Holmes Hitt, it appeared, had shut himself in at precisely two. Calverly recalled dimly that he had spoken, a full day earlier, of doing that. The man seemed to him quite wonderful. He couldn't himself imagine knowing, a day in advance, that he could, at a given moment, shut off all departments but one of an active brain and coolly call on that one to function. He felt now the admiration and a touch of the envy that the emotional man must feel at times for the successfully methodical man.

He wandered out of the office and took the elevator down. He was disturbed and curiously stimulated. He walked across town and out to his own room, shut himself in there. The quick, plausible mind of Holmes Hitt seemed almost to have substituted itself for his own. Margie had added emphasis to this pervading, compelling force of the man, without successfully intruding herself. If anything, she had driven Calverly's thoughts precipitately back to him. She had intensified his rather blind, certainly desperate determination to lay hold of every-day life. By reviving that emotional tension between them, she had driven him off, sharpened his will, brought his best, his emotional faculties into play. He had none of the Perfect Porcelain data there in his room; but that was what he went at. He drew rough sketches of the perfect bathroom, even of the typical suburban home it was to make better. He wrote phrases, prose descriptions, verse. Ideas came; he played with them. He worked there until night, and on nearly till morning, pausing only to rush out and buy some magazines and a cup of coffee. It seemed to him that he couldn't go into the boarding-house dining-room—not as he felt now. Something near the old creative pressure was on him. He pored over the advertising pages of the magazines, tried imitating their effective points, then altering them, twisting them round, then hit on the idea of designing an advertisement that would compete effectually with the hundreds of others in a particular magazine. He began to see the possibilities of type, white spaces, contrasting thicknesses and qualities of paper, colored inks, drawings, and designs. Little by little, what he had thought of as the vulgarity of his subject and of advertising in general faded out. He saw, felt the business enterprise that lay back of each commodity. He felt drama in it. After all, wasn't it life? Wasn't it ambition, energy, the struggle for preeminence?

The next morning—it was near noon—he appeared, disheveled, hollow-eyed, but in a curious way nearly happy, at the office.

Holmes Hitt exhibited no surprise over his disappearance the day before, merely studied him with calm, slightly amused eyes, then looked through the little heap of papers that Calverly placed before him. These held his interest. Once or twice he even nodded approvingly.

"This," he said, tapping them, "is a start. We'll go out to the factory to-day. I want you to see porcelain made. It's beautiful. And I want you to talk with the workmen. I want you to realize that each of them is a human being, supporting a family, working something out. Then you'd better chat with the firm. They're big men. You'll feel humble. All through (*Continued on page 110*)



Here, stretched comfortably out on a grassy bank, looking idly out at the boating parties, they fell to talking of the Cantey biography

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

By George Randolph Chester

The Profit *is in the* Digging



Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"What's on your mind?"
"Money," confessed the visiting contractor

"I DON'T quite get you," puzzled the city engineer, his gaze straying from the huge J. Rufus Wallingford to the lean and lank Horace G. Daw. Both the unexpected callers were in full evening dress, and both wore the suavity and habit of men of the world, men of ease, men of confidence.

"We came to break the news to you, brother," grinned Blackie Daw, sitting on the piano-stool, and trying the whirl of it. "You are about to receive a token in the neck."

"Look here!" City Engineer Wincap was a well-boned man of sandy complexion and a natural pompadour, and now the pompadour seemed to stiffen. "I don't know why you strangers horn into my home to muss up my private affairs, but——"

"Sit down, neighbor," soothed J. Rufus. "Sit down and take it like a man; and before we get through, you'll adopt us into the midst of your bosom. We've come to put a machine gun into your good right hand."

The city engineer took another look. Capable gentlemen these—men with keen intelligence and definite purpose—workers! But for what?

"Well?" he invited, though he remained standing.

"Thank you," chuckled J. Rufus. "The story begins as follows." And he took the most commodious chair in the parlor, like a welcome and familiar guest. "We read your doom, Wincap, in the evening papers."

"Why 'doom'?"

"Don't kid yourself," advised Wallingford, with a wave of the hand on which sparkled a two-thousand-dollar diamond. "I know municipal politics as practised from the moment old Mr. Municip invented the game, and there's no more chance of a change in it than there is in the multiplication table. Your enterprising city has torn up its beautiful new boulevard four times in three years—once for the water-mains, once for the sewer-pipes, once for gas, and once because. Now they're going to improve the boulevard by burying all electric wires in conduits. Who pays? The voters. Who wins? The contractors, and such of the city officials as are not too proud to go out with a club and accept gifts."

"For a stranger, you read fast," Mr. Wincap admitted, and at last sat in the hard, stiff chair of the period of Louis Thirteenth to Sixteenth inclusive. Wallingford produced long, fat black cigars, and Wincap furnished the matches. "Well?"

"Well," went on Wallingford, "the time has now arrived to select the village goat. Press and public unanimously demand to know why all these pipes were not thought of in the beginning. Press and public unanimously shout that somebody had a knot of solid ivory. Friend Wincap, you have just time to send word to mother that you died brave."

"You talk like a stranger," scorned the engineer, with a smile of apparent superior ease. "The town knows that, in the beginning, I planned a tunnel for all these things, but there was a yell about expense, and——"

"Four years ago?" interrupted Wallingford. "Say, the public will remember a scandal forty years, but will forget a good deed in forty minutes. I'll make a little bet that you're to be crucified, that you'll be fired, and that your reputation for boneheadedness will beat you to every job you try to get. If you don't believe me, call up your chief, or whoever runs the works in this particular Sodom, and ask him why he let the heretofore smoothly tamed *Times* admit that there was a blunder, and declare that the guilty party must be found. The *Times*, remember!"

Mr. Wincap spent a couple of moments in solemn thought. That the other papers should insist on a scapegoat for the wasted millions was but normal and natural, but when the *Times* said anything, it was as if Big Matt Haine himself had spoken. The prospective goat now remembered that yesterday the chief had remarked, in the presence of others, "This ought've been done in the first place." Yesterday the chief had evaded Wincap's request for a look at the secret plans of the boulevard.

"Not on your life!" suddenly yelled the city engineer, his sandy complexion flaming like a sunset. He jumped from his chair, jammed his hands in his pockets, and strode up and down the fancy parlor. "They can't make a Patsy of me! I'll tell everything I know. If I go down, they go with me. If——"

"Nix, brother; you don't repair a watch with a hammer. Now listen: We've brought you a few words of wisdom. We're here to seat you in the golden chair, with the crown of vindication on your paprika locks, and the little white dove of peace in your lily-white mitt."

"Just like that, eh?" mocked Wincap. "Have you met Matt Haine?"

"Not specifically," smiled J. Rufus. "Blackie, bring your head into the triangle."

For a solid half-hour the triangle sat huddled close, while the smooth, soft voice of the professional vindicator flowed on and on; but in the final pause, Ben Wincap, though wistful, remarked dejectedly:

"This would sound better to me if you had made yourself familiar with Big Matt. He's the boy who invented 'safety first.'"

II

BIG Matt Haine sat in a much whittled armchair in the exact center of the six-by-nine shack which served him as an office,

sat looking stolidly out into the cluttered yards of the Haine Construction Company. His slouch hat was on the back of his round head, and his hairy fingers were linked together, and in his mind a weighty problem was slowly seething. One of the thick fingers was methodically tapping a knuckle. Suddenly the motion stopped. Across the yards, around the heap of rusty road-scrapers and between the rows of rock-drills, there came a resplendent being, huge, majestic, and glistening from the patent-leather tips on his shoes to the top of his shiny hat. Big Matt moved not a muscle until the door opened; then he raised his head a trifle.

"Matt Haine?" inquired the resplendent stranger, closing the door and drawing the other chair toward him and beaming down at the recognized governor of the city.

"Un-hunh."

"I'm Big Jim Wallingford—contractor—Baton Bleu!"

Big Matt watched Big Jim as the latter sat down and pushed his silk hat on the back of his head.

"What'd you say your town was?"

"Baton Bleu."

A wrinkle in Big Matt's forehead and a suppressed grin on the part of Big Jim. Baton Bleu meant no more to Haine than a star in the Pleiades.

"What's on your mind?"

"Money," confessed the visiting contractor. "I'm pulling a swamp-improvement scheme for my burg, and my city council will have a lot of choice sycamore as a side bet. Can you use about twenty car-loads of good street-railroad ties?"

A rumble in Big Matt's throat.

"It's been done. The trolley company here has spent its dividends for the next lifetime, and I'm out of it."

"Cleaned up, eh?" A huge chuckle of friendly understanding. "You let the public have your stock. Sorry you can't use that sycamore." The boss of Baton Bleu looked at his watch, but carefully refrained from glancing out of the window, though a slight frown crossed his brow. "I have to place it pussyfoot, because my town's bought itself an alarm-clock."

"They're all gettin' educated," grumbled Big Matt, accepting one of the long, thick, black cigars, and pinching off the end with a thumb and forefinger which worked like a vise. Suddenly, his bushy eyebrows came together in a straight shelf. "They're a bunch of ungrateful whelps in this town! We never hand 'em a public improvement but what there's a scrap over the cost of it, and some good man has to get the gaff!"

"We ought to have a clearing-house for good men," seriously considered the visiting boss. "Pass 'em around from town to town as soon as they've turned their tricks."

Big Matt laughed.

"Swell dope, Wallingford! But wouldn't they get too strong for us?" He had glanced out of the window as he spoke, and his glance stayed. Down through the yards came two other visitors—Ben Wincap, and with him a tall, thin, lithe-stepping gentleman who wore a brown suit, a yellow waistcoat, a pink shirt, a red tie, a green-felt hat, and pointed black mustaches.

The visiting boss had been about to look at his watch again, but, seeing the arrival reflected on the face of Big Matt, dropped his watch in his vest pocket and sat back comfortably.

"Hello, Chief!" hailed Ben Wincap, with sidelong curiosity at the resplendent big stranger. "Shake hands with Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos. Mr. Haine, *señor*."

"What's the name?" painfully inquired Big Matt, enveloping the foreigner's hand in a mighty paw.

"Not the famous Brazilian engineer!" exclaimed Wallingford, taking the aching hand of Señor Dawzos in his own, and giving it a grip which raised the foreigner to his toes.

"The same!" proudly proclaimed Ben Wincap.

"Well, I'm Jim Wallingford—Baton Bleu—contractor." And the prosperous Southwestern politician shook hands again, chuckling as the Brazilian raised to his toes. "So this is the genius who built the suspended water-works on a viaduct over the Amazon, the boy who cut the tunnel through a solid-marble mountain from Rio de Guila to Hispero, and paved the streets of both towns with the marble! Well, well!"

"The same!" again proclaimed Ben Wincap, with a peculiar elation in him—the elation of an amateur who finds that he is not flunking in his lines. "Of course, Matt, you've heard of Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos?"

"Well, maybe," admitted Big Matt, after a slight hesitation. "Wallingford, shake hands with Ben Wincap, my city engineer. What's on your mind, Mr. Dawzos?"

"I gasp!" replied Señor Dawzos, waving both hands in the air and twirling swiftly both mustaches. "Eet ees eemense! In Brazeel we are infant! Four time you tear up your beeyutiful bouleevar', and the profeet, my frien'"—here he raised both hands and slapped Big Matt Haine on the shoulders—"the profeet ees in the digging. Beeg Matt, I am ashame'! Four time tear up the bouleevar' have I never done!"

"You can carry it too far," considered Matt, and sat down. They were all friends here. "You have to give a town its money's worth."

"The town—bah!" laughed the Brazilian genius, tossing his hands in the air and snapping his fingers. "The town beed-dam! In Brazeel we make the great enthuse. We say nothing like eet in the world. We play the museek. We make the speech. We have the parade, the flag, the holiday, the grand feast, the beer, the cooked cow, the sheep. Ver' well; the town cough up the money; we give the improvement; we say this man damn thief; we put nice present in hees pocket; we send heem away; we tell town—behind its face—go hades. But Meester Beeg Matt! My frien'! Never—nev-ver do I yet tear up bouleevar' four time! Marvelous stunt, Meester Beeg Matt! With that, how I should enthuse Rio de Guila! I salute you!" And once more he slapped Big Matt on the shoulders.

"You're the boy for me!" declared Big Jim. "Suppose you come with me down to Baton Bleu and engineer my swamp improvement, Señor Dawzos?"

"Nozos!" And Dawzos waved a lean and lank forefinger in front of Big Jim's countenance. "Nozos, Beeg Jeem; I have engineer the swamp. The first time I engineer the swamp so eet ees dry. I am infant! The nex' time I engineer the swamp so eet need a half-million-dollar pumping station. Nex' time—ah, the nex' time I engineer the swamp so eet must be done over every year. I know the swamp. The profeet, my frien', the profeet ees in the digging."

Beeg Matt and Beeg Jeem looked at each other, and Beeg Matt laughed in his throat and Beeg Jeem laughed with his shoulders, and Ben Wincap took a deep breath.

"More and more you convince me that you're the boy," urged Wallingford. "Now look here, *señor:* I'll make it worth your while. You'll be a novelty in Baton Bleu—a classy novelty, and above suspicion. I'll pay you more——"

"Not the swamp!" Señor Dawzos' hand waved so violently that his fingers quivered. "I am reech! I am in United States to educate. I take back only the treeck they have not known in Brazeel. I have learn the swamp. But the four time to tear up the bouleevar'—ah!" He blew a swift succession of kisses at the ceiling. Suddenly his hands come down with a mighty smack on Big Matt's shoulders. "Meester Beeg Matt, I engineer for you!"

Just then a boy came in with the afternoon paper and thrust it in the hand of Big Matt, and on the very front page was the picture of the famous Brazilian engineer, Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos. Across the top of the paper was a big black head-line:

TO SUPPLANT BONEHEAD WINCAP

Big Matt stared at the head-line for a moment; then he stared at Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos; then he stared out of the window at a muddy derrick, his bushy eyebrows contracted into a straight shelf; then he slowly turned in the direction of his city engineer.

"Say, Ben, what kind of an engineer is he?"

Ben Wincap swallowed something hastily.

"Dawzos? Why, Matt, he's the ace! He's the chief decoration for the *Plumb and Transit*, the *Construction News*, the *Journal of Mining*, all the engineering papers. Why, Matt, for an ordinary dub engineer like me to know Señor Dawzos is an honor."

"Hunh!" And Big Matt slowly rasped his chin with a hairy hand. "Say, Jim, why don't you take Ben, here, for that swamp job? He's a good two-handed worker, as much of a hustler at the polls as he is in the office. He's had his tongue cut out, and is the best all-round little engineer that ever drew the three plans!"

It was Wallingford's turn to stare.

"The three— Oh, I see—public, private, and political. Well, Mr. Wincap——"

"Look here!" Even though he had been prepared for this, and for the coolness of its doing, Ben Wincap's sandy face turned pale and his jaw-muscles worked. "Don't I have any say in this? You can't move me around like a checker-man. I'm not——"

"Save it, Ben; save it!" rumbled Big Matt, though not unkindly. "You know that some good guy has to go to the public abattoir, and you're it. Hold up your throat!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"Fire!" yelled the excitable Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos, as the blaze leaped high and caught the rack of big wall maps



"Oh, will you?" Bonehead Wincap himself, and he stood in the doorway. Just behind him was the suave and smiling Wallingford. " 'Bonehead Wincap,' eh? Well, I've got your number, Horace G. Daw!"

III

Behold the dark Brazilian genius in charge of his office, with four capable draftsmen trying earnestly to penetrate the Brazilian method of engineering! No hesitancy on the part of the new city engineer, whose portrait was in all the papers this morning, alongside the deposed and the disgraced Bonehead Wincap. As a preparation for the fifth and last digging-up of the boulevard, Señor Dawzos, clad this morning in a bright-green suit, a lavender waistcoat, a purple shirt, a rose-colored tie, and a yellow hat, opened his little traveling-bag, exchanged his coat for a blue-velvet working-jacket, and called for all the plans of the sewers, the water-pipes, the gas-pipes, and the work which had been done because; then he had a large sheet of Manila paper tacked on a table for himself, took up a pair of compasses, and, with a mighty flourish, drew a circle. Across the face of this circle he drew intersecting arcs, one after the other, and in the hundred-odd triangular spaces began to set down figures taken from the plans. The draftsmen came by ones, by twos, and in a cluster to look on in silence; but the great Señor Dawzos paid no attention to them. With the fingers of his left hand entwined in his black hair, and with his black brows fiercely knotted, he began to cast these figures crosswise, vertically, and diagonally, to add, subtract, multiply, and divide, carrying his results out to the thirtieth and fortieth decimals, while the draftsmen came and looked and went away again.

Presently came a large, resplendent stranger. A quiver went through the drafting-room—a quiver of intense inspection, of comparison, of emulative study. Big Jim Wallingford, the boss of Baton Bleu! He was in the papers, too! Negotiating with Ben Wincap for a swamp job. Lucky Ben!

"Good-morning, *señor*."

Minutes passed; then Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos looked up abstractedly, and said, "Howdee?" and resumed his work. Nevertheless, though nothing had passed between them which mortal gaze could detect, some of the beam went out of Big Jim's countenance, and concern sat on his brow.

"When you've time, *señor*, I'd like to get a little tip from some of your swamp-drainage experiences, if you'll do me the favor."

Minutes passed. The concentrated mathematician finished dividing a length of a sewer-pipe into the diameter of a water-main, and looked up with a far-away gaze.

"Eet ees for you to wait, Beeg Jeem."

"Oh!" Beeg Jeem glared at the distinguished Brazilian and loafed out. Presently he loafed in, and loafed out again.

In a short time he was back, to await the pleasure of the autocrat, and he was there when Big Matt entered. For the fraction of a second, a flash, keen and eager, passed between J. Rufus and Señor Dawzos. Behind Big Matt was a strapping, broad-shouldered fellow, whose thick arms hung from him like pendulums, and whose battered face sat in his jaw like an acorn in its shell. In one enormous hand he carried a long, narrow package; and it was at the sight of this package that the eyes of Big Jim Wallingford glistened.

"Hello, boys," rumbled Big Matt. "Hello, Jim! What's on your mind?"

"Waiting to get some of your star performer's swamp-drainage dope, Matt."

"Well, he's the party!" Matt Haine, by now, was loudly proud of his importation. "Hello, Señor!"

Minutes passed. Señor Dawzos, holding up his left hand for silence, finished the division of eleven decimals into thirty-eight.

"Howdee?" he then said, and began to set down some other figures.

Big Matt examined the crisscrossed circle, and began to fret.

"What's that junk?"

"Feegures."

"Oh!" The man who had ordered the mayor to hire Señor Dawzos jammed his hands deep in his coat pockets and scowled. "Well, you're wasting your time. The back room, Joe." And the acorn-faced man swung back toward the private office with his package. "Come on, Dawzos."

"Eemediately," agreed the famous engineer, and thereupon Matt stalked after Joe. J. Rufus, his glistening eye fixed on that swinging package, sauntered in that direction also.

"Dawzos!" This from the boss of Grayville.

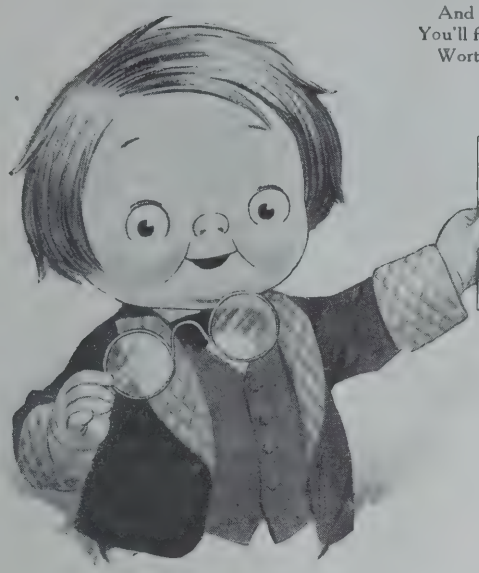
Slowly the South American celebrity rose from his rapt arithmetic and turned to Matt Haine with a trace of a snarl beneath his sharp-pointed black mustaches.

"*Car-r-r-r-ramba!*" he hissed. "Ees a dog here by name Dawzos? Eet ees not to me you address. I am Señor Dawzos! And politely, please, Haine!" Hurling this final insult at Big Matt, Señor Dawzos returned to his figures.

The fellow called Joe came to the door of the private office and looked inquiringly, but Big Matt sent him back with a jerk of the thick thumb.

"Oh, all right." Making a hard (*Continued on page 104*)

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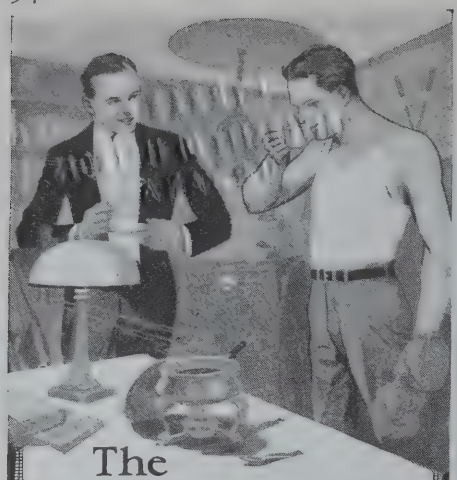
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The Rakes of Keston Court

(*Continued from page 81*)

thoughtfully. "Exactly in what way do they contribute toward the fecundity of the birds?"

The man closed his eyes for a moment. "Hungarian partridges," he explained. "They change the breed."

"Purchase as many as you will," Stephen directed. "An excellent thing, that, to change the breed."

"They cost a bit of money," the man said, "and they're none too easy to get hold of."

"Splendid! I mean," Stephen went o hastily, "we must not spare expense in this matter. We have bound ourselves to keep up the estate, and the shooting is the most important part of it. My brother and I are at home every night to dinner, Higgs. Bring up any further accounts you may have, and we will discharge them at once."

The man watched them disappear—neat little figures, talking earnestly to one another.

"Babes in the wood!" he muttered. "Once kept an aviary! To think that simple folks like that can make money! Why, they ain't fit to be trusted with it!"

Stephen and George Henry were lingering over their single glass of port on the eighth evening after their arrival at Keston Court. Between them lay a little pile of memorandum-books, and a box of cigarettes from which it was their custom to take one each at a later stage of the evening.

"On the whole," Stephen pronounced, "I think we may consider this first week satisfactory."

"The results disclosed by the books are encouraging," George Henry admitted.

"Hungarian partridges appear to be luxuries," Stephen continued. "Mr. Andrews was fortunate, too, in finding that consignment of highly expensive chemical manure."

"The all-round increases in salary," George Henry pointed out, "have been received without complaint. Our entertainments for the servants, too, are likely to cost money. We are paying to-night, I think, twenty guineas for the Solly and Tolly Quartet."

Stephen appeared interested but dubious.

"What are they?"

"They are ragtime performers," George Henry explained, proud of his superior knowledge. "They play music, I understand, of a catchy character. That very respectable young maid of Mrs. Buxton's told me that they possess the gift of forcing the unwilling to dance."

"You did not forget, I trust, to give Ross orders as to the champagne for the servants' hall?"

"I told him to serve them with as much as they could drink, subject to his discretion," George Henry acknowledged.

There was a timid knock at the door. Mrs. Buxton's maid presented herself. She stood timidly upon the threshold.

"If you please, sir—" she began.

Stephen put his hand to his ear and turned round.

"Come a little further into the room, Amy," he invited. "What is it that you desire?"

The girl approached a little unwillingly. She was as neat as usual, but there were traces of tears in her eyes.

"If you please, sir," she announced, "Mrs. Buxton wishes to know whether it would be convenient for you to see her?"

"Quite," Stephen consented. "Ask her to come this way at once. And, Amy?"

"Yes, sir?"

"I trust that you are enjoying the dance?"

"Thank you very much, sir," the girl replied gloomily. "I am not allowed to go into the servants' hall this evening."

"'Not allowed?'"

"Mrs. Buxton," Amy explained, "does not approve of ragtime music."

"Dear me!" Stephen murmured. "Come; that's too bad. We will intercede with Mrs. Buxton."

The girl retreated, with a murmured word of gratitude. Mrs. Buxton followed close upon her ambassadress. Stephen rose and offered her a chair. She closed her eyes.

"Thank you very much, sir," she said; "I prefer to stand."

"Just as you wish, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen replied. "My brother and I are a little tired, however, with our day's labors in the City. You will excuse our remaining seated."

Mrs. Buxton sank into the chair with an air of martyrdom.

"We find the books," her employer continued, "most satisfactory."

"I am glad you consider them so, sir," was the icy response. "Personally, I am ashamed of them. I am ashamed, also, of my staff."

"Dear me!" Stephen protested. "I see nothing for you to reproach yourself about in either direction. That the books exceed former amounts is entirely owing to our instructions, and so far as regards your staff, my brother and I find the service offered to us most satisfactory."

Mrs. Buxton paused to listen. The strains of the ragtime band were clearly audible, also the rhythmical movement of feet. There were occasionally other sounds—a shrill whistle, something which sounded like a cross between a post-horn and a cat-call—and a good deal of laughter.

"I have ventured to ask for this interview," Mrs. Buxton proceeded, "to tender my resignation."

"You disappoint us very much, Mrs. Buxton," Stephen assured her. "Have you any complaint to make?"

"None, sir."

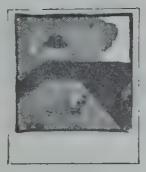
"Then why do you wish to leave?" George Henry interposed pertinently.

"Because," Mrs. Buxton explained, "I find here no scope for such poor qualities as I may possess. It has been my ambition to keep my books at a certain fixed figure, according to the number of domestics and the number of guests. Your instructions leave me all at sea. You, gentlemen, appear to approve of extravagance. My efforts at economy find no favor with you. A person of no experience whatever could adminster your household, where neither discretion nor economy are required. Furthermore, I am losing my hold upon the staff. Jenkins, the second footman, met me in the corridor on my way here, and invited me to indulge in what I believe



Cretonnes, curtains, blankets

Laundered actually like new



HOW many times have you longed for filmier curtains and more colorful cretonnes without daring to buy them? You were afraid they would not launder.

But now you know your fragile curtains, your exquisite linens can be kept lovely and fresh with Lux.

Lux comes in wonderful, delicate white flakes — pure and transparent. You whisk them into the richest, sudsiest lather, that loosens all the dirt—leaves the finest fabric clean and new—not a color dimmed, not a fibre weakened in any way.

Light and fluffy blankets
With Lux you can wash your softest blankets over and over again, and still have them light and woolly.

With Lux, there is not a tiny particle of solid soap to stick to the soft woolen and injure it. Not a bit of rubbing to mat and shrink it.

Use Lux on your finest blankets, your richest cretonnes! Tumble your daintiest things—embroidered pillow-slips, doilies—even lamp shades—into the Lux suds. See how easily you can keep your loveliest things like new.

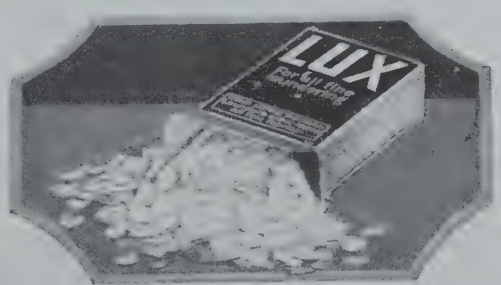
Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

Get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES

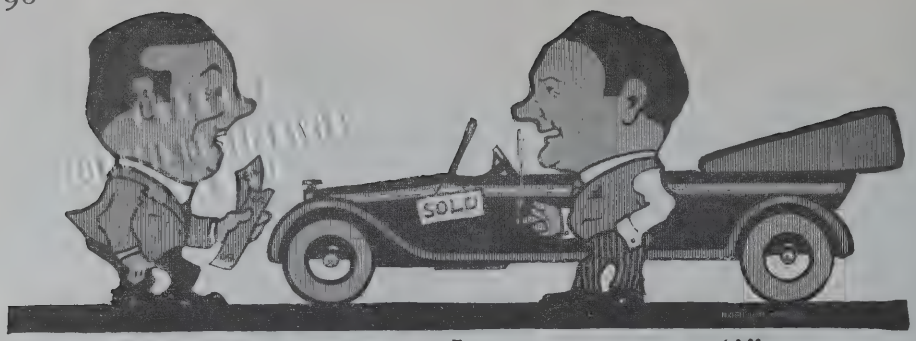
To Wash Blankets
Whisk Lux to a lather in *hot* water, 2 tablespoonfuls to a gallon. Add cold water till lukewarm. *Do not rub.* Squeeze the suds through. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last. Use a loose wringer; never twist. Dry in the shade.



Silk and colored curtains
Whisk Lux to a lather in *hot* water, a tablespoonful to a gallon. Add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. *Do not rub.* Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Dry in the shade.

For white curtains, not silk — Soak an hour in cold water. Wash in hot suds. Rinse in 3 hot waters. Dry in the sun.

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"Sure, I told you Effecto would make 'em offer more!"

That's the same experience you'll have, if you want to sell your car, and first use one of the snappy Effecto *Enamel* colors. But after you give it the "once over" with Effecto, you probably won't want to sell it. The old bus will look *good!*

Effecto is the genuine, *original* auto *enamel;* quick-drying, easy-working and self-leveling — *not* a wax, polish or paint. It will give your car a tough, high luster finish that will outwear the finish on most new cars.

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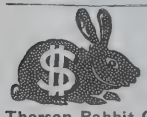
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Be Well without drugs

IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, grippe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! *Enjoy* life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words, LIVE! *As sure as sunrise*

You can weigh exactly what you should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I know it, for what I have done for 87,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess flesh in any part of body.	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Malassimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

Our Soldiers Have Done So—Why Not You?

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Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 42, 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Miss Cocroft has surely been doing valuable war work. She is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

he called a 'bunny-hug.' I caught a glimpse just now of my domestics dancing, and I can only say, sir, that I was shocked to think that these were the young men and women whom it has been my pleasure and duty to train. They are losing alike all sense of deportment and discipline. Next week, I understand that a troupe of negro artists are coming down. I can only guess at the character of their performance. I prefer not to countenance it in any shape or form."

"My brother and I," Stephen said, "are exceedingly sorry to hear this, Mrs. Buxton."

"Grieved," George Henry murmured.

"We placed the matter of the entertainments in the hands of the best agents in London," Stephen continued. "I cannot think that they would send us anything of an objectionable character."

Mrs. Buxton rose to her feet.

"I am perhaps old-fashioned," she confessed. "I shall be glad it you will appoint my successor as speedily as possible. I have no interest in a household where discipline is fast becoming impossible and where economy is not a consideration. You will pardon my discussing the matter further, sir."

Mrs. Buxton turned toward the door. George Henry coughed.

"The maid," he reminded his brother in an agitated undertone.

"Quite so," Stephen replied. "Mrs. Buxton?"

The lady turned round.

"Sir?"

"Your maid, Amy, who was here a moment ago, seemed somewhat distressed at not being allowed to join the dancers. With your permission, we should like her to share in the entertainment."

"The young person, sir, is in your employ, not mine," was the cold reply. "I will convey to her your wishes."

The housekeeper closed the door behind her firmly. Her employers exchanged somewhat doubtful glances.

"Mrs. Buxton," Stephen said, "is obviously of an austere school."

"An unsympathetic person," George Henry declared. "We shall certainly be able to find a housekeeper who will enter more into the spirit of our wishes."

"At the same time," Stephen observed a little nervously, as a louder catcall ran through the room, "I am not quite sure that it would not have been a wise plan to have exercised a little more discretion in our choice of amusements. Something in the nature of a magic lantern, now, or some part-singers."

"We simply chose the most expensive items on the list," George Henry pointed out.

They finished their port in silence. The catcalls continued.

"I think," Stephen suggested, rising to his feet, "that we had perhaps just better witness this performance, George Henry. If we find anything in it in the least objectionable, we can call in at the agency to-morrow."

"Precisely," George Henry assented, a little nervously. "Don't you think, however, that our presence would rather disturb their enjoyment?"

"We will glance at them from the gallery," Stephen replied. "I have noticed a small place of that description over the clock."

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"I KNOW you are getting dozens of pretty, useless little fol-de-rols, so I decided to give you something practical.

"And I want to tell you, daughter, that raising a baby is a mighty practical job. It's not at all like playing with a French doll. There are just two things necessary—proper feeding and a smooth, clean, comfortable skin. Baby will attend to the appetite, but when it comes to cleanliness the little thing is helpless. But if you use plenty of Mennen's after you wash him, it will prevent chafing and the torture of raw, scalded skin."

Mennen's Talcum Powder has made comfortable the babies of generations and has never yet irritated the most sensitive skin. The original Mennen's Borated formula gives it unusual soothing and healing qualities.



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They made their way furtively toward this post of vantage and gazed below. At first sight, it appeared as if a certain number of fashionable young ladies in evening dress were indulging in a kind of Swedish exercise with a similar number of languid young men of fashion. Mr. Ross, with extraordinary dignity, was crossing the floor with a pompous strut, slowly pushing before him Mrs. Buxton's young maid. Mr. Andrews, very stiff, and with a gardenia in his buttonhole, which he made frantic efforts to hide as soon as he perceived his employers, was engaged in a similar occupation, except that, as his partner was the cook, and a lady of ample proportions, his task appeared the more formidable. The whole of the noise appeared to proceed from the four colored musicians, who were doing all they could to induce the dancers to adopt a less serious view of their responsibilities. Stephen and George Henry looked down with growing approval.

"I see nothing whatever in this," the former observed, "to justify Mrs. Buxton's criticisms."

"The dancing," George Henry declared, "is most decorous. The polka in which we sometimes used to indulge is certainly a dance of more movement."

Mr. Ross at that moment caught sight of his employers. He leaned in a dignified fashion toward the leader of the musicians. A moment or two of misunderstanding followed. Mr. Ross, however, was not to be denied. With the tips of his right fingers still retaining his partner's, he whistled a little air. The four black faces suddenly lighted up. They bent over their instruments. In a moment, the tune was changed, without apparent disconcertion among the dancers, who solemnly pursued their perambulations to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Ross looked toward the gallery and bowed. A whisper ran round. One and all joined in the chorus. Stephen and George Henry acknowledged the compliment. As soon as the strains had died away, the former looked down with a smile.

"I trust that you will all enjoy yourselves," he said simply. "My brother and I have been very interested in watching you dancing to such very inspiring music."

There was a burst of applause. Stephen and George Henry retreated.

"Most gratifying!" Stephen murmured.

"Entirely so," George Henry assented. "I think that we can retire to our beds with a clear conscience. Fortunately, our rooms are on the other side, so the noise will not disturb us."

Stephen opened the library door. A bottle of Perrier water, two tumblers, and two slices of lemon were displayed upon the table.

"Most thoughtful of them not to have forgotten our customary refreshment," Stephen declared. "Between ourselves, George Henry, I don't fancy that we shall miss Mrs. Buxton. Notwithstanding all my instructions, I discovered in her weekly books indications of a desire to avoid perfectly justifiable expenditure."

"It was hardly kind of her," George Henry said, "to keep that exceedingly well-mannered maid doing needlework in her room while the others were enjoying themselves."

"We will find a housekeeper," his brother concluded, as he prepared to re tire, "of more liberal views."

The engagement of Mrs. Buxton's suc cessor was by no means a difficult task. Mrs. Harmon-Browne, whose reference were unexceptionable, duly presented her self for the post and was engaged without hesitation. She was a distinctly good looking woman of youthful middle age with a politely reserved manner and a most demure expression. Her hair was copper-colored, with variations.

"A treasure, I believe," Stephen de cided, the evening of her installation "She received my few remarks on the sub ject of lavish expenditure with enthusiasm I think we shall find her of considerable assistance."

"She seems to have brightened up already since she came," George Henry observed.

"The loss of her husband at such a early age," Stephen remarked, "was doubtless a heavy blow to her. We must see that she has a comfortable home."

Mrs. Harmon-Browne showed every inclination to arrange that for herself At the end of the first week, she had lifted her drooping eyes. A smile, half plain tive, half seductive, played frequently about her lips. She showed a disposition to linger when she brought her books in for approbation. There was a certain brief space of time when George Henry had met her unexpectedly in the corridor which remained a disturbing but secret memory. At the end of another week she had certainly found herself. She was the life and soul of the entertainments below, and the number of visitors whom she received from outside grew daily. Nevertheless, a slight uneasiness concerning her entered into the minds of both the brothers at practically the same moment. Unused to keeping secrets, they became confidential on the subject one night about a month after her arrival.

"George Henry," Stephen asked, as he took his first sip of port and looked round to see that the door was securely fastened "what is your candid opinion of Mrs Harmon-Browne?"

"I am afraid," George Henry admitted "that she is not what you might consider an entire success."

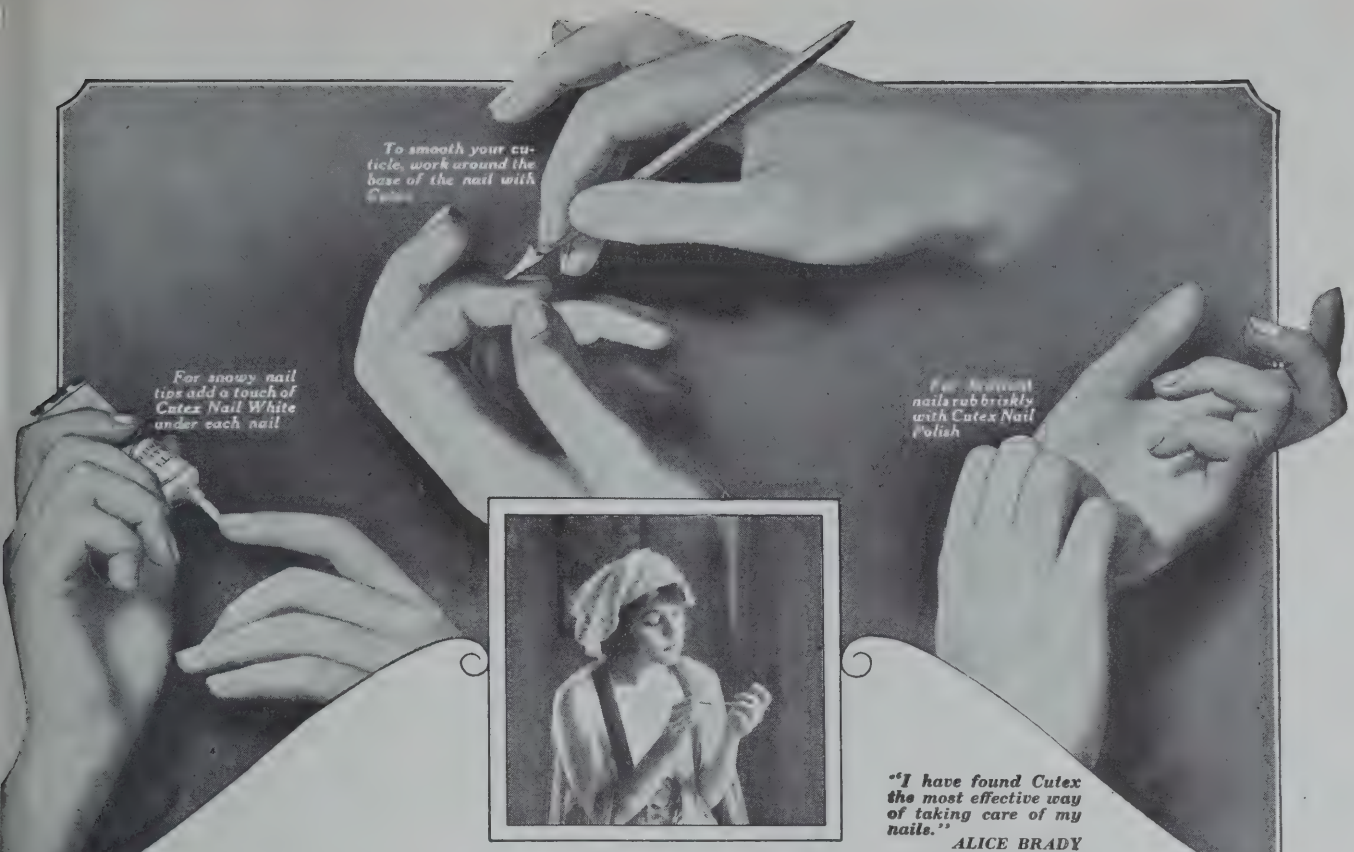
"She is amiable," Stephen continued judicially, "and hospitable. The servants like her, and she certainly helps them with their entertainments. At the same time there are certain things about her which to my mind, are not entirely satisfactory."

"I agree with you," George Henry assented. "I agree with you, Stephen entirely."

"For example," the latter proceeded, "I hardly think that she was acting in en tire accordance with her position when she sent down her compliments to us from the housekeeper's room on Tuesday night and asked us to make up a rubber of bridge with a friend of hers who had motored over from the barracks."

"I must say," George Henry agreed "that I thought it indiscreet."

"Then, on Thursday night, a motor-car arrived with guests for her quite late in the evening. The piano was going, as you remember, until after two o'clock, and it was not our fault that, rising very early the next morning, we found the door of her sitting-room wide open and the tab



How to give yourself a "professional" manicure

A few minutes care once or twice a week keeps your hands flawless

WITH the least bit of time, the least bit of trouble and expense, your hands can *always* be as well-groomed as though you had just come from the manicurist.

To make the cuticle smooth

The most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. *Never* cut it. Beauty specialists agree that such cutting causes hangnails and rough, uneven cuticle.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle.

Rinse off the dead surplus skin thoroughly in clear water.

To whiten nail tips and polish nails

Next apply Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. This leaves the nail tips snowy white.

Finally rub Cutex Cake Polish on the palm and pass the nails briskly over it. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

Some people, after using water, find that the cuticle at the base of the nail tends to become rough and dry. If you are one of these, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to them every few days. This softening cream is especially designed to keep the cuticle soft and pliable. Do not think that by spasmodic care you can *keep* your nails well-groomed. Whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. Then *regularly* once or twice a week, give them a quick Cutex manicure. In this way, you can keep your nails *always* lovely.

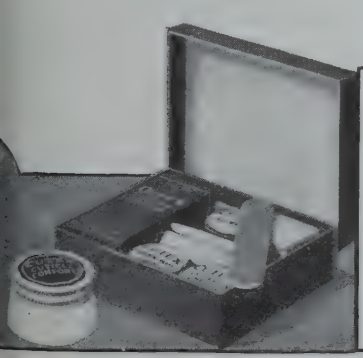
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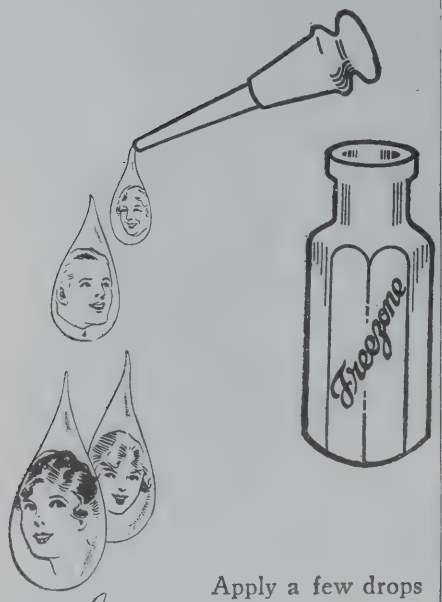
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A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off





Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain. Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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C. E. BROOKS, 117 State St., Marshall, Mich.

decorated with numerous empty champagne-bottles."

"I am not entirely clear," George Henry said, "as to the privileges of a housekeeper, but I should be inclined to say that Mrs. Harmon-Browne exceeded them. One of the young men, I am informed, slept in the house."

"Ross felt it his duty to mention the fact," Stephen assented. "He added that the young man was too ill to be moved. I noticed that he dwelt for a moment after the word 'ill.'"

"To anyone else," George Henry observed, "he would probably have said 'drunk.'"

"She appears, also," Stephen continued, looking steadfastly at the color of his port, "to be a sleep-walker. I have heard footsteps in our corridor on several occasions. Last night, I was able to open my door noiselessly and look out. I do not consider it becoming that our housekeeper should perambulate the place in a rose-colored dressing-gown covered with lace."

"And bare feet," George Henry put in. "I saw her the night before."

"And some sort of head-gear which is, I presume, the modern equivalent of a night-cap. If I am not mistaken, George Henry," his brother went on, after a moment's hesitation, "it may have been my fancy, or did I hear the sound of voices?"

"She saw me looking through the door," George Henry confessed, "and invited me to explain the pictures to her."

"Dear me!" Stephen exclaimed.

"I spoke to her as severely as possible under the circumstances. I was, unfortunately, in my pajamas, and not able to continue the conversation. I considered her deportment, however, unbecoming. She stood and laughed at me, and——"

"Most unbecoming!" Stephen interrupted. "We cannot have her wandering about our corridor. I am afraid, George Henry, that, although she is extremely satisfactory in some respects, we must get rid of Mrs. Harmon-Browne— What on earth!"

There was a thump at the door. In reply to their invitation to enter, there was a moment's pause, the sound of half-stifled voices, and then the sudden entrance of the lady in question. She was wearing an extremely *décolletée* evening gown, and she was leaning heavily upon the arm of a young man who was vainly trying to escape.

"Brought friend in to introduce to you," she explained. "Mr. Harold Underwood."

"Not my fault, uncle," the young man pleaded. "Mrs. Harmon-Browne invited me down. I thought she was a guest here, and there was some sort of house-party on. I had no idea that she was your housekeeper."

"'Housekeeper!'" Mrs. Harmon-Browne exclaimed in derision. "Get on with you, old thing! I'm a guest in the house; that's what I am. Looking after things for your uncles. Great friends of mine, both of them. Going to teach them to dance. Come on, Mr. George Henry; I saw you twinkling at me out of your bedroom door the other night. Come and let me teach you the one-step."

"Madam," was the indignant response, "I have no desire to learn that or any other dance."

"Mr. Stephen, then," the lady suggested, turning toward him. "Teach you in two turns. Give you the time of you life. You're giving in too early—that what you boys are doing. Nothing lik living while we're young. What about whisky and Perrier? Or there's chan pagne in the servants' hall."

"Harold," Stephen said sternly, "wha ever excuse there may be for your presenc here under these circumstances, we wi consider afterward. If you desire us t make allowances for you, you will at onc conduct this lady to her apartment an lock her in."

Mrs. Harmon-Browne wrenched herse free from her escort's arm.

"Think I've had too much to drink she asked, swaying a little on her fee "just because I want to be friendly? hate all this stuck-up business. Wh don't you come out of your shells, yo two? We'll teach you a thing or two."

"We rely upon you, Harold," Georg Henry appealed, almost pathetically.

Harold whispered in the lady's ear. H speech appeared to have some reference t liquid refreshment, for she immediatel clutched his arm.

"Come along, Billikins!" she invite George Henry. "No? Well—we'll com back and fetch you later on."

Stephen and George Henry stood at th door and watched the couple disappea into the servants' hall. Then stealthil but with some haste, they ascended th staircase and locked themselves in the respective rooms. They wished one an other good-night through communicatin doors on the inside.

"George Henry," his elder brother sai firmly, "Mrs. Harmon-Browne will hav to go."

"Without a doubt," George Henr agreed fervently.

"I don't know whether it struck you Stephen continued, "but it appeare to me——"

"She was undoubtedly drunk," Georg Henry interrupted. "I fear that h example in the servants' hall will be mo pernicious."

"I have noticed a lax tone there myse since the departure of Mrs. Buxton Stephen sighed.

"To-morrow morning," George Henr declared, "we must dismiss her."

"I fear that it will be our duty," Steph admitted. "We must sleep upon it."

The next morning, however, brought i own problem. Stephen passed across his brother, with a little gasp of disma the solitary letter which he had receive They read it together. It was from th solicitor, and it contained an enclosure.

DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD:

I think I can do no more than send you the enclosed, which speaks for itself.

Faithfully yours,
ROBERT JARDINE.

The enclosure was from another firm solicitors, and was addressed to Mr. Ja dine.

DEAR SIR:

Re the letting of Keston Court to Mess Stephen and George Henry Underwood.

My client, Lady Drummond, desires me write you on the above subject. She h learned, with the utmost pain and dismay, the proceedings at Keston Court since her d parture, and she is astonished that two clien recommended by your firm, and in possessi of seemingly unexceptionable references, sho

countenance behavior there entirely unseemly and inadmissible. . . She understands that the housekeeper in charge is a lady lately connected with the stage, under the name of Miss Florence Smithers, that weekly entertainments and dances of a highly objectionable character are given in the servants' hall under the countenance of this lady, that unlimited quantities of champagne are provided and drunk, and that, in short, the entire discipline and moral tone of the establishment are destroyed.

Under these circumstances, my client herewith gives you notice that she desires to avail herself of the clause in our agreement which gives her power to refuse to sign the lease if, at any time within the three months covered by the agreement, she should come to the conclusion that the proposed tenants are undesirable.

She desires me to add that under no circumstances will she reconsider her decision, and she begs me to point out that the place must be vacated on the thirty-first of next month.

She is making it her business to inquire into the bona-fide character of the references given by City houses of stability as to the personal character of Messrs. Stephen and George Henry Underwood.

Faithfully yours,
MILES & MILES.

Stephen laid down the letter with a groan.

"I fear," he regretted, "that our entertainments in the servants' hall were a little too lavish."

"It is the most dangerous thing in the world," George Henry declared, "to raise the salaries of domestics. They immediately become dissatisfied and suspicious."

"Wherever we turn," Stephen added, in a tone of despair, "with the object of dispersing a little more money, disaster seems to wait upon us."

"And there is still," George Henry muttered, under his breath, "Mrs. Harmon-Browne to be dealt with."

They finished their breakfast in silence. The same idea seemed to occur to both of them. George Henry rang the bell, but it was Stephen who commanded the presence of their valet.

"Robert," he directed, "we shall dine in town to-night and sleep. Have our bags packed and placed in the car."

They drove away half an hour later. Mrs. Harmon-Browne was still asleep. Keston Court, with its glittering array of greenhouses, its walled gardens, was a peaceful and a pleasant sight. They turned and bade a sad farewell to it.

"I fear," Stephen sighed, "that we have involved some of these excellent people in difficulties."

"Mr. Higgs' late pheasants," George Henry reminded his brother.

"And Hungarians."

"Mr. Andrews' connection for the disposal of his fruit has been severed."

"It will be our duty," Stephen declared, "to deal munificently with these people."

"Even then," George Henry said bitterly, "we shall have wasted these last two months."

"Absolutely," Stephen agreed.

They leaned back in the car, their brows furrowed with care. City men, hastening to the various stations on foot, glanced at them significantly.

"Even these millionaires," one remarked to a friend, "have to worry a bit how to keep what they've got."

The next venture of
The Inevitable Millionaires
will appear in ***June Cosmopolitan.***



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supplies the growing child's dietary with the vital mineral elements and all the nourishing goodness of wheat and barley. Children are very fond of this delicately sweet, crisp food.

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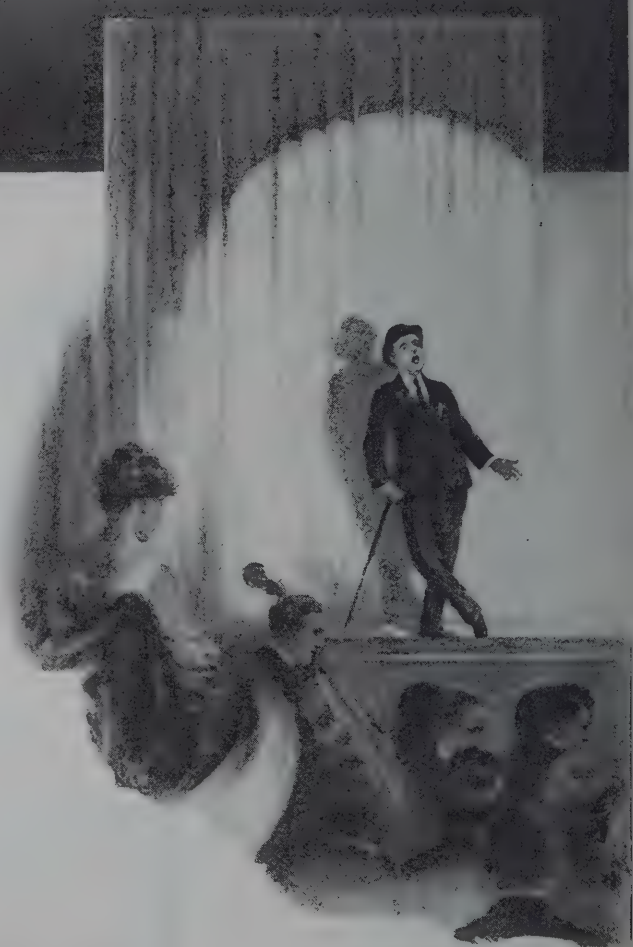


"It's You, Arthur!"

ARTHUR FIELDS, the great vaudeville favorite, is a past master at putting the "punch" into popular songs. The illustration is from a photograph taken at the Edison Recording Laboratories and shows Mr. Fields standing beside the New Edison and singing in direct comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. This test of direct comparison is an Edison test. It is made by no other manufacturer.

At the table are seated three experts, who pass on each Edison recording. In the group surrounding them are several popular Edison artists who happened to be at the Edison Recording Laboratories when this test was made. Among them are Collins and Harlan, world famed singing comedians; George Wilton Ballard, the popular ballad singer; Cesare Sodero, Director of Sodero's Band; and Eugene Jaudas, Leader of the Jaudas Society Orchestra.

The verdict of this critical assemblage was expressed in the spontaneous ejaculation, "It's *you*, Arthur." The New Edison has never failed, in similar comparisons, to bring forth a similar verdict.



Broadway Is Gay Again!

Good old Broadway, bad old Broadway, where joy is king
and care must wear the mask of mirth.
Broadway is itself again!

THERE are those who appear to believe that the Edison Recording Laboratories specialize on grand opera and classical music to the neglect of the songs of the day. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

During the war, the output of RE-CREATIONS was necessarily reduced but now the Edison Manufacturing Laboratories are operating at full blast and the Broadway Hits are being produced in large quantities.

The artists who sing the new songs and play the new dance music for the New Edison will testify that Mr. Edison's recording experts are as painstaking and exacting in recording the latest nonsense from "Tin Pan Alley"* as they are in making a record of a grand opera aria. Recently, after repeated rehearsals, a celebrated singer of comic songs said disgustedly to his companion: "Edison certainly makes you earn your money. You'd think I was going to sing 'Celeste Aïda' instead of a thing that nobody will remember the name of twelve months from now."

This singer spoke the truth. It is an inflexible rule at the Edison Recording Laboratories that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.

*The Popular Song Publishers' District.

For the same reason that the New Edison brings to your home everything the ear can give you of the art of the world's great opera singers, it also puts the very breath of Broadway into its RE-CREATION of the Broadway song and dance hits.

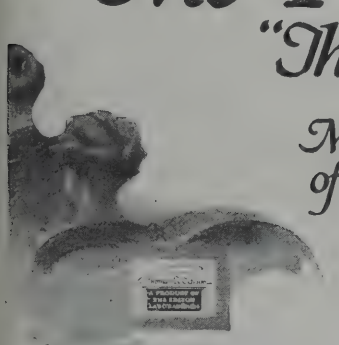
The illustration on the opposite page is from a photograph taken at the Edison Recording Laboratories on Fifth Avenue, New York City, as Arthur Fields was making the acid test of singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his voice.

If you will close your eyes as you listen to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of Mr. Fields' voice in some of the recent Broadway song hits a magic carpet will transport you to Longacre Square, and Fields' performance will be as entertaining to you as if you were sitting in a second row seat at the Palace Theatre.

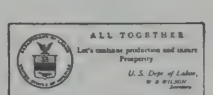
Mr. Edison spent three million dollars in research work to develop the phonograph which performs this miracle. Do not confuse this wonderful Three Million Dollar Phonograph with other sound producing devices. There is but one instrument which sustains the test of direct comparison with living singers and instrumentalists. It is

The NEW EDISON

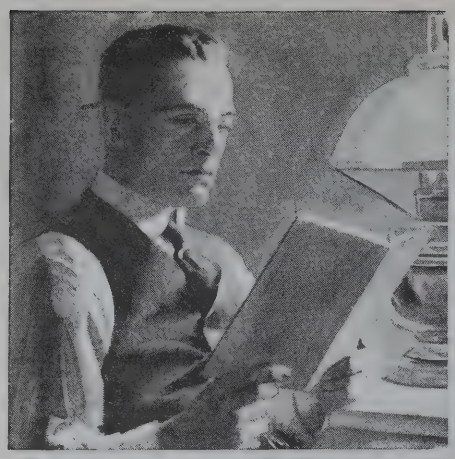
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The Profit is in the Digging

(*Continued from page 92*)

concession to the foreigner, he returned to the big drawing-board, and said, "Excuse me, Señor Dawzos; would you do me the favor to step into the back room for a little parley?"

"With pleasantness," promised the *señor*. He strode nimbly into the back room and shook hands with the fellow called Joe, while Big Matt, turning suddenly in the door, blocked the entrance of Big Jim.

"Nix, Jim," he said. "A little gum-shoe stuff. You know how it is."

"Oh sure, Matt!" husked Big Jim, the beam dropping out of his round, pink face. And the door slammed.

"I brought you a cinch," stated Big Matt, unwrapping the bundle and revealing a long, round tin box. "Now, if you've been framed in on city work, *señor*, you're hep to how things are done, and I suppose it's the same in Brazil as it is in Grayville—that a city employee's first business is to keep his mouth shut."

"Yezos," cheerfully chirped Horajos Georjios Dawzos, his beady eye on the tin cylinder; "I'm hep."

Big Matt opened the tin box and drew out a roll of neatly accurate drawings.

"Here's the plans that were made before the boulevard was begun."

"Eemense!" exclaimed Señor Dawzos, in rapturous appreciation of the neat drawings. "Eemense, boss! I shall guard these drawings with my life."

"Don't trouble yourself," he was dryly advised. "Joe's here for that purpose, and he's the boy that licked Jack Rafferty just the day before Jack was going to challenge Fitzsimmons. They're safe with Joe."

For an instant, a frown flitted across the brow of Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos, and he drew a long breath; then he said,

"Eemense!"

"You might as well go right to it," advised Matt.

The Brazilian expert sighed a deep, deep sigh, and lighted a cigarette, and drew a circle with a mighty flourish.

IV

"But thees morning I shall still feegure," explained the city engineer, rolling up carefully the drawings, replacing them in the tin case.

An hour passed. Señor Dawzos tore off sheet after sheet from his big pad of blank paper, and crumpled the sheets, and filled the waste-basket at his feet, while Big Matt Haine looked out of the window in stolid drowsiness.

At three minutes after ten, the city engineer raised his head and listened. There was the sound of a rapidly approaching fire-gong. The engineer lighted a cigarette immediately. Two seconds later, that whole side of the room was in a blaze! The loosely crumpled paper in the waste-basket had been set aflame by the carelessly thrown match.

"Fire!" yelled the excitable Señor Horajos Georjios Dawzos, as the yellow blaze leaped high and caught the rack of big wall maps. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" He threw open the door into the drafting-room, while Big Matt and the fellow called Joe rushed for the waste-basket and bumped their heads together. "Fire!" And Señor Dawzos, plunging back, upset the water-cooler on the floor.

Fire! Fire! Fire! The place was in an uproar as the four draftsmen raced back. There was an immense clatter in the corridor. Half a dozen firemen dashed in.

"Them plans!" suddenly came the shout of the fellow called Joe, and the shout ended in a bellow like a hungry lion's.

"*Car-r-r-r-ramba!*" shrieked Señor Dawzos. "The plans! The eemense plans!"

"What!" The thunderous voice of Big Matt Haine shook the room. "I'll murder for this!" And he began throwing things about like a maniac in his raging search. "I lose two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on my contract! I'll have to dig up the whole boulevard to measure for those conduits! Find those plans!"

"Ah!" The engineer from Brazil had a sudden flash of genius. He rushed to Big Matt and grabbed him by the arm. "Thees plan—we not need her!"

"You what!" And Big Matt calmed himself enough to listen.

"Leesten!" Señor Dawzos was fairly glowing with the happiness of his thought. "We put the conduits electreec on top, in a box of cement, in the meedle of the bouleevar'. *Brava!* Eet ees arteestic. Eet ees easy for the repair. Eet ees cheap."

"Say!" bellowed Big Matt. "If you can't spend a public fund better than that, you better go back to Brazil!"

"Ass!" Señor Dawzos beat himself on the head in humiliation. "Eet ees dumb that I not remember! The profeet eet ees in the digging!"

"What's the trouble, Chief?" The chunky reporter for the *Times* rushed in, followed by a phalanx of the newspaper boys.

"The plans of the bouleevar'!" shrieked the imported city engineer. "*Car-r-r-r-ramba!* The beeyuterful plans! They are lost! Nobody but the eemense Wincap knows what ees beneath the bouleevar'!"

"Ha!" snorted the chunky reporter of the *Times*. "Bonehead Wincap!"

Big Matt raised his head slowly.

"Who said Wincap was a bonehead?" he demanded.

"Leesten!" The excitable Brazilian genius had another flash. He fairly danced with the joy of it. "Here ees the idea colossal! We shall do thees. We shall take everything out of the bouleevar'—the sewer-pipes, the water-pipes, the gas-pipes, all the pipes, everything. We shall build a tunnel to hold them, and then we shall put them back with the conduits electreec. *Car-r-r-r-ramba!* Eet ees eemense! We shall do without the plans! We shall do without the bonehead Wincap!"

"Oh, will you?" Bonehead Wincap himself, and he stood in the doorway. Just behind him was the suave and smiling Wallingford. "'Bonehead Wincap,' eh? Well, I've got your number, Horace G. Daw! You're not a Brazilian, and you're not even an engineer. You——"

"What!" A chorus of howls rose in shocked surprise, and above the hubbub came the stentorian voice of Big Jim.

"Fake!" he boomed, his round face purple.

Oh, wow! Here was a good laugh on the town and on Big Matt Haine! Not a

Brazilian! Not even an engineer! Oh, wow!

"I'll send you up for life!" roared Big Matt, and it was his impassioned voice which brought the guilty wretch to his senses and made him bluff it out.

"*Car-r-r-r-ramba!*" he hissed. "And thees to me! I shake off your dust from my feets! I queet you cheely! *Adios! Car-r-r-r-ramba!*" So saying, the distinguished builder slammed his hat on his head, and ran out of the door and clattered down the stairs.

"Well, Ben," observed Big Matt, out of the lull which followed. "It looks like you're the Patsy to save the town a big loss. Get back on the job."

"Not on your life!" snapped Wincap. "I'm like the Brazilian bean—I quit you chilly. Four years ago I drew the plans for this boulevard complete, sewers, water-mains, gas-pipes, conduits, and all. And I can prove it! It's a show-down, Matt Haine! You got to tell these newspaper boys! Why weren't those pipes put in, in the first place? Who was the bonehead?"

Big Matt considered long and cautiously, while five newspaper men and three cubs watched him with the eyes of a cat at a mouse-hole. It was a show-down, and the boss used the trump-card he had withheld all these years, the card which always wins but can only be played once—abuse of the voters.

"The public, darn 'em! The public's the bonehead! They wouldn't stand for two million dollars at one crack, but they'd stand for five pinches at a million each. So I'm lettin' it cost 'em five. And you paper fellows go out and tell 'em to take their medicine! And Ben Wincap's all right. He's a grand little engineer. Now, Ben, will you come back?"

There was a pause, in which Matt and Ben looked each other in the eye; then Matt's big head shook almost imperceptibly.

"Not on your life! I'm bidding good-by to this burg. I have a swell job draining the South—and it's for life. You can bust the town digging up the boulevard to find out where your pipes are. Grayville tried to put the kibosh on me, but now I'm vindicated. The place can go to the devil!"

"And put that in your papers!" grinned the visiting boss. Oh, would they? Oh, here was a front page worth while! Oh, they'd have a hot paper to-night! And they rushed out to get it on the press while the sparks were still flashing.

When they had gone, three large and substantial men exchanged the barest flitting trace of a smile; then Big Matt led the way into the seared and sopping private office and closed the door.

"Well played, boys!" beamed Big Jim Wallingford, and produced the fat, black cigars. "An hour after the papers get on the streets, the voters will rise in their majesty and demand the recall of my friend Wincap; and the responsibility will be theirs—eh, Matt?"

"Sure thing!" husked Big Matt. "I suppose you'll be wanting more money, Ben. Well, the council will vote it to you. The pay of the city engineer goes up five thousand a year—besides the usual rake-off."

"All right, Chief," agreed Ben. "I'll take hold in the morning—that is, if you and Wallingford can come to terms."

Big Matt was not a nervous man by any means, but his head did jerk slightly as he

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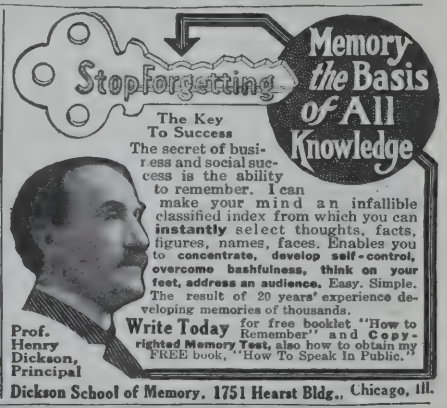
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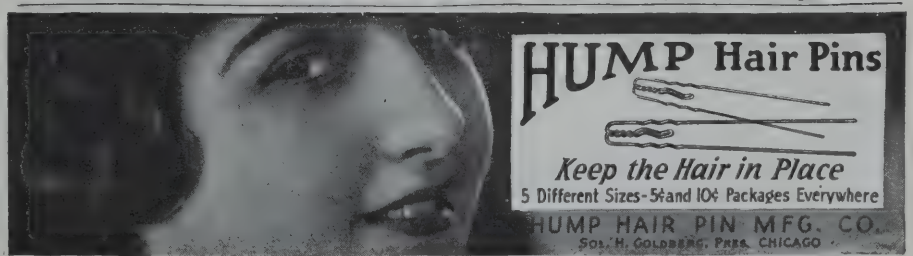
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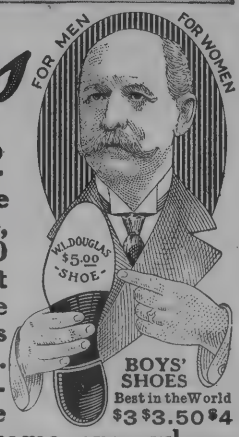




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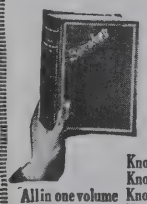
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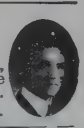


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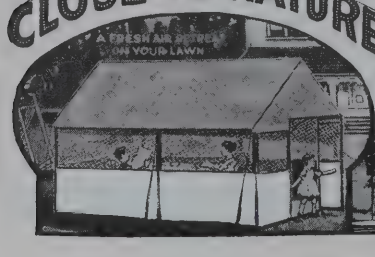
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turned it toward Big Jim and surveyed that resplendent being with dawning suspicion.

"Where do you come in?"

"In the middle," replied Big Jim, with a chuckle. "I'm a merchant, Matt, and I have some fine goods for sale—a swell engineer with a well-trained tongue and a handy set of fingers and an inch-by-inch knowledge of everything beneath the streets of this town. He's under contract to me for the next three years, and he's a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand loss to you if I take him away. I'll split it with you."

Big Matt moistened his lips and looked at his old friend Ben and said, "Hunh?" Then he turned back to Big Jim and said:

"You're a take, too. You ain't got any swamp to drain. The whole thing's a plant." His only response was a chuckle. "So I'm to be the bonehead! Well, I won't. You got Ben under contract for three years. Go ahead and pay him his salary—and how do you like that?"

"Oh, tush, Matt!" retorted Wallingford. "You can't pass me the bonehead. Mine isn't that kind of contract. I can fire Ben Wincap any minute on a two weeks' notice; but he can't get rid of me by any means short of suicide. How much will you give me for my man?"

"Ten thousand."

"Sixty," chuckled Jim.

"Twenty."

"Sixty."

"I quit."

"No you don't, Matt; you're just beginning! Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, and this is flat and final. If I take Ben away, you know what you'll lose—not only on this one deal, but in the future. I'll sell you Ben Wincap for fifty thousand dollars. Take him?"

Big Matt Haine drew a deep breath, turned to his desk and wrote a check for fifty thousand dollars, to the order of J. Rufus Wallingford.

"Now, tell me something," he requested, as he passed over the check and took Ben Wincap's contract in exchange: "How did you guys get away with those drawings?"

Ben looked at Jim, and Jim looked at Ben, and they grinned.

"Did you notice, Matt," said Wallingford, "that the Fire Department was here before the fire started? Well, I pulled the fire-box, Matt, and told 'em on what floor."

The chief turned slowly to Ben.

"Where was you?"

"Outside the window," snorted the city engineer. "I caught 'em as they came down."

"'Outside the window?'" Matt repeated the words numbly. "But who——"

A knock at the door. It opened, and there stood the lean, lank Brazilian gentleman, with a tin cylinder under his arm.

"For the love of Mike!" gasped Big Matt. "The Brazilian bean!"

"Blackiojos Daw," explained Wallingford. "The Spanish onion. He's little pal, Matt."

"Well, it was strong enough for a bonehead," admitted Big Matt. "But tell me this: How did you con artists break into my pasture?"

"Just dug in," grinned Blackie Daw, taking a look at the check, which was kindly offered for his inspection. "That's our specialty, friend Matt. The profeet ees in the deeging'"



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Personality, Energy,

Unless your mind and body are capable of withstanding abus without distress you have no real mental, vital, living or healt power. You have but "average power of life." You have bu negative health or life power. Real health power, real persona power, real power of life and real success come only through th vital power to live and the masterful power to succeed. Th Conscious Evolution character of power of life, mighty power o positive will, higher health, higher vitality and dynamic energ will enable you to easily master and enjoy conditions that no distress you. A unique and wonderful discovery that has revolu tionary human possibilities and furnishes the body, personalit and mind with a degree of driving and smashing energy tha surpasses imagination.

THERE is a new and marvelous science of reconstructing and recreating the human organism and energizing the mind—a system of mental and physical evolution that has already revolutionized richly the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, pleasure, strength, energy, confidence, might, power of personality and success. *It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body and they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so dominating, so thoroughly worth while that the old life to which they were accustomed seems totally inferior in every respect.*

Dynamic Men and Women

This new system gives a new idea of how truly masterful, conquering, creative, healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with life, dash, energy and the fire of triumph. It is thoroughly natural and simple, but it accomplishes seemingly impossible results without study, loss of time, use of drugs, medicines, or dieting, without weight-pulling or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging, electricity, cold baths or forced deep breathing, in fact this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like nor give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you feel the surging of the higher energy after the first thirty seconds—*half a minute.*

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share

Conscious Evolution can easily and quickly demonstrate to you that you are only half as dynamic, vital, well, strong, energetic, brave, authoritative, only half as forceful, dominant, self-reliant, daring, courageous and but half as progressive, masterful, aroused, powerful and creative as you may easily become, through higher personal evolution.

Gain a Conquering Personality

Many men and women have amazing memories, high education, excellent health and even unusual strength of body. Many are good-looking, are good talkers, and possess every book ever written on how to be a success and attain a dominant will power, and yet these men and women are failures in life because they do not possess a vital, triumphant dynamic power of personality. Their energies and knowledge are not creatively correlated and activated. They do not possess the conquering personal power such as Conscious Evolution develops and which is so essential to a real fine, true and beautiful success.

Conscious Evolution can quickly show you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the higher joys and complete benefits of living in full, that you are facing the world with only half the personality that you are easily capable of having, that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be, in fact, Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you in thirty seconds—*half a minute*—that you are living an inferior life.

A Supreme Life

The fact is that regardless of whether you are rich or poor, Conscious Evolution can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life. You owe it to yourself to give Conscious Evolution the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily come into possession of a new dynamic life and unusual vigor, a dominant type of high energy and power of personality—a new realization of the meaning of life and success.

Everywhere throughout the land men and women, in every walk of life, through Conscious Evolution are secretly and privately advancing themselves in life, happiness, joy and power—through consciously employing the principle of evolution. Whether you are a Doctor, Lawyer, Banker, Business Man, Financier, Mechanic, Soldier, Sailor, Laborer, Philosopher, or Scientist, Conscious Evolution is for you. It is for those who wish to make their existence on earth a source of higher, supreme satisfaction.

Give Conscious Evolution a trial of thirty seconds—*half minute*—and you will become personally conscious of the new life and higher energy and vitality of which you can have a superabundance, accordingly as you really desire.

Make Yourself Fearless, Forceful, Alive, Vital, Powerful, Dynamic, Constructive, Creative

You consist of mind and body, and upon your evolution depends your power of life.

Conscious Evolution can increase your "power of life" amazingly, so that you may have supreme energy of mind and body, and with super-energy of mind and body, the problems of life which no

Daily Results

"Problems that formerly worried me are now so easy as to seem almost unreal, since I gained power of personality through Conscious Evolution."

"Conscious Evolution has made me conscious of new energy, of a better power of mind. I seem tireless. I seek action, instead of stagnation, as formerly."

"I am filled with a new zeal."

"I would not take fifty thousand dollars for the power which in six weeks Conscious Evolution has given me."

"I am happy to say that I received your instructions, and that in spite of traveling a good deal, my condition or power is remarkable at ninety years of age."

"I am certain I am gaining in every way, for I feel as full of 'fight,' and energy as a wild cat."

"I owe my rise from the position of a country insurance agent to virtual head of one of the largest insurance companies of the world entirely to the power of personality Conscious Evolution has given me."

"My weak will and personality for years made it possible for my business partners to rob me of my proper share of profits. Conscious Evolution gave me courage, self-reliance and power of personality, and I made my partners pay me $160,000 out of which they had bulldozed me during my feeble and powerless days."

"One year ago I was an old man at forty: today I am a youth of forty-one."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man: today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world: it gave me new energy, strength and life: in other words it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it: I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

A Giant In Mind and Health

annoy you, antagonize you and overwhelm you will seem as non-existent. You will gain a new freedom—a handsome liberty.

Life is difficult only for those who have feeble "powers of life." Those who have tremendous power of life overwhelm the obstacles and reach the goal and success, while those who are feeble in life become anchored to posts of failure.

The most important possession or resource for you is "great power of life." Do not rely merely on blind evolution but gain a "maximum power of life" through Conscious Evolution, and you will find that life and success hold altogether new and higher meanings for you.

Conscious Evolution gives such unlimited courage, confidence, self-reliance and will power that the troubles of life seem to dissolve and the joy of existence becomes tremendously real, thoroughly permanent and without limit.

Conscious Evolution makes men and women of all ages and conditions vitally alive, vitally dominant, vitally aggressive, vitally well, vitally conscious, and vitally ambitious.

Conscious Evolution gives greater power to live the superior life, the better life, the higher life, the more successful life, the life worth while and the life in complete accord with the ultimate laws of evolution and creation.

Conscious Evolution can increase your combative, fighting, aggressive, motive, forward and persistence power. Conscious Evolution can increase your power of continuity.

Conscious Evolution is the easy and direct means to the attainment of dominant personality, dominant will, dominant mind and dominant body.

Conscious Evolution is the way to a forceful personality, forceful mentality, forceful will and forceful mind.



Conscious Evolution is as Effective for Women as for Men

These Amazing Books Are For You

SWOBODA has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his science of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, but because they contain valuable ideas for you.

Conscious Evolution is being personally used by many of the most prominent physicians and such men as Charles E. Hughes, the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, the Armours, Woodrow Wilson and McAdoo for advancing themselves in energy, health, vitality and power of personality.

Write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and personal power. They are filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of power in body and mind that you so consciously or unconsciously desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise and excessive muscular development.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE show how to double and even treble your power of mind and body; not by tedious, prolonged study, but by a process of energization which raises the very level of your life and mental power.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE supply the key to dominant personal power, dominant business power, dominant success power, dominant mental power and dominant will power. They show how to change your aimless life and attitudes into ambition, inspiration, enthusiasm and the higher success.

These books show how to amazingly increase your power of will and personality, as well as your power of body for every action and for every purpose and process.

Conscious Evolution is a new science, and no one can afford not to know at least the simple facts about it. These facts show how Conscious Evolution overcomes weak will, poor health, feebleness of mind and body.

They show how to overcome the inferior, pleasureless, feeble and unsatisfactory life by giving the means to the successful, superior and abundant life.

Conscious Evolution also shows how to arrest the aging of the body, and how to remain young, energetic, vigorous and active all the days of life.

These books are absolutely free and there is no obligation now or after. These books are yours to keep, that you may attain a higher understanding of yourself and of evolution and the means to a higher existence.

Even if you gain but one idea or realization of but one principle of life through CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, these books will be of eternal advantage to you.

Just write your name and address on this page, tear it out and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name and address on your letterhead, or simply send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today. This is your opportunity! Now is your turn! This is your day! This is your hour! Write NOW.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2264 Berkeley Bldg., N.Y. City

Daily Results

"My work is manual labor. I am forty-three years of age and have worked hard all my life, but in one month Conscious Evolution has increased my strength by nearly fifty per cent. It has improved my digestion and overcome my constipation. Before taking Conscious Evolution I was always bothered with my limbs cramping at night, but have had no such trouble since starting this course.

"I am a farmer. At the end of four weeks, I have more energy. I recuperate better, am less tired upon arising, and when at the end of the day's work, I come home tired, Conscious Evolution removes the fatigue and soreness."

"I feel better than I have for months. My circulation is so much better and I feel younger and I can actually enjoy the energy through a better circulation of blood. I can endure working hard and longer and have much greater powers of concenration. People tell me how well I look."

"The increased amount of energy enables me to accomplish more work in the same length of time, and thus I actually save time through your system."

"I felt that I was doing your system an injustice to take it when I was in such a run-down nervous condition, but it certainly has proved a great blessing to me. Your system has benefited me both mentally and physically. That awful feeling in the pit of my stomach has completely left me."

"About fifteen years ago, I became one of your pupils. Since then, I have maintained the benefit. It would not be justice to you for me to remain silent longer. I am now enjoying the benefit I received then and have since enjoyed. Every man and woman who follows your instructions will be benefited wonderfully as I have been benefited. I am a high pressure worker of a nervous temperament, and when I took up Conscious Evolution I was a nervous wreck. But for your system, I would have, without a doubt, completely broken down long ago. I have kept my body in good form and my general health first class without any trouble. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for starting me right on the road to perfect health and better efficiency."

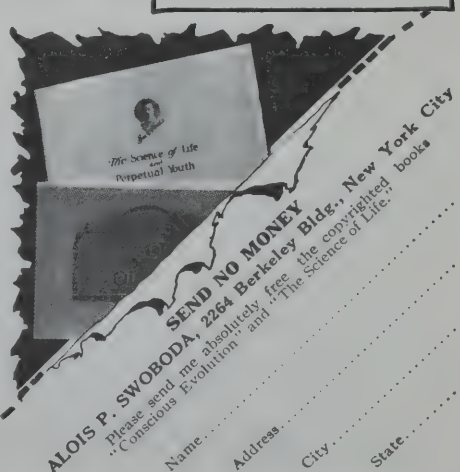
"Instead of having fear, I have become conceited. Self-confidence has been born in me.

"Energy to 'do' has arrived. That vigorous, pulsating, throbbing, 'you know you can do it' sensation has abundantly blended itself as an ever increasing and ever present portion of my being.

"My whole person simply effervesces with keen, alert, enthusiastic energy.

"Living has become a pleasure and a dream as compared to the almost listless life in which I existed a few months ago.

"Conscious Evolution is inspirational."



SEND NO MONEY

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2264 Berkeley Bldg., New York City

Please send me absolutely free the copyrighted books "Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life."

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Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder



"Sifted through Silk"

SO fine that it doesn't show. So fragrant that it charms. So different that it stays on until you want it off.

That is Pussywillow, the finest face powder the house of Henry Tetlow has created in fifty years.

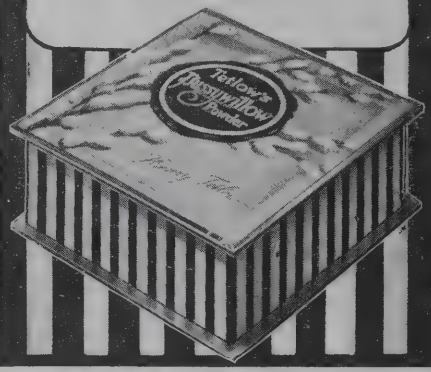
Made in White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette 50 cents a box.

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Pussywillow Powder Tablets in White and Flesh. **Pussywillow Rouge** in Rose and Brunette. Both in purse-size box with puff. 50c each. **Ask your dealer for them.**

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WHITENS THE SKIN AT ONCE
Or Money Back

Is used in place of powder, has same effect but does not show.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

Absolutely Harmless.



When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute. Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box, with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 50c.

DERMA VIVA CO. D.V. 612 S. Dearborn St. CHICAGO - ILLINOIS

The Petermen of Providence

(*Concluded from page 48*)

us: Quit th' skirt an' we'll follow you through hell. Any man what can soup a cannon-ball——"

Spalding smiled and, shaking his head, pressed back the money, saying:

"Take it to Canada Mack in Chicago with my compliments. It wouldn't do to have it around here, would it? I'm going to stay right here in town—with her." Spalding pointed upward.

"That's right," was the answer delivered in chorus. "We'll blow, though. Do we see you in Chi?"

"Ask Mack—Canada Mack." Spalding's voice had taken on new strength as he led them to the kitchen door.

He shook hands with each, and each heard, above the rain-drops on the mansard roof of the cottage, a woman's lullaby interluded with an awakened infant's protest. They filed through the dripping elms, then turned and glanced back. On the bedroom shade they saw the silhouette of two forms locked in embrace, and a child tugging at its father's coat tails for recognition.

They found the hand-car as if by instinct and placed it on the track; then, with a last glance around, they manned the handles for the fabled land of Getaway. It was pearl dawn when the car flashed by Mile-post Fifty-six. Glycerin Jimmy, who was looking ahead, threw on the brake as a figure sprang from the track to wave his hand and shout. The car slid to a grinding halt, and one came running up, familar to all.

"Canada Mack!"

"What to!" he sputtered. "What to! I've been hangin' round all th' morning. Our gay cat was pinched in Toledo yesterday, an' all bets are off. I drops off a rattler to tell yez, an' yer wasn't here. Th' Providence job is held over fer a while. Where you've been?"

It was some time before Big Scar answered, and his voice had taken on considerable thought.

"We," he husked, "have been helping a cashier of a national bank who wuz seventy thousand-odd short save himself. He sent you his end ov th' bit—ov what wuz left. Here 'tis."

"An inside job, eh?" queried Canada Mack.

"Well, not so Burns could notice." Big Scar answered almost reverently. "That cashier ought to be able to begin life right over again. If I wuz in his place, I sure would."

The Passionate Pilgrim

(*Continued from page 88*)

it you'll find beauty. And after that—say, to-morrow evening—we'll sit down, you and I, and talk over the campaign that our copy is just a detail in. I want you to get a little notion of the problem of distribution. You'll find it big, stirring stuff.

And so Henry Calverly, buffeted by misfortune, the confused victim of his own helpless unworldliness, was swept off his feet and into a current in which he had to exert every faculty to the utmost in order merely to keep afloat.

XXIX

ON THE TOPIC OF KILLING WRITERS

DURING the earlier part of his talk with Margie, she had spoken, casually, of the older Mr. Hitt. At the time, he had seemed hardly to hear. Later, as was often the case in Henry's odd brain, it came up.

There was a new managing editor on the *News*, it appeared. He had discharged the old librarian without a moment's warning as an unjustifiable expense to the paper. A ten-dollar-a-week filing clerk would do, he said.

This performance had so upset Mr. Listerly—according to Margie—that he stayed away from the office, put in a day or so playing golf. Until, added the shrewd Margie, Hittie could get his things away and not be hanging uncomfortably around. Then Calverly's fresh trouble solved the little personal problem for Listerly; he transferred the biography job from the younger man to the elder.

"But it was the City Trust Company that wrote me," Henry explained.

"Of course, my dear! It was with Hannibal Simmons, of the City Trust, that he was playing golf. Mr. Listerly never discharged anybody in his life. He lets other people do the disagreeable things."

"He came to me, Mr. Hitt did," said Henry. "He wanted to be sure I was really out."

"He's a dear!" said Margie.

All this came strongly to mind one evening when Henry met Mr. Hitt and, warmed by the mere sight of the quietly friendly face and the kindly eyes behind the glasses, walked with him along the street. They dropped into a Buffalo lunch-room together. After this, they sat in Cantey Square and talked. At eight, they drifted around to a theater, climbing to inexpensive seats, and finally talked until early morning over mugs of beer.

It was a moving experience to Calverly. By the end of the evening they were friends. They talked eagerly, hotly. And finally, after one in the morning, Henry told of his love for Miriam. Mr. Hitt had a young heart. He listened like a boy.

"I'm not sure that you oughtn't to write her," he observed.

"No." Henry shook his head. "I've thought and thought—until my head split. I can't. There was just that one awful mistake between us. I thought she'd know the whole story the minute I told her my name. God, it's seemed as if the whole world knew it!"

"I know," breathed Mr. Hitt.

"I see now that she didn't. If she had, don't you see"—he spread his hands—"it would have *had* to make a difference. Don't you see? I've been pretty naive about it, I'm afraid. It's been hard to see it with other people's eyes."

"Of course. We can't any of us do that."

"It wasn't until I got my head a little

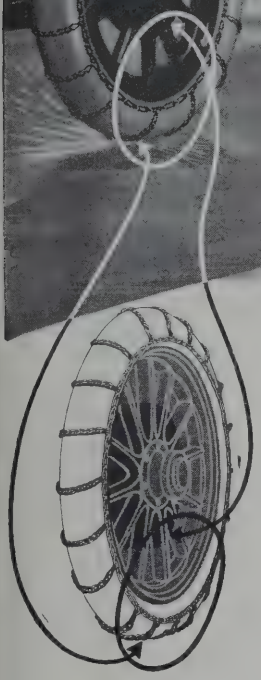


WEED TIRE CHAINS SAVED THEIR LIVES

Without tire chains, the brakes would have been useless—with brakes alone, disaster could not have been prevented.

The above picture illustrates one of the numerous situations in which you may be placed during bad road weather—when suddenly some one ***appears directly in your path*** and, in a fraction of a second, you must apply your brakes and bring your car to a quick stop. It is ***then*** you require a firm, ***unfailing grip*** on the road which can only be obtained by equipping ***all four tires*** with

WEED TIRE CHAINS



Good Brakes and Weed Tire Chains together—

Undoubtedly the greatest factor in preventing motor accidents.

Cars with ***Chainless tires*** on wet, greasy, slippery pavements lack brake power to the same degree as they would if their brake linings were made of wet, greasy, slippery bands of rubber. ***Tire Chains*** are the most effective supplementary addition to brake power—in fact, ***brake efficiency*** is largely dependent upon the use of chains.

No matter how expert and careful you are when driving on wet pavements and muddy roads, ***the treacherous bare tires defeat your very best efforts*** to prevent a skid or bring your car safely to a sudden stop.

The memory of one accident spoils future enjoyment in the use of a car so don't run the risk of such accidents. Don't forever forfeit the pleasures and comforts of motoring. Safety and confidence can surely be yours ***by equipping all four tires with Weed Chains.***



American Chain Company, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT A·C·C CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain



"There's a dangerous curve ahead"

"My object in standing here by the roadside is to warn you of that. And also to remind you of a tire that will give you the maximum number of miles for every dollar it costs.

"And isn't that the only economical basis on which to buy tires — especially so during this reconstruction period when taxes and living expenses will be so high?

"On a cost-per-mile basis a Hood Extra Ply is the lowest-price tire you can buy, because for 36½% additional in first cost it guarantees 71½% more mileage than a so-called 'standard' tire of equal size."

Put on a Hood to-day
Forget it for a year

You can buy HOOD TIRES at this sign

Ask the Hood Dealer for proof. And write to us for free booklet, "The Why of the Extra Ply." It tells what you want to know about tires.

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clear, that I began to get it straight. There we were—she rich, I poor; she a sheltered invalid, I an outcast." Mr. Hitt smiled gently at the rhetorical touch. Henry pressed on: "She's really pretty defenseless in the hands of all those people about her. She's had no business experience, no worldly life at all. The whole story broke on her at once. She thought my change of name was just to escape unpleasant notoriety. She didn't dream that I'd been a convict." Mr. Hitt winced at the word. "It's true. It's the word. She—she loved me, you see—" His voice broke a little here.

"Then she still loves you."

"That would make it harder. I almost hope she doesn't. No; I can't say that."

"Of course you can't!"

"But here's what it comes down to"—Henry leaned earnestly over the table, spoke with sudden clear conviction—"a woman who has given her heart to a man has a right to be proud of him, hasn't she?"

Mr. Hitt thought a long time.

"Yes," he finally had to admit; "she has that right."

"Well"—again Henry spread his hands—"that puts it straight up to me. You see? I've got to make good. I've got to build a new name for Henry Calverly. I've got to! As soon as possible. Every day that the thing rests this way makes it just that much harder for her. When they say to her—as they will, 'The man you love is nothing but that, and that,' she must be able to reply with, 'Yes; but he is also this.' You see? And I can't so much as write her a note until I've worked it out somehow. Better this slow pain than stirring it up, torturing her."

Mr. Hitt slowly nodded. A touch of moisture came to his patient eyes. The thought of this ardent boy—he seemed that—building the new name in that corner room of Holmes Hitt, Inc., the thought of Hitt Panatelas and Perfect Porcelain—all this was curiously touching. The boy's problem was so much bigger, clearly, than he was able to see. "It's really a publicity problem on a large scale," thought Mr. Hitt, unaware that he was substantially quoting a certain brisk young woman of his acquaintance. He had an illuminating cross-light on the curiously ingenuous young man before him, who didn't seem able to perceive that his life was a wreck, and who was, after all, so appealingly young. And Mr. Hitt felt sorry, too, for Miriam Cantey. There was another chance for the boy, of course. He spoke of it.

"I notice that you leave the money out of account in all this talk."

Calverly looked at him directly, with a touch of surprise and more than a touch of dignity.

"I shall never touch that," he said simply.

It came down, in Mr. Hitt's mind to the question: What, what on earth were you to do with him? Beyond standing by.

On another evening, they took a trolley ride to an amusement park, up the river. Here, stretched comfortably out on a grassy bank, looking idly out at the boating parties, they fell to talking of the Cantey biography. Henry asked his friend hesitatingly, even shyly, how he meant to handle it.

"I don't know. Conventionally, I suppose. I'm plugging through Amme's assortment of papers. It's an excellent picture of Amme's mind—the whole selection. And the way they're classified. I can see just the book he wants. It'll look like all the standard biographies. It will please the family. And it will be worthless."

Henry glanced up quickly, warmly. Little had passed between them on this topic, so important to both. From moment to moment he was discovering new points of mental and spiritual contact with this singularly youthful old man. For to twenty-six, fifty-eight is indeed age.

"It won't please all the family," he said, an almost devotional softness in his voice. "Not Miriam."

"Oh, it will, my boy! It'll have to. Jim Cantey was rugged, sometimes rough, what we mean when we use the term 'big.' He'd have wanted the truth, I think, himself."

"She knows that. And she knows a good deal of the truth. He left it with her."

"No? That's interesting! Not unlike him, though. It was an unusual friendship, that—father and daughter."

Later, they sat for an hour on a bench in Cantey Square. Two automobiles stood before the City Trust—a taxi-cab and a limousine. Two men came out of the building—one, a little unsteady of foot, the other guiding him by an elbow. The taxi was paid off and spun away. The two stood by the limousine. There was a brief argument. Then they got into the car and were driven rapidly off.

Mr. Hitt's eyes followed the vehicle with mildly quickened interest.

"Hm," mused he aloud. "That's curious!"

"I didn't notice who they were."

"Mayor Tim and Oswald Qualters. Together."

"It's not the first time."

"One doesn't think of them as having anything in common."

"Why not?"

"Well, Qualters is a gentleman, and has been chairman of the Republican State Committee. Tim isn't a gentleman, and is boss of the Democratic machine here."

"I don't think party lines mean anything to Qualters. He's interested in power. Anyway, he's bossing the mayor just now."

Mr. Hitt was frankly surprised.

"I didn't know you knew Qualters," he said.

Henry hesitated.

"I do—a little. He's a shrewd man, I think."

"Very, very shrewd."

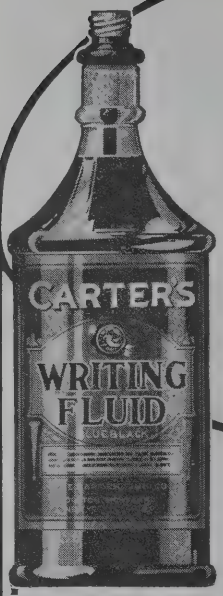
They fell silent.

Mr. Hitt forgot that night that he was tired. He walked up the hill to Henry's boarding house.

"My boy," he said, almost tenderly, gripping his hand, "I can't write the real stuff. I know that now. Margie Daw—you'd hardly know her—Margie says I'm too old. She's right. I'm going to do my nice little pattern biography. A book that Esther Appleby and Amme and Harvey O'Rell will think really good. They may even call it 'literary.' You and I will know better, but—well, never mind that. I'm thinking about you. You've had a terrible time. There's trouble, perhaps endless struggling, ahead of you. But a fact stands out—your youth. And I know that you're going to do real work. I know it!"

Calverly moodily shook his head.







"Thro' many a street
And many a town.
The Inkman shapes his way.
The trusty ass
Keeps plodding on.
His master to obey."

Carter Products

A Receipt for Ink — 1727

"A quart of rain Wate. 3 Ounces of Blue Knolly Gawalls. Bruise ym. It must stand and be stirred 3 or 4 times in ye Day & then Strain out all ye gawalls all ten Days add 2 Ounces of Clear Gummary Beck & ½ an Ounce of Coperous ½ an Ounce of Rock Alum half an Ounce of Loafe sugar ye Bigness of a Hoarsel nut of Roman Vitteral brak ym all small. Before they be put in it must be stirred very well for ye space of two weeks."

William Sotherwaite, London.

FORMULÆ for ink in those days were handed down from father to son. Each family used a different receipt. Small wonder that the product varied — sometimes poor, sometimes worse, never very good.

Carter's Writing Fluid, the most successfully compounded writing agent, passes nine rigid laboratory tests before it is allowed to leave the factory. You are insured absolute uniformity of product — guaranteed the old pre-war blue, the easy flow, the freedom from sediment and corrosion, the jet black drying, and unquestioned permanency of record.

Carter's Writing Fluid is sold by all the leading stationers. Its qualities are appreciated at home, as in the office. Small sizes made for home use.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Manufacturing Chemists

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4



5



6


7

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

Writing Fluid	Cico Paste	Carbon Papers	7Typewriter Ribbons
Fountain Pen Inks	Photolibrary Paste	Copying Inks	VelVet Showcard Colors
6 Red Ink (Carmine)	Cement	Drawing Inks	White and Gold Inks
Realblack Ink	Glue Pencils	Indelible Inks	Violet, Green and Blue Inks
4 Ink Eraser	Great Stickist Mucilage	5 Stamping Inks	Numbering Machine Inks

"I'm going to put Perfect Porcelain into six thousand American homes," he said. "I've got to. It's the one thing between me and——"

"My boy"—the older man smiled out through his spectacles—"let me tell you one thing: The only way they can kill a writer is to cut off his head. So long as there's paper and pencil in the world, or birch-bark and charcoal, or ink, or—by God—blood, they can't kill a writer! Never let yourself forget that fact."

Calverly again shook his head, and said good-night with a wry smile. But the glow that was in him stayed warm for some time. For one thing, he had, at last, a friend.

XXX

WHAT QUALTERS SAID TO THE MAYOR

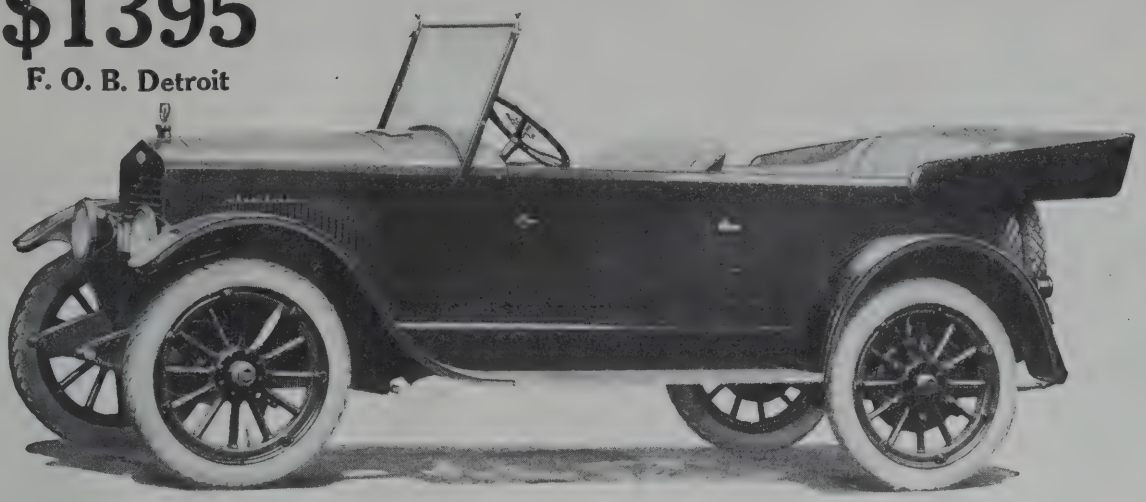
OSWALD QUALTERS had been a quiet force in the community for a decade or two. His casual, offhand manner, his easy, even light way of dismissing little difficulties, his sure hand with graver problems made him early popular on club directorates. No one had ever seen him even momentarily nonplused. He never talked lengthily or wasted time, except in pleasure. In all his business activities, as in his personal and club life, he never hesitated to accept responsibility, never appeared to take difficulties seriously, was never ruffled or tired or ill-humored.

Gradually, a knowledge of his easy skill spread among the solider business men. It was known that he had handled this matter or that conspicuously well. It became known, too, far beyond the city, among shrewdly managed interstate financial groups, that in local matters it was well to "see" Qualters. And the occasional evidences of this outside influence were not overlooked in the neighborhood of Cantey Square. He had become a factor on the board of the Cantey National Bank as well as of City Trust.

Observant eyes had lately noticed that Bob Listerly turned to him on occasions, that even the gruff, driving Harvey O'Rell was consulting him. The Cantey estate still seemed to dominate the city, financially and politically; still, the Cantey tradition was wearing a little threadbare. Among the trustees there was no clear unity of political purpose. Amme was an academic little man, shining by a reflected light, with no real grasp on the rough facts of life. Listerly had no vigor—merely ability. He made it a rule to play safe with the *News*, quietly selecting editorial writers who would discourse on sports or the weather or the need of hurrying the construction of the public baths when any real political or financial crisis impended. O'Rell was the only strong man in the group, and he had grown quiet and cautious of late. Among them, the Cantey interests simply drifted.

In Qualters' own mind the outstanding difficulty had been Amme. The interesting little scene in his own study when a drunken mayor broke in on the talk with young Calverly had given him his first real hold. Amme had distinctly failed to rise to the situation. He had been shocked and confused. It had been too clear that O'Rell was involved in a discreditable attempt to take papers from Calverly's room—involved with the mayor and

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Essex Popularity Grows

Sales Exceed Output Three to One

Hailed as a New Leader

All who have seen the Essex will understand how difficult it is to appear temperate in our claims for it.

People are saying the most enthusiastic things about it. They like its light weight and the way in which it combines the economy of the cheap car with the quality, endurance, comfort and performance of the large costly automobile. Motorists in every section are praising the Essex. It is the leader of every automobile show. Tens of thousands have ridden in it. A million have seen the Essex. All hail it a new leader.

"It Is THE Light Car"

That in a sentence expresses the view of practically everyone.

It describes their feelings as to its type, its value and its distinctive performance. Motorists have long talked of the car that would be enduring and comfortable to ride in and of great performance ability and still that would be neither heavy nor costly to buy or operate.

They describe the Essex as being "the car" that fills that field.

And they have long wanted a light car that they would not have to apologize for because of its appearance. So theirx- e pression, "That is THE Light Car," describes their feelings concerning the Essex.

All motorists are not interested in such performance tests as reveal a car's limit of speed. All have not an opportunity to witness what a car will do under the trying conditions of hill and mountain service. But those who ask for such proofs are enthusiastic over what they have seen the Essex do. They too, say, "It is THE Light Car."

Who Will Get Essex Cars?

That is the question all are asking. Dealers know the maximum number of cars they are to get. They are keen observers of conditions. They know how orders are being placed and they know there are not going to be half enough Essexes to supply those who will want them.

Thousands have already been shipped. They are going out from the factory in increasing numbers every day. Dut orders are also piling up and dealers everywhere have established buyers' waiting lists.

It is not a question of selling the Essex during the next several months. The question will be "Who will get them?" If you are to be an Essex owner you must not delay ordering.

ESSEX
MOTORS
DETROIT
USA

At any rate you should get acquainted with it. Everyone who knows the Essex is enthusiastic for it. All are talking about it. And there is no better way to dominate the automobile field than to have thousands of people saying the fine things for a car that are being said for the Essex.

The Essex is the new and dominant car of the year.

A REGULAR HOLD UP

A few ounces of KAPO Ceibasilk as applied by us will hold up the heaviest person, in the water, for 3 months.
(Used by U. S. and foreign Governments for this purpose.)

THAT 'S WHY

KAPO

LIFE-SAVING GARMENTS

Absolutely protect you from the danger of drowning and cramps and from all worry. Very light, comfortable, and secure.

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SWIM-WINGS $2
For Bathing and Swimming

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OCEAN WAISTCOATS $12
For Travelers and Sportsmen

For MEN—WOMEN—CHILDREN

Chest measurements for all garments:—Size No. 1, 24 to 30 inches; Size No. 2, 32 to 36 inches; Size No. 3, 38 to 44 inches; Size No. 4, 46 to 50 inches.

Sold by Department and Sporting Goods Stores everywhere; if not easily obtainable, will send post-paid upon receipt of price. Send for illustrated Booklet.

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These are indications of a weakness in the arch across the ball of the foot, permitting one or more of the small bones to become displaced. Unequal pressure is produced, resulting in callouses on the soles, tenderness, cramps in the toes, soft corns, and sudden cramp-like pains develop.



Dr. Scholl's Anterior Metatarsal Arch Supports give immediate relief by supporting and replacing the weakened arch.

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are scientifically constructed to quickly relieve and correct the cause of tired, aching feet, bunions, weak ankles, broken down arches, flat foot, over-lapping toes, corns, callouses, etc.

These appliances are sold by all good Shoe and Department Stores and correctly fitted by their foot experts who have studied Practipedics—the science of giving foot comfort.

Illustrated Booklet Free
"The Feet and Their Care," by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, recognized foot authority, sent free.

The Scholl Mfg. Co.,
Dept. B 5 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

"WATCH YOUR FEET"

the police heads and common criminals.

The recollection of the scene more than once brought a momentary smile to Qualters. Amme had been so naive. He really hadn't seemed to know that beneath the surface of club and political and business life a certain amount of rough work had to go on, that the most resplendent king couldn't long hold his power without a concealed army of spies and plotters and even assassins undermining his foes. A result of the incident was that Amme forever lost faith in O'Rell. The man who had for years stood in his mind for strong, dignified business vigor was now revealed with feet in the mire. It was disquieting. It was unsettling. He had always talked pretty freely with O'Rell. He had to go on now, appearing to talk freely with him—they had too many common interests to permit of a crude break—but his tongue belied his thoughts. And you had to lean a little, now and then, on somebody.

Then disquieting news came, in the form of a letter from Will Appleby. It was really a matter for the trustees. But you couldn't confide in Bob Listerly. Bob would hardly let you. And he had lost Harvey. For a matter of hours, Amme struggled with the bold idea of going it alone—to grasp control of the Cantey estate. But it was too big for him. He ended, shortly after lunch, over at the Town Club, by leading Oswald Qualters up into a corner of the deserted library and showing him the letter.

It was not altogether a satisfactory interview. Qualters, he felt, didn't take it as seriously as it deserved. He asked only one or two questions. He hadn't much time, said rather abruptly that he was going away for a week or so.

His questions were as follows:

"The trust dissolves pretty soon, doesn't it?"

"This fall. Miriam will be twenty-five then."

"And she gets absolute control?"

"Yes."

"She'll agree to a voluntary renewal of the trust, won't she?"

"I'm afraid not."

"At least she'll have to leave things in your hands?"

"I proposed something of that sort. You see what Appleby says."

"Hm. She still has those papers of her father's?"

"She took some of them with her. The ones Calverly had. Will sees as clearly as you or I that it's unjust to established business to leave them in existence. But he naturally feels a delicacy about taking them by force."

"Of course."

And that was about all the satisfaction Amme could get, at the moment.

But within an hour Qualters called Mayor MacIntyre on the telephone and ordered him to come to his office by the private stairway at eleven that night.

The mayor was inclined to sputter at this treatment, but Qualters cut him off.

When he came, Qualters put him in an armchair and looked him over coldly.

"Tim," he said, "you've taken your last drink."

"Look here, Qualters: I'd like to know——"

"I've no time to argue. You're going with me, to-night, down to Aberdeen. I've taken a private ward for you there."

"Well, of all the——"

"Do you like being mayor, Tim?" MacIntyre, flushed, speechless, stared weakly up at him. Qualters lighted a cigarette. "Because, if you do, you've got just one chance of getting reelected."

"Who's to hinder?"

"I am. You're taking orders from me now."

"Oh, am I?"

Qualters nodded.

"You're skating on the thinnest ice of your career, Tim. I want to drive that into your head. I've got to shock you sober. When you're drunk, you talk. And a man that's as close to prison bars as you are right now has got to keep his mouth shut. You have no choice. Do exactly as I tell you, and you may slip by."

"I guess we'll see what Harvey O'Rell's got to say about——"

"O'Rell's taking orders from me, too." Qualters flicked his cigarette.

"What if I tell him you said that?"

"Told him myself this evening. An hour ago. Get this straight, and then shut up. You can be mayor, O'Rell can stay with County Railways, but only if you both obey orders. I could cut you both loose without losing much sleep. As for you, I've got enough evidence to put you in the penitentiary for ninety-five to a hundred and ten years on all counts." Mayor Tim's jaw sagged. "Some of it's here in my safe; some of it's in Miss Cantey's trunk, out in California; the rest is in the bank-vault down-stairs here, where none of your precious friends could get if they tried— Are you sobering up a little? Have a drink of water. Now, listen: The Cantey estate trust dissolves this fall, on Miss Cantey's twenty-fifth birthday. That invalid girl, without an hour of business experience, comes into control of the entire property—County Railways, Cantey National, the *News*, all the real estate, the votes on thirty or forty other boards——"

"But a girl like that couldn't——"

"Of course she couldn't! But——"

"Where's Amme—I'd like to know?"

"Shut up, Tim! Amme has admitted to me—to-day—that he can't control the situation. That's what's the matter."

"Then——"

"Then some other man will. Whoever she happens to be interested in. She may even turn back to Calverly. If she does, you're done."

"Well—well, I guess I can drag you down with me."

"Not for a minute! I'm clear. You can't touch me. But a young reformer, a dreamer, once in Miss Cantey's confidence, could raise hell with pretty nearly everything in town."

"You were going to put him in prison, too, Qualters. Why didn't you do it?"

"It proved not to be a prison case. It's got to be handled in another way."

"But he's right here. Got a job in this building."

"Leave him to me. I'm going to take you to Aberdeen now. Remember, unless you want me to kick you into the gutter, keep sober and keep still."

"What are you going to do if I——"

Qualters raised a steady hand.

"Just that," he said. "Keep still. I'm going to drive over to Dayton from Aberdeen and catch a train for California. Come along."

The next instalment of ***The Passionate Pilgrim*** will appear in ***June Cosmopolitan.***



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PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
FOR
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This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A bottle should last for months.

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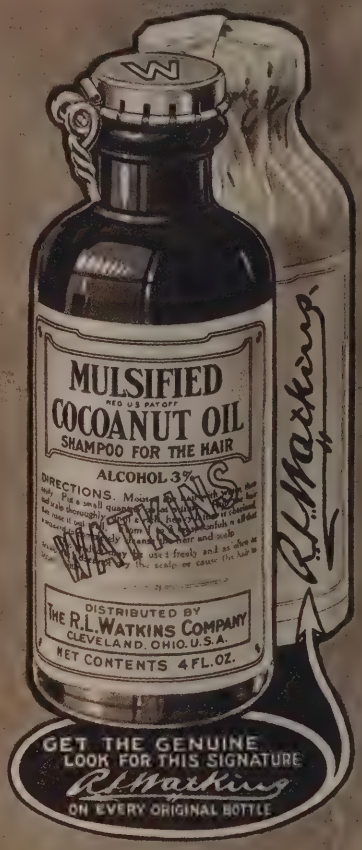
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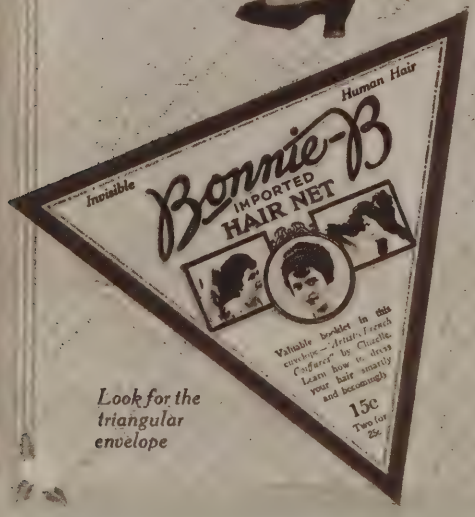
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After a day of posing—her hair still remains beautifully dressed.

Miss Ostriche, before a strenuous day at the Studio, protects her hair with a Bonnie-B Human Hair Net.



Look for the triangular envelope

A Message from Muriel Ostriche

So many of my friends have asked me to show them how I do my hair, that I've decided to let you all into the secret. It's partly a matter of arrangement, and partly one of using the right hair net.

I've found the *one* hair net that gives me the best results—the Bonnie-B Imported Human Hair Net. It is sterilized and comes in shades to match every color hair—it matches mine perfectly; and it's absolutely invisible.

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IMPORTED
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My hair stays smooth and lovely all day under a Bonnie-B Hair Net. It's as perfectly dressed when I leave the studio as when I get there, no matter how windy the day. The Bonnie-B is a wonderful hair net—and I think you'll like it as much as I do.

I've made arrangements with the Bonnie-B Company by which I can send you personally a 15c Hair Net for 10c with directions for dressing your hair like mine. Just write to me, care of the Bonnie-B Company, 228 Fourth Avenue. Be sure to tell me the color of your hair.

Faithfully yours,

Muriel Ostriche

Read It Again

(*Continued from page 31*)

He curses her frightened smile. His fury is so great that his slavered lips draw back like a wolf's from eager fangs.

The woman retreats as he advances. Under the blast of his denunciation, she flattens herself against the wall, shivering, her palms now pressing the plaster at her sides as if to find a door behind her, now clasped before her in appeal to the demoniac man who reviles her. She cannot scream, and there is no one to hear her. She reads murder in the man's eyes as he snarls:

"Oh, you—you— There's no word for you—I've got to kill you—and by——"

She makes a desperate rush. He strikes her in the breast, and she flops back against the wall and slips to the floor.

He turns for a weapon to crush her with. She springs to her feet and darts past him to the door. He whirls, slips. Before he can reach her, she has closed the door.

He rips it open, looks about the dark hall, sees her stumbling fleetly up the stairs. He follows in long strides. She flings another door shut in his face. He hears the key turn.

He hurls himself at the door, batters it with knee and shoulder. It cracks, splinters. He tears out a ragged strip of it, thrusts his arm in, turns the key, strikes the door back, and steps in.

She is at the window-sill. She calls to him,

"If you come near, I'll throw myself out on the rocks!"

He halts a moment, then, seeing how dangerously she is poised at the brink of death, leaps toward her, his hand outstretched.

With a little whimper of despair, she writhes through and drops from sight.

He runs to the window, leans out, and sees her once graceful, beautiful body a broken, awkward, ludicrous bundle of rags and flesh rolling and bounding down a shelving cliff toward the uplifting arms of the sea.

From the man's throat a cry of anguish breaks forth horribly. He drops to his knees, sobbing, wringing his hands and biting them, gibbering the woman's name in unbearable regret.

This looks like the ruthless persecution of a helpless woman by a merciless brute, such an atrocity as a white-slave driver would inflict on a hapless rebel against his vicious demands.

It might well be one of the numberless instances of a worthless husband compelling his wife to earn on the streets the money he squanders, and murdering her when she mutinies.

But, even so, why is a brute a brute? What inner torment persecutes him and drives him to the frenzy in which he persecutes some wretch else? For surely he who makes a victim of another must first have been himself the victim of something else.

Also, the chapter might have been the logical conclusion of an actual incident such as once a doctor told me of, in which a wife, mentally as bodily diseased, decoyed the young friend of her son to his ruin. The boy's father learned the truth and vowed to kill the siren. But he did not keep his threat, and the husband never knew.

How the Hobsons Earned Money for Cherished Projects

What They Did, You Can Do

DURING the long Winter evenings, Mr. Hobson was very fond of reading the current magazines, and when a story particularly appealed to him he would read it aloud to Mrs. Hobson after the children had been put to bed.

One evening he brought home a copy of Cosmopolitan, and after the dinner table had been cleared he reached for his briar and settled himself comfortably for a pleasant evening.

Her light household duties performed and the children asleep, Mrs. Hobson took up her sewing and listened with a great deal of interest while her husband read aloud what he considered the best story in that month's issue of Cosmopolitan.

"That's a wonderful story!" Mrs. Hobson exclaimed. "It should be read by *everybody*. Mrs. Pierson especially would like to read it, I know. The first thing in the morning I'm going to take the magazine to her."

This thought led Mrs. Hobson to wondering if *all* her friends knew about Cosmopolitan Magazine and the interesting stories it publishes. She felt that it would be a real service to them if she could tell each one individually about the magazine and how much entertainment and instruction she and her husband got from it every month.

Fortunately, at this moment she picked up the magazine, and the first thing she saw in it was an advertisement of the International Magazine Company, publishers of Cosmopolitan and five other magazines. This advertisement told her that if she would communicate with this great publishing house, she would learn how she might make some extra money by representing these six magazines in her neighborhood.

She immediately thought of many things she would like to do if she could spare the money. She had never earned a single penny since her marriage five years ago. And often she had wished she knew some way by which she could earn a few dollars without sacrificing the family dignity or too much of her time.

By earning some extra money she would be able to more substantially support the charity organization of the church; she had often thought what a wonderful thing it would be if she could contribute more liberally to the various organizations which, like the Salvation Army and the Red Cross, are continuing their efforts in an even broader way than before the war. In fact, like ever other woman, Mrs. Hobson often had what James M. Barrie calls "The Twelve Pound Look," which is merely another name for the desire every woman has for a measure of economic independence.

She immediately wrote to the International Magazine Company, and a few days later she received full particulars, accompanied by a complimentary copy of an attractive magazine called "The Jinger Jar." She read it with enthusiasm. In "The Jinger Jar" she learned all the details about the International Magazine plan. It gave her many interesting suggestions as to how she might put that plan into operation and make some money for herself.

Mrs. Hobson was inspired to become one of the most enthusiastic workers for this group of magazines in her town, and before long she was in receipt of salary and bonus checks which exceeded her fondest hopes.

She was pleasantly surprised at the ease with which she was able to turn her enthusiasm for Cosmopolitan into profitable channels. She didn't have to use much argument to get people to subscribe. They already knew that this great magazine publishes, month after month, the work of such great authors as Robert W. Chambers, John Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, and a host of other world-famous writers.

She sold Hearst's Magazine too, with its wonderful new stories and serials by world-famous writers. To her woman friends she sold Good Housekeeping and Harper's Bazar—two of the most beautiful and useful publications ever published to hold the interest of the very finest type of woman.

Enthusiastic motorists were easy prospects for Motor Magazine; and she made not a few sales of Motor Boating.

In fact, Mrs. Hobson made such a substantial addition to the family income that it wasn't long before her home began to show evidence of her industry.

"And yet," she said, speaking to a friend about her work, "it takes so little time to earn this money! A couple of hours occasionally, after the household work is finished, is quite enough, and I'm sure that after these subscriptions expire the subscribers will place their renewals with me, because the magazines are so interesting that a person once a subscriber is always a subscriber."

* * * * * * * * *

What Mrs. Hobson had been able to do, you can do. To represent the Cosmopolitan and the other magazines published by the International Magazine Company is a business of which any man or woman, young or old, may feel proud. You can earn more money; you can broaden your vision. You can get out of the rut in which too many people find themselves.

This plan of easy money making offers what you may have long sought—an opportunity to acquire poise, self-reliance, and alertness as well as the possibility of a substantial addition to your income.

If you are interested, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

You will receive in the earliest mail your first copy of "The Jinger Jar," and thereafter be in touch with the greatest publishing organization in the United States.

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Please send me "The Jinger Jar" with full particulars about how I can make money representing your six great magazines.

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Wear this scientifically constructed health belt, endorsed by physicians and surgeons. A light but durable support for the abdomen which greatly relieves the strain on the abdominal muscles. Recommended for obesity, lumbago, constipation, spinal deformities, floating kidney and all weaknesses in the abdominal region.

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Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send your finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 1045, Chicago

Or, imagine that the woman was, as has happened often enough, a spying traitress to her husband's country. She learned from him the plans of his regiment and sold them to the enemy, so that her husband led his men into the ambush she had made possible. Having seen his comrades slaughtered and escaping from the death-trap alone, he has realized that only his wife could have apprized the foe of his marching-orders. And so he has returned to administer himself the punishment she has earned by all the laws of war.

Under this light, who wins your sympathy—the cowardly wretch who bartered her husband's secret or the vengeful wretch who feels that her destruction is the one last rite he owes to the butchered soldiers that trusted him? Perhaps you have even pity enough to spare for the woman suddenly beholding her own crime in all its loathsomeness and fleeing almost more from herself than from her husband, offering her own life as a sacrifice to save him from having to take it.

Yet, again, this man might be one of those countless sufferers who reluctantly recur to alcohol, and whom it occupies like an invading devil that wreaks incalculable mischief and then vanishes, allowing the bewildered soul to return and view, with wonder and horror, the evil done with his own hands and voice but by another soul.

But this man was none of these. He was the pitiable slave of an occasional insanity, an inheritance he could not escape any more than certain districts can escape the tempests that haunt them.

This man loved this woman, and she him. But at times strange storms visited his mind and altered the aspect of everything, and then his wife became in his eyes a foul demon, an ancient succubus, whom heavenly voices seemed to bid him annihilate.

She had paid heavily before for those onsets, and her life had been saved with difficulty by people who chanced to be near enough to come to her rescue. At last, at his own request, he had been put away in an asylum so that he might not hurt the woman he adored.

But, after a long period of halcyon peace, the guards had relaxed their vigilance over him. And when the madness stormed back into his poor brain, he had found it easy to escape. With distorted cunning he had traced her to her lonely haven, and in the grisly light of his frenzy she had appeared once more to be a vile witch to be driven from the world she polluted.

Even in her panic she loved him, and felt sorrier for him than for herself, knowing how bitterly sorry he would feel for her when it was all too late.

Love gave her the final wisdom of pity and linked them in indissoluble bonds that could not be broken even in that whirling, overwhelming cyclone that we call life.

And so one might go on and on, taking old familiar stories and, as far as possible, changing the characters without changing the events, shifting the rays as the calcium-man does in the theater.

Delilah and Samson could be presented with lights exchanged, so that she should be such a fiery patriot as Judith was, and he such a foreign brute as Holofernes was. And Judith could be made to appear a fiendish alien murderess and Holofernes a martyr to her cunning.



Valley of the Ten Peaks, near Lake Louise

An Invitation to Canada

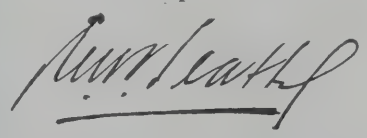
Under the stress of War, the Allies have learned many things, chief of which is that they have a common purpose, common ideals and a common humanity. War has made them better acquainted.

In the days of Peace this better acquaintance should continue, particularly between such near and good neighbors as Canada and the United States. It is for this reason that Canadians wish to emphasize that if any Americans decide to visit Canada this summer, they will be more welcome even than in the past.

They will find a country of unique grandeur and beauty if they come, for instance, to the Canadian Rockies. They will travel in Canada over a railway, the service of which has not been impaired by War, to hotels of which the Canadian Pacific is justly proud. They will, moreover, find a standard of comfort which the experienced traveller appreciates.

But, most of all, Canadians desire Americans to know that they wish to get still better acquainted. They like to visit your country and would like you to come and see theirs.

In spite of the War the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained its organization of offices and agencies in the United States and these are at your service for information and particulars.



President
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

MONTREAL, *Easter*, 1919

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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Chicago, Ill.	140 South Clark Street	New York, N. Y.	1231 Broadway, cor. 30th St.	San Francisco, Cal.	645 Market Street
Cincinnati, Ohio	430 Walnut Street	Philadelphia, Pa.	629 Chestnut Street	Seattle, Wash.	608 Second Avenue
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				Washington, D. C.	1419 New York Avenue

My gums are so tender -have I Pyorrhea?



"I cannot understand why toast and other foods that must be well chewed should hurt my gums.

"They've become so tender. They bleed every time I brush my teeth."

HERE is an example of unsuspected pyorrhetic conditions that should have immediate correction. Unchecked pyorrhea often results in loss of the teeth; menaces health by pouring into the body germs from infected gums.

Bleeding, tenderness and congestion of the gums are pyorrhea's first symptoms—the stages at which prompt, effective measures should be used.

If pyorrhea is unchecked, the gums become inflamed; the gum tissues waste and recede from the teeth, exposing their root structure. Points of infection develop underneath the gum margin; the peridental membrane which holds the teeth firmly in their sockets is gradually destroyed—the teeth loosen and eventually fall out or must be extracted.

As a safeguard against pyorrhetic conditions; as a check to pyorrhea's progress; as a home treatment which dentists endorse as an effective measure that co-operates with their efforts—use Pyorrhocide Powder.

Tartar is usually the cause of pyorrhea's start. Used twice daily, Pyorrhocide Powder *removes* the mucoid deposits and daily accretions before they become tartar formations. It soothes and heals; tends to check infection; restores normal circulation and tone to the gum tissues.

Thousands of dentists use and endorse Pyorrhocide Powder because its merits have been scientifically tested.

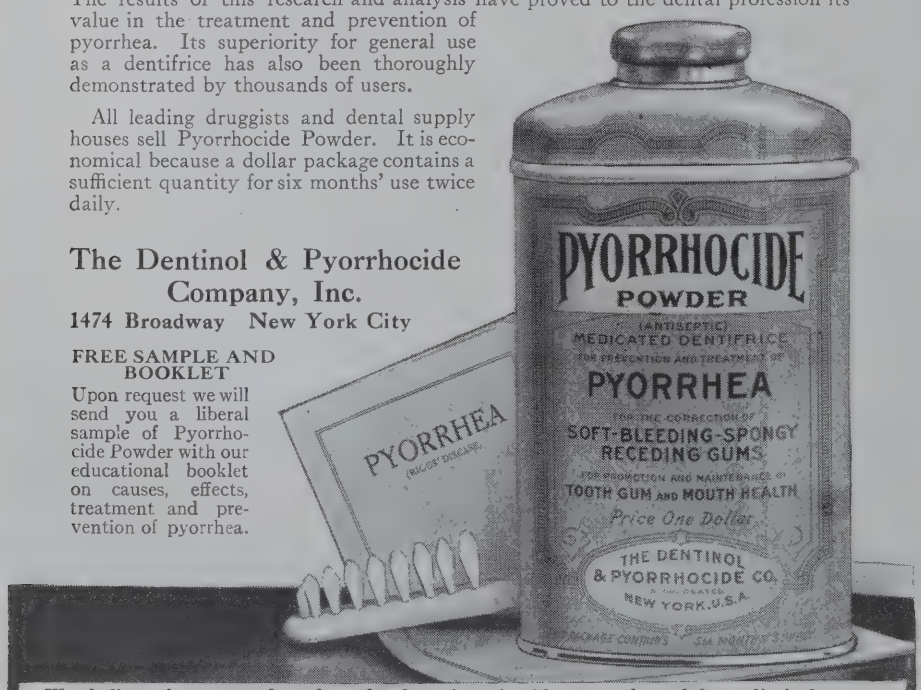
For nine years, The Pyorrhocide Clinic (devoted exclusively to pyorrhea treatment and oral prophylaxis) made exhaustive experiments with Pyorrhocide Powder. The results of this research and analysis have proved to the dental profession its value in the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea. Its superiority for general use as a dentifrice has also been thoroughly demonstrated by thousands of users.

All leading druggists and dental supply houses sell Pyorrhocide Powder. It is economical because a dollar package contains a sufficient quantity for six months' use twice daily.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Company, Inc.
1474 Broadway New York City

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

Upon request we will send you a liberal sample of Pyorrhocide Powder with our educational booklet on causes, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.



We shall continue to produce through exhaustive scientific research, and by unlimited clinical facilities, only such a dentifrice as ***IS PROVED*** *most effective—in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.*

L. V. Slaught
President

It is all in the lights. The French say that to understand everything is to forgive everything. Its corollary is true—not to forgive is not to understand. And one might well pray that the light should always so shine through him and return to him that he would read everything in a glow of mercy.

But the worst of it is that one can never know. When the white ray of all light is broken into color, we see but a little of it. Our whole rainbow is only an inch or two in a spectrum a yardstick long.

The vast majority of colors we have never seen and never shall see, though we may boil water or take photographs and accomplish other miracles in the ultra-violet and infra-red regions where all is dark to our eyes.

Into those too radiant illuminations we can enter only by the imagination. And, after all, what else is sympathy but imagination exploring the infinite space between ourselves and our nearest neighbors?

The next ***Rupert Hughes*** story,
The Butcher's Daughter,
will appear in ***June Cosmopolitan.***

The Hungry Horde

(*Continued from page 65*)

shot, and then a third, not more than a mile out on the barren, and before the echoes had died away, the voices of Topek and Olee John were repeating the swift commands of Pelletier and O'Connor, Topek at the mouth of the crevasse, and Olee John at the herd stockade. With the first was Pelletier, and with Olee John, O'Connor. For the space of three or four minutes there was swift movement at the opening and the middle of the trap, the subdued clack of excited Eskimo voices, the running of feet, the rattle of breaking ice, the clink of weapons as the hunters adjusted themselves in their hiding-places.

Then fell a deep and tragic silence. In the cul-de-sac was a deadly stillness. Pelletier, even as the blood raced in hot suspense through his body, shivered in the warmth of his coat. Far away, faint as a breath in the wind, he heard a wailing, hungry cry—the distant tonguing of the pack. For a passing flash, his heart was struck by that sound, and he felt the prick of a conscience—and regret. Like a wolf himself, the Frenchman had fought all his life against the hardships of the North. "A wolf's fight," he had told himself often, when a hard and perilous task lay ahead of him. And now, after all his planning, in the moment of his triumph, there fell upon him, for an instant, a thought of the unfairness of his trickery. It was not a fight. It was not even a play of wits. It was a massacre of *hungry* things that he had staged in the cul-de-sac—a massacre of empty stomachs, a killing of creatures who wanted something to eat. It was this *hungriness* of it all that pressed upon him as he raised his hood still higher and listened to the growing cry—for more than once had François Pelletier fought his savage world for a taste of meat to keep the soul alive in his body.

And he wondered, as he prepared to kill, if, after all, the Eskimo and their dirty gods had a greater right to live than the clean-born, hungry wolves.



There isn't a girl who can't have the irresistible appealing loveliness of perfect daintiness

Within the Curve of a Woman's Arm

A frank discussion of a subject too often avoided

A woman's arm! Poets have sung of its grace; artists have painted its beauty.

It should be the daintiest, sweetest thing in the world. And yet, unfortunately, it isn't, always.

There's an old offender in this quest for perfect daintiness—an offender of which we ourselves may be ever so unconscious, but which is just as truly present.

Shall we discuss it frankly?

Many a woman who says, "No, I am never annoyed by perspiration," does not know the facts—does not realize how much sweeter and daintier she would be if she were *entirely* free from it.

Of course, we aren't to blame because nature has so made us that the perspiration glands under the arms are more active than anywhere else. Nor are we to blame because the perspiration which occurs under the arm does not evaporate as readily as from other parts of the body. The curve of the arm and the constant wearing of clothing has made normal evaporation there impossible.

Would you be absolutely sure of your daintiness?

It is the chemicals of the body, not uncleanliness, that cause odor. And even though there is no active perspiration—no apparent moisture—there may be under the arms an odor unnoticed by ourselves, but distinctly noticeable to others. For it is a physiological fact that persons troubled with perspiration odor seldom can detect it themselves.

Fastidious women who want to be absolutely sure of their daintiness have found that they could not trust to their own consciousness; they have felt the need of a toilet water which would insure them against any of this kind of underarm unpleasantness, either moisture or odor.

To meet this need, a physician formulated Odorono—a perfectly harmless and delightful toilet water. With particular women Odorono has become a toilet necessity which they use regularly two or three times a week.

So simple, so easy, so sure

No matter how much the perspiration glands may be excited by exertion, nervousness, or weather conditions, Odorono will keep your underarms always sweet and naturally dry. You then can dismiss all anxiety as to your freshness, your perfect daintiness.

The right time to use Odorono is at night before retiring. Pat it on the underarms with a bit of absorbent cotton, only two or three times a week. Then a little talcum dusted on and you can forget all about that worst of all embarrassments—perspiration odor or moisture. Daily baths do not lessen the effect of Odorono at all.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, head of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Massachusetts, says:
"Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed, and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Does excessive perspiration ruin your prettiest dresses?

Are you one of the many women who are troubled with excessive perspiration, which ruins all your prettiest blouses and dresses? To endure this condition is so unnecessary! Why, you need *never* spoil a dress with perspiration! For this severer trouble Odorono is just as effective as it is for the more subtle form of perspiration annoyance. Try it tonight and notice how exquisitely fresh and sweet you will feel.

If you are troubled in any unusual way or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. We shall be so glad to do so. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 914 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 60c and $1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

If you live in Canada, address mail orders or requests to The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.



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The **BOSTON FERN** or Fountain Fern whose fronds grow to six feet in length. Price **25c** postpaid.

All the above plants are strong and hardy and will bloom this summer. We deliver to you, free of charge. The above SEVEN PLANTS for $1.00 and our SENSITIVE FERN free.

THE KRIETER-MURPHY CO., Dept. P, Stamford, Conn.

At the head of the white pack ran Swift Lightning, and at his side ran Mistik, the timber-wolf. Once again the pack was running in hunt-formation. But it was not silent, as it had hunted the caribou herds a month ago. Scent of the reindeer, warm and thick in their nostrils, excited the wolves as the taste of flesh itself, and a hundred and fifty throats were giving tongue as the hunger-mad horde swept on. It was a cry that reached to the stars. It went moaning and shivering for miles over the frozen barrens. In Topek's village, women and children and old men heard it, and grew silent with fear.

Three miles ahead lay the entrance to the cul-de-sac, diminishing swiftly to two, and then to one. The voice of the pack died out, and in a hundred and fifty throats there was a panting, gasping, swallowing of breath, and in a hundred and fifty white bodies the straining of every nerve for the last great effort. The fires in those bodies were burning out. The strongest of the wolves forged ahead, and the weaker fell back. At the tail of the pack, a line of exhausted beasts, still fighting to be in at the kill, ebbed off into the starry gloom of the barren. A dozen leaps in advance of their nearest followers, Swift Lightning and Mistik led the killers. The mountain of ice loomed up ahead, and now had there been a thousand men on each side of the trail, the pack would not have stopped. Blind and deaf and insensible to all things but the smell of meat that was almost like taste in their mouths, the famished beasts swept between the yawning lips of the crevasse. Still on shot Swift Lightning and Mistik—on past the hundred human butchers waiting to wall them in, on past gleaming eyes that watched them from behind crags of ice and hummocks of snow, on—straight on—to the corral of piled-up blocks of ice behind which the reindeer were cowering, and at their heels came an avalanche of hungry ones.

It was then that, under the pitiless and searching brilliance of the stars, a man-made hell let itself loose in the cul-de-sac. There rose a scream—the scream of Olee John—and a shout—the shout of O'Connor—and following those cries there came the shrieking yells of a hundred voices, the crash of firearms, the rattle of harpoons, the hissing of spears in the air. And above it all rose the shrieking of Olee John. For Olee John, first of all, saw that the plans of men had gone astray. Even as the rifles cracked and the horde of hunters swarmed out to give closer battle, starving beasts were hurling themselves in great leaps over the top of the reindeer corral. As thirsty men face death for a drop of water, so they forgot everything in the presence of meat, and from the corral rose the thunder of hoofs, the crashing of bodies, and the cries of horned beasts. In the pack, death ran red and fast. A score of rifles sent into it a leaden hail. O'Connor's automatics streamed steady trails of flame. Spears hurled through the air with deadly precision. And yet the white bodies continued over the top of the corral in a resistless flood.

Within that corral, death ran as red as in the beaten snow outside. Sheeplike, Olee John's herd met its end. Swift Lightning was already tearing at a throat, Mistik at another. There was rending of throats, scent and taste of blood, and famished jaws filled with flesh.

Why I Am Glad I Married

How My Marriage Has Brought Me Success I Never Dreamed Of

"I'LL tell you frankly, Joe, the luckiest day of my life was the day I married Helen Baxter.

Yes, I remember how you boys guyed me that night at the club, when I let out the secret of our engagement. I think it was you who said that I couldn't possibly make good with 'a woman around my neck.' I know you meant well, Joe, but you're were wrong, dead wrong, and I'll tell you why.

You are like a lot of other men I know, who have never actually considered marriage seriously, in its real relation to their daily lives, work, and success. They look upon their wives and families as obstacles in the path of their success—I have made mine the stepping stone to my success. Don't blame me for being frank because before I'm through I'm going to tell you how you too can start right now to make a big success of your married life, just as I have done.

Six months after you were married you told me you were sorry you'd taken the step. It wasn't because you didn't love your wife, Joe, it was simply because you had entered into a partnership with your eyes shut,—without knowing what your obligations were to be. The 'capital' on which you started in the 'business of matrimony' was simply physical attraction, love of admiration and gaiety, excitement, the thrill of being near each other. That kind of capital doesn't last long, Joe—it's like going into business on borrowed money. You found it out six months *after* you were married. I discovered it, quite by accident, before I asked Helen to marry me. Here's how it happened.

Of course you remember the big house party the Allisons gave soon after they moved to the country. You remember that I arrived at the tail end of the evening and had to sleep on the couch in the Library? Dame Fortune was surely with me that night.

While I was undressing I paused once or twice to glance through the books on the table. You know Allison attributes his success, too, to the books he's read. Finally I picked one up called "Know Thyself." I read through the publisher's note and the introduction. You may laugh when I tell you, Joe, that I sat up reading that book until the breakfast bell rang the next morning, and the first thing I I did after reaching town was to order a copy from the publisher.

The reading of that book was the turning point in my career. It opened my eyes, overnight, to many things I never knew about life, marriage, and the sexes. It taught me that ninety per cent of the mothers and fathers permit their children to grow up in ignorance of the sacredness of the human body and its functions and that such ignorance is directly responsible for immorality and the double standard of morals between men and women. Helen and I both agree that the chapter on that one subject alone has spared us years of anxiety and fear as to the future of our children.



Why even today, although Bob is only nine and little Helen seven, they both know all of the mysteries of life which "Know Thyself" has enabled us to teach them, step by step, in the right way. We know that when they are later thrown among the temptations that you and I had to meet when we were youngsters, they will know how to act, what to believe, what to do, and best of all what not to do.

The chapters it contains on Marriage, After Marriage, Husband and Wife, The Family, and Children have alone taught me the principles on which all successful married life is based. As a result of my reading of 'Know Thyself' I knew just what to expect of marriage and just what it would expect of me. It has taught Helen and me what to expect from each other in all of our intimate daily relations about the home.

I learned that there are ethics of marriage which must be observed by husband and wife if Happiness, Contentment, and Success constitute the goal they are striving for. Those ethics we have always observed from the day of our wedding to this.

You don't need me to remind you, Joe, that I have been successful in business, although I know you have often wondered how I kept going ahead while the rest of the boys lagged behind. When Helen and I were married I was making just $25 a week. That represented the 'gross income' of our partnership. Helen knew that I couldn't have a clear head for business unless my home life was happy and free from worry so she made that $25 buy *all* the necessities and as many of the little luxuries of life as possible. She never nagged me for money—never balked at wearing last season's hats—never whined because she couldn't dress quite as well as some of her girlhood friends—she pulled 'with me and for me' and between us we made the best of what we had and were happy.

She made home the kind of place I wanted to be in. In the evenings we would read, go calling, or entertain our friends. If an important customer came to town I never felt ashamed to ask him to the house to dinner. Helen always made our home attractive to everyone, and one of the things I soon learned was, that a successful happy home life is reflected in a man's business life.

I didn't stay long on the $25 a week list. The chance came to tackle that big Turner job out in Denver. It meant, give up our home here for perhaps a year or two, leaving our friends and taking little Bob on the long journey. Did Helen object? Not for a minute. We both knew our need for each other—we went to Denver together, stuck it out for two long years and I made good. I couldn't have done it, Joe, without Helen. She gave me something to work for—a home and two fine kids, and she—why, man!—she never stopped thinking what else she could do to make life more interesting and more successful for me.

Last week the Board of Directors made me Treasurer of the company at $25,000 a year. When I told Helen, she just looked at me and said, 'I knew you would do it, Ralph.' That's the attitude we've learned to take toward each other and toward our married life, from the very first day. We've been fair and honest with each other and with our children and it has brought us more happiness and success than I ever knew existed.

It all goes back to that night at Allison's when I discovered 'Know Thyself.' That book taught us the secret of a happy, successful married life, it made my wedding day the luckiest of them all.

Yes, Joe, I *am* glad I married, and there are thousands of other men and women who have been made just as glad as I am by reading the same book. I had the pleasure of meeting the publisher a short while ago and I jotted down a few of the important points he mentioned in discussing the book.

—it represents the combined efforts of a large number of noted specialists and educators, including Prof. T. W. Shannon, A. M., and Bishop Samuel Fallows, D. D., L.L. D.

—it contains a Medical Department of over two hundred pages, edited by W. J. Truitt, M. D., formerly of National Medical College, Chicago.

—it contains eight illustrations in natural colors.

—over eighty descriptive illustrations and twenty explanatory cuts.

—it contains a complete section devoted to "Personal Help for the Married."

—the sections devoted to childbirth and the proper training of children, if earnestly studied and rigidly adhered to, would reduce the number of inmates in our jails and penitentiaries 50% in the next generation.

—present divorce laws could be abolished if every married couple would follow its instructions.

—over thirty famous authors were consulted before it was completed.

—the chapter on Ethics of the Unmarried is particularly enlightening to those about to marry.

—over half a million copies have been sold and it has been read by over one million American men and women.

You'll be interested to know that, acting upon my suggestion, the publisher is now offering to send the complete book, prepaid for five days, on approval, to anyone who is interested, with the understanding that they may either return it or remit the low price of $4.90 at the end of the five-day period.

Here's a coupon you may use and I advise you or your wife to send for this book today. You needn't send a penny with the coupon, and you are under no obligation to keep the book after it reaches you unless you are entirely satisfied with it, so send the coupon before this liberal offer is withdrawn."

Free Examination Coupon

The S. A. Mullikin Co.
Dept. 100
Marietta, Ohio

Please send me the complete volume of "Know Thyself," 584 pages, bound in Half Leather. I will examine it carefully and will either remail it to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $4.90.

Name

Address

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Keep Your Hair Young

Hair is one of the most expressive features a woman possesses. Soft, lustrous hair, full of lights and shadows, expresses youth and health—dull, faded hair suggests age. Do not allow premature grayness to rob your hair of its soft, youthful lustre. Keep your hair young—frame your face in loveliness which defies the passing years.

Q-ban

Hair Color Restorer

will restore the natural, dark, youthful color and lustre to hair that is gray, faded or streaked with gray. Brings back the soft, luxuriant charm of girlhood days.

Absolutely not a dye and will not stain the scalp. Restores the color gradually and evenly by a perfectly natural process. Does not rub off or interfere with curling or shampooing the hair.

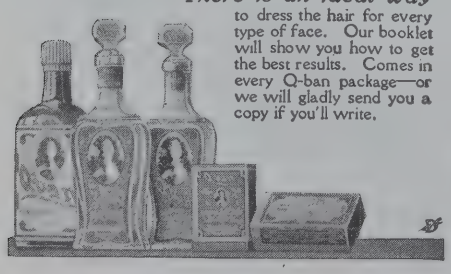
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In the battle-front of men gone mad with rage and despair, Olee John was screaming his wild lament in Eskimo. The white men were liars! The wolves were devils! The missionary gods were cheats and frauds—for they were giving up his herd to slaughter under his very eyes!

In his despair, he lost fear, and leaped upon crawling and wounded beasts with a great club. A score and a half of wolves were down, and some of them were still living. A frothing pair of jaws snapped at O'Connor as he dashed to the corral. Over the top he looked in. What he saw was a twisting and writhing mass, a terrible and formless pit of death in the starlight. Desperately he fired a fresh clipful of cartridges into the heart of it, and he yelled for the men with spears and guns. Olee John's herd was doomed; it was already down; a hundred and twenty ravenous jaws were tearing at its flesh—but O'Connor saw where also the wolves might be slain as the price of the sacrifice. He turned to yell his commands, and what he saw brought his heart into his mouth. The Eskimo had turned. They were running away! Even the bravest of them were crying out that no wolves that ever were born would kill and feast under the eyes and guns and spears of hunters a hundred strong. They were devils! They were beasts into which had entered the black souls of monsters—and they must fly before those monsters left the flesh of the herd for their own!

Vainly O'Connor called upon them. Olee John alone hesitated for a moment, then fled with the others. And fear gripped O'Connor then. Not fear of devils—but fear of the monster beasts when they had finished the herd and found him there alone.

After the rabble of Eskimo hurried Constable O'Connor, one of the bravest two men that ever set foot north of sixty-six—and Olee John, seeing him coming, shrieked louder than ever his curses against white men and white gods, and sped himself up until he was leading the flight.

Half-way up from the mouth of the cul-de-sac, Topek and Pelletier and the wall of hunters met the flight. Before it had reached them, they heard the wild exhortations of the terrified hunters for their comrades to fly. The night rang with voices shouting the tragedy and the devil-miracle at the corral, and the second line of hunters wavered and broke. For a space, Topek tried to control them. But his voice was drowned. Pelletier's voice was drowned. And then, when Olee John himself ran up, wild-eyed and shrieking blasphemy, brave Topek himself turned in the direction of his village. After that came O'Connor, running, panting, and cursing under his breath, and when there was no longer a hunter in sight, the two white men followed gloomily in the trail of flight to the village of Topek, the Eskimo.

So it happened there was great feasting in the corral of the white men's trap that night; and as he had questioned himself in what he had thought was the hour of his triumph, so now, in his defeat, did François Pelletier wonder at the significance of this thing that had happened—that Fate and Olee John should have driven a herd of reindeer fifty miles down the coast in time to save the lives of a starving pack of white wolves.

The next ***Swift Lightning*** story will appear in ***June Cosmopolitan.***

In the Enemy's Country

(*Continued from page 45*)

But it was not quite clear whether they regarded this consideration on the American's part as a virtue or a sign of weakness and incapacity. Indeed, this was the doubt continually raised by the manner of most of the people. One could not be sure whether they counted our leniency in our favor or took us for mere good-natured fools.

But always, as the young aides talked to the burgomaster and his wife, there was a sense of something hard to grasp—of barriers raised by a point of view fundamentally different. The burgomaster thought it was rather plain now that the German military party had undertaken the war. He did not reproach them for this. Their enterprise had gone wrong—that was all. As to the invasion of Belgium, of course that was necessary, because England and France had filled that peppery little country with soldiers in the Belgian uniform. To suppose that little Belgium alone and unaided could have held up the grand army for days and so muddled all of Germany's long-perfected plans was absurd. So blandly cocksure was the burgomaster in this belief that the aides were at a loss how to get any other notion into his mind.

"You admit," suggested one of them at last, "that the revelations from Bavaria show that Germany was responsible for the bringing-on of the war."

"Oh, yes."

"Although you had been led by your government to believe the contrary?"

"Certainly."

"Then we suggest that you consider whether it is not possible that your government deceived you also as to the facts about the invasion of Belgium."

And that was what they left the young man to think about.

Of the atrocities, he simply did not believe the stories told. It had been necessary, of course, for the army to take harsh measures to protect itself from the irreconcilable old men, the scheming women, and the derisive children of Belgium, but if their towns were burned—well, they surely had themselves to blame. The towns of Luxemburg were not burned.

This was exasperating. Here was a nice young man, not a soldier, a graduate of three universities, and after two hours' conversation it was clear that he had not seen eye to eye once with the two minds from the Western world. The controversial parties were understanding each other's words, but there was no clear evidence that they were understanding each other's meaning.

The burgomaster and his wife seemed to feel that we should regard them with pity, as the victims of a misadventure. Their government had set out to loot the world. To aid it in this purpose, the people had endured all manner of sacrifice and hardship; and now, the attempt having failed,

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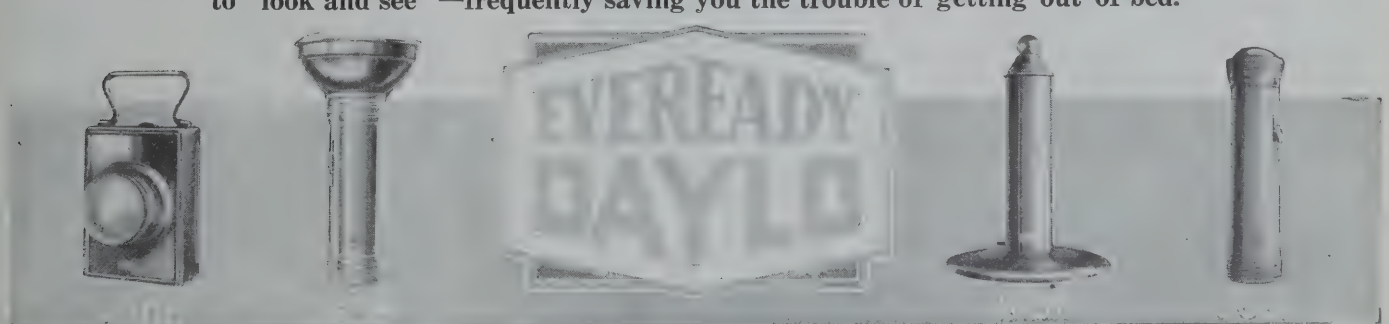
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they were in the unhappy case of having to make more sacrifices and undergo additional hardships to provide compensation for some of the wrongs done. I think this was typical. All Germany was feeling extremely sorry for itself. I saw no sign that they felt sorry for anyone else. Generally speaking, the people were depressed and stupefied. They were not conscience-stricken. They did not regret anything but failure. They did not fear anything but reprisal. And the more intelligent were now the more timorous. The peasants seem stolidly to understand that they had little to fear from the Americans if they behaved themselves, but the middle and upper classes were—apprehensive. For instance:

I was quartered in this same town in an elaborately furnished home where the hostess was quite obviously of the patrician type, and her large, intelligent face expressed an alarm which presently flowed over into tears when the handsome young lieutenant who attended to the billeting wished me on her. Although I was a mere journalist, a journalist, by the rules and regulations obtaining, was got up to look like an officer. Hence these alarums. From behind curtains and through narrowed doors there were furtive, frightened faces that marked my every coming and going with the greatest trepidation. One time and another, I made out among these peering faces three different young women in ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-five, who were doubtless the lady's daughters. It was on their account, no doubt, that she greeted my every appearance in her halls with uncontrollable tears.

Her face haunts me now—the face of fear, the face of ignorance of what a German lady might expect from American officers billeted in her home. Her fears were exactly of the sort I would have expected my wife and daughters to experience had the conditions been reversed. But this woman should have known that her home and her children were as safe in the keeping of American officers as if her own husband and sons had been there instead. That she did not know this puzzled me, as the whole expression and attitude of the people continued to puzzle and perplex until that morning when I came to the schoolhouse.

Its single room might have been American, so far as rectangular shape and the arrangement of the furniture was concerned, with the pupils' benches facing the teacher's desk, which stood on the usual raised platform at one end. But it was the wall decorations that interested me.

In a prominent place at the head of the room hung a colored lithograph of the kaiser, say at about thirty-five, in all the lace and gold of one of his most brilliant uniforms, and on his face was its most characteristic mask of haughty, imperious pride. The expression was not noble; it was not kingly; it was cold, proud, selfish, ambitious, domineering. That was the most prominent ideal held up before these children. That was their kaiser. That expression was his soul. The attitude of his heart and mind as revealed thereby was daily forced upon them as the most admirable spiritual example for them to pattern after.

On the left end of this same wall was a companion picture of the kaiserin, just as youthful, just as hard, just as full of cold, determined ambition as her lord's. And that was the model for the girls—an imperial mother, breeding sons for war.

But this was not all, though the walls of that schoolroom were singularly bare. On the right hand side was the picture of a German battle-ship plowing boldly through the seas, a huge bone in her teeth and the imperial ensign flying. How I wish I could remember the name of that battle-ship, because, by an odd coincidence, it was one of those which, a few days before, had steamed out of a German base to surrender meekly to the British and American fleet in the open seas; but the name refuses to come back to me, and for fear of making an error, I do not attempt to identify it.

And—climax of all!—on the opposite wall was the drawing in detail of a German submarine—not a picture but drawings by section.

And this is what they were teaching the child in the schoolrooms all over Germany. These were the ideas and the ideals being driven into his mind with every glance of the eye during every hour of the day. No picture of Goethe, none of the German Hoffman's famous portrayals of Jesus, not one of those choice rural landscapes, suggesting peace and plenty and domestic contentment, in which the country has always abounded—but bare walls, the kaiser, the kaiserin, the smashing weight of battle-ship iron, and the mechanism of an underwater pirate.

These were things in which the children of Germany had been taught to put their trust—these and the things that we know, from the way the *boche* made war, went with them in Teutonic thought. These were what they had been saturating their childhood with, from the tiny toddler up, for there were forms in that room for the five-year-old as for the adolescent country yokel. This was the sort of thing that had colored the national mind of Germany, which has so many times in the past four years perplexed the world and still perplexes it to-day.

Can the reader fancy how many times in the trying hours of the war, when battles and drives and campaigns went wrong, and the cry was still for men, while men and food were growing scarce, the schoolmaster walked down the aisle and pointed with his long pointer to the drawings of the U-boat and expatiated on its merits—told gleefully how this foul, illegal weapon which struck down the unarmed, the innocent, and the helpless in the night was slowly but surely bringing England to her knees, and how it would prevent America from landing even so many as one hundred thousand soldiers a year in Europe?

I can imagine it very well; and now, when these children stood for a week and saw their own unshattered army marching away fairly whole, leaving them to an invader's mercy, and then stood for another week, day after day, watching the never-ending columns of khaki soldiers, marching, marching, ever marching, artillery wheels rumbling, camions and supply-trains rattling, the whole paraphernalia of an army of foreign occupation establishing itself in the heart of Germany, they knew that all their schoolmaster had said to them was lies—lies—lies! And that is the explanation of the present mental and moral chaos there.

The German people have been taught

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lies, fed on lies, have believed lies, lived lies, and acted lies until now they are so sold to hypocrisy that they cannot redeem themselves in six months, and do not recognize the truth when they see it.

But, reverting to the schoolroom, did I say that those four pictures were the sole decorations? No—there was another. It had not been a part of the original scheme.

It was smaller, and a plain half-tone. It had been framed and placed between the portraits of the kaiser and the kaiserin, but brought low down upon the wall, so that it hovered like a guardian angel above the teacher's head. It was a picture of von Hindenburg, frowning, black, and determined.

And that picture, added late, during the despairing days of the war, had marked the gradual loss of the national faith in imperial institutions and its transfer to a man, who, independent of circumstances of birth, had won the trust of the people—grim old Hindenburg!

And the favorite of birth—the kaiser? He had failed them. If he had been the man he posed, how gallantly on that last morning, November 11, 1918, at, say, the hour of ten o'clock, would he have rallied his sons, paraded them before his glittering staff, then driven to the fiercest front of his army, which would have been the American front, and there, ordering them into line, each with a bayoneted rifle in his hands, have led them against the foe! They would have been shot down. They would have died. But they would have died like men. They would have brought the Hohenzollern dynasty to a glorious end, as gallant, self-sacrificing men who believed in a place in the sun strongly enough to die for it. But they did not. They had neither the courage nor the capacity for self-sacrifice. They saved their wretched lives by flight.

Perhaps it is well for the world that they did not so die. They would have given the German nation some heroes to canonize, to adore, and to worship. Now they have given them a spawn of wretched curs to point the finger of scorn at and to shun.

Herr Ebert said to the first German National Assembly, "We *will* be an empire of Justice and Truth."

They will have to change the decorations in the schoolroom first—take the kaisers and the kaiserins, the battle-ships and the submarines and the von Hindenburgs off the walls, and in their place put something else, Plato, perhaps, and Goethe, Washington, and Tolstoy, and—most of all—the picture of that Man who once girded himself with a towel and said: "*Lo, I am in the midst of you as one that serveth!*" and "*If any would be chief among you, let him become the servant of all.*"

This Man, by following that doctrine, got a place in the sun.

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The Colleen Rue

(*Continued from page 70*)

up, and, as though he were a hunting horse touched by the whip, every nerve and muscle quivered. In a daze, he watched her.

"I'm dreaming," he muttered; "I'm dreaming." The referee's whistle cut into the air.

"You're not dreaming," came the voice clear again. "I'm here."

Minow can never explain to Esthonia what happened that night on Lexington Avenue. He remembers coming forward grimly to finish a beaten man. He remembers his left wrist being gripped instantaneously by ten steel fingers. He remembers a left shoulder pivoting into position under his own left armpit. He remembers spinning into space in the "flying-mare" throw. He remembers the dull crash of his head on the insufficiently padded mat, whalebone legs going about him in a breath-strangling scissors-hold. He remembers the roar of the audience, the referee slapping O'Connell's back.

"O'Connell wins," went the decision. "Time: one hour and forty-seven minutes. Hold: scissors and arm-lock."

He is no longer the pride of Esthonia, is Alex Minow. He cannot explain to his native province how he lost that match. He tells Esthonia there was magic used against him; there must have been, he expostulates. Esthonia laughs. And yet, in a way, the man is right.

VI

In due time they were married, and they went to live in a bijou apartment overlooking Central Park, such a place as a bachelor banker might have, or an artist of note; but a ridiculous place for a member of a police force. There was nothing too good for his wife, who had been Di De Bourke, O'Connell decided, and all his savings—a notable sum, when rewards were taken into account—went to the furnishing and maintenance of that home. And he spent the more on her because she had been a governess in New York for six months and had known comparative want. She—who was his queen!

"But you can't afford this money, lad," Di told him.

"Leave it to me," O'Connell would grin. "There's nothing too good for my *Colleen Rue*."

Passed a month, passed two months, while those two hearts nestled together closer and warmer than birds in a nest. Outside, the world moved by on its daily affair, but to them, in that delicately purple Celtic honeymoon, it seemed no more than a mirage seen against an Afric sky. Time went by, measured by no mechanism of clocks, or by rising moons, or by the setting of suns. About his duties O'Connell moved in a vague unreality, as though in some drug-induced dream. And when he went home, he went as swiftly as a bird cleaving through May twilight to the blossoming bough where its mate and nest are. And when he saw Di, both their lips would be sealed and their hearts would speak in articulate, intelligible beats; and from then till dawn, a windy perfumed space would close about them, with shining stars.


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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d*. Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain /. This is the Paragon symbol for **D.** It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E.** o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed.** ⌀

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus ⌀ will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus ⌀ and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m*, which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus —/ and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have —⌀ (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix contractions and one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.

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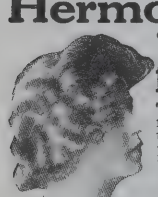
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And slowly from that trance and mystery they awakened, as people inevitably do, and life took on its proportions again—homely, cheerful, welcoming. Outside, there was still traffic in the streets and people; but a great radiance emanated from them. And O'Connell and Di were happy, because they had both glimpsed the Master Mason's pattern of existence, and saw the sweetness of it, and its broad harmony. And he was happy in his boisterous, bountiful way—bringing her presents and singing her songs.

"Was I Hector, that noble victor, who died a victim of Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various, as an arbitrator on Ida's hill?
I would roam through Asia, likewise Arabia, through Pennsylvania seeking you,
Through burning regions, like famed Vesuvius, for one embrace of the *Colleen Rue!*"

And she, happy in her own way—which was not demonstrative but very thorough—would smile that marvelous slow smile of hers. Her lids would drop slowly on the deep gray pools her eyes had become. She would kiss her finger-tips and touch him gently on the cheek.

"Dear heart! Dear lad!"

Perhaps it was because he had known nothing of women before, and perhaps it was on account of the difference of birth between them in Ireland, but, little by little, Di took on, in his mind's eye, a strange aspect. She was something to be loved, admired, adored—a being from another world, some pagan goddess who must be placated with gifts and burnt offerings. It always seemed to him unnatural that *she*, the *Colleen Rue*, should be married to *him;* as though it were some strange puzzle, he thought about it all the time he was on duty. All his love-making to her had been a passionate, poetic thing, far removed from the detail of life. He put her on a certain plane, and to her he gave all the trappings of it—comfort, happiness, luxury, adoration. He stood between her and material fact like a bulwark. She might have been an adored mistress rather than a wife.

"Oh heart, how can you love me so?" she would ask, with wonder in her eyes. And he would only affirm,

"I do."

And again time passed by, a year of it, it seemed to him now, and she was happier than ever. She knew next to nothing about his finances—he told her she mustn't worry herself about petty things like money. He was the man of the house. He would attend to that. He liked to see that glorious form of hers, splendid as her prototype and namesake's, clothed as well as any woman's in America. He liked to see that dim and flowerlike face peeping from a nest of furs. It was not because of a vanity that she was his wife, but because she was the *Colleen Rue*.

But in that year he was not so happy himself, for he saw the approach of the day when funds would be no longer in abundance, and the style of life he planned for Di would be unfeasible. That bijou apartment—how could he keep that up? In place of her tailored clothes, must she wear the ready confections of the common stores? Impossible, he said to himself. And what would she say if conditions like that arose? Would she be disappointed? Would she leave him? The mere imaginative figment gripped his heart with icy fingers.

"It mustn't be!" he swore to himself. "By God, it mustn't be!"

By now his name was in the papers regularly as a detective star. The information and cunning of his stool-pigeon, "Guinea Joe" Varesi, showed him trails that he followed blindly and unflinchingly alone when other men would have gone only in company with a squad. It was O'Connell who captured Ole Nansen, the dreaded yegg, after a hand-to-hand fight in a sail-loft on Water Street. It was O'Connell who escorted Ignatz Lefkowitz, the pick-pocket, from Brooklyn to New York across on the Wall Street Ferry. When Lefkowitz jumped into the harbor in the darkness, O'Connell dived after him and swam around for fifteen minutes until he got his man and brought him ashore.

"He's got his nerve with him, that cop has!" the city admired.

It was to O'Connell, also, that Peter Robartes, the Western killer, surrendered in Hackensack—thus paying a great compliment, for Robartes knew that, with O'Connell, there would be no danger of a beating-up when manacled. And it was O'Connell who braved the pistols of the seven *Mafioti* in the Hester Street tenement, when headquarters were for getting a machine gun.

"He never lets his man go," New York boasted.

Came the night when a certain dope fiend slipped up to O'Connell as he strolled down Seventh Avenue. From the side of its twisted mouth, the Thing spoke in a whisper.

"There's something doing down at the Central Coal Company's office."

"What's doing?" O'Connell demanded, in disgust.

"Just something doing." The addict leered and slipped away.

He waited not an instant to notify headquarters or to ask help, for the hunting feeling was on him, but went straightly southeastward to the company's offices on Bleecker Street. Very quietly and efficiently he came up behind the lookout on the street, stunned him with a black-jack, manacled and tossed him into an areaway, to be picked up later. He slipped through an opened window and into the offices. The safe had been blown open and Guinea Joe and Barney Hammerstein, the "Yiddish Yegg," were cramming notes and bills into a satchel.

"So you've turned safe-cracker, Joe?" O'Connell was amazed. "Come on; I got to take you in."

"You wouldn't do that, Mr. O'Connell!" The Italian went white. "After all I helped you, you wouldn't do that!"

"This is too big a job." O'Connell shook his head. "You had a right to stick to your own line. You got to come in."

But Joe knew he wouldn't be brought in. O'Connell was under too many obligations to him, and O'Connell was too good a sportsman to round on a pal, as the phrase is. O'Connell knew it, too.

"If ever again, Joe," he said sternly, and was very grimly mute as to the rest of the sentence. Joe knew he was saved.

"How about my side-kick?" Joe asked. The yegg edged forward, wetting his lips.

"He's got to come along," O'Connell answered, though he knew in his heart he could not honestly arrest the man, having let Joe go.

"I ask you, Mr. O'Connell!" The yegg

went into hysterics. "Don't do it—I ask you! It was only a mistake. See, now—I show you. I got a little money. I ask you—be reasonable." He edged forward with a roll of bills.

O'Connell looked on hypnotized. All day he had been worrying as to the dying bank-account. When there were no more luxuries for his wife, what then? If he lived in ancient Macaber times, when Satan purchased souls for ringing golden counters, the enemy could have had his for five thousand dollars. Aye! One thousand, he had sworn to-day, on the street. The safe-blower held out the roll in quivering, nervous fingers.

"I got a mother, up in Simpson Street, Mr. O'Connell," went the singsong hysteria. "Look—I ask you. Just once. Here is twelve hundred dollars. I ask you—be reasonable." He thrust the roll into O'Connell's side pocket.

"Come on; beat it!" snapped Guinea Joe.

O'Connell stood uncertain, dazed. The pair moved off from his presence like phantasms. When he looked up, they were gone. He stood still for a dozen minutes, his face flushed, his head bowed. He walked outside and fired his revolver.

"I got tipped off to something here," he told the hurrying patrolmen. "But they got away on me." He looked to see if the manacled "lighthouse" was in the areaway. He, too, was gone. "They had to leave the stuff——"

Many men on the force took money in this or some other way, he knew, deny it as strongly as they might. There was nothing despicable in it. The thing was honored by tradition. A crook was a crook after all—stick him as much as the traffic would bear. The chances were that, if arrested, by the help of a good lawyer and a humanitarian jury, the man would go free. If you didn't stick him, somebody else would. It was "honest graft."

That hardly weighed with O'Connell, for he knew the thing was wrong. He could not have arrested Barney, anyhow, because of his own stool-pigeon. And he needed that money; he would have sold his immortal soul for that money, on account of his wife, Di.

The second occasion was less hard, and the third was easy. He took money without hesitancy now, on condition that the crooks took no loot with them. That was a salve to his conscience. He compromised only with men who were burglars and who robbed the rich. For murderers, for men wanted on account of shameful crimes, for the pickpockets who robbed street-cart traffic, there was no mercy from him.

"It's honest graft," he tried to convince himself.
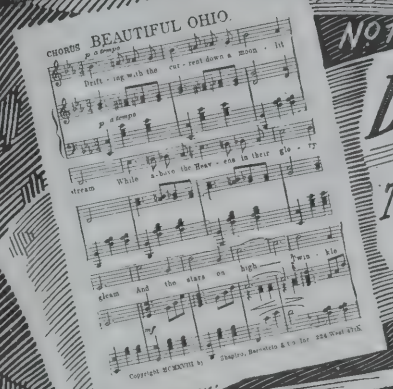
But something died in him. He had no longer pride in the presents he made the *Colleen Rue*. Strange lines grew about his mouth, and his eyes were sullen sometimes. He was always attentive to Di, for he loved her intensely, every minute, every day. It gave him joy to bring her to theaters, to Fifth Avenue restaurants for dinner, to spare nothing for her. Long ago she had given up asking if he could afford these things. She took it for granted he could.

"It's not every man has O'Connell's luck," some of the police commented, "to marry a wife with a barrel of money."

"She must have brought him a quarter-million," went the shrewd estimate. "He

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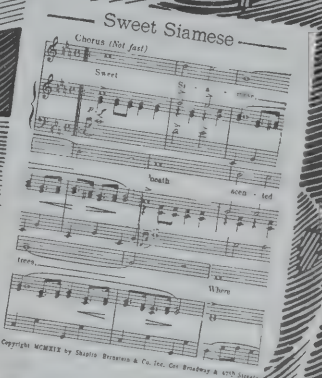
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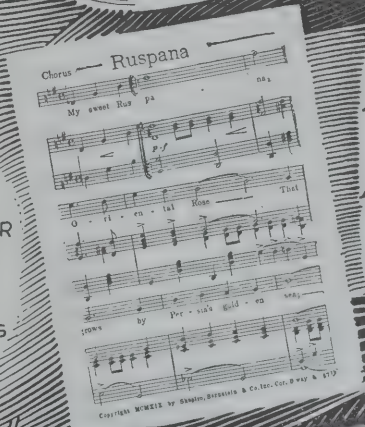


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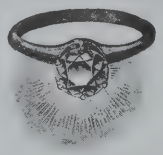
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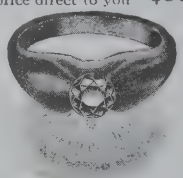
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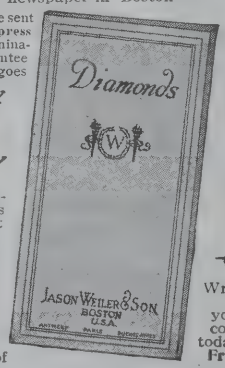
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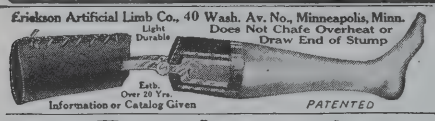
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Time went on, and there was no diminution in his caring for the *Colleen Rue*. He still admired her. He still had joy of her. In him was the eternal reverence. But as he walked the pavements at night, no longer the old song sang in his soul and mind and veins, so that, somehow, listening, he could hear it:

"As I roved out one summer morning, speculating most curiously,
To my surprise I soon espied a charming fair one approaching me.
I stood awhile in deep meditation, contemplating what I should do——"

But all he could hear about his head and his heart was the beating of the Furies' wings.

VII

He dropped his wrestler's bulk into an armchair in the little sitting-room furnished in white and gold. His jaw was set; the lines about his mouth had deepened into a bitter triangle; his eyes were heavy and shamed.

"If you play square—" he muttered to himself venomously.

Though only four in the afternoon, the place was dark already—a heavy January darkness. Outside, sleet was falling, neither rain nor snow but a dismal primeval drizzle, a setting for disaster.

O'Connell had returned two hours earlier than he had said he would, and Di was not at home and the servants were out. The unspoken charge of Decker at the Waldorf bar had sent him forth into the murkiness a broken man.

He had met the Western athletic promoter by appointment down-town to talk over representing America in an international wrestling tournament in London. Decker's cool, gray eye had taken him in from head to toe.

"I'd send you like a shot," he had told the detective, "if I were sure you'd be on the level."

"What do you mean?" O'Connell's face had flushed.

"What I said—if I were sure you'd be on the level."

Two years ago, if Decker had said that to him, Decker would certainly have left the room a dead man. A chill struck into O'Connell's heart. Decker knew! And O'Connell had no right to resent the remark. He turned on his heel and walked out.

"If I were only on the square!"

All the way home, whither he had gone unseeingly as a wounded animal makes for its lair, it seemed to him that people were pointing him out. It was as though everyone knew. He could meet no man's eyes.

As he sat there in the sitting-room, a great bitterness rose within him. So here he was who had been the pride of his people! A grafting cop! A man whom sportsmen would not trust! He buried his face in his hands.

"I'm through," he said.

Well, there was one way out. They might call it the coward's way, but it was the only one. And people would never know. An accident while cleaning his revolver. He put his hand in his hip-pocket and pulled out the deadly blue weapon. Di would get his insurance—a big sum. That was all she cared for, he thought, perhaps with bitter injustice. From another pocket he drew forth a roll of bills. There were five hundred dollars there.

"From the loft burglars at Marie's," he laughed bitterly.

So intent had he been he never noticed that his wife had entered the room and was gazing with terrified, white face at the expression of his eyes and at the blue weapon held loosely in his fingers.

"What are you doing with that revolver?" She faced him quickly.

"Nothing," he answered smiling.

"You were going to kill yourself!" Her voice was panting. She dropped her muff and leaned across the table to him. Her voice had become very gentle. "Why, lad?"

He was silent, his head bowed. Her eye caught the roll of bills on the table.

"Is it on account of money?" she asked. An intuition flashed like wireless to her brain. There was a catch in her voice. "Jerry, is this—is this graft?" He was still silent. "Why, lad?" Her voice was as soft as though talking to a child.

He said nothing, but he looked up. His eyes went harshly about the white-and-gold apartment. They rested on the long marquise ring of diamonds and turquoise on her right forefinger, on the silver-fox furs she had thrown aside. He laughed. She never winced.

"Is this all?" she pointed to the money on the table.

"A drop in a bucket," he laughed again. "I've taken twenty times as much—ten thousand!"

He could no longer watch her eyes, there was so much pain in them, and he lowered his head. The dusk crept in more and more, and the little French clock on the grand piano ticked remorselessly. It seemed to him that each of those seconds were being told off his on nerves, so acute the jar was. The revolver slid from his fingers to the carpet.

"Because you loved me," she was beside him, bending over his bowed shoulders, "you gave me these things." He neither spoke nor bowed his head; but she felt in her heart the answer was, "Yes." She slipped into a chair beside him and drew his crisped fingers toward her. A minute passed slowly, its seconds seeming to go on in a stilted, tense processional. Against his rigidity he felt her seeking to flow all about him, as balm flows over a wound. Dusk rolled into the room in a strange, dark mist.

"And didn't I love you, my heart? Didn't I love you?" her voice was crooning to him. "And you never knew. Don't I love you now? Wouldn't I give my soul that you shouldn't be hurt?"

She caught both his hands in one of hers and tried to turn his face toward her, but his rigid muscles prevented that. She kept her arm about his neck.

"Listen," she whispered: "Do you know how I love you? Did you ever know how I loved you? Did you know I loved you in Ireland? Did you know, when we lost everything in Ireland, that I came here to be in the same continent you were on, although you should never know it. And when we were married, I seemed happy. But I was not happy at all."



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It seemed to him that the arm round his neck and the hand in his hands were not material flesh but intangible soul-substance, that she was not whispering in physical accents but that her soul was pouring out some mystic message.

"I was not happy, heart, because you didn't need me. All I could give you"—her voice caught for an instant—"was myself, and that was not enough. I wanted to help you. I wanted to give, give, give all the time, for that is what love is." She gripped his shoulder fiercely. "I've lain awake at nights, man o'mine—oh, night after night when you were out—fearing that some one would shoot you, and I not there to catch the bullet in my own bosom. I've waited and waited for you to get ill, so that I could nurse you. I've wanted us to be poor, so that my fingers could be scarred from working for you, and I would rather have those scars than diamonds out of Africa."

He had, he knew not how, come closer to her, and from hand to hand there flowed a mysterious fluid that seemed to merge them into one another until they were one.

"And now my time has come." A subdued, triumphant trill came from her lips. "That money shall go back, every cent, not to those it was taken from, but to the poor of the world. And everything we have shall be sold. And we shall be poor. And I will work, as I worked when I came here. And you will put your gun in your pocket and your shield beneath your coat, and go on your way stronger than ever before." She put her arms about him triumphantly. "I'm glad," she said cryptically, "because I love you so."

The tenseness of years dropped from him like a cripple's support, and he felt broken, like a wounded man.

"I thought, when we were poor and you had not what you had in Dublin and London, you would turn on me," he confessed.

She drew back from him in a faint shiver, but a moment later her arms came about him again, infinitely tender.

"I thought," he breathed through the dusk, "that when you had heard I grafted, you would have put me aside as though I were an outcast, drawing your skirts from me."

She said no word, but her arms went about him in the darkness more closely than before, and she moved a little in front of him, as though to shield him from the world.

And somehow, too, he sensed there was a great pride in her heart.

"I loved you so, Di," he said; "I loved you so—and I never knew!"

He raised his head, looking over her shoulder, for he could not as yet bear to see her face.

Outside on the street, the great incandescent lights were turned on, and as their warm rays shot their way into the dark of the room, he felt that warmth and light were hunting the darkness from his heart.

"You see," the fearless detective was all but sobbing, "I never knew." He looked toward the windows, and he saw the sleet change in the beam from wet, cold, and disastrous drops into petals falling from a tree of gold; and it seemed to him that in his soul also the same miracle had happened.



Your Daintiest Dresses are Safe in this Trunk

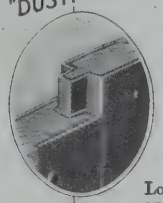
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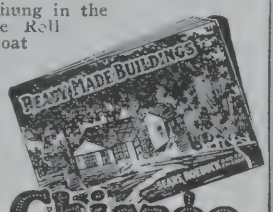
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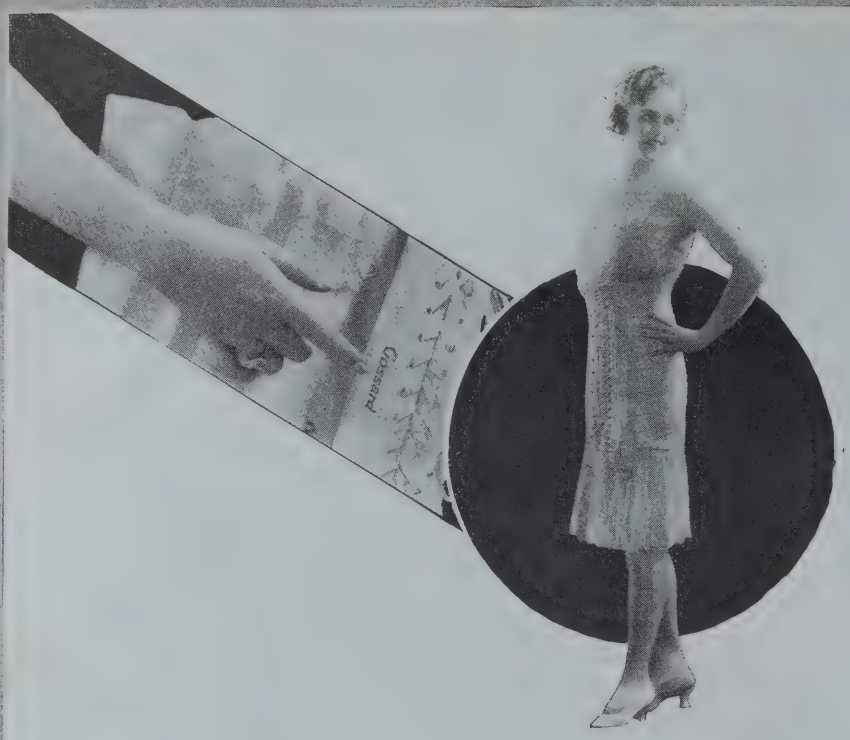
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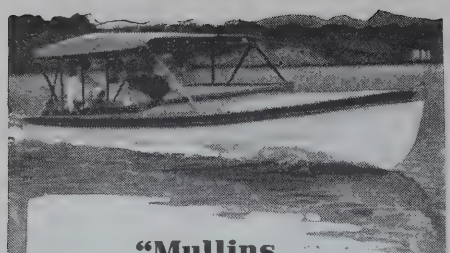
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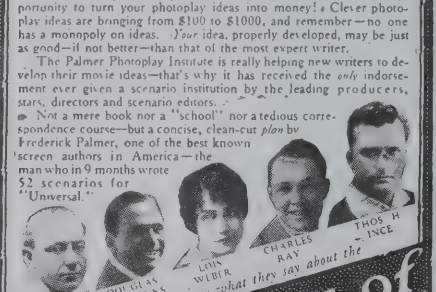
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Lost Loraine Loree

(*Continued from page 26*)

anything about it until morning. With the decision came relief. There was poignant pleasure in the thought that she could spend the night along with the rose-colored diamond!

For another hour or more she stood turning the smiling thing in her hand, twisting it, flashing it this way and that. It was the size of a good-shaped pea, only flatter and exquisitely cut. Its rays seemed to mesmerize her eyes and paralyze her will. At last she finished undressing and approached the bed. Kneeling down, she murmured her prayers as usual, but mechanically, her eyes fixed all the time on the heart of rose-pink fire lying before her. An unrequested phrase thrust itself into her mind:

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

She could not remember where such an odd injunction came from. It sounded like the Bible and reminded her of her childhood, so she thrust it out of her mind again quickly. Neither the Bible nor her childhood chimed in with the rose-red diamond. She got into bed, taking the stone with her, and lay awake a long time watching it. At length, when her eyes grew heavy, she slid it under the pillow just beneath her head. But even in sleep her hand jealously guarded the treasure.

As soon as she woke, her first thought was how lovely it would look in the morning light. Eagerly she drew it forth and plunged her gaze once more into its mysterious depths. Hitherto, her happy custom had been to rise and seek the breakfast-table with healthy interest. But to-day she broke her habit and stayed long abed with her fascinating companion. She felt no hunger or thirst but for its beauty. Besides, it was safer in her room. She had an idea that if she once opened her door, the delicious thing might be ravished from her grasp. Who knew? Perhaps a hateful detective waited in the corridor! A plan must be formed by which she could thwart any evilly-intentioned person and keep the diamond in her possession. After all, it was hers. Plainly it was hers. Was there not a sort of magic predestination about the whole affair? Quelch had said, when the diamond lay in her palm, that it seemed as if it wished to be there—as if it knew it had been sought and found *for her*. And, lo! —she had found it. It had come to her—followed of its own accord! If that was not lawful possession, she would like to know what was. Surely a natural preference on the part of the diamond should rank higher than any mere stupid diamond law!

The question next arose as to where to keep it out of the range of vulgar and prying eyes yet in her close and constant company. The answer was: A tiny bag to be slung round her neck and hidden in her bosom. Diligently she hunted for a scrap of silk and a needle and cotton. Then, as the air in her room was close, and the beblinded balcony, which ran all round the square-built hotel, seemed steeped in silence and solitude, she stepped out of the French window and seated herself in a basket chair. The diamond lay in her lap and blinked at her lazily while she sewed. She felt like a happy young mother making a dainty garment for her baby.

So peaceful and preoccupied was she that Mrs. Cork, coming suddenly round a corner, was upon her before she was aware. She caught the treasure up in her clenched hand, but not before the shrewd eye of the other had spied it out.

"But how lovely!" she cried. "What is it?"

"Only a little pink topaz of mine," said Loree calmly, and held it fast and hidden. But her heart beat wildly and her cheek was pinker than any topaz ever found on an island in the Red Sea.

"Ah," said Valeria Cork, "I've never seen a pink topaz close enough to really examine it."

This was a plain hint, but Loree sewed furiously, her left hand clutching both stone and silk.

"And what is the little bag for?"

Without hesitation, Loree answered firmly,

"To wear a piece of camphor in round my neck."

"But there is no epidemic about, is——"

"No; it is just a superstition of mine."

Brusquely she rose, stuffing sewing and stone into her pocket. She glanced at her inquisitor coldly. We usually dislike people to whom we are obliged to lie.

"How dreadfully ill you look!" she remarked, with an accent on the "dreadfully." A faint color came into the elder woman's cheek. She had looked upon the face of forty, and to-day the fact was painfully revealed. The contrast between herself and the girl in all the bloom and heyday of youth was striking.

"Bad heads take time to get over," she said curtly, "and it is stuffy in one's room."

"Ah, yes. Where is your room?" asked Loree eagerly. Anything to get away from the subject of topazes and camphor-bags.

"On the hot side of the hotel," said Mrs. Cork dryly. "We can't all afford the best side, like you."

This was the first Loree had heard of a best or worst side, but not the first time it had been brought home to her that, where she was concerned, Pat never considered the best too good.

"I should have come round to you last night if I had known where your room was," she said thoughtlessly.

Valeria Cork looked surprised.

"Why? Did you need anything?"

"Only to borrow an aspirin tablet," said Loree, looking sweet and pure and good, and as though she had never told a lie in her life. And, in fact, until this morning, lying had not been among her faults.

"You had better come round now; then you will know where I am if you want me any time," suggested the other, and they strolled idly round the balcony. There was no one about except a negro flicking dust from chairs and glancing with sleepy black eyes into the open bedrooms as he passed.

Mrs. Cork's room was indeed tiny, and not to be compared with Loree's for comfort. She proffered cigarettes and gave her visitor the most comfortable chair. There were beautiful ivory articles on the dressing-table, but they were yellow from

use and the monograms faded. The silk wrapper she was wearing had a faded loveliness, too. All her possessions wore an air of yesterday, as of things bought in prosperity and never renewed. The only up-to-date object was a photograph of a hopeful-looking boy in his teens. On inquiry, Loree discovered that this was her only son, and was vaguely surprised to hear the name of the public school he was at—one of the most expensive in England. He had his mother's handsome eyes, but not their haggard glance.

The two women gossiped awhile; then Loree rose, saying she must dress for luncheon. Mrs. Cork announced her intention of lying down again, as her headache was returning.

In her bedroom, Loree hastened to finish the little bag and place her treasure in it. When it lay in her warm bosom, she felt excited yet curiously content. The prickle of it against her skin was as pleasing to her as the rasp of his hair shirt to the saintly hermit. She went down to lunch in a kind of dream of joy. Quelch was not there. He always lunched at his club. There were but few people about, and those casual and uninteresting. No one looked like a detective. Loree felt secure, but not calm. Her feverish desire was to be alone with her twinkling treasure once more, and she wasted no time in getting back to her room. Late in the afternoon, she dressed hurriedly in a delightful frock of transparent blue muslin the color of asphodels, and prepared for her drive with Quelch. When she glanced into the mirror just before leaving, she saw that, like Bathsheba, she was fair to look upon. But it was a new and glittering beauty that she had. Her cheek glowed; her eyes burned. Pat Temple would hardly have known his wife.

Quelch's eyes told her even more than the mirror. As she came down the main stairway, she saw him standing in the hall, reading a letter which had just been handed to him from the office. Its perusal seemed to afford him pleasure, but nothing like the unfeigned gladness with which he looked up at her. Neither he nor anyone else could have guessed from outward and visible signs that the sweet vision in diaphanous draperies of Madonna blue carried a canker at her heart—a canker in a little silk bag.

The racing car was at the door—a keen-nosed, silvery affair, with no seats, only flat cushions of sleek gray silk. They had to climb over the sides and sit cheek by jowl on the floor, and there was a great sheaf of scarlet roses for Loree's lap. It is no use denying that these charming attentions touch women deeply. Only stupid men underrate the magic influence of gifts, especially the fragrant gift of flowers. Those roses scented all the afternoon.

Quelch had the art of communicating himself without words. Loree was acutely aware of his insolent pride in her beauty as they drove through the streets. Men possess to a curious degree this scratch-brant delight in the lust of the eye and pride of life. In Africa, perhaps they indulge it more than in most places. Climate may have something to do with it, but it is a dull affair to be a plain woman there, and to be a pretty one singularly intoxicating. There was something barbaric in the warm, bold satisfaction of Quelch's eyes as they rested on her. She had the sense once



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more of living life to the full, and that old dream of hers of driving triumphant through the streets of Rome seemed curiously fulfilled. It was not strange to hear him say, very low,

"Don't you feel that we have been together before somewhere?"

She did not answer, only smiled. A blue ripple of her gown resting on his gray-clad knee acted like an electric current between them.

The Rhodes Memorial stands a little way out of the town—a rather enchanted-looking Asian temple, built of sandstone from the Matoppo Hills. They climbed its steep stairs and stood gazing from marble-pillared openings at a great vista of empty veld and a far line of hills. The Boers occupied those hills during the siege, and peppered Kimberley with fifteen hundred shells from their Long Tom, being blithely answered by Long Cecil, the big gun made in the De Beers workshops. Quelch recounted the tragic face of Labran, the maker of this gun, who was killed by the second response from Long Tom.

Afterward, he fell into silence. It was Loree who talked lightly and incessantly. She had become aware of the danger of silence. When you are loitering on the perilous precipices where the fire-flowers grow, words are little ropes and holds by which you keep your footing. But Quelch smiled like a man who has his feet on firm ground, and enfolded her always with his bold yet subtle glance.

She was vaguely thankful for the presence of a man reading on a bench, and when Quelch wanted to drive her out into the empty veld, which the sinking sun had flooded with blood-red light, she resisted the adventure, murmuring that she must return and write a letter to catch the night post for Rhodesia. His face darkened at the words. Pat Temple had never been mentioned between them, but Loree felt no doubt that he knew where her husband was and all about him. One of the first things you learn in Africa is that everyone knows your private affairs nearly as well as you do yourself.

So the drive into the veld was renounced, but home was reached only by a route both long and devious. Loree missed the post for Rhodesia by just ten minutes. There was time for nothing before dinner except a few moments' secret genuflection at the shrine of a rose-pink idol. And after dinner time flew past in the same astonishing fashion of the previous evening. Mrs. Cork's headache had evidently persisted, for she did not appear, and they neither missed nor mourned her. Instead of sitting in the veranda, where the rest of the world was liable to note the silences that now held between them, they walked in the garden among the wet roses and languorously scented night-flowers. Playing with danger is fascinating anywhere, but in Africa the mise en scène is always specially arranged for this pastime.

Next morning, by the early post, there was news from Pat. He had been down with a touch of malaria, and the Wingates were looking after him. Ethel Wingate was a remote cousin and her husband an old school-friend. They had not much money, Pat wrote, but it was wonderful to see their happiness. They had been married ten years and never parted a day, weathering storms and sunshine together.

It has made me think a bit (the letter ran) and realize that while one is busy hustling about the earth, piling up a fortune for the future, one may be missing something more important in the present. What do you think, darling mine?

Loree was disturbed by the question, as a happy dreamer might be disturbed by a shout in the ear. She had closed the door of her thinking mind for the time being, and did not wish to open it, for fear of what was crouching there—a little drab-faced thing called conscience. She desired no communication with that thing, or with her soul, which was a soul obsessed. The best way to forget Pat's query was to get out the little idol that lay in her bosom and lose herself in its sparkling loveliness. But, somehow, it did not look quite so beautiful as before. Its luster seemed dimmed. Its fires had paled a little. This annoyed her. She felt as if she were being cheated in the value of something for which she had paid a heavy price.

Discontent seized her, and she went down to lunch feverishly anxious for any excitement that would revive the delicious spell under which she had lain for forty-eight hours and which now appeared to be dying off. Quelch was sitting in the hall, gossiping idly with Mrs. Cork and watching the staircase. His habit of lunching at the club, for reasons of his own not far to seek, had been renounced. If ever a man took a woman into his arms with his eyes, he did it as Loree came toward him. The excitement she sought was supplied. Hot color surged in her cheeks and glowed to her hair.

Valeria Cork's cynical eye computed the situation, and she smiled somewhat dryly behind her cigarette. She was looking better, but still proclaimed her inability for dissipation of any kind, and refused Quelch's invitation to the theater that night. He had a box for "The Gay Lord Quex." Loree hesitated to accept alone. But they both seemed to think it surprisingly simple of her to suppose that there were any conventions to outrage in South Africa, also that, as a married woman, she did not do as she pleased. Put on her pride in this manner, of course she decided to go. Something fluttered like a frightened bird behind that door of her mind (or heart, or soul) which she had so carefully closed. It might have been the little drab-faced conscience. However, a fascinating champagne cocktail drugged it into silence, and they enjoyed a merry lunch together.

The afternoon was spent about as busily as the lilies of the field spend their afternoons. She rested a good deal, shook out her best gown for the evening, tried a new way of doing her hair, and brooded over the diamond in an effort to recapture the first fine early magic of possession. In this she was not altogether successful, but, at any rate, she managed to obliterate from her memory Pat's query and the general wistfulness of his letter. That, at least, was something accomplished, something done to earn a night's amusement.

Certainly the lilies of the field could not have been fairer than she, descending at eight, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," and wearing Pat's rope of three hundred and sixty-five pearls. The only color about her was her radiant hair, but hiding under her heart a little pink god smiled and sparkled in secret.

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She looked *ravissante.* No wonder every man in the hotel found a good and proper reason for being in the hall while Quelch put on her wraps and conducted her to the car. Many a glance of admiration came her way, mingled with undisguised envy of her companion. Afterward, some grinned with joy at the prospect of the indomitable Quelch riding to a fall; some derided the absent husband, and some pitied the woman. But the two in the car recked nothing. Quelch's philosophy was that if you are strong enough, will pay high enough, and play a waiting game skilfully enough, you can get most things for yourself, even unto your heart's desire. Loree's experience of waiting games and players who compute the value of every gambit was absolutely nil, and her philosophy, such as it was, took no account of the disintegrating influences of climate, flattery, sparkling things, and the pits that vanity digs for the feet. She was entirely occupied with being beautiful and desirable and admired of all men, especially the one at her side. It seemed as if the earth was for her and the fulness thereof. It is a delusion many women have while walking on the edge of the ravine where the fire-flowers blow.

If Quelch's methods had been less fine, she might have been safer. Because he was so very quiet and gentle, refraining even from touching her hand, she inclined to believe herself very wise and secure. Yet, in the closed and silent car, there was a certain breathlessness. Once she had a sensation of drowning in the scent of roses. Arrival at the theater was almost like a rescue.

Surrounded by people and lights and noise, she became very brilliant and gay. Her remarks sparkled like the jewels on the white shoulders of the women in the audience. All eyes were turned to the lovely red-haired girl alone in a box with Quelch. She got more attention than Pinero's play. But on the return drive she was less sure of herself. Quelch's eyes, as he had watched and listened to her all the evening, made her afraid, and the intimate silence of the car was a fresh plunge into the sea of roses that had power to suffocate. Her gaiety became a little forced. She sat apart in her corner, as if attempting to isolate herself. In her companion, there was no departure from the gentleness he always used; but, half-way home, in his tender, velvety voice, he asked a question:

"Do you remember saying there were other women like you in the world?"

"Of course." She essayed to laugh lightly, but the silence that followed had nothing reassuring in it. The car drew up at the hotel entrance before he spoke again.

"If I thought there was another, I would seek her by day and night, and never rest until she was in my arms—*mine!*"

The chauffeur opened the door. Quelch helped her to descend, and they entered the dim hall. Without meeting his glance, she bade him good-night and passed swiftly up-stairs, well aware that he remained standing there, following her with his eyes. Breathlessly she closed and locked the door upon herself. But she could not shut out the agitation of her veins or the wild beating of her heart. Fright had come into the room with her. The thing had gone too far—grown too big for the manipulation of the little hands she had thought so clever. She sat staring at

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them, and at the white reflection of herself in the glass. Flirtation had overswept the neat confines laid down by her and come washing over in a big wave that nearly overwhelmed her. This would never do. She must get back to where she was before, on the safe and unassailable rock where she had always dwelt as Pat Temple's wife. It was incomprehensible that she had ever lost her footing from that rock, and she could not quite remember how or when it had occurred. Somehow, the little pink idol was mysteriously connected with the event. It occurred to her now to calm her troubled musings by a sight of it. Gazing into its deep-pink fire-lit heart, her agitation passed; at last she rose and began to take off her gown. But in the middle of undressing, her movements and her glance became fixed. On a small writing-table at the foot of her bed something was glittering alluringly. For a moment she stood rigid, then flew to it, as a foolish bird flies to the snare. All the stars in heaven seemed to have come down to lie there linked together by a silvery thread.

It was a chain of diamonds, flexible and long as her chain of pearls, and of a loveliness and brilliancy indescribable. Tenderly, adoringly, she gathered it up. It ran like fire and water through her fingers, flashing, laughing, winking. When she held it altogether in her two palms, it was as though the sun had set in a pool of crystal dew. When it slipped down over her red-brown hair to her throat and shoulders and the shadow of her bosom, her beauty seemed enhanced to unearthliness. She gave a long sigh, and something went fluttering out of her. It might have been the little pale-faced conscience. Perhaps it was her soul taking wing. Whatever it was, she neither recked nor reasoned. The work begun by the rose-red idol had been accomplished by the chain of stars. She was lost.

How did those diamonds get there? Dare she keep them? What price must her soul pay for them? The second half of ***Lost Loraine Loree,*** which answers these questions, will be in ***June Cosmopolitan.*** It will be well to get your copy early, for ***America's Greatest Magazine*** is also America's fastest-elling magazine.

Saint's Progress

(*Continued from page 59*)

resignation has been due to you. It is not so. You know, or perhaps you don't, that, ever since the war broke out, I have chafed over staying at home. My heart has been with our boys out there, and sooner or later it must have come to this, apart from anything else.

There is one thing I must tell you: Leila has gone back to South Africa; she came round one evening about ten days ago to say good-by. She was very brave, for I fear it means a great wrench for her. I hope and pray she may find comfort and tranquillity out there. And now, my dear, I want you to promise me not to see Captain Fort. I know that he admires you. But, apart from the question of his conduct in regard to Leila, he made the saddest impression on me by coming to our house the very day after her departure. There is something about that which makes me feel he cannot be the sort of man in whom I could feel any confidence. I don't suppose for a moment that he is in your thoughts, and yet, before going so far from you, I feel I must warn you. I should rejoice



"You're Afraid!"

"I *ain't* afraid." "I ain't." "You are." "You are."

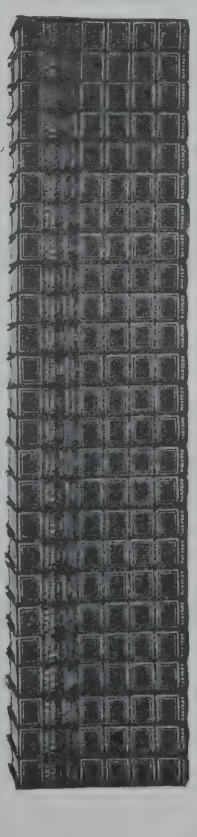
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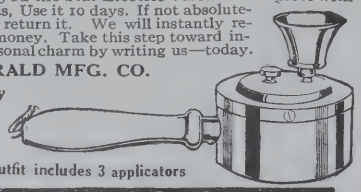
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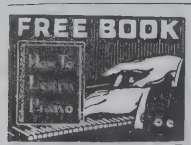
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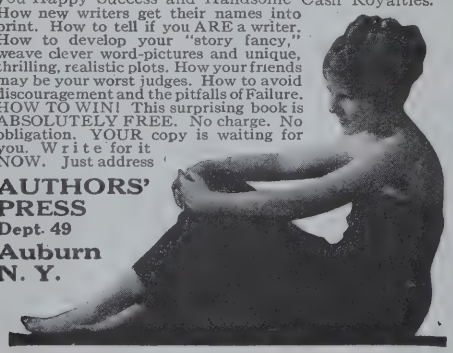
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to see you married to a good man; but, though I don't wish to think hardly of anyone, I cannot believe Captain Fort is that.

I shall come down to you before I start, which may be in quite a short time now. My dear love to you and Gracie, and best wishes to George.

Your ever-loving father,
EDWARD PIERSON.

Across this letter lying on her knees, Noel gazed at the spidery movement on the wall. Was it acquiescence that the old lady knitted, or was it the reverse—a fight drawn out to death itself, twiddling and dancing to the tune of the needles like the gray ghost of human resistance to fate? She wouldn't give in, this oldest lady in the world; she meant to knit till she fell into the grave. And so Leila had gone! It hurt her to know that; and it pleased her. Acquiescence—resistance! And now daddy—why did he always want to choose the way she should go? So gentle he was, yet he always wanted to! And why did he always make her feel that she must go the other way? The sunlight ceased to stream in; the old lady's shadow faded off the wall, but the needles still sang their little tune. And the girl said,

"Do you enjoy knitting, Mrs. Adam?"

The old lady looked at her above the spectacles.

"'Enjoy,' my dear? It passes the time."

"But do you want the time to pass?"

There was no answer for a moment, and Noel thought, "How dreadful of me to have said that!"

"Eh?" said the old lady.

"I said, 'Isn't it very tiring?'"

"Not when I don't think about it, my dear."

"What do you think about?"

The old lady cackled gently.

"Oh—well—" she said.

And Noel thought, "It must be dreadful to grow old and pass the time."

She took up her father's letter and bent it meditatively against her chin. He wanted *her* to pass the time—not to live, not to enjoy! To pass the time. What else had he been doing himself all these years, ever since she could remember, ever since her mother died, but just passing the time? Passing the time because he did not believe in this life—not living at all, just preparing for a life he did believe in. Denying himself everything that was exciting and nice, so that, when he died, he might pass pure and saintly to his other world. He could not believe Captain Fort a good man, because he had not passed the time and resisted Leila; and Leila was gone! And now it was a sin for him to love some one else; he must pass the time again. "Daddy doesn't believe in life," she thought. "Daddy's a saint; but I don't want to be a saint and pass the time. He doesn't mind making people unhappy, because the more they're repressed, the saintlier they'll be. But I can't bear to be unhappy or see others unhappy. I wonder if I could bear to be unhappy to save some one else—like Leila. I admire her—oh, I admire her! She's not doing it because she thinks it good for her soul; only because she can't bear making him unhappy. She must love him very much. Poor Leila! And she's done it all by herself, of her own accord." It was like what George said of the soldiers. They didn't know why they were heroes; it was not because they'd

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been told to be. They just had to be, from inside somewhere, to save others. "And they love life as much as I do," she thought. "What a beast it makes one feel!" Those needles! Resistance—acquiescence? Both, perhaps. The oldest lady in the world, with her lips moving at the corners, keeping things in, had lived her life, and knew it. How dreadful to live on when you were of no more interest to anyone, but must just "pass the time" and die! But how much more dreadful to "pass the time" when you were strong, and light and life and love were yours for the taking! "I shan't answer daddy," she thought.

II

I

THE maid who, one Saturday in July, opened the door to Jimmy Fort had never heard the name of Laird, for she was but a unit in the ceaseless procession which passes through the boarding-houses of places subject to air-raids. Placing him in a sitting-room, she said she would find Miss 'Allow. He waited, turning the leaves of an illustrated journal wherein society beauties, starving Serbians, actresses with pretty legs, prize dogs, sinking ships, royalties, shells bursting, and padres reading funeral services testified to the catholicity of the public taste but did not assuage his nerves. What if their address were not known here? Why, in his fear of putting things to the test, had he let this month go by? An old lady was sitting by the hearth, knitting. "She may know," he thought; "she looks as if she'd been here forever." And, approaching her, he said,

"I can assure you those socks are very much appreciated, ma'am."

The old lady bridled over her spectacles.

"It passes the time," she said.

"Oh, more than that! It helps to win the war, ma'am."

The old lady's lips moved at the corners; she did not answer. "Deaf," he thought.

"May I ask if you knew my friends, Doctor and Mrs. Laird, and Miss Pierson?"

The old lady cackled gently:

"Oh, yes! A pretty young girl—as pretty as life. She used to sit with me."

"Where have they gone? Can you tell me?"

"Oh, I don't know at all."

It was a little cold douche on his heart. He longed to say: "Stop knitting a minute, please. It's my life to know." But the tune of the needles answered, "It's my life to knit." And he turned away to the window.

"She used to sit just there—quite still."

Fort looked down at the window-seat. So—she used to sit just here, quite still.

"What a dreadful war this is!" said the old lady. "Have you been at the front?"

"Yes."

"To think of the poor young girls who'll never have husbands! I'm sure I think it's dreadful."

"Yes," said Fort; "it's dreadful." And then a voice from the doorway said:

"Did you want Doctor and Mrs. Laird, sir? East Bungalow, their address is; it's a little out on the north road. Anyone will tell you."

With a sigh of relief, Fort looked gratefully at the old lady who had called Noel as "pretty as life."

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—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



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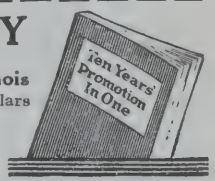
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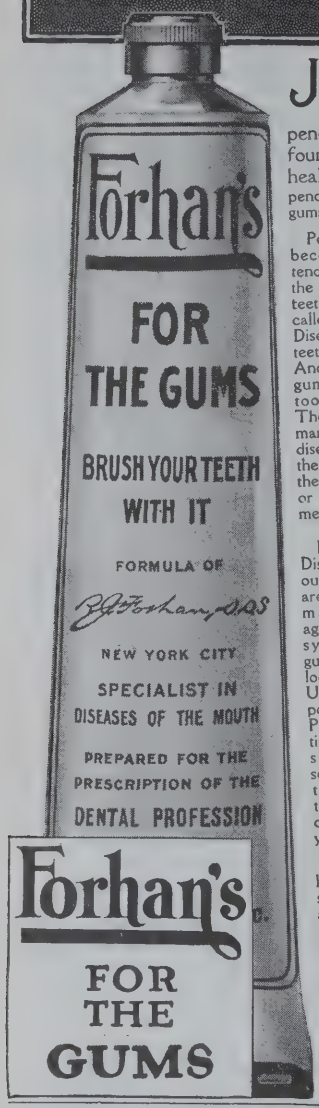
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"Good-afternoon, ma'am."

"Good-afternoon." The needles clicked, and little movements occurred at the corners of her mouth.

Fort went out. He could not find a vehicle, and was a long time walking. The bungalow was ugly, of yellow brick pointed with red. It lay about two-thirds up between the main road and cliffs, and had a rock garden, and a glaring, brand-new look in the afternoon sunlight. He opened the gate, uttering one of those prayers which come so glibly from unbelievers when they want anything. A baby's crying answered it, and he thought with ecstasy, "Heaven, she *is* here!" Passing the rock garden, he could see a lawn at the back of the house and a perambulator out there under a holm-oak tree, and Noel—surely Noel herself! Hardening his heart, he went forward. In a lilac sunbonnet, she was bending over the perambulator. He came softly on the grass, and was quite close before she heard him. He had prepared no words, and just held out his hand. The baby, interested in the shadow falling across its pram, ceased crying. Noel took his hand. Under the sunbonnet, which hid her short hair, she seemed older and paler, as if she felt the heat. He had no feeling that she was glad to see him.

"How do you do? Have you seen Gratian? She ought to be in."

"I didn't come to see her; I came to see you."

Noel pointed to the baby.

"Here he is."

Fort stood at the end of the perambulator, and looked at that other fellow's baby. In the shade of the hood, with the frilly clothes, it seemed to him lying with its head down-hill. It had scratched its snub nose and bumpy forehead, and its blue eyes stared up at its mother with solemn intensity; the fatness of its cheeks caused those eyes to have no under-lids

"I wonder what they think about," he said.

Noel put her finger into the baby's fist.

"They only think when they want something."

"That's a deep saying; but his eyes are awfully interested in you."

Noel smiled.

"He's a darling!" she said, in a whisper.

"And so are you," he thought, "if only I dared say it!"

"Daddy is here," she said suddenly, without looking up. "He's sailing for Egypt the day after to-morrow. He doesn't like you."

Fort's heart gave a jump. Why did she tell him that, unless—unless she was just a little on his side?

"I expected that," he said. "I'm a sinner, as you know."

Noel looked up at him. "Sin!" she said, and bent again over her baby. The word, the tone in which she said it, crouching over her baby, gave him the thought, "If it weren't for that little creature, I shouldn't have a dog's chance."

"I'll go and see your father. Is he in?"

"I think so."

"May I come to-morrow?"

"It's Sunday—and daddy's last day."

"Ah! Of course." He did not dare to look back, to see if her gaze was following him, but he thought, "Chance or no chance, I'm going to fight for her tooth and nail."

2

In a room darkened against the evening sun, Pierson was sitting on a sofa, reading. The sight of that khakied figure disconcerted Fort, who had not realized that there would be this metamorphosis. The narrow face, clean-shaven now, with its deep-set eyes and compressed lips, looked so much more priestly now, in spite of this brown garb. He felt his hope suddenly to be very forlorn indeed. And rushing his fences, he began abruptly,

"I've come to ask you, sir, for your permission to marry Noel, if she will have me." He had thought Pierson's face gentle; it was not gentle now.

"Did you know I was here, then, Captain Fort?"

"I saw Noel in the garden. I've said nothing to her, of course. But she told me you were starting to-morrow for Egypt; so I shall have no other chance."

"I am sorry you have come. It is not for me to judge, but I don't think you will make Noel happy."

"May I ask why, sir?"

"Captain Fort, the world's judgment of these things is not mine; but since you ask me, I will tell you frankly. My cousin Leila has a claim on you. It is her you should ask to marry you."

"I did ask her; she refused."

"I know. She would not refuse you again if you went out to her."

"I am not free to go out to her; besides, she *would* refuse. She knows I don't love her, and never have."

"'Never have?'"

"No."

"Then why——"

"Because I'm a man, I suppose, and a fool."

"If it was simply 'because you are a man,' as you call it, it is clear that no principle or faith governs you. And yet you ask me to give you Noel—my poor Noel, who wants the love and protection not of a 'man,' but of a good man. No, Captain Fort; no!"

Fort bit his lips.

"I'm clearly not a good man in your sense of the word; but I love her terribly, and I would protect her. I don't in the least know whether she'll have me. I don't expect her to, naturally. But I warn you that I mean to ask her, and to wait for her. I'm so much in love that I can do nothing else."

"The man who is truly in love does what is best for the one he loves."

Fort bent his head.

"That's true," he said. "And I shall never trade on her position. If she can't feel anything for me now or in the future, I sha'n't trouble her—you may be sure of that. But if, by some wonderful chance, she should, I know I can make her happy, sir."

Pierson touched the lapel of his tunic.

"Captain Fort, I am going far away from here and leaving her without protection. I trust to your chivalry not to ask her till I come back."

Fort threw up his head.

"No, no; I won't accept that position."

Pierson came slowly up to him.

"In my view," he said, "you are as bound to Leila as if you were married to her."

"You can't expect me to take the priest's view, sir."

Pierson's lips trembled.

"You call it the 'priest's view;' I think it is only the view of a man of honor."

Fort reddened.

"That's for my conscience," he said stubbornly. "I can't tell you, and I'm not going to, how things began. I was a fool. But I did my best, and I *know* that Leila doesn't think I'm bound. If she had, she would never have gone. When there's no feeling—there never was real feeling on my side—and when there's this terribly real feeling for Noel, which I never sought, which I tried to keep down, which I ran away from——"

"Did you?"

"Yes. To go on with the other was foul. I should have thought you might have seen that, sir; but I did go on with it. It was Leila who made an end."

"Leila behaved nobly, I think."

"She was splendid; but that doesn't make me a brute."

Pierson turned away to the window, whence Fort knew he could see Noel. He turned back again suddenly and said:

"It is repugnant to me. Is there never to be any purity in her life?"

"Is there never to be any *life* for her? At your rate, sir, there will be none. I'm no worse than other men, and I love her more than they could."

For fully a minute Pierson stood silent before he said:

"Forgive me if I've spoken harshly. I didn't mean to. I love her intensely; I wish for nothing but her good. But all my life I have believed that for a man there is only one woman—for a woman only one man."

"Then, sir," Fort burst out, angry, "you wish her——"

Pierson put his hand up as if to ward off a blow.

"We are all made of flesh and blood," Fort continued, "and it seems to me that you think we aren't."

"We have spirits, too, Captain Fort." The voice was suddenly so gentle that Fort's anger evaporated.

"I have a great respect for you, sir; but a greater love for Noel, and nothing in this world will prevent me trying to give my life to her."

A smile quivered over Pierson's face.

"If you try, then I can but pray that you will fail."

Fort did not answer and went out. He walked slowly away from the bungalow, with his head down, sore, angry, and yet —relieved. He knew where he stood; nor did he feel that he had been worsted—those strictures had not touched him. Convicted of immorality, he remained conscious of private justifications, in the way that human beings have. Only one little corner of memory, unseen and uncriticized by his opponent, troubled him. He pardoned himself the rest; the one thing he did not pardon was the fact that he had known Noel before his liaison with Leila commenced, had even let Leila sweep him away on an evening when he had been in Noel's company. For that, he felt a real disgust with himself. And all the way back to the station, he kept thinking: "How could I? I deserve to lose her! Still, I shall try; but not now—not yet!" And, wearily enough, he took the train back to town.

The conclusion of ***Saint's Progress*** will appear in ***June Cosmopolitan.***



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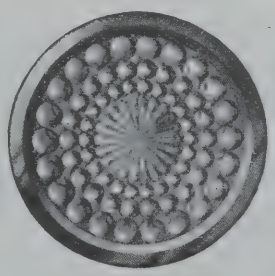
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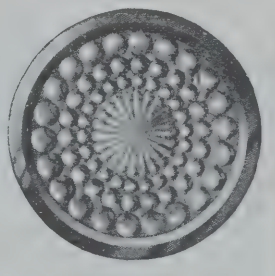
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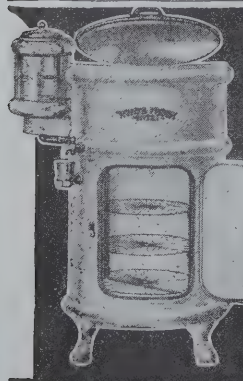
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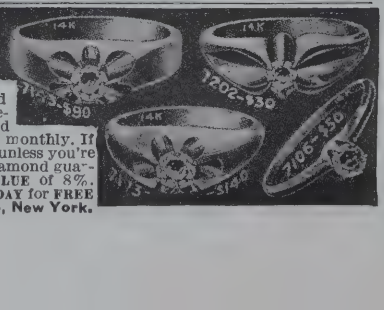
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The Last Adventure

(Continued from page 39)

But Dan doubted if he could catch up with her now. She had started off at a good pace, and he could not hobble so very fast.

While he was debating the idea, Hamlet-wise, without coming to any active decision, the other man on the bench, who was not troubled with so many mental processes, got up suddenly and started off in the direction in which the girl had disappeared.

That put the spurs to the American officer's decision. Not ten seconds behind the straw hat, Daniels set out in determined pursuit, limping along at a pace he would not have believed himself capable of.

He couldn't say exactly why he followed. There wasn't any reason. He did not know the girl or the man, would not be justified in following them, even if he did, and did not have an idea what he would do if he should catch up with them. The chances were that this was not the girl his friend had wanted to find, anyway. Other girls wore their hair in that fashion. No there was no sense to his action—it was only a sort of psychic hunch that he was going on, an impulsive answer to the call of Opportunity.

Whatever impulse it was, it drove him rapidly enough, so that he soon overtook the whiskered interloper.

By that time, however, they had left the promenade terrace proper and had begun to mount the incline that led to the town on the heights. The grade made the American officer slow up a little, and the white hat gained a better lead. But there was no one else on the walk between them and there was little danger of losing the view-halloo for some time.

And then the straw hat stopped.

Daniels rather guessed why, and his suspicion was confirmed, a moment later when he drew nearer and found two figures on the sidewalk. The other one was the girl in the black cloak.

He slackened his pace even more, so as not to pass them too rapidly, and as he slowed down, the folly of his pursuit struck him fully for the first time. What sheer nonsense for him, a logical person, as he was firmly convinced, to be chasing phantom moths on the esplanade of a fashionable resort!

But as he wavered toward turning back a low cry from the group ahead of him drove his logic back to its shelter, and he stepped forward briskly once more.

It was the girl who had spoken, and she had said simply, "*Non; non!*" but there was an unmistakable note of distress in her voice that could not be ignored.

The man's hand was on the girl's arm and he was apparently attempting to lead her off from the main thoroughfare to one of the numerous bypaths. The girl was trying to pull away.

Impulse, in command of the American's movements, made him step up to the two and break the man's grip with a twist of the wrist.

"Allow me, *mademoiselle*," he said, offering his own arm.

The man in the straw hat got his cue immediately and faded into a bobbing white dot headed down the hill. Daniels paid no further attention to him. Neither

need anyone else, except, perhaps, his suffering wife, who probably has to trim his whiskers from time to time and sew an occasional new ribbon on his jaunty straw head-gear.

But the girl remained, her hand on Daniels' arm resting quite tranquilly, just as if it had always been there and belonged there by right. And his felt an agreeable content with the confiding way that she allowed herself to be taken in charge.

What next? It suddenly occurred to Dan that he had no idea what to do with his white elephant. Perhaps the best plan would be to ask the lady herself where she wished to be delivered.

That involved using the unwieldy medium of the French language, but Dan struck out manfully.

"*Mademoiselle, si vous voulez, je vous—Mais non. Je fais ce que vous voulez, mademoiselle. Si vous avez le désir de—*" He stopped and floundered. "Darn! What the Sam Hill is the word for 'go home'?"

"*Aller chez vous,*" suggested the girl practically. He did not notice it so much then, but he afterward recollected that her very first words to him had that same tender, musical note that he was always to associate with her voice.

"You speak English?" he asked, startled by her comprehension of his question in that language.

"One leetle, *monsieur*. I studied ze language English for two years in ze school, *n'est-ce pas?* But you speak French very well, *monsieur*."

"I'd believe that," observed Dan dryly, "if I hadn't heard every French person in this polite country say the same thing to every American who could say '*Oui*' and '*Merci*' without the aid of a dictionary."

"*Comment?* I not understand when you speak it so fast." She spoke very slowly and deliberately herself, as if to set the pace. It was also evident that she had to search her memory for words. "I have not spoken ze English much since several years."

They were walking on up the hill. Nearer the top, the walk was swallowed up in the velvet shadows of trees.

For the first time, she noticed his limp.

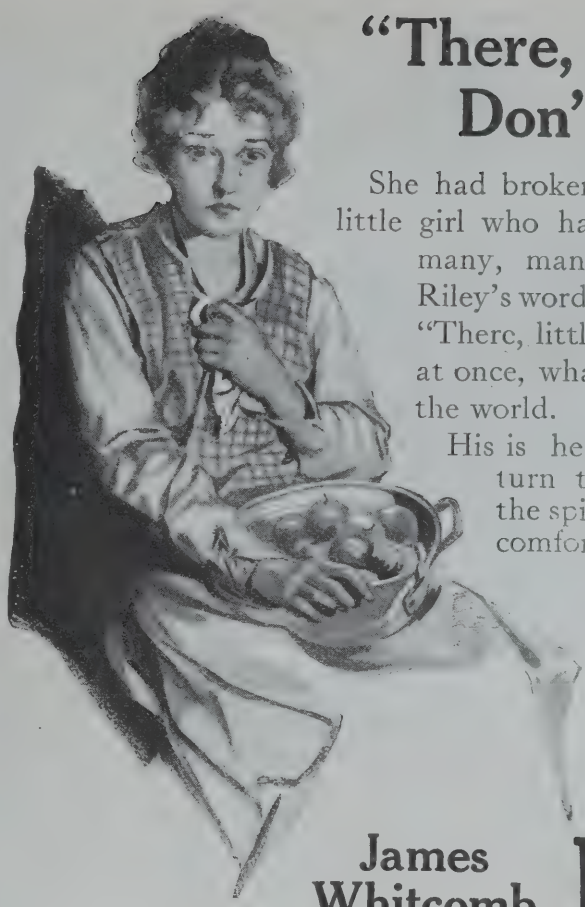
"Ah, *monsieur*, it is that you are *blessé*—wounded, *n'est-ce pas?* Forgive me that I should make you to walk so far."

"It's nothing to amount to anything," he responded. "Only, when I walk much, as I have to-day, I tire easily." He spoke slowly himself now, with appreciable pauses between words, better to allow each one to sink in and be classified by itself.

"Then you must sit yourself down one moment," she insisted solicitously. "There is one *banc*—one bench—somewhere all near to this place." She turned irresolutely an instant and then led him off the walk by a beaten path to a sort of a park bench overlooking the sea-wall. "Here you shall rest, *monsieur*." She sat down beside him. "It is well, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"It certainly is," Dan agreed fervently. It surely was not what he expected when he had allowed his friend, Rapley Harp, to set off alone in search of romance less than an hour before, but the situation had a definite charm of immediacy and opportunism that held enthralled his curiosity and interest.

When he thought of Harp starting out deliberately to comb the shadows for adventure and of himself stumbling upon



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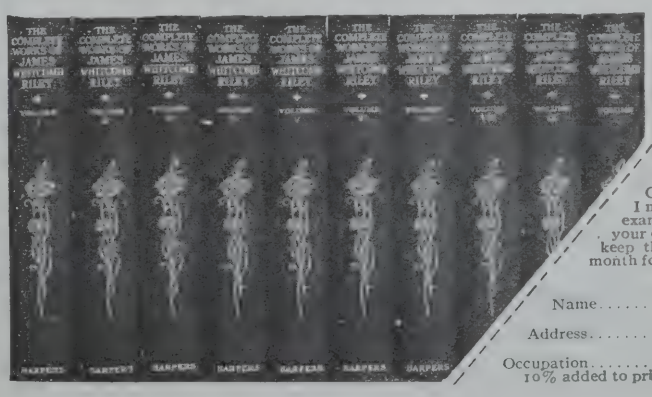
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it unintentionally and unawares, he laughed.

"For why do you laugh, *monsieur?*" she inquired instantly.

"At something you could not understand, *mademoiselle.* I beg your pardon for thinking of it at this moment."

She tried to look at him in the darkness as if to penetrate his secret.

"Wait one moment," she said, puzzled. "Is it not that you are ze *officier américain* who sat himself near to me down there?" She waved vaguely in the direction of the beach.

"Yes," Dan admitted reluctantly. "But how should you know that? You did not see me then."

"Sometimes," she answered gravely, "one knows something without seeing, without hearing, even."

Dan was constrained to admit this. He felt quite sure that this girl herself was a person whose presence one would instinctively recognize anywhere, but he did not attempt to explain his conviction.

"And you followed me, *monsieur?*" she pursued, when he did not offer any remark. "Why?"

"I was coming this way, anyhow," Dan defended, not lying exactly, because it was possible to return to his hotel through town if one did not mind a long walk.

She accepted the explanation without further dispute.

"What hour is it, *monsieur?*" she asked next.

By way of reply, he extended his luminous wrist-watch. Better to see, she took his hand in both of hers. What thrilling fingers she had! Dan was not quite prepared for the shock. Perhaps it was because he had been in the army so long, far from the presence of women folk and had known feminine companionship only through the medium of letters six weeks delayed. Perhaps.

"Your hand, it is cold, one leetle, *monsieur!*" she exclaimed commiseratingly. "For why? Because you are *malade*—ill, *n'est-ce pas?*" With a gesture, she carried his hand to her cheek as if to warm it there. "You must, it is, of course, go to your hotel and take care of your good health."

"It's early yet, is it not?" Dan protested.

"I don't know," she answered.

"But you just looked at my watch."

"I did so," she admitted, with a little laugh, "but, *monsieur*, I did not see it."

"Who are you, and what are you?" Dan demanded, brushing aside the question of time as of relatively small importance.

"I?" she answered, and then pondered his question a moment before replying. "My name is—you may call me Jacqueline if you wish. Once, some one, in English, called me 'Jack,' and I do not mind. My father, if you will, was one general of France, long years ago, one engineer general, *n'est-ce pas?* My mother yet lives in Paris, and there is also one brother at ze front—one soldier in ze artillery." She laughed. "That's all, *monsieur.*"

He had not meant to pry into her family history.

"I asked of yourself, Jacq—" He hesitated a moment at using her first name.

"Jacqueline," she prompted.

"Tell me about yourself, Jacqueline."

"That is very simple. I am—how old do you think?"

"Twenty-four," he hazarded.

"Twenty-three," she corrected. "But it matters not. I am young enough. And old enough, too. I have learned much. Once, in Paris, I worked in one office—typist—*n'est-ce pas?*—for one year. Later, I posed somewhat for one artist who makes designs for *La Vie Parisienne*. Now I am here at Biarritz for the summer. This winter, I go to Nice. Perhaps then the war will be over and I return to Paris. Who knows?"

Yes; it was simple, but not so very explanatory. It was vague as to details. Dan tried to be shocked a little at the idea of posing for illustrations for *La Vie Parisienne*—because he had seen that sprightly magazine—but failed utterly. Things seemed, someway, to be different here. Nothing really mattered at all.

In return, he told her a little about himself, tried to make her understand the country he lived in, failing in this because she could not get the American point of view. He was surprised to find that he comprehended her lack of understanding. Some of the things he told her sounded unfamiliar even to himself. America was indeed a remote country.

It must have been half an hour later that she rose from the bench.

"Now it is necessary that I should go home—really," she said. "No; you should not accompany me," she added, when he proposed to go with her. "Your hotel is over there, I think." She pointed unerringly in the direction and laughed a little. "You are wounded, and my *pension* is many minutes far from here."

"But I don't mind," he insisted, "and if some one should——"

"I have no fear," she replied to his thought.

"Nevertheless, I may as well go, anyway."

"Perhaps," she said slowly, almost reluctantly, "it is I who do not wish that you should, because I do not want you to know where I live."

"But why?"

"Because, *monsieur*, it will be much better should you forget me soon, very soon, but—oh, surely not before to-morrow morning." She held out her hand to him in token of farewell.

For some reason quite foreign to his habit and nature, Dan took her palm in both of his and raised her fingers to his lips.

The result was quite surprising to him—to both, perhaps. She drew her hand back suddenly and pressed it to her own face. Then she started away.

"Good-night," she said, when she was the length of the bench from him.

"Good-night."

"*Monsieur?*"

"Yes."

"If, when you sat down beside me that first time by the beach—you remember?—if you had spoken to me then, I would have answered you and would not have run away."

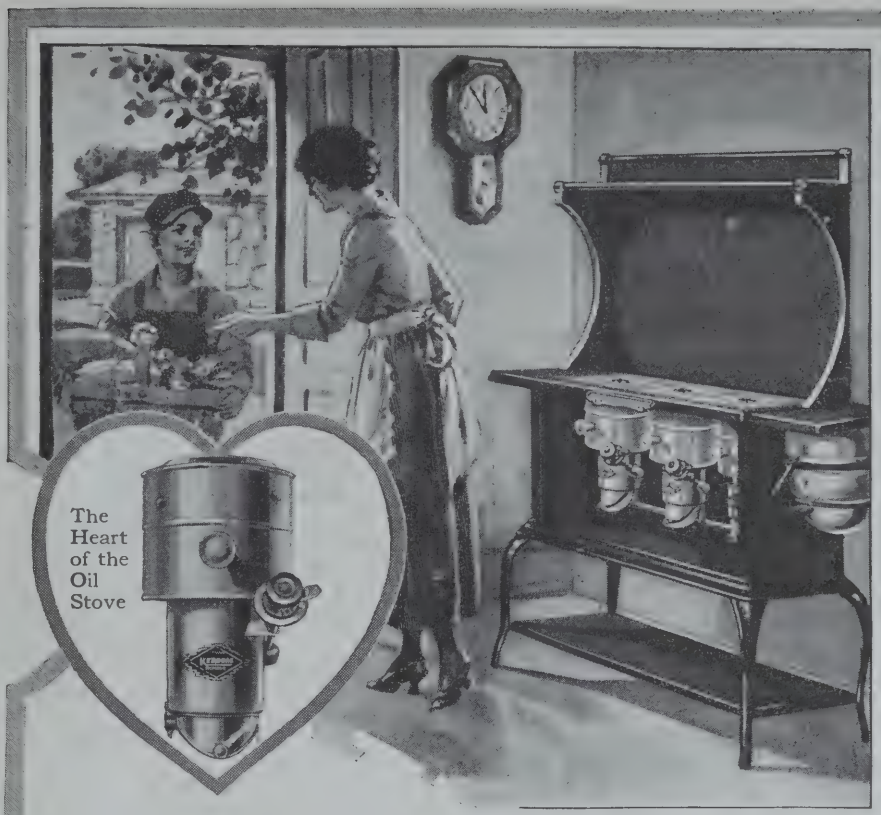
"Why, Jack?" He advanced a step toward her, but felt rather than saw her gesture motioning him back. "Why?"

"Because—because I was so very, very lonely—for—some one—like—you—and——"

"And what?"

"And—I—never—met—one—before."

Then she was gone.



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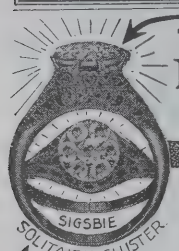
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At the hotel, Daniels found his friend, the artilleryman, in bed. But he was not asleep, and he opened one eye as his roommate came in.

"Well, Don Juan, what keeps you out so late at night? I suppose you found some old fossil French attorney on a vacation, and you got all tied up in a discussion of how to bend the laws of your respective countries without breaking them. Gad, I wish I could amuse myself with bloodless facts the way you can!"

Daniels was relieved at not having to answer Rap's first question, and he let him ramble on and answer it himself.

"Just why are you in so early?" he demanded of the man already in bed. "Didn't you find romance in the shadows as you expected?"

"No; I didn't find a thing but disillusionment, as usual. I wish that, just once in this life, I could end a day as optimistically as I began it. The world is hollow; woman is a mockery, and——"

"Just what in particular is biting you now?"

"I'll tell you what." Rap sat up in bed, the better to emphasize his point. "Do you remember that girl in the green-silk bathing-suit?"

Daniels steadied himself, and then answered in his usual voice:

"Yes. Did you see her again?"

"No; but I asked some people about her, and guess who she is."

"Couldn't do it, old top. Who is she?"

"She's the *meilleure amie*, the protégée, to put it politely, of a French general. He leaves her here while he's at the front. And the word has gone out to keep 'hands off.' She couldn't be more inaccessible to acquaintance if she really were a queen." He beat his pillow savagely. "My luck makes Job's career look like an adventure in contentment." He threw himself face downward in his pillow.

Daniels turned out the light to preclude further conversation. He had several things to think out.

It took him all night to do it.

V

The ultimate esult of his cogitations was the sensible and definite determination not to see this person, Jacqueline, again. As that was apparently her own wish also, judging from her reluctance to let him know where she lived and from her advice about forgetting her, it would doubtless be easy. Of course, even an acquaintance with her was out of the question—for Barbara's sake. Even now he remembered guiltily how he had touched this French girl's fingers with his lips the night before. Why, he must have been mad!

Still, it was with something like a sigh that he banished his night of rioting thoughts and greeted the dawn and his own cold, logical self.

"I wish," said Rap enviously, when they were at breakfast, "that I had an anchor somewhere the way you have. Here you are, calm, collected, and contented, and I'm still raging inwardly with disappointment over that girl I've never met. To think that she is way out of reach, much more so than if she were married—in this country, I mean; so don't be shocked. And you sit there, cool and refreshed, looking as if you had never seen the chasm that opened and closed beside you."

"Do I look as fresh as all that?"

"You do."

"Good!" Daniels mentally congratulated himself on his acting abilities. If there were any nerves in that dining-room which ought to be yelling in siren protest, his were those very nerves. The day began auspiciously, then. Later, he would take a nap, and by dinner-time life would be back in its beaten orbit once more.

They went out on the beach for a morning stroll. It lasted until lunch-time and included a lazy dip in the sea.

Daniels was vastly relieved because they did not encounter Jacqueline. His experience did not offer him any guide as to what to do if they did. Probably she would not recognize him at that or, even if she did, would not acknowledge it. Their acquaintance had begun and ended in deep shadow.

The afternoon was just as lazy as the morning. The young men loafed together in bantering companionship.

"This place is certainly good medicine for you," declared Rap seriously. "I never yet saw you take so much interest in people. Why, to-day you look into every girl's face as if you were searching for some one. That's quite the proper attitude. I've always done it myself. But it's a great improvement in you. The eager eye, the concealed but ready smile, and all that sort of thing are vastly becoming to you, old horse."

The infantryman made a hasty resolution to conceal still further his ready smile and to dim entirely his eager eye. He had not been conscious that he was looking for anyone, but Rap's accusation clarified to his own mind a certain mental uneasiness that was keeping him out in the open, on the most frequented terrace, when he ought really to be taking a nap or writing home. What he had been doing, as he now acknowledged to himself, was to search every face that passed, anxious, yet fearing, to find the one that belonged with the voice he had met the night before. It was only curiosity, he told himself—curiosity to see in the light of day the thing that had almost shaken him from his ideals. Helpful disillusionment would be swift and certain, he felt sure.

But, so far as he knew, she had not appeared on the beach all day.

Nor was she there that night, although he rather consciously looked for her, and once, when Rap had gone off on his restless search for romance, he even went back to that bench where the adventure had begun.

Lightning failed to hit him again.

He arrived at the hotel long before his friend, and fell asleep in his chair, trying to think of something to write to Barbara. There did not seem to be a single thing in his experiences that would interest her in the least. He had realized that more poignantly when he had gotten her photograph out of his grip and set it up before him.

It was before that portrait goddess that Rap found him bowed, his head on his arms, sound asleep, with the lights full on. Rap picked up the picture of the American girl and examined it curiously. Dan had shown it to him before, but he had not been much interested. She was a good-looking girl, all right, beautiful even, but either the picture did her an injustice or she was cold, emotionless. Rap shook his head a little as he replaced the photograph

and touched Dan gently on the shoulder to waken him.

The next day was pretty much a repetition of the same thing as the one before. All days are much alike at Biarritz. There is little to do, and everyone enjoys doing it slowly.

But a more definite obsession to get another glimpse of the girl who called herself Jacqueline took hold of Daniels and would not be denied. He cast shame to the winds, and began frankly to look for her, either alone or on restless strolls with his friend, who was amazed to find Dan the motive power of the party. Of course, the latter said nothing of his quest, and Rap certainly never would have guessed. He, Rap, appeared to have gotten over his own disappointment in first-class shape and was now engaged in juggling three or four simultaneous flirtations.

But Jacqueline seemed to have disappeared. Either that, or else Dan had passed her in the crowd without knowing her.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after their arrival, as they were walking down from the hotel after luncheon, they were accosted by a blind and crippled beggar. There was nothing unusual about that, because France abounds in mendicants of all conceivable descriptions.

Rap passed him by.

"Couldn't think of it, old chap. I'm afraid I might change my luck."

"What do you mean—'change your luck'?" Daniels demanded, when they had walked on past.

"Don't you know that superstition?"

"No."

"I thought everyone did. The idea is that if you give something to a crippled beggar, you are sure to change your luck, that's all. He has to be a bona-fide cripple, or it doesn't work."

"I trust, then, that you will wait a minute for me."

Dan left his friend and turned back for an instant to the waiting-post of the beggar, to whom he gravely presented all the change in his pocket. Rap looked at him in astonishment.

"I hope you don't mind my saying that you are one of the most entertaining darn fools I ever met," he said, when Dan came back. "You interest me extremely. No; don't tell me why you did that. It would spoil the charm. Besides, I'll have a peach of a time all the afternoon trying to guess."

"You never will."

"Perhaps." Rap looked at him quizzically. "But I've got you for five francs that I do."

"Check."

Going back to the hotel that same afternoon, on the way to dinner, they met her. And, having met her, Dan wondered how he could ever have doubted his ability to recognize her at any time or any place that their paths should cross.

She was dressed differently, of course. This time she had on a short, tailored walking-skirt, white stockings and shoes, the latter sensible, low-heeled affairs, a trim, white-wool sweater with blue stripes round the bottom and on the sailor collar, and a close-fitting tam-o'-shanter kind of cap, such as she had worn that night. This was a blue one, and on one side was embroidered a glistening golden butterfly.

But the girl was the same. Dan suddenly discovered that he had known all the time



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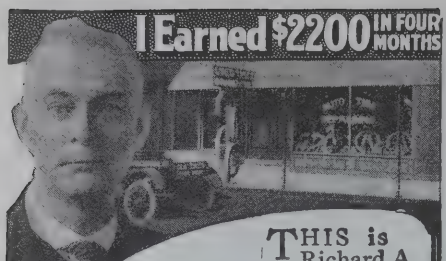
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how she would look and exactly what she would do. For she recognized him, too, and smiled with a pleasure so genuine that he forgot all about Rap and went across the walk with outstretched hand.

"I have looked for you every instant since you said good-by." That wasn't the least what he had intended to say, but it happened to be the truth, and it rolled off his tongue as if he had been rehearsing it for weeks.

The sentiment seemed not displeasing to Jacqueline, for she held her rare smile a moment longer, long enough for Dan to discover that her teeth were even and perfect and that her lips were red and soft-looking. He glanced swiftly to her eyes, to find if they were the disillusioning feature he was looking for, but found there only agreeable disappointment. They were unwaveringly youthful and smiling, luminous-gray, like an unusual jewel of crystallized smoke. And her cheeks were those of a child, guiltless of rouge, with a few tiny, healthy-looking freckles under the eyes.

"Why, *monsieur*, is it that you have search for me?"

"Why? Because I wanted to make sure that you were not a ghost—not just a pleasant dream that I had had."

Her smile faded swiftly.

"Perhaps it would be better, much better, *monsieur*, if you should not search too hard to find if your dreams are true."

"You did not want me to speak to you to-day, Jacqueline?"

"*Au contraire*"—her smile came back—"I've wanted nothing else so much. But it would be better not."

"Why?"

"Because I fear that I bring you the *malheur*—the bad luck, *n'est-ce pas?* Always I bring bad luck to those I like."

"And you like me?" That was the deuce of a question for a man like Lieutenant Daniels to ask of a comparative stranger, but it slipped out eagerly.

"Very much, of course."

"And you will meet me this evening at that same bench where we sat at the top of the hill?" he pursued.

"For why?"

"I don't know why. But you will?"

"It would be better not."

"But you will?"

"Yes, of course." She laughed herself at her evident intention of yielding from the very first. "Now hurry and overtake your comrade. He is growing impatient. *Au revoir* until—when? Nine o'clock, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Nine—yes."

When Dan overtook Rap, the latter regarded his friend solemnly, and finally reached out and touched the hem of his blouse with reverence.

"Hereafter, when I speak to you I shall always say, 'sir,' and, if you wish, I'll guard your neck while you sleep. Because, sir, you are a fool, you know, but you're a glorious one, and every second of your life from now on is precious."

"Why? What do you mean?" Dan asked, half innocently, half incredulously.

"What do I mean? Why, I saw that girl's smile when she recognized you, and it is my misfortune to know something about women's smiles." He shook his head sadly. "This one has almost made up her mind to care for you."

"Care for me?" Dan echoed. "Don't you think that caring for one is impossible for a woman of that type?"

"Whoa, Dan! Your heart didn't say that. When it comes to caring, there are only two types of women—those who care and those who don't." Then Rap added to himself, "In your life, you have met at least one of each." Aloud, he continued, "After you have paid me the five francs you owe me, you may tell me the complete details of how you first met her and why you have been holding out on me."

THE man who wrote this truly remarkable story, "The Last Adventure," has just returned from France with his regiment. The day he landed, he came to our office. For three hours we listened—not to battle-stories but to his accounts of the contact of our men with the French—his views of that indefinable something that was in the air over there the last two years.

And when, at the end, he told us: "No use planning to go to find what we found. It isn't there any more. It never can happen again," we demanded to know why. He told us. He is the only person we have found who could. And we were so interested that we had him go at once to a hotel room and write the whole story. It kept him from going home for a week, but it was worth it. For you'll never read anything more interesting than

It Never Can Happen Again

By Frank R. Adams

In June Cosmopolitan.

VI

SHE came to meet him a little shyly at the bench. It was quite dark, but he sensed her presence and even her mood before she came forward in the friendly gloom. It seemed quite natural that they should kiss, for he had the feeling of having known her always and of having always cared.

"And now," she said, in French, "we shall always after this speak in my language. It is better for you to practise—is it not?—and I wish to bring to you some little thing that will be of value to you. Besides"—when he protested his limitations in the language—"I do not wish that

many people should know that I understand English. And so, when we are with others, it will be necessary to speak French."

He thrilled a little at her matter-of-fact assumption of the conclusion that they would be much together. It seemed perfectly natural and eminently desirable.

So, at her request, he manfully engaged the French language in deadly combat. Never once did she laugh at his outrageous blunders, but painstakingly corrected him with an air of sweet seriousness that charmed him to greater efforts. And he surprised himself at the progress he made. She complimented him upon the improvement he had shown even in one evening.

"*C'est parce que j'ai si bonne une instructrice,*" he declared.

"*Mais non,*" she corrected and, repeated the phrase he wished to use but in idiomatic French. "'*C'est parce que j'ai une si bonne institutrice.*"

He tried it after her, but she found fault with his pronunciation of the last word.

"No—no!" she expostulated, in French. "For the second syllable, fix your lips as for a kiss— "

"Do I get it?"

"If you say the word correctly."

"I'm going to forget that word often."

Thus, in half fooling, half earnest, they pursued a halting and often halted conversation about nothing in particular. Dan had a whimsical idealism in his make-up that he managed to convey, even through the medium of mangled French, and she found him a charming novelty.

Later, they sat in an almost unbroken silence, listening to the swish-swish of the waves. She had curled her feet up under her in some way, and rested, content, against his shoulder. Her hand lay in his without fluttering. Once she pressed his fingers to attract his attention.

"We have no right to be so happy when so many of our countrymen are sad," she said slowly. "But I can't help being happy, my very dear, and perhaps it will be all right because, when you are gone, I shall be so much more unhappy. I am stealing all the happy moments of my youth just to spend them with you."

She did not expect a reply, and he gave none save a slight return pressure on the hand that lay so tranquilly in his.

It was like that the gray dawn found them when it brought to the twittering birds the usual tidings about the early worms. She was not asleep, only resting quietly and happily. With a pretty gesture, she got up and faced him.

"To-morrow, perhaps, I shall see you."

"Every to-morrow," he assured her, with husky earnestness.

"Of to-morrow we can be sure, because it is already here. After that—" She shrugged her shoulders. He kissed her reverently before she started out, quite by herself, for her *pension*. And afterward he sat for a long time on the bench—alone.

VII

She found him on the Casino terrace before noon. He was with Lieutenant Harp, and the latter met her with mingled awe and admiration.

"Man, you certainly are lathered with luck," he told Dan, in an aside.

"Easy," cautioned the latter. "She understands English."

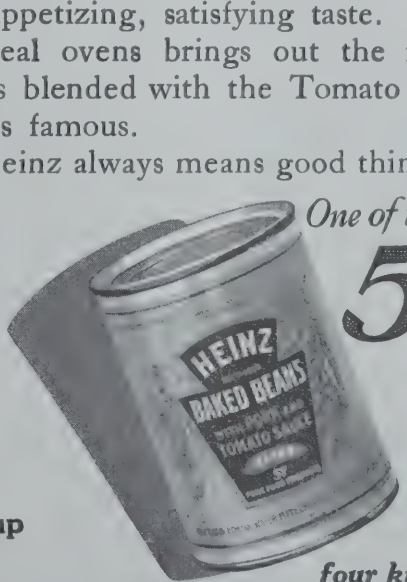


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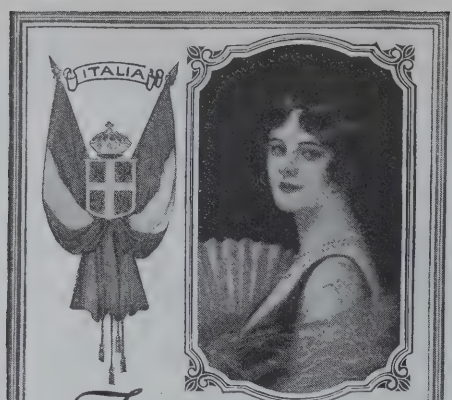


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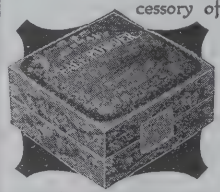
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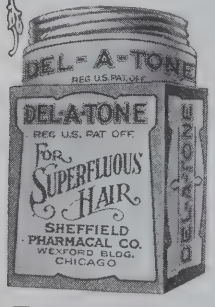
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Jacqueline was frankly pleased with Rap's homage, but she made it quite plain in a dozen ways that she welcomed him as a friend of Dan's solely. Every once in a while she would have something to communicate to the latter, and she would lean forward and whisper it in his ear, or else she would touch his hand, almost accidentally it seemed, and yet each touch had the force of a proprietary caress.

She seemed quite as fresh and unwearied as ever. And she did something Dan had never noticed a Frenchwoman do before. She sat in the sunlight by preference, and allowed the pitiless glare of midday to search for the defects in her charm. Never was a person more assured of her perfection than this same Jacqueline of the golden butterfly.

She wore her symbol this day on the hem of her frock, a simple, girlish, one-piece affair of rose silk, with a cap of velvet to match the same sort of a cap she had worn before, different in color only. From under it her abundant short hair escaped in an unruly wave. Her arms were bare—no gloves—and, except that she carried a slight bamboo walking-stick, there was no touch of sophistication about her. Her eyes, by the grace of God, were the sweet, smiling eyes of a girl of sixteen. And yet——

"I wonder if you appreciate what you've got," Rap mused, when they were alone at lunch. "Heaven or hell dropped her at your feet in a psychologically perfect moment. I only hope that you will understand as well as I might have." He shook his head doubtfully. "This afternoon I shall get just jingled enough to forget that all the rest of the world is a drab and uninteresting picture, full just of people, people, people."

The afternoon was a pleasant adventure, too. She came along the beach looking for Dan. It was obvious that he was the object of her search from the way her eye lighted up when she saw him and the contented assurance with which she settled down beside him, her hand where she could touch his from time to time when she wished to call his attention to something.

It was that afternoon that he remarked the fact that she did not use perfume. It came about by his picking up her handkerchief, which she had carelessly dropped, and pressing it to his lips before returning it. Perhaps all his perceptions were particularly alert. At any rate, in some subconscious fashion, he noticed the absence of scent. Not that he had much experience in that line, but something told him that it was unusual. Why, even Barbara used an expensive imported extract. He knew, because he had been allowed to give her a bottle of it on her last birthday.

And yet Jacqueline conveyed to every sense the suggestion of springtime's rarest bouquet without even this conventional feminine artifice.

Only once did their talk become at all personal. In some way, she came to ask him how he liked the women of France, and he had told her the truth in asserting that he had never been attracted to more than one—herself.

"And I hope, perhaps, that you like me a little, too," he added.

"I care for you a little more to-day than I did yesterday," she said soberly, looking not at him but over the turquoise sea, "but not so much as—" She hesitated.

"As you care for some one else?"

"Not so much as I shall care for you to-morrow," she finished.

The simplicity of her creed left him silent. For some reason or other, he had not been expecting pure poetry from her lips.

VIII

"I SUPPOSE you have discovered by now," Rap said, early in the second week of their stay, "something that I found out a long time ago, namely, that a Frenchwoman is a good deal more of a child than an American girl of the same age. She is more impulsive, more easily amused or hurt, and seems to require more petting. I have an idea, someway, that woman suffrage will never be much of an issue in France. I wonder how it will seem when we get back."

Dan admitted the truth of his companion's statement. One of the most charming things about Jacqueline was her sophisticated childishness.

"We have nothing like her type in the United States," Rap continued, a slight note of regret in his voice. "At home, we are either respectably good or disreputably bad. There is no middle ground except, possibly, the clandestinely bad, which is merely the border line over which only a gentle push is necessary to land one in the undesirable class. But here we have the adorably naughty, a cultivated flower that languishes when transplanted to more sober soil. Can you imagine Jacqueline at Palm Beach?"

It seemed to Dan that he had known Jacqueline always, that since meeting her the only interesting things in his life had happened. There was only one reason that he could see for being away from her for an instant even, and that was to get the full wonder of her smile when they met again. That smile of welcome and almost of relief just fitted round the curves of his heart and made it more tightly her own.

Each day was long in companionship, but the sequence of those that were past piled up inexorably larger than that of the pitiful few that remained. He had told her, of course, of his imminent return to duty, but she had made no reference to it then or subsequently. It piqued him a little to think that their relations were so casual that she could contemplate their termination without comment. He tried, however, to emulate her indifference and to take what pleasure he might from the fleeting moments.

They went on excursions to near-by towns, to the mountains. They dined together, walked together, swam together—because Jacqueline cut down her splendid stroke to match Dan's temporarily crippled one—and sat together by the hour on the beach.

Dan and Rap were to leave Sunday morning to report back for active duty. Friday evening, Jacqueline developed a headache and, after a struggle against it, went home to bed, leaving Dan a little unreasonably bitter and absolutely at a loss as to what to do with himself. It gave him a slight foretaste of how difficult it was going to be to get along without her.

She had promised to be on the beach in the morning, and there he found her, a little heavy-eyed for the first time in their acquaintance, and feverish, too. She had not slept the night before, she said, and really was ill. Dan was quite con-



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LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But to-day all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret,"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

MY sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as $2,000.00 a week. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth $200,000. He is building a $25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $40,000. And this genial 64-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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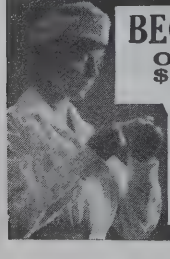
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vinced of that, and, not being exactly a brute, he sent her home to lie down again and try to get over it.

"If you feel any better, come back this evening to the same place," he told her, the "same place" being the bench at the top of the hill where they had first become acquainted, "but if you don't, I'll surely see you for a moment in the morning."

The prospect of spending his last evening at Biarritz without her was almost unthinkable. As a matter of fact, he did not really contemplate it seriously. He felt pretty sure that she would be there. That is, he felt sure until dinner-time.

The two officers had decided to eat, that last evening, in the English Grill-room. That was a restaurant in the basement of another hotel.

"To-morrow, by this time, we'll be halfway across France," Rap announced, after they had ordered their meal and the waiter had brought their wine. "And in forty-eight hours we may be under fire again."

"I only hope so," Dan responded.

Rap got the idea.

"A change will be good for us all round." He raised his glass and inspected the contents with simulated criticism. "May your identification-tags never be parted, old-timer!" It was the army toast, and Dan drank it gravely.

"Not that it makes so much difference, at that," he said. "I've had a lot of fun out of life that I didn't know existed. If I should be bumped off now, I don't know that I would have any kick coming on the balance-sheet. I've got some memories that they can't take away from me with lead or steel or gas."

"H'm. Any regrets?"

"Not a regret."

"Good!" Rap looked at his friend curiously. "Such a statement could never have issued from your lips two weeks ago. You have changed much. Some people liked you as you were. I was one of them. But, as you are, all men and some women, I think, would follow you to hell. I don't believe, however, that you are going to be quite so happy for the rest of your life."

"Nor do I; but I would rather be unhappy much than never to have been so happy for a short time. That isn't my own phrase exactly. I heard Jacqueline say it. She has a way of saying things gracefully."

"To hear you speak of her, a mere casual bystander would get the idea, someway, that this person Jacqueline was well-nigh a perfect specimen of God's own handiwork."

"She is."

"Then here's to her! I'd like to drink it standing with one foot on my chair, as we do in the artillery, but I'm afraid it might attract attention here in the *salle à manger*, so I'll subdue my enthusiasm." He raised his glass. "To Jacqueline!"

As it happened, Rap need not have worried about attracting attention by standing up just then. Because, at that moment, a rather splendid group of French officers entered the grill-room and a flutter of respectful admiration breathed over the diners. These officers were newcomers. Dan did not remember having seen them before. One, in particular, of the officers seemed the object of marked deference on the part of the others and also of the hotel employees. He was a man of fifty, quite gray, with pleasant eyes, rather, and a firm, stern mouth. Not large, he was powerfully built, however, and radiated physical energy and mental dominance.

"I wonder who he is," Dan remarked idly, as the group were seated at a table. In common with every other military man in the place, Dan and Rap had risen and saluted as the others passed.

Rap looked at his friend quizzically.

"Don't you know who he is, son?" he asked.

"No," Dan replied, puzzled. "I may have seen his picture somewhere, but I can't place it. Who is he?"

"As you can see, he's a general of the French army. His name is——"

"Wait a minute, old man!" interjected Dan, trying to steady his voice from the shock his intuition had given him. "I can almost guess. He's the one man in all the world whom I would least like to see, isn't he?"

Rap nodded commiseratingly.

"I had heard that he was expected, but I was in hopes that he would not arrive until after we had gone away. Have some more of the Sauterne. It has considerable kick in it to-night, and we might as well be drunk and disorderly as the way we are."

Dan shook his head.

"No, thanks. I suppose it would look conspicuous—wouldn't it?—if I got up and left the table without finishing dinner, but it certainly is going to be hard to go through the motions."

"Not a bit of it. This is really going to be good for you in the long run. You knew this chap existed, but until you had really seen him, your heart would never quite have believed it. You might have gone away with an entirely wrong impression, which would have made you unhappy for a long time. Now you know exactly what's what; the incident is closed, and you can go on your way just as if nothing had happened. Rip those pages out of your life, son. It's war-time surgery, and it will hurt for a little while, but in the end it will cure, clean and sound."

"Look!" said Dan faintly. "Here she is! Look—and then tell me that time or anything else could cure me of that!"

Jacqueline stood in the doorway at the foot of the stairs that led down to the grill-room. Dressed more elaborately than the Americans had hitherto seen her, she seemed none the less like a child who had strayed into the grown people's dining-room by mistake.

The face of her was pathetically pale, but even more beautiful so, and her eyes seemed to be burning up in her head, they were so bright. Her lips were parted a little with expectancy, and her dress, open at the throat as always, disclosed a hammering pulse-beat. The frock was smoke-gray rajah silk with chiffon at the arms and neck to blend the line between fabric and flesh. She wore no gloves, and no jewels except that at her wrist was a band of black velvet supporting something that glittered in the light—a green-and-gold butterfly.

Rap looked at her as his friend directed, and also because it would have been impossible to look anywhere else.

"Would you," Dan insisted, "tear any pages out of your life simply because her name was the only thing written on them?"

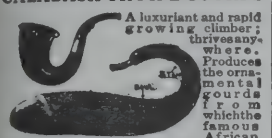
"I wouldn't," Rap admitted reluctantly, "but God help you if you don't!"

Jacqueline's eyes passed over the tables, passed the one at which the Americans

JOHNSON SMITH & CO.'S Annual Condensed PRICE LIST of FINEST FLOWER, GARDEN & VEGETABLE SEEDS

All prices postpaid to any address in the world.

CALABASH OR PIPE GOURDS

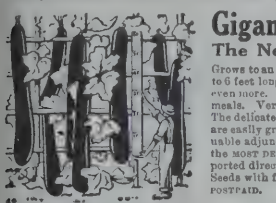


A luxuriant and rapid growing climber; thrives anywhere. Produces the ornamental gourds from which the famous African calabash pipes are made. Grow this interesting vine and make your own. **Seeds, with instructions, 15c pkt., 3 for 40c.**

Japanese Nest Egg Gourd



Very curious. Produces fruit same size, shape and color of nest eggs. Matured fruit does not crack. Will serve for years as a nest egg, stocking darner, ornamental purposes, etc. **Seeds 15c pkt., 3 pkts. for 40c.**

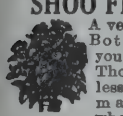


Gigantic New Guinea Butter Beans

The New Edible Vegetable Wonder

Grows to an astonishing size, the Beans measuring from 3 to 6 feet long, and weighing anything from 10 to 16 lbs. and even more. One Bean is sufficient for a family for several meals. Very palatable and rich in nutritious materials. The delicate Buttery Flavor is much appreciated. The Vines are easily grown, very prolific, and a most welcome and valuable adjunct to your garden. Try them; you will find them the MOST DELICIOUS VEGETABLE YOU HAVE EVER TASTED. Imported direct. Unobtainable elsewhere. Sample package of Seeds with full directions for cultivating and cooking. 25c POSTPAID.

SHOO FLY PLANT



A very remarkable Botanical curiosity you should have. Though quite odorless, flies will not remain in a room where it is grown. Bears very pretty blossoms; blooms summer and winter. Grows rapidly from seed.

SEEDS 15c packet, 3 for 40c, postpaid.

New Japanese Giant Radish



The great Sakurijima Radish from Japan. The largest radish grown, often attaining the enormous weight of 15 pounds, and sometimes 20 or 30 pounds. Not merely a curiosity, but a radish of extraordinary quality. The flesh is solid, firm and brittle, and of most excellent flavor. Will grow or thrive in any soil or climate.

Packet, 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid.

TREE OF HEAVEN



This splendid ornamental tree is a native of China, and is called the Tree of Heaven, on account of its great beauty. Very hardy, thrives in any soil, no matter how poor, and grows from 6 to 10 feet high from seed the first summer. The leaves are from 5 to 6 feet in any length, giving it a grand appearance. Nothing outside the tropics can rival it for lawn decoration. Large panicles of blooms, followed in season by great clusters of colored seed pods, make the tree a continual thing of beauty. **Packet, 15c, 3 packets for 40c, postpaid. Johnson, Smith & Co.**

SNAP DRAGON



Charming old fashioned flower. They have dark and glossy leaves and curiously shaped flowers, with finely marked throats. Bloom the first season. Splendid for borders, bedding, pot culture for house decoration, and are largely forced during the winter for cut flowers. Their delicious fragrance renders them extremely well adapted for cut flowers.

Packet, 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid

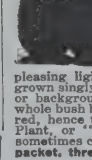
PORTULACA



Very popular for edgings, rock work, &c. Flowers are large and double, colors very brilliant red, orange, white, maroon, yellow, and various other shades. A bed of Portulacas makes a truly magnificent sight. Blooms very profusely.

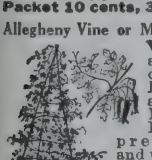
Packet 10 cents, 3 for 25 cents

FAMOUS MEXICAN FIRFLY PLANT



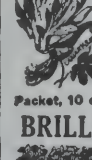
Beautiful hedge plant, grows 2 to 2½ feet high and resembling a closely clipped ornamental evergreen. The globe-shaped or pyramidal bushes are close and compact, and of a pleasing light green color. May be grown singly or in the form of a hedge or background. In early autumn the whole bush becomes carmine or blood red, hence the name of Mexican Fire Plant, or "Burning Bush," as it is sometimes called. **Selected Seeds, 10c packet, three packets for 25 cents.**

Allegheny Vine or Mountain Fringe



Very graceful and hardy climbing vine. Feathery foliage is like the Maidenhair Fern. Bears pretty rose-pink and white tubular-shaped flowers. Nothing better for covering fences, trees, tree stumps, etc. **Pkt., 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, p.pd.**

CANARY BIRD VINE



Highly ornamental creeper with beautiful cut leaves and pretty, delicate flowers of a canary yellow, bearing a striking resemblance to a canary bird with wings half expanded. Makes a desirable window decoration. Grows up to twenty feet high.

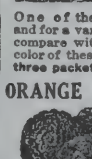
Packet, 10 cents, three for 25 cents.

Wonderful Coffee Berry



You can raise your own coffee for one cent a pound and help cut down the high cost of living. The new Domestic Coffee Berry makes a delicious, nourishing drink that gives health and strength to young and old. The best coffee substitute ever discovered. It has the rich, deep brown color of old Java. One of the hardiest, easiest grown, most productive of plants. Successfully grown in any climate. Prepared like any coffee. 10c PACKAGE, 3 PKGS. FOR 25c, POSTPAID.

BRILLIANT POPPY MIXTURE



Collection is made up of all varieties that will give a constant bloom from early until late in the season. One of the easiest flowers to grow, and for a variety of colors nothing can compare with the delicate form and color of these blooms. **Packet, 10 cts, three packets for 25 cents, postpaid.**

ORANGE KING MARIGOLD



Fine type of Marigold, bearing dense double flowers of a rich, deep golden-orange color. Very desirable for cut flowers. Grow anywhere, blooming profusely and continuously.

Pkt. 10c, three pkts for 25c, postpaid.

JAPANESE ROSE BUSHES



The Wonder of the World

Japanese Rose Bushes **bloom all the year round.** Just think of it. Six weeks after planting the seed, the plants will be in **full bloom.** It may not seem possible, but we positively **guarantee it to be so.** They will **bloom every ten weeks,** Summer or Winter, and when three years old the bush will be a **mass of roses,** bearing from five hundred to a thousand roses on each bush. The flowers are in three shades—white, pink, and crimson. The plants will do well both in and out doors. We guarantee at least three bushes to grow from each packet of seed. **Price, 10c** packet, 3 pkts. for **25c** postpaid.

10 Cts.

GROUND ALMONDS



Amazingly Prolific—Easily Grown From Seed

The Ground Almond has a flavor that is MOST EXCELLENT, resembling the cocoanut. The meat is snow white, covered with a shell or skin of brown color. It grows close to the surface and anything from 200 to 300 Almonds may be expected from a single nut. There is no trouble whatever in growing anywhere and in any kind of soil. May be planted any time, and in eight or ten weeks from time of planting you will have an ENORMOUS CROP of the MOST DELICIOUS ALMONDS YOU EVER TASTED. **Seeds 15c Pkt.**

Perfume Plant



Blooms only at night, giving forth the most delightful scented fragrance for quite a distance. Causes much comment. For house or garden. Also valuable because of rare perfume made from it. **SEEDS, 10c pkt., 3 for 25c.**

SENSITIVE PLANT



Marvel of the Philippines. Leaves curl, fronds droop when touched. Apparently resents interference. A handsome shrub for house or garden; very curious and interesting. **Seeds, 15c pkt., 3 for 40c.**

LOVE IN A MIST



Surrounded with beautiful weblike, feathery foliage. The flowers are very curious looking, having pods in the center. The charming combined effect, no doubt, accounts for name. **Pkt., 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid.**

Chinese Fragrant Tree Fern



Just introduced; noted for its rapid growth. An exceptionally pretty ornamental plant. Foliage is rich dark green. Forms grand pyramidal bushes about 6 feet high. Branches very desirable for decorative purposes, wreaths, etc. **Seeds 15c pkt., 3 for 40c.**

Weather Plant



NATURE'S WEATHER PROPHET

By mysterious changes that take place, this remarkable plant accurately forecasts the weather many hours in advance. Will grow anywhere all the year around. An interesting house plant. Bears large, fragrant, pink, butterfly shape flowers.

Seeds, 15c packet, 3 for 40c. postpaid

Chinese Wistaria



For trellis, porches, arbors, trees or buildings. Is magnificent when in bloom, bearing long clusters of purple flowers. Luxuriant and rapid growth. Flowers early in long, drooping racemes, resembling a bunch of grapes.

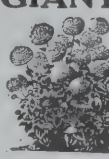
Packet, 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid

Electric Light Plant



Remarkable curiosity, grows to the height of four feet, covered with large spikes of flowers six to eight inches long, in lovely shades, pure white at base and rose to bright

GIANT ZINNIA



A very showy annual. Flowers retain their beauty for weeks, and a profusion will be produced until frost. As double and as brilliant as Dahlias.

Packet, 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid.

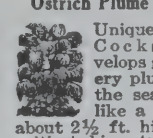
LANTANA



Showy and shrubby bedding and basket plant with Verbena-like flowers in shades of white, red and yellow. Very agreeable aromatic perfume. Rapid-growing, constant-blooming, excellent for growing in pots or for garden decoration.

Packet, 10c, 3 packets for 25c, postpaid.

Ostrich Plume Cockscomb



Unique variety of Cockscomb. Develops great, feathery plumes early in the season; grows like a pyramid, about 2½ ft. high. Can be cultivated in pots. Will bloom practically through the winter.

Packet, 10c, 3 packets for 25c, postpaid.

CIGAR PLANT



A very fine genus of plants, remarkable for their beauty, freely blossoming and ornamental appearance. bears large numbers of cigar-shaped flowers of a bright scarlet color with white and purple ends. Always in bloom, cultivated indoors or outdoors. Good for bedding and hanging baskets; very desirable pot plants. **Packet, 10 cents 3 pkts. for 25c p.pd.** Johnson Smith & Co.

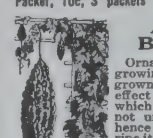
Japanese Pop Corn



Nothing delights the children more. When well popped it becomes nearly twenty times its natural size. In the long winter evenings it keeps the children amused for hours watching the kernels burst into white balls, that are as light as a feather. Every child will enjoy planting it and caring for it and watching it grow.

Packet, 10c, 3 packets for 25c.

APPLE BALSAM



Ornamental, quick growing climber; is grown mostly for the effect of the fruit, which is yellow; looks not unlike an apple, hence its name. When ripe it opens and shows the seeds and blood-red interior. **Pkt., 10c, three packets for 25 cents, postpaid.**

NICOTIANA



Beautiful annual with sweet scented, large, star-shaped flowers. Blooms very profusely throughout the summer, affording a continuous display of brilliant flowers. Flowers are nearly as large as a Petunia, and many are delightfully scented.

Packet, 10c, 3 packets for 25c, postpaid

Jap Virgin's Bower



Most beautiful of all flowering vines. Flowers large, measuring 4 to 6 inches across, are borne in great wreaths and clusters. The colors are rich royal purple, wine color and pearly-white.

Packet, 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid

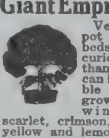
Bachelor's Button



Everlasting flower, globe shaped, useful for dried winter bouquets. Retain their color the whole winter. Also good for fresh cut flowers. Endures drought well; succeeds in any soil.

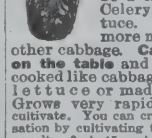
Pkt., 10c, 3 pkts., for 25c pp.d.

Giant Empress Cockscomb



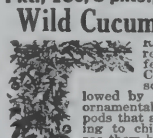
Very handsome either for pot plants or specimens in the garden where they excite the curiosity of visitors more than almost any plant that can be grown. Very desirable for growing indoors; grow in pots practically all winter. Colors, brilliant scarlet, crimson, rose, orange, bright yellow and lemon. **Packets, 10 cents, three packets for 25 cents, postpaid.**

"Wong-Bok" Chinese Cabbage



Novelty from China and should be be grown in every garden. Seems to be a cross between Celery and Cos Lettuce. Flavor is more mild than any other cabbage. **Can be served on the table** and eaten raw or cooked like cabbage, spinach or lettuce or made into salad. Grows very rapidly, easy to cultivate. You can create quite a sensation by cultivating this remarkable novelty. Seeds, 15c packet, 3 pkts. for 40c.

Wild Cucumber Vine



Rapid climbing vine reaches height of 30 feet in a season. Clusters of white scented flowers followed by an abundance of ornamental, prickly seed pods that are most interesting to children who like to see them burst. Left on the vine the seeds burst of their own accord, and falling to the ground come up the following season. Ideal for trellises or places where a dense shade is desired. **Pkt. 10c, 3 pkts. 25c. p.pd.**

Gorgeous Giant Pansies



These lovely flowers are favorites, not only for their brilliancy and variety, but for the durability of their bloom and the wonderful range of color and marking. A great diversity of all the very best giant and gorgeous varieties. Colors range through all the shades known in Pansies. Wonderful combinations; many of them are rare and new. **Packet, 15c, 3 pkts. 40c, postpaid.**

Fire on the Mountain



A magnificent plant after the Poinsettia variety. Called "Fire on the Mountain," on account of deep fiery appearance of blossoms presents a dazzling ray of green and scarlet leaves; effect is very startling. Very showy in the garden, or mixed with cut-flowers for bouquets. **Packet, 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid.**

Japanese Climbing Cucumber



Unusually strong and vigorous growing vine. Attains twice the size of ordinary varieties. Grows readily on fences, poles, trellises, etc. One hill will keep an entire family supplied all summer.

Seeds 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c.

A few other reliable seed novelties you should cultivate. *All 10c per packet, postpaid*

FLOWER SEEDS

Imperial Sweet Sultan
Forget-Me-Not
Ornamental Cotton
Scarlet Runner Bean
Evening Primrose
Mixed Tall Nasturtiums
Passion Flower Vine
Fuchsias
Little Blue Star
Wall Flower
Sweet Alyssum
Grandiflora
Harvest Moon Vine
Candytuft
Armeria
Cosmos (Mixed)
False Dragon Head
Sunflower
Cardinal Climber
Columbine
African Marigold
Baby Golden Glow
Dianthus
Hybrida Superba Calliopsis
Carnation Poppy
Browalia
Dwarf Nasturtiums
Sundial Flower
Canterbury Bells
Satin Flower
Angel's Breath
Large Flowering Verbena
Everlastings
Joseph's Coat (Amaranthus)
Everlasting Sweet Pea
Giant Sweet Pea
Butterfly Pea
Bouquet Stocks
Lobelia
Heliotrope
Prize Balsams
Sweet William
Four O'clock
Hibiscus (Marsh Mallow)
Tobacco Plant

Devil's Claw, Butterfly's Own Bush, Crown of Thorns, The Trembling Vine, The Fountain Plant (Amaranthus Salicifolius), Catchfly Plant, Tom Thumb Calliopsis, Early Blooming Mammoth Carnations, Balloon Vine, Giant Climbing Nasturtiums, Foxglove, Umbrella Palm, Scarlet Flax, Pampas Grass, Pyrenthrum, Ice Plant, Torch Lily or Flame Flower, Mixed Geraniums, Rainbow Corn, Celosia Spicata, Firefly Plant, Monster Mixed Petunias, Larkspur, California Poppy, Coleus Angel's Trumpet, "Tiger" Flower, Dahlia, Periwinkle or Old Maid Flower, Stokesia or Cornflower, African Daisy, Moss Verbena, Surprise Flower Garden (100 Varieties of Mixed Flower Seeds), White Gem Feverfew, Scarlet Sage, Black-Eyed Susan, Snow on the Mountain, Sunbeam Gladiolus, Cactus from Seed, Pansy-Violets, Mignonette, Wind Flower, Japanese Morning Glory, Freeblooming Hollyhock, Boston or Japanese Ivy, The Giant Spider Plant, Jerusalem Cherry, Dusty Miller, Butterfly Flower, Asparagus Sprengeri.

VEGETABLE SEEDS

Georgia Collards
Whitloof Chicory (or French Endive)
Corn Salad
Kohl Rabi
Emerald Isle Kale
Tom Thumb Pepper
Moss Parsley
Enormous Peas
Snowball Cauliflower
Kentucky Wonder Climbing Bean
Giant Crimson Rhubarb
Golden Bantam Sweet Corn
English Vegetable Marrow
Large Red Wethersfield Onion
Emerald Gem Musk Melon
Tree Egg Plant
Marrowfat Parsnips
Swiss Chard
Turnip Rooted Celery
Mammoth Pumpkin
Italian Leek
Breakfast Radish
Long Scarlet Radish
Oyster Endive
Mammoth Prize Tomato
Red Peach Tomato
Water Cress
Curled Garden Cress
Grape or Cluster Tomato
Prize Radish
Mixed Table Carrots
Extra Early Pea
Coffee Berry
Earliest Watermelon
Luscious Table Beet
Egyptian Winter or Tree Onion

Brussels Sprouts, Mammoth Peanuts, The Great Wonderberry, Enormous Prize-Medal Cabbage, Bush Musk Melon, Vine Peach (Vegetable Orange or Mango Melon), The Matchless Dwarf Giant Tomato, Bouquet or Red Cluster Pepper, Giant Crookneck Summer Squash, Grand Rapids Lettuce, Salsify or Oyster Plant, Mixed Squash Seeds, White Velvet Okra, New Garden Huckleberry, Apple Pie Melon, Luculus Summer Spinach, Early Chantenay Carrots, Giant Pascal Celery, Snake Cucumber, Banana Musk Melon, Giant Asparagus, Chicago Pickling Cucumber, Chinese Giant Pepper, Garden Lemon.

Nitto's Plant & Flower Food changes ill-nourished plants into **Luxuriant Beauties,** producing masses of blooms that will equal any. **Causes plants to bloom early and ahead of others.** Friends marvel at success. Brings out **New Foliage and Flowers,** and causes a **Marvelous Transformation. Pkge. 15c, 3 for 40c.**

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A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason. That on their entrance, half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was bound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

ARTHUR B. REEVE

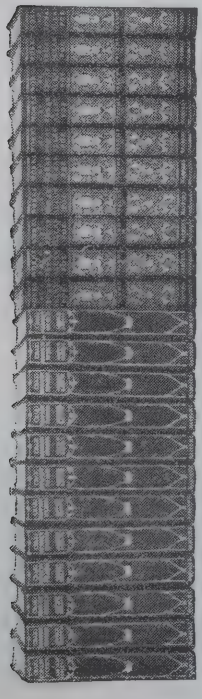
(The American Conan Doyle)

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective here would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE—10 Volumes—POE



To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes.

When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off there in Paris—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

He was a detective by instinct—he was a story-teller by divine inspiration. Before or since—no one has ever had his power to make your hair stand on end—to send chills up your back—to hold you in terror—horror! To read breathlessly—to try to guess the ending—to enjoy the perfect, flawless style—to feel the power of the master—that is all you can do in each and all of Poe's undying stories. In England and France, Edgar Allan Poe is held to be the greatest writer that America has produced. To them he is the great American classic.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE for a short time only. **Sign and mail the coupon *now*. Send no money.**

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Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely free, the set of Edgar Allan Poe—in 10 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1 within 5 days and $2 a month for 12 months.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION.....

were seated without a flicker of recognition, and rested finally on the party with the general. To that table she advanced with a smile, and was welcomed with what seemed to the Americans to be slightly too much effusiveness.

A place was made for her at the general's side on one of the leather seats that bordered the walls, and he drew her quite close. The conversation round her immediately became gay and inconsequential, although it was noticeable that she took no great part in it herself. Never once did she look toward Dan and his friend.

IX

When they left the grill-room, Rap proposed a tour of the promenade, and Dan idly consented. He did not know of anything else to do. He was lost and dismayed by the unforeseen smashing-up of the fairy fabric of life that he had been building. It had been a structure without a logical, sound foundation, without any foundation at all, in fact, but it was such a beautiful edifice that its collapse left a tremendous and unlovely void.

The gaiety of the promenading throng depressed him still more. It seemed impossible that people could be happy while his own happiness was crashing about his ears. Finally, he excused himself to Rap, and proposed that the latter seek whatever amusement he had planned without counting him in on it.

"I'll take a stroll by myself," he had suggested.

"You're sure you're all right?" Rap had questioned.

Dan laughed.

"Of course, Rap. I'm still an American, and also an officer in the army. Those high rocks overlooking the sea do not tempt me in the least. I have several duties left in life which I intend to perform, even if my sense of humor does appear to be somewhat damaged just at the present. Let me get off by myself for a while, like a bear with a sore head. You know that, if you were in my shoes, you wouldn't want to go on mixing with a crowd of people who did not care."

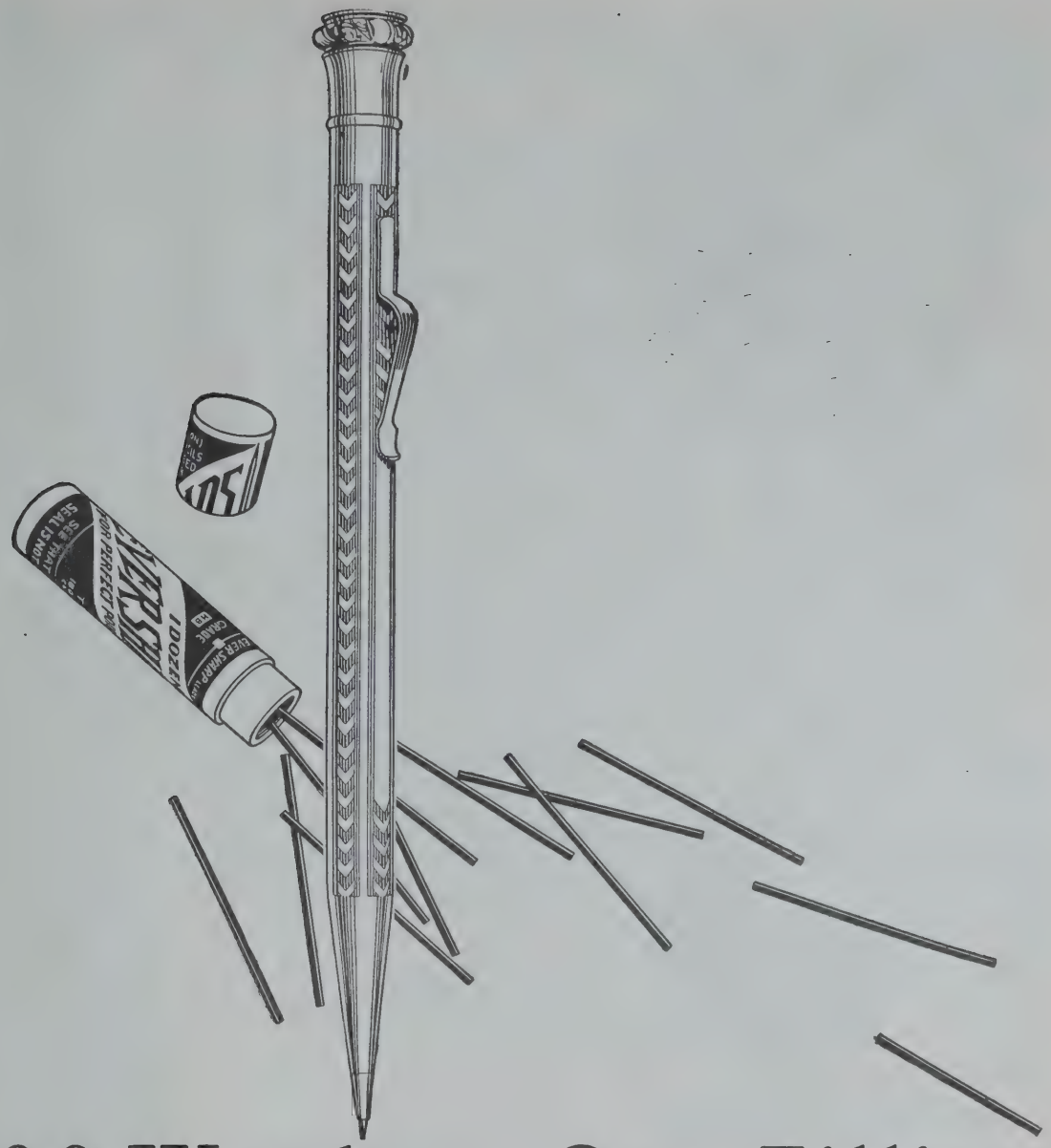
So Rap had to let him go, and Dan, without particularly heeding his steps, sought the dark paths that led away from the promenade and eventually arrived at "the same place"—that bench near the sea-wall at the top of the hill where Jacqueline and himself had so often met.

It was quite empty, and he sat down. As he raised his hand to put a cigarette to his lips, the first of many that night, he noticed, by his luminous wrist-watch, that it was nine-thirty. Even that gave him a painful memory-stab, because it had been to look at that watch that her hands had first met his.

Still, nearly all the memories of her that he had were worth keeping, and passing them in review was a pleasurable pain. They, at least, were something that could not be taken from him.

The idea of going to the hotel and to bed never once occurred to him. The crowd on the promenade waned and finally disappeared altogether. The ground in front of him was strewn with cigarette butts. The air grew cooler, but he was cold already and did not notice it.

It was midnight, perhaps, when he was roused from his benumbing reverie by the



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knowledge that she was near. He had not heard a sound or seen anything, but he rose from the bench, and presently a figure detached itself from the deeper shadows and crept into his arms.

"I knew that you would be here," she said simply, "knew that you would be here whether I came to you or not." With a little sigh, she relaxed wearily in his embrace. "My very dear, but it is good to be with you, if only for a heart-breaking instant."

She said nothing about how she had gotten away to see him, nothing about the general. She never had said anything about that part of her life.

Dan kissed her eyes. They were wet.

"Why?" he demanded.

"I did not think there were any tears left," she said. "I thought that I had cried them all out before coming to find you. But there must have been more in my heart than I knew of."

"But why?"

"For the same reason, oh, my very dear, that I have not slept these two nights."

"Because I'm going away?" he hazarded incredulously.

She looked up at him and smiled.

"Very dear, you have not been very wise not to know, not to find out. Still, I worship you because you are not wise. But it does not matter why I care for you, does it? That is only one of the reasons, anyway, and your Jacqueline is too tired to think of any more. Just hold me tight against your heart, because to-morrow——"

She could not finish the sentence but hid her face on his coat. There he held her, not moving and not speaking until she had quieted down. Then they sat on the bench for a long time, quite close together, her head on his shoulder and her hand in his. Once he thought she slept, but, as if in answer to his thought, she looked up and pulled his lips nearer to hers.

"My very dear!" she whispered, and that was all.

Dan kept a firm clutch on his own thoughts to keep from straying to that endless to-morrow that was unrolling before them. He knew that if he let himself realize that this was the very end, he would break down completely.

Sometimes her clasp on his hand tightened, as if in panic. He knew that, at such times, she was facing a dark moment in the future when she was going to need him and he would not be there. Then she would relax again, reassured by his very tangible presence.

Some time after dawn, Rap found them.

"Do you know what time it is, Dan?" he asked quite casually.

"No." Dan looked at his wrist. "My watch says two o'clock, but it must have stopped."

"They do when you forget to wind them. Anyway, it's after five, and you've got an order from your Uncle Sam in your pocket that says you take a train out of here at six-something. Your baggage is all packed and in a cab over the hill there."

"Thanks," Dan told him, with a look of eloquent appreciation. "I'll be with you right away."

Rap withdrew without offering his own farewells to Jacqueline.

The latter had listened, apparently uncomprehendingly, to the colloquy between the two officers, and, for a moment, she neither said nor did anything to indicate that she understood. Then she turned up her tearless face to Dan's and pulled him close with her arms.

When he had walked to a turn in the path which would hide him from view, he looked round. She was standing by the bench, gazing uncomprehendingly at her two empty hands.

As he started to go out of sight, she raised those hands to him a little way and then dropped them helplessly.

His heart heard her whisper,

"My very dear——"

Horses' Rights for Women

(*Continued from page 75*)

for women" in Colorado, and presented a bill in the legislature providing that any woman who was about to become a mother might make a private application to our court and receive a sufficient maintenance for her to bear her child in circumstances of health and comfort that somewhat approached the conditions enjoyed by my friend's horses on his stock farm. When it was discovered that this bill included the relief of unmarried mothers, all argument was useless. I was "encouraging immorality." I was seriously regarded as a questionable character. The bill never came anywhere near consideration by the legislature. It was damned in silence. The same bill is before the present legislature, but its fate, for the same reasons, is still in doubt.

The same pious horror at first greeted a similar attempt in England to help the mothers of illegitimate children there.* Yet the situation in London was appalling. The young man, facing the prospect of imminent death at the front, turned eagerly to any last pleasure that life had to offer. The young woman, pitiful with the sense that he was about to die in her defense, gave herself to him. In London alone, I was assured that, conservatively, there were eighty thousand young girls—not professional prostitutes—meeting the soldiers on the streets and love-making with them. Some of the military authorities put the figure as high as a hundred and fifty thousand. I heard it said in an address at a public meeting that two hundred thousand babies of unmarried mothers had been born in Great Britain during the year, but I was unable to verify the statistics. I was also unable to prove a statement that one-half of these illegitimate children died in the first year of their lives.

It was obvious, however, that here was an enormous waste of young men and young women and young children. What was society doing about it? Society was prosecuting the young women and destroying the children. Faced with the terrific waste of life on the battle-field, nature was urging the youth of the nation to make up her losses, and society was blindly punishing them for yielding to her. The whole thing was criminally absurd and pitiful.

*England has recently passed the Maternity and Child Welfare Bills.



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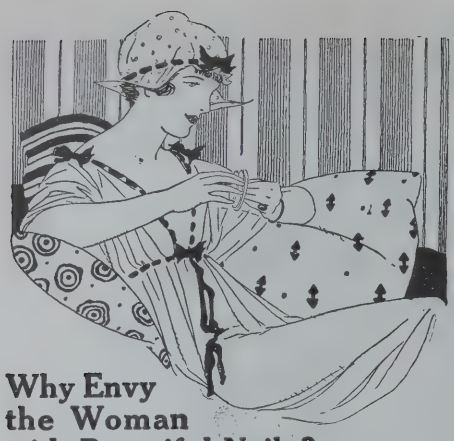
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I went to some of the London courts to see the machinery of destruction in action. I found that the girls were brought in under a criminal charge, but there was no charge against the soldiers. The court procedure presupposed that all the girls were professional prostitutes. It was impossible for the judge to talk privately with any of them; their "constitutional rights" protected them from such an attempt to have them "give evidence that might incriminate them." And even if the judge could have found out the truth from them, he could not act on it humanely without "compounding a felony." The girls were arraigned as enemies of society. The aim of the trial was to protect society against them. And all this went on in spite of the fact that what was really needed was to protect them against society.

Here again we were facing war-time conditions that were only an exaggeration of similar conditions prevailing in times of peace. In the Denver Juvenile Court, we have a law by which such cases are tried under a chancery, not a criminal-court, jurisdiction. The young girl is brought in as a ward of the state, to be cared for and protected—not as an enemy of the state to be prosecuted. As a result of our methods, many of these girls have come to us seeking help or have been brought by others whom we have assisted. Out of our experience in such cases, I should say that the war-time conditions in London are not a great exaggeration of the ordinary conditions in any of our American industrial towns. Again and again in my court, I have conducted long investigations into the moral conditions among girls in certain shops and factories and industrial plants; and invariably I have found that what the girls themselves confidentially assured me was probably true—that fifty per cent. of the working girls were having sexual relations with young men, not professionally but for the sake of automobile-rides and tickets to the theater and a "good time" generally. The war had brought this sort of thing into the open, and, of course, increased it. The problem is the same old problem of youth and natural impulse and the desire for entertainment and excitement—the desire of the young to have some of the joys of life. The method of handling it in London, as here in America for the most part, was the same old stupid and blundering method of prosecuting the patient instead of treating the disease.

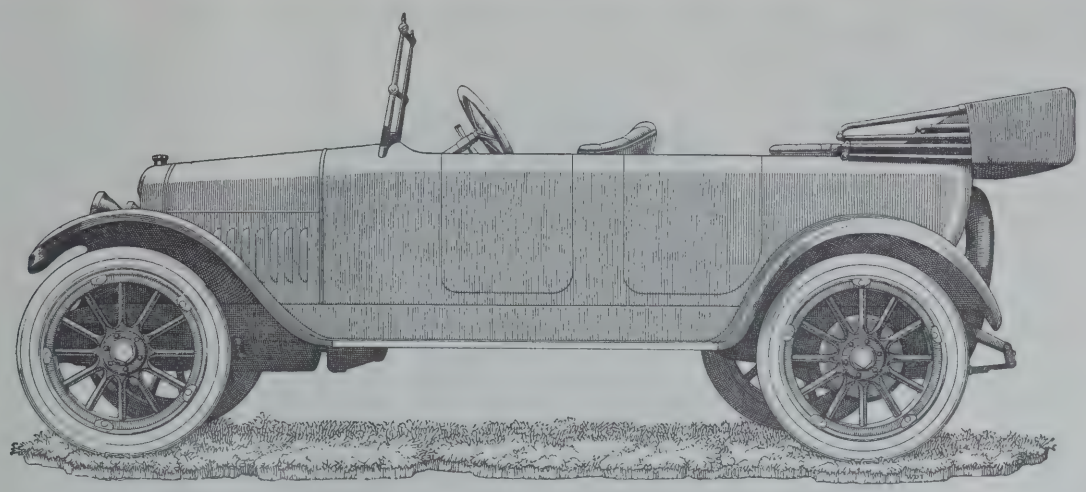
Even in Colorado we have no effective way of forcing the young man in any of these cases to make reparation to the girl if he has wronged her, or to help support the child of which he is the father, or to help care for the girl if he has given her disease. We can attempt to punish him by bringing a criminal case against him, but in a recent period of ten years only five hundred and twenty such cases were brought to our district attorney. After eliminating the cases that were not strong enough to take into court, a hundred and seventy-two out of the five hundred and twenty were filed; in these one hundred and seventy-two cases, there were only twenty-two convictions, and of the twenty-two—what with appeals and other legal obstructions—there were only ten went to prison. That is to say, under the criminal procedure, ten men were punished in our county in ten years, and about one hundred and fifty girls were punished by the public exposure incident to a criminal trial.

Criminal prosecution is a failure. Juries will not convict. The girls are unwilling to appear. The evidence is rarely conclusive. And sending the young man to the penitentiary is of little avail in any event. We are trying to get a law that shall permit the Colorado courts to hear these cases under a chancery jurisdiction, treating both parties as wards of the state, hearing the cases in private, as the evidence in many divorce suits is heard, and making a disposition of the case that shall be fair to the injured party and in the best interests of the state. Such a law would permit us to have the girl protected from ruinous publicity, to have her cared for in childbirth at the expense of the child's father, to have her treated at his expense if she were merely ill, and generally to rectify the wrong-doing of both parties and save them from social destruction instead of hastening them into it.

And this brings me to another peace-time problem which the war has made only too manifest—the problem of venereal disease. It was handled in the army with the greatest intelligence. The men were given lectures and instruction in its dangers and taught how to avoid them. They were compelled to take injections to keep them immune and to use prophylactics. The latter were given out to them by the thousands. And, as a result, the percentage of venereal disease among the men of the American Expeditionary Force was the lowest in the history of war.

But, by comparison, little was done to protect the young women. They were left generally at the mercy of their ignorance. Yet venereal disease among women is more destructive to the future of society than it is among men, because it ordinarily renders the woman incapable of bearing children. And what was happening in England and France and Italy was a protection to men and a progressive sterilization of women.

Here again, society, in the face of the enormous loss of life in war, was merely committing suicide. It has been doing the same thing in the recent years of peace. By failing to protect women in industry and in the new conditions of life under our present industrial régime, society has been destroying future generations by neglecting the mothers of to-morrow. Our laws and our governments have been busily protecting only property rights, although the war has shown that not property but men and women are the valuable assets of a nation, and that, of the two, the women are the more valuable and the least conserved. Our reconstructed world will have to look to that. We shall have to see to it that women have not merely "dogs' rights" or "horses' rights" but human rights. And America will have to do it, as the nations of Europe are learning to do it, or America will be hopelessly defeated in the competitions of peace that are now beginning. It was the women of Great Britain and France who made it possible for the Allies to win the war. Properly protected and conserved, the woman-power of those nations will so add to their public health and strength and happiness that America will not be able to live in the same world with them unless America undertakes equal measures of industrial reform and social improvement.



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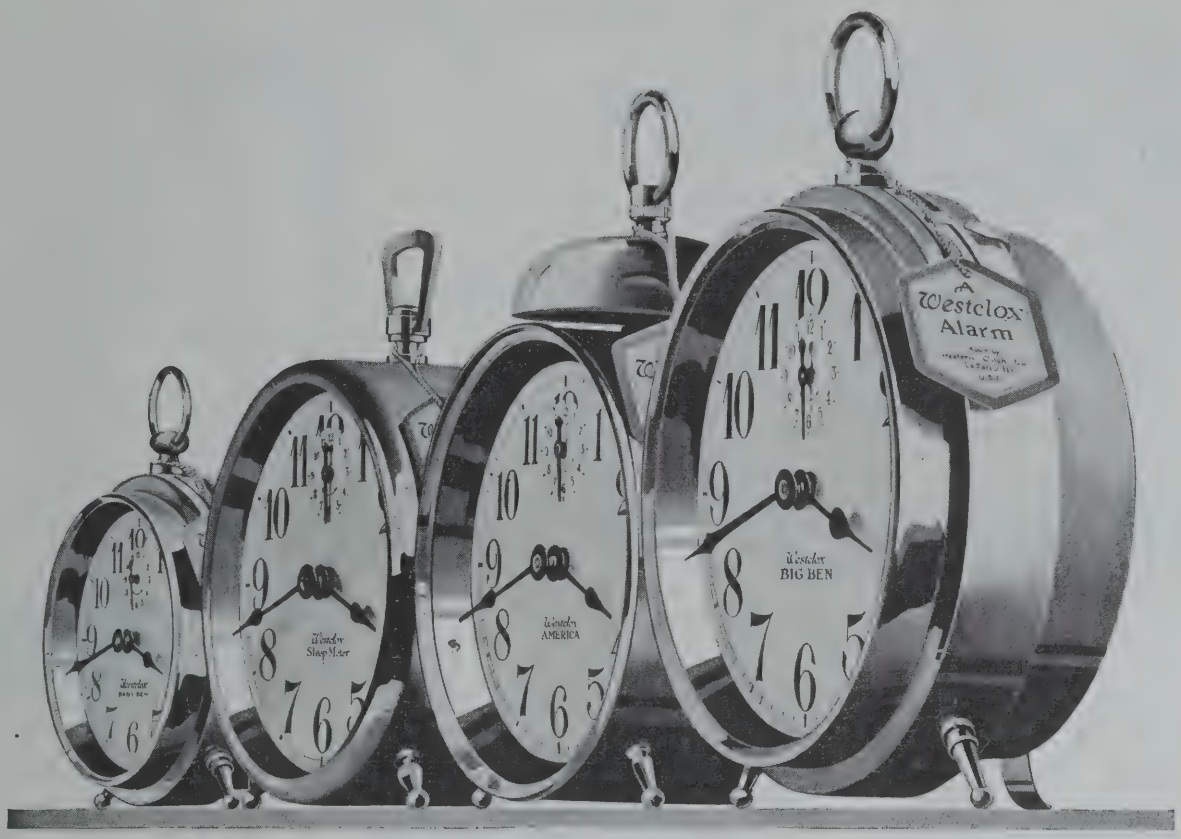
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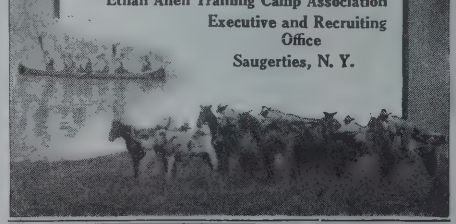


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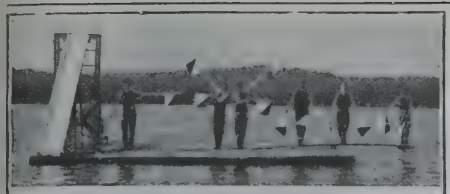
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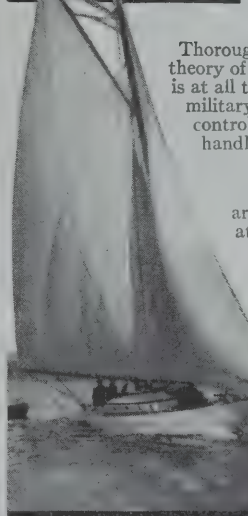
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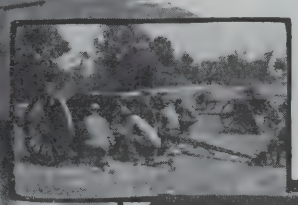
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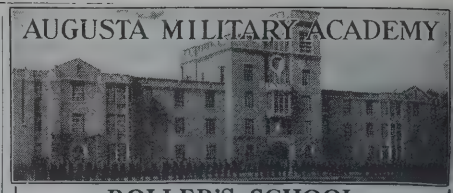
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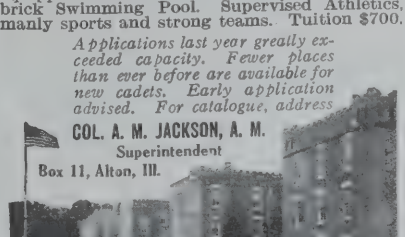
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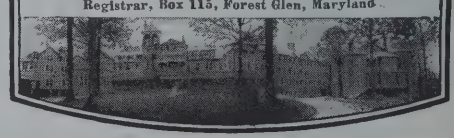
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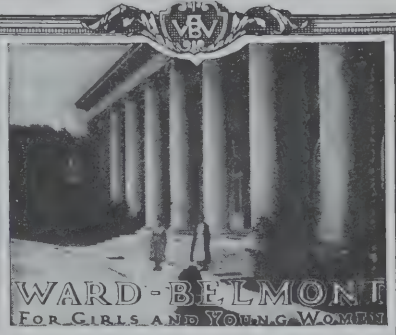


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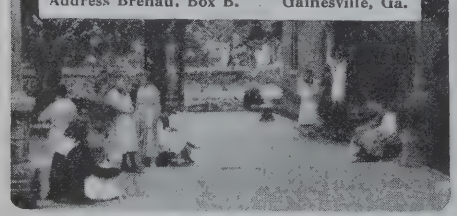
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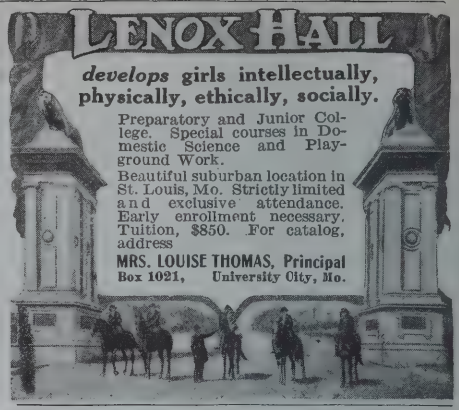
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OPPORTUNITY ADLETS

(*Continued on page 14*)

The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.



FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M., and Ph. D.

Dr Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school text-books. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University. Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help *you*.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now $7,500 a year, and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

****

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects, and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Publishers of The Independent Weekly

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OPPORTUNITY ADLETS

(*Continued from page 12*)

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free Book of Florida Facts. Own your own orange grove in beautiful Fruitland Park. A few cents a day you now waste will buy it for you. A few dollars a month may provide you with a life income. Schnitzler sold his twenty-acre grove here for $40,000—two thousand an acre. He had seen the same opportunity that's offered you and planted a grove. Result—he reaped a small fortune. You have the same chance but you must act now. Write TODAY for Free Book of Actual Photographs. Florida Facts and the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm. Learn of crops that help you buy it. Address today, Board of Trade, 15 Sunset Way, Fruitland Park, Florida.

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The Plain Story of a Man Who Asked.

"Can I Really Improve My Memory in One Evening"

I AM the sort of man who makes this life a hard one for those who offer anything to the public. I am a skeptic, a suspicious person, a doubter—by reason of many disappointments. But when I am convinced—and to make me so is not a simple process—I go the whole way in just the opposite direction. So this story is written for you men and women like myself, who insist on "knowing a little more about it."

I had read about the Roth Memory Course. I could hardly help it with full page advertisements appearing weekly and monthly in all the greatest periodicals. I had seen it stated that by the application of Mr. Roth's principles an average or even a poor memory could be improved in one evening, and if given half a chance the method would build up a much better memory. Also that a Roth-trained memory had a tremendous cash value in any line of work. Fair enough claims, certainly, but I was just hard-headed enough not to believe them.

The claim of the Independent Corporation, publishers of the Roth Memory Course, interested me, I confess it fascinated me, and I finally wrote them telling just about what I have told you here. I added that my work took me to New York frequently, that I was willing to have the thing proved to me and would give them the time to do it if they cared that much about gaining a convert.

Their answer surprised me. It was a most cordial invitation from the Managing Director himself, to stop in at the Independent offices the next time I had a half-hour to spare in New York. Instead of putting me down as a nuisance on whom no time need be wasted they cordially urged me to give them a chance to make good.

Now I was not by any means looking for some quick way to turn minutes into dollars. For I was making good progress in a business way with fair enough prospects ahead. But what I had accomplished had been with the assistance of only an average memory. If I forgot names I asked for them again. My mind retained the usual number of things and, like most minds, an astonishing number of trivial no-account incidents, and items with no special bearing on my work or pleasure. But I was far from a failure, and did not approach the Independent Corporation with any of the feeling of a need for mental adjustment.

Perhaps this is your question, too. At any rate, you will like the way one reader traced the claims and the results of one great Memory Method down to a dollars and cents basis. Read Mr. Harper's story.

I announced myself at the Independent offices in due course, and we got down to business at once.

"Please ask anything you want to know about the Roth Memory Method," said the man with whom I had corresponded. "Your questions will be answered by people who know neither you nor me, nor have they any reason for saying what they do, except that they have found it out by experience."

"Well, first, can I gain a better memory by the Roth Method in *one* evening?"

He turned to a correspondence file close at hand and drew forth a pile of letters, placing them before me. I read a dozen of them very carefully. They were simply amazing—thoroughly spontaneous and sincere. They contained such sentences as these:

"You should have said any person can improve their memory in two hours."
Charles A. Horan, 1541 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am more than pleased with it, and I was certainly surprised to see how much I had improved my memory the first evening. I would not take $25 for it if I could not get another one." M. J. Blockenshop, Mohawk, W. Va.

There seemed to be a bewildering number of letters that told much the same thing. The Roth Method surely must do what it claimed as to quick results.

"Now, then," I said, "is the Roth Method of Memory Training of real money value to those who buy it?"

Another handful of letters was produced. The testimony they contained was overwhelming. For instance:

"The Roth Memory Course has been worth hundreds of dollars to me already."
L. D. Smith, Buffalo, Okla.

"It is wonderful and has already saved me money." J. C. Greene, Susquehanna, Pa.

"I have profited very materially from this course and the only regrettable thing is the fact that I had not taken up this study long before."
R. A. Brook, Horticultural Commissioner, Santa Paula, California.

There were as many of such letters as I cared to read from men and women who had not only improved their memory in one evening, but who had actually made more money through using their new powers of memory. I was losing the defiance and suspicion with which I had begun the interview.

"Is the Roth Method free from the old brain-cluttering defects that have made all former 'systems' so impossible?"

More letters answered me. And what letters they were! Some of the men who had written to Mr. Roth had studied as many as a half dozen different memory "systems." One said:

"The Course is especially interesting to me because I have made more or less of a study of memory systems. It is simply useless to try to express my appreciation of it."
George J. Lemmon, Earnest & Cranmer Bldg., Denver, Colo.

A physician at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk, Va., wrote:

"I have several other memory courses which have been hard work to study. This is so simple and fascinating that once started, I don't want to stop." E. W. Buckingham, M.D.

There followed other questions from me and always other letters to answer them. In an hour I had seen enough to convince the most hardened unbeliever.

"Let me take a copy of the Roth Course home on your five day free examination plan," I said at last. "I want to find out about this thing by personal experience."

This was all several months ago. The letters from which I have quoted above were furnished me by the Independent Corporation when I volunteered to write this story of my experiences. This is my letter of endorsement, but instead of being addressed to the Independent Corporation it is addressed to the public. I have written it simply as my appreciation of Mr. Roth's wonderful work.

As to the value I've had from the Roth Method of Memory Training, I am a hundred per cent. better man mentally than I ever was before. And that is backed up by a substantial increase in my income, which can only be attributed to my improved memory. To sum it all up, the three essentials to efficient and well-paid work are Knowledge, Experience and Foresight. Knowledge is simply the remembered information we have gathered in the past. Experience is nothing more than the *remembered* lessons of the days we have lived. Foresight is merely seeing the probable course of future events based on what our *memories* tell us of past causes and effects.

THOMAS A. HARPER.

SEND NO MONEY

"Believe when you see!" says the Independent Corporation, publishers of the Roth Memory Course. Don't pay a penny till you see how easy it is to multiply the power of your memory, till you see how easily you can acquire the secret of a good memory in one evening. They will send the course on free examination.

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The right treatment for skin blemishes

Nature intended your skin to be flawless

IS YOUR skin fine, soft, attractive? If not. find out just why it is marred by blemishes; then start immediately to gain the natural beauty, the clear, radiant skin that can be yours.

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood. They say more often, skin blemishes can be traced to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. To clear your skin of blemishes caused by this insidious and persistent enemy, use regularly the following special treatment:

To remove skin blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap; then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

In addition to this special treatment, use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes. Before long your complexion will take on a new clearness and freshness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.



BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION *that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. A special treatment for this trouble is found in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

Sample cake of soap

with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch". Or for 15 cents, we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co. 1605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1605 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



Some New Ideas

Shouts of "Oh, Good-e-e-e!" and clapping of hands greet mamma's appearance with a big dish of Jell-O for Bobbie and Jack.

It is a plain dish of Strawberry Jell-O, made and served without sugar or cream—but perfectly delicious.

Substantial dishes that are good to eat and generally made without any trimmings or garnishments, are very popular just now. Probably the Bavarian creams made as follows are the most satisfactory:

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water and add half a pint of the juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream and add a cup of shredded or chopped pineapple.

Either fresh or canned fruit of almost any other kind can be used in making these Bavarian creams. Canned peaches and peach juice are particularly good.

JELL-O

The whipped Jell-O takes the place of whipped cream in these dishes, and no eggs are used in them. Anybody can make them.

In every case of sickness or convalescence there is a period when feeding is a most important factor, and often it is found that Jell-O is the one particular dish which satisfies the craving for something refreshing and revives the weakened appetite. It is relished when nothing else is.

The Jell-O Book contains a special recipe for whipping Jell-O, which is a simple process. If you have not already received a copy of this book we shall be glad to send you one if you will give us your name and address.

Jell-O is put up in six pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, and is sold by all grocers, **2** packages for **25** cents.

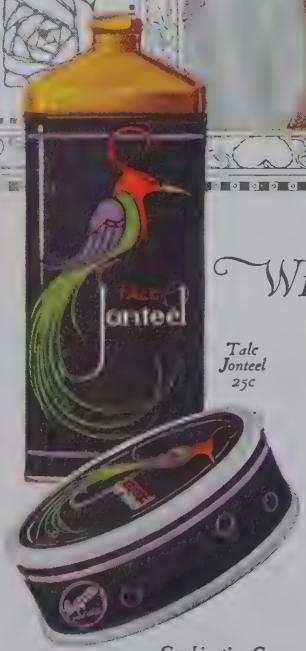
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Jonteel

Will Not Grow Hair On The Face



Talc Jonteel 25c

YOU'LL like this new kind of cream. It isn't sticky—it isn't greasy—but so smooth and creamy that it fairly *melts* into your skin, to soften, heal and beautify. And it provides a perfect foundation for powder. You'll like its delicate fragrance—the costly new odor of 26 flowers—the odor that has made Talc Jonteel such a sensation in the world of fashion. You'll like the oddly beautiful jar, an ornament to any dressing table. Try it. Stop at the nearest Rexall Store and carry home a jar of Combination Cream Jonteel today.

Odor Jonteel $1.25



Face Powder Jonteel 50c

In Canada Jonteel prices slightly higher

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain have been given exclusive sale of Jonteel because they are linked together into a great National service-giving organization. They are found in every town and city that has a modern drug store.

Combination Cream Jonteel 50c

Perfumed with the Costly New Odor of 26 Flowers

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